

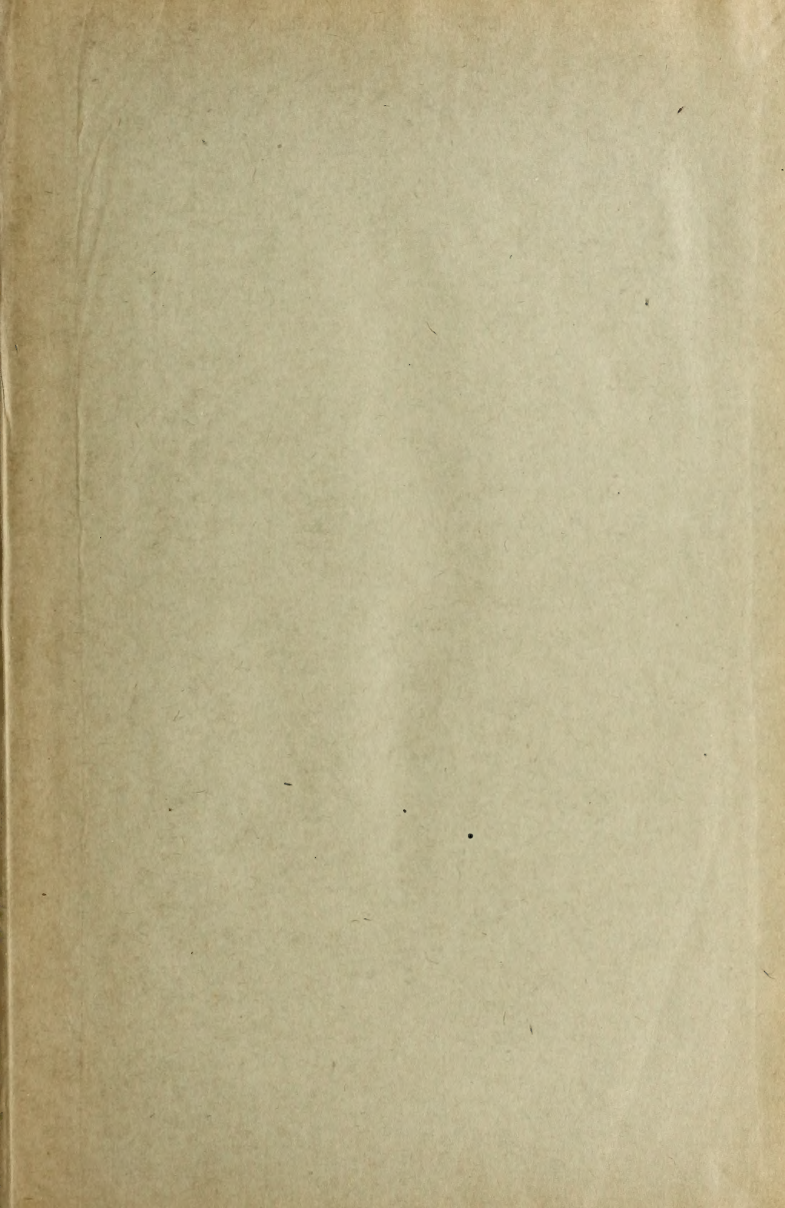


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ST. NICHOLAS

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LONDON



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# ST. NICHOLAS

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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VOLUME XLIX

PART I—NOVEMBER, 1921, TO APRIL, 1922

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VOL. XLIX.

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No. 1

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# ST. NICHOLAS

## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

REAL Christmas cheer, entertainment, and fun will radiate from the 112 pages of the December ST. NICHOLAS, and from its glowing and appealing cover—brilliant in tone and showing the good Saint himself running down his list of youngsters to see which one is to be the happy possessor of a lively puppy, which he holds beneath his arm—to the last line, the number is full of stories, sketches, verses, and excellent illustrations which convey the spirit of the season.

### Short Stories of Unusual Quality

"The Stocking That Grew" is a Christmas story that Christine W. Parmenter has written for our girls, embodying a novel and admirable Christmas idea; "The Fir-Tree Cousins" (by Lucretia Clapp), through a quaint turn of fortune, find the things they've longed for in Christmas packages, but have never before received; "The Ward of Seventeen Cowboys," by Katherine D. Cather, shows how a Christmas tree *may* be found even in the desolate tracts of our far West; and "The Christmas Candle," by R. R. Hillman, is a story of early Colonial days in Pennsylvania, stirring, too, for the Indians were hostile, and threatened harm, (*until* they heard the Christmas carols!) "The Briskin Bree," by Louise Saunders, is a unique and delightful fanciful story by the same author who gave us that charming tale, "The Dreadfully Inbetweens," which appeared in the January, 1919, ST. NICHOLAS.

### Christmas Stories in Verse

"The Christmas Hike," is a rollicking and rhythmic verse by Ellen Manly—a frequent contributor—and the illustrations are by Reginald Birch. Mr. Birch will be represented also in the Very Little Folk department, for he has illustrated with great charm the little story, "A Christmas Run-away." "The Bird and the Seaplane," by Florence Boyce Davis, is a stirring ballad describing in beautiful and spirited lines the rescue, by a diminutive flyer, of some aviators in the North Sea.

### "St. Nick" in Switzerland

"Christmas Customs in Switzerland" is a profusely pictured sketch of scenes of the Yuletide season in the cantons of this tiny and picturesque European republic—illustrated with remarkable photographs of Christmas gaieties and outdoor fun in the Alpine paradise of winter sports.

### These Have the Thrills

If you are looking for exciting stories, read "A Fall for the King." Eric P. Kelly has caught the spirit and shown the skill of Sienkiewicz in the telling of this thrilling Polish tale. And the December instalment of "Phantom Gold" is a swiftly moving, stirring part of this excellent sea story.





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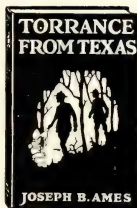
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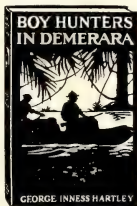
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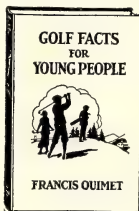
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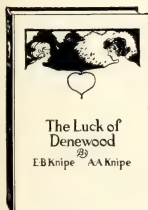
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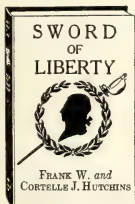
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# ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1922

Each number will have 112 pages

OUR announcement in the October St. NICHOLAS of the increase in size of the magazine, to take effect in this November number, was hailed with delight by our boys and girls. It was easily the best news of the month.



AN ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE HILL OF ADVENTURE"

Sixteen more pages in the monthly issues of St. NICHOLAS! It was the answer to the one "criticism" our readers have made, namely, that they wished St. NICHOLAS were thicker or came more often. One of our ten-year-old devotees even went so far, in one letter, as to say she would like to find St. NICHOLAS at the front door every morning, just like the daily newspaper.

It is said a rose by any other name would have as sweet an odor, and doubtless St. NICHOLAS in any style would please our boys and girls, but we are happy that the magazine can

come to them this next year with a bigger budget of stories and sketches.

A new year with St. NICHOLAS begins in November, for it was in November, 1873, that the magazine was founded. So our number-one issue each year begins with the calendar's eleventh month. It is a good season in which to commence new stories, for the shorter days have begun in earnest and there's more time for reading by the fire. And what is better indoor fun than a comfortable chair and a new copy of St. NICHOLAS? There are many thousands of boys and girls who would name that as their favorite diversion.

It is for those hours of pleasure and profit that the editors of St. NICHOLAS plan and work day after day, and it is with pride and some degree of satisfaction that the "literary menu" for the coming twelvemonth is placed before you. It is, after all, only a suggestion of what is to come, but it will give you an idea of what you would miss if you let your subscription run out in 1922; and also what you'll gain if you are forehanded in such matters and see to it that The Century Co. has your St. NICHOLAS order for next year.

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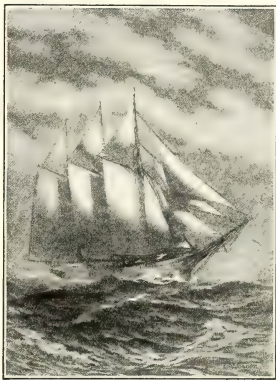
See next pages

# ST. NICHOLAS SERIALS

Barbour, Scoville, and Kempton, among year's authors

ST. NICHOLAS serial stories rank in first place. They are interesting stories well told, and ably illustrated by the best artists in the country.

In October we announced the two new continued stories which begin in



AN ILLUSTRATION FOR "IN THE BLOOD"

this November number. They are "The Turner Twins," by Ralph Henry Barbour, and "The Hill of Adventure," by Adair Aldon. Don't miss the first chapters! Also in this same magazine is the fourth and most interesting instalment of "Phantom Gold." If you have missed the first of this stirring sea story, the synopsis will give you the thread of the tale. You'll call it good news and fortune when we tell you that we shall follow "Phantom Gold" with a two-part story by Mr. Kempton, "In the Blood," which shows that the call of the sea was as

strong in the author as when he penned his longer tale.

With the January number we shall begin publication of Samuel Scoville, Jr.'s "The Inca's Emerald," a story of adventure in Peru and the Amazon region. Those of you who have followed the fortunes of *Will Bright*, *Joe Couteau*, and *Fred Perkins* in "The Blue Pearl" and "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness," will certainly wish to make this trip of exploration and treasure-hunting in South America with Mr. Scoville's trio, their old partner *Jed*, and *Professor Ditson*. The illustrations for the story are to be made by Charles Livingston Bull.

For those who like stories of cold climes, Roy Snell's "The Blue Envelop" will satisfy. The contents of this particular envelop cause several people to cross the ice of Bering Strait in the dead of the arctic winter — and the events occur with such speed there is not time for your interest to cool.

An interesting series of article-stories will be contributed by Hallam Hawksworth under the general title, "The Workshop of the Mind." You will doubtless remember his excellent descriptive stories, "The Machinery of the Sea" and "The Busy Fingers of the Roots." Some of the angles treated in this coming series will be, "The Headquarters of the Mind," "Story of the Magic Penny," and "Story of the Magic Pencil." Each instalment will be as fascinating as a fiction serial.

These continued stories alone, in book form, would cost twice the amount of a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS.

# ST. NICHOLAS SHORT STORIES

Many well-told tales for 1922

THE spice of life is what we like — the variety pleases. So it is with the short story. It has action and a plot quickly told. St. NICHOLAS short stories for boys and girls are so well told that hundreds of mothers and fathers find them the best fiction that comes into the home. We cannot in this space begin to enumerate the stories we are to publish in the next twelve numbers of St. NICHOLAS, but the following titles will suggest the quality and interest of the whole list:

## A FALL FOR THE KING

*Eric P. Kelly*

A story of Poland in her ancient days of power and splendor, in which an old-time wrestling bout changes history for two hundred years. Told with the flavor of a Siemkiewicz tale.

## PRUNIER TELLS ANOTHER

*T. Morris Longstreth*

Prunier, marooned on an isle with a young bear, uses his knife in an unusual way, and brings about his rescue.

## IN THE KNOB MOUNTAIN TOWER

*Merritt P. Allen*

The way this boy outwits three bank robbers is as good as if he were *Sherlock Holmes* himself. This story will be followed by "The Master of the Hounds," in which horse thieves are brought to bay by a boy and his faithful pack of dogs, and a third by Mr. Allen will be "Barrels of Evidence."

## THE KANGAROO

*Florence Kerigan*

An American boy, born abroad, comes home to school. His attempts at becoming acclimated to boarding-school ways are as awkward as the animal for whom he was nicknamed, but he comes out on top in an unusual fashion.

## THE KEY

*Beth B. Gilchrist*

Those who have enjoyed "Kit, Pat, and a Few Boys" this year, will be glad to read this charming short story by the same author.



AN ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE KANGAROO"

## THE HIPPO AND THE HUMMING-BIRD

*Brewer Corcoran*

Two room-mates are as far apart in size and temperament as the poles, yet together in this incident of school-life. Loyalty to friend and alma mater brings its reward to both. A good story with an exciting finish in a closely-won hockey game.

Titles of some other stories are: "Dayton's Waffles," "The King of Mt. Baldy," "Ducking for Pirates," "The Frost Whistle," and "The Ward of Seventeen Cowboys." And you might say in the language of the times — this is only a "patch" on what is to come.



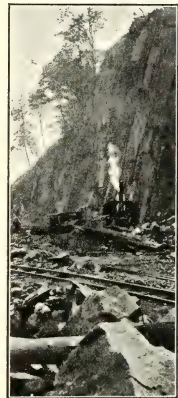
# ST. NICHOLAS SKETCHES

Informing articles for all the family

MANY fathers and mothers read ST. NICHOLAS to keep up with their boys and girls. They don't want their children to "stump" them. And school-teachers are often "enlightened" on subjects of general or

specific interest, and when they ask, "Where did you read that?" the answer is, "In ST. NICHOLAS, of course."

Chief among the articles this year will be a series, "Uncle Sam's Adventurers," by Robert Forrest Wilson. These are stories of daring displayed by special agents of the Govern-



PHOTOGRAPH FOR  
"DYNAMITE JOE"

ment sent out on dangerous quests. They are as thrilling as fiction, yet every word is fact. Among the titles are: "Two Young Americans' Venture for Dates," "Schrader, the Intrepid," "The Cruise of the *Bear*," and "W. J. and the Brobdignagians." These sketches of Mr. Wilson's will awaken your respect for our public servants and your appreciation of the work they do for the common good.

Hildegard Hawthorne, for years a favorite with ST. NICHOLAS readers, will favor us with more of her inspiring

papers. "Our Happiness Job," "Success and Failure," and "Saving Time" will appear in early numbers.

George B. Duren writes interestingly, and we have three articles from him on unusual subjects. "Smoke Chasers" tells of the work forest rangers do; "Dynamite Joe" pays a tribute to the road-maker; and "Sunnybank Collies" is the story of a visit to the famous kennels of Albert Payson Terhune, who has written about some of them in ST. NICHOLAS.

Paul Kearney has written a series of sketches for us on "The Boyhoods of Our Presidents," intimate glimpses into their early days, which are as interesting as they are unusual.

And some titles of other sketches are: "Our Friend the Dust," "How We Got Our Alphabet," "The Destroyers," and "What About Glass?"

In our NATURE AND SCIENCE pages each month, there are descriptions of the latest strides taken by science, —and inventors seem to walk in seven-league boots these days, — also interesting close-ups of nature in her unusual poses, and she's ever changing. Just some titles to whet your interest: "The Deer as a Jumper," "The Traveler's Tree," "Neptune the Thief," and "An Unpinelike Pine."

THE WATCH TOWER, too, must be mentioned on this page which deals with ST. NICHOLAS's penchant for informing while entertaining. In these five pages each month the WATCH TOWER editor gives a brief résumé of the important news, illustrated with the most interesting current views.



# OTHER ST. NICHOLAS FEATURES

There's fun to be found in its pages

ST. NICHOLAS is a cheerful magazine. Many readers say they don't know how they could manage without "St. Nick" to give them a lift, in his happy way. In the year to come, ST. NICHOLAS will assay a big per cent. of humor. There will be jingles, of the good old-fashioned sort, by Arthur Guiterman, illustrated by Reginald Birch, ballads by C. F. Lester, and fun from Clifton Meek, E. W. Kemble, and many others.

When it comes to verse, ST. NICHOLAS takes a high mark. In this very number is a fine ballad by Florence Boyce Davis, "Thanksgiving, 1621," with four pages of drawings by W. M. Berger. Other ballads by Miss Davis for 1922 are "The Bird and the Seaplane" and "A Ballad of Money." We shall also publish a fine poem by Katharine Lee Bates entitled "Drake," and another from Henry C. Pitz showing his rare gifts as artist and poet.

We've talked, so far, about what we are going to do next year. There is one department we cannot announce with definite titles, but which we can count on with the faith England places in Gibraltar, and that is the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE. For twenty-two years it has been one of the finest, most gratifying departments in the magazine. It is the boys' and girls' own,

and they have made it a great force for good, as well as a lasting tribute to the energy, skill, and ability of the youth of this country. We know the LEAGUE for 1922 will measure up to the high standard set years ago, and



A BIRCH ILLUSTRATION FOR "A CHRISTMAS RUNAWAY"

that it will be one of the best sections of ST. NICHOLAS these next twelve months. From seventy-five to a hundred thousand boys and girls have belonged to the LEAGUE, besides the happy thousands who are members to-day, and the day they graduate from the LEAGUE, on their eighteenth birthdays, brings none of the joy that finishing school does. To join requires but a request for a badge and leaflet.



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Quince  
Black Currant  
Grape  
Red Currant

### Marmalades

Orange  
Grapefruit

### Preserves

Cherry  
Pineapple





"TO HIMSELF, HE DID NOT SEEM TO BE MOVING" (SEE PAGE 29)

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLIX

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 1

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## THE TURNER TWINS

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

### CHAPTER I

#### INTRODUCES A PAIR OF HEROES

"JAIL," said the boy in the gray flannels.

"School," pronounced the boy in the blue serge.

"Bet you!"

"No, sir, you owe me ten cents now. You did n't pay up the last time."

"It 's wrong to bet for money, Laurie."

The other set down the suitcase he was carrying and scoffed. "Yes, when you lose," he observed, with deep sarcasm. "That 's thirty-five cents you owe me. You bet in Chicago that—"

"That debt 's outlawed. Chicago 's in Michigan—"

"Bet you!"

"And this is New York, and so—"

"Mighty good thing Dad sent you to school, Laurie. Chicago 's in Illinois, you ignoramus."

"Is it? Well, who cares?" Lawrence Stenman Turner had also deposited the bag he was carrying on the brick sidewalk and was applying a lavender-bordered handkerchief to a moist brow. "Just the same, that 's a jail."

"If that 's a jail, I 'll eat my hat," declared the other.

"It 's not a school, though, and that 's flat," was the prompt retort.

"Huh, that was an easy one!" Edward Anderson Turner retreated to a flat-topped stone wall bordering a well-shaded lawn and seated himself with a sigh of relief. His companion followed suit. Behind them, grass and trees and flower beds made a pleasant setting for a square gray house, half hidden from the street. Overhead a horse-chestnut tree spread low branches across the sidewalk. The quiet village street ascended gently, curving as it went, empty in both directions. Somewhere on a neighboring thoroughfare a scissors-grinder was punctuating the silence with the musical *ding—dang—dong* of bells. In a near-by tree a locust was making his shrill clatter. Across the way, the subject of contention, stood a large red-brick edifice, stone trimmed, many windowed, costly and unlovely. The boys viewed it silently. Then their glances fell to the two black suitcases on the curbing.

"How far did that hombre say it was to the school?" asked Ned Turner, after a minute of silence.

"Three quarters of a mile."

"How far have we walked already?"

"Mile and a half."

"Consequently?"

"Said hombre was a li—was unvoracious."

"Un-ver-acious is the word, old son."

"What do we care? We don't own it," replied Laurie, cheerfully. "Want to go on?"



Ned shook his head slowly. "What time have you got?" he asked.

"What time do you want?" was the flip-pant response.

With a sigh, Ned pulled back his left sleeve and looked at his watch. "It's only about a quarter to twelve. We don't have to get there until six if we don't want to."

"I know, but I could n't sit on this wall all that time! Besides, what about lunch?"

"I'm not very hungry," was the sad reply.

"That's the trouble with having your breakfast late."

"That's the trouble with eating two plates of griddle-cakes, you mean," retorted Laurie. "Anyway, I'm hungry if you're not. Let's go."

But he made no move, and they continued, to dangle their shoes from the wall and gaze lazily across the shady street. The scissors-grinder's chime died in the distance. Farther down the street the whirring of a lawnmower competed with the locust.

"Upon a wall they sat them down," murmured Ned, turning a challenging look on his companion.

"Lost in the wilds of Orstead Town," added Laurie.

Ned nodded mild approval and, once more, silence held.

Save that one was dressed in gray and the other in blue, the two boys were strikingly alike. Each was slim of body and round of face, with red-brown hair and a short, slightly impertinent, nose. Ned's eyes were a trifle bluer than Laurie's and he had the advantage—if advantage it was—of some five pounds of weight. But neither of these facts was apparent at first glance. Faces and hands were well browned and the pair looked extremely healthy. They were dressed neatly, with perhaps more attention to detail than is usual in lads of their age, their attire terminating at one end in well-polished brown shoes and at the other in immaculate black derbies. Their age was fifteen years, three months and eleven days. Which, of course, leads you to the correct conclusion that they were twins.

"Maybe," hazarded Laurie, presently, "we've lost our way."

"Don't just see how we could," Ned objected. "The old chap at the station said we were to keep right along up Walnut Street. This is still Walnut Street, is n't it?"

"I suppose so." Laurie's glance strayed right and left. "Must be; I don't see any walnuts."

"Guess the only 'nuts' are right here. Come on, let's hit the trail again." Ned slid to his feet and took up his burden. "Why the dickens we did n't take that carriage the fellow wanted to sell us is more than I see."

"'Cause we needed the exercise. Also, 'cause we're down to a dollar and fourteen cents between us—unless you're holding out."

"Well, I'm not!" replied Ned, indignantly. "I paid for the breakfasts in New York—"

"And I paid for dinner on the diner last night—"

"Who said you did n't?" They went on leisurely, and presently Ned continued. "Say, suppose we don't like this ranch after we get there—then what, old son?"

Laurie considered thoughtfully. Then, "Two things we can do," he pronounced. "No, three. We can put up with it, change it to suit us, or leave it."

"Leave it! Yes we can! On a dollar and fourteen cents?"

"We'll have nearly twenty more when we cash Dad's check and pay the term bill. Twenty dollars would take us back to New York and buy a lot of griddle-cakes, anyway."

Laurie's voice was partly drowned by a small delivery automobile that dashed into sight at a corner ahead and sped by with a clamor worthy of a four-ton truck. The brothers looked after it interestedly. "That's the first sign of life we've seen," said Ned. "Say, I do wish this street would stop twisting in this way. First thing we know, we'll be back at the station!"

"Bet you I'd hop the first freight then. I've got a hunch that we're not going to care for Hillman's School."

"Speak for yourself. I am. I like this town, too. It's pretty."

"Oh, it's pretty enough," grumbled Laurie, "but it went to sleep about a century ago and has n't waked up since. Here's somebody coming; let's ask where the school is."

"It's just a girl."

"What of it? She probably knows."

The girl appeared to be of about their own age and wore a white middy dress with black trimming and a scarlet tie knotted below a V of sun-browned throat. She wore no hat and her dark hair was gathered into a single braid. As she drew near she gave the boys a short glance of appraisal from a pair of gravely friendly brown eyes. It was Ned who shifted his suitcase to his left hand and

raised his derby. It was always Ned who spoke first; after that, they alternated scrupulously.

"Would you please tell us where Hillman's School is?" he asked.

The girl stopped and her somewhat serious

tagious, and he grinned in response. "A man at the station told us it was only three quarters of a mile, but we've been walking for hours!"

"I guess it's nearer a mile than three quarters," answered the girl, slowly. She

appeared to be giving the matter very serious consideration and two little thoughtful creases appeared above her nose, a small, straight nose that was bridged by a sprinkling of freckles. Then the smile came again. "Maybe it did seem longer, though," she acknowledged, "for it's up-hill all the way, and then you had your bags. You're new boys, are n't you?"

Ned acknowledged it, adding, "Think we'll like it?"

The girl seemed genuinely surprised. "Why, of course! Every one likes it. What a perfectly funny idea!"

"Well," said Laurie, defensively, "we've never tried boarding-school before, you see. Dad did n't know anything about Hillman's either. He chose it on account of the way the advertisement read in a magazine. Something about 'a moderate discipline rigidly enforced.'"

The girl laughed again. (She had a jolly sort of laugh, they decided.) "You're—you

face lighted with a smile. "It's right there," she replied, and nodded.

The boys turned to the blankness of a high privet hedge behind an iron fence. The girl laughed softly. "Behind the hedge, I mean," she explained. "The gate is a little way around the corner there, on Summit Street."

"Oh," said Laurie. That laugh was con-

're twins, are n't you?" she asked.

"He is," replied Ned, gravely.

"Why—why, are n't you both?" Her brown eyes grew very round and the little lines creased her nose again.

"It's this way," explained Laurie. "Ned was born first, and so, as there was only one of him, he was n't a twin. Then I came, and that made two of us, and I was a twin.



"THE TWO BOYS WERE STRIKINGLY ALIKE"

You see, don't you? It's really quite plain."

The girl shook her head slowly in puzzlement. "I—I'm afraid I don't," she answered apologetically. "You *must* be twins—both of you, I mean—because you both look just like both—I mean, each other!" Then she caught the sparkle of mischief in Ned's blue eyes and laughed. Then they all laughed. After which they seemed suddenly to be very good friends, such good friends that Laurie abandoned custom and spoke out of turn.

"I suppose you know a lot of the fellows," he said.

The girl shook her head. "N-no, not any, really. Of course, I see most of them when they come to Mother's, but she doesn't like me to—to *know* them."

"Of course not," approved Ned. "She's dead right, too. They're a pretty poor lot, I guess."

"Oh, no, they're not, really! Only, you see—" She stopped and then went on a trifle breathlessly: "I guess she would n't be awfully pleased if she saw me now! I—I hope you'll like the school."

She nodded and went on.

"Thanks," called Laurie. "If we don't like it, we'll change it. Good-by!"

"Nice kid," observed Ned, tolerantly, as they turned the corner of the hedge. "Wonder who she is. She said most of the fellows went to her mother's. Maybe her mother gives dancing lessons or something, eh?"

"If she does, she won't see me," responded his brother, firmly. "No dancing for mine."

"Maybe it's compulsory."

"Maybe it's esthetic," retorted Laurie, derisively. "It makes no never mind. I'm agin it. This must be the place. Yes, there's a sign."

It was a very modest sign a-swing from a rustic post beside a broad entrance giving onto a well-kept drive. "Hillman's School—Entrance Only," it read. Laurie stopped in pretended alarm and laid a detaining clutch on Ned's shoulder.

"Entrance Only! Sounds as if we could n't ever get out again, Ned! Do you dare?"

Ned looked doubtfully through at the curving drive and the red-brick building that showed beyond the border of trees and shrubbery. Then he threw back his shoulders and set foot bravely within.

"Come, comrade, let us know the worst!"

Laurie, with a gesture of resignation, followed.

"What you durst I will likewise durst!"

## CHAPTER II

### THE GIRL IN THE WHITE MIDDY

WHEN Dr. John Hyde Hillman started a modest school for boys, on the bank of the Hudson River, at Orstead, the town barely crept to the one brick building that contained dormitory and recitation rooms. But that was nearly twenty years ago, and to-day the place is no longer isolated, but stands well inside the residence section of the village. There are four buildings, occupying most of an unusually large block. School Hall, four stories in height, is a red-brick, slate-roofed edifice, whose unloveliness has been mercifully hidden by ivy. It faces Summit Street and contains the class-rooms, the offices, and, at one end, the principal's quarters. Flanking it are the two dormitories, East Hall and West Hall. These, while of brick, too, are more modern and far more attractive. Each contains sleeping-rooms to accommodate forty students, two masters' studies, a recreation hall, dining-room, kitchen, and service rooms. Behind East Hall is the gymnasium, a picturesque structure of random-set stone, gray stucco, and much glass. Here, besides the gymnasium proper, is an auditorium of good size, a modest swimming-tank, locker-room and baths, and a commodious office presided over by Mr. Wells, the physical director. From the gymnasium steps one looks across an attractive, well-kept quadrangle of shaded turf, vegetable and flower gardens and tennis-courts.

Doctor Hillman occupies an apartment at the west end of School Hall, gained from the building by way of the school offices, and from without, by way of a wide porch, vine screened in summer and glassed in winter, an outdoor living-room where, on seasonable Friday afternoons, the doctor's maiden sister Miss Tabitha, who keeps house for him, serves weak tea and layer-cake to all comers. Miss Tabitha, I regret to say, is known among the boys as "Tabby," with, however, no more intention of disrespect than in alluding to the doctor as "Johnny." Miss Tabitha's thin body holds a warm heart, and her somewhat stern countenance belies her kindly ways.

On this fifteenth day of September, shortly after twelve o'clock, Miss Tabitha was seated on the vine-shaded porch in an erect and uncompromising attitude, her knitting-needles clicking busily. Near by, but a few moments before released from the office, the doctor was

stretched in a long wicker chair, a morning paper before him. At the other end of the porch, a gate-legged table was spread for the mid-day meal, and a middle-aged colored woman who, when it pleased her, answered to the name of Aunt Persis, shuffled in and out of sight at intervals. It was Miss Tabitha who, hearing the sound of steps on the walk, peered over her glasses and broke the silence.

"Two more of the boys are coming, John," she announced.

The doctor grunted.

"I think they are new boys. Yes, I am sure they are. And bless my soul, John, they're alike as two peas!"

"Alike?" The doctor rustled the paper to indicate interest. "Well, why should n't they be? Probably they're brothers. Let me see, were n't those two boys from California brothers? Of course. Turner's the name."

"Well, I never saw two boys so much alike in all my born days," Miss Tabitha marveled. "Do you suppose they can be twins, John?"

"It's quite within the realm of probability," was the reply. "I believe that twins do occur occasionally, even in the—er—best regulated families."

"Well, they certainly *are* twins!" Miss Tabitha laid down her work, brushed the front of her immaculate dress, and prepared to rise. "I suppose I had better go and meet them," she added.

"I don't see the necessity for it, my dear," the doctor protested. "Cummins may, I think, be relied on to deal even with—er—twins."

"Of course, but—still—California's such a long way—and they may feel strange—or lonesome—"

The doctor laughed gently. "Then by all means go, my dear. If you like, have them out here for a few minutes. If the resemblance between them is as striking as you seem to think, they must be worth seeing."

When Miss Tabitha had tripped into the house, the doctor dropped his paper, stretched luxuriously and, with a sigh of protest, sat up. He was several years younger than his sister—which is to say, in the neighborhood of forty-seven. He was a smallish man, compactly built, with a pleasant countenance on which a carefully-trimmed Vanddyke beard made up to an extent for the lack of hair above. He wore shell-rimmed glasses and was very near-sighted, a fact

emphasized by his manner of thrusting his head forward to eke out the deficiencies of his lenses. This trick was apparent a minute later when, following in the tripping footsteps of Miss Tabitha, the two boys emerged on the porch. They were amazingly alike, the doctor decided: same height, same breadth at hip and shoulder, same coloring, same leisurely, yet confident, ease of movement, same expression of lively curiosity twinkling through an almost depressingly respectful solemnity.

"These are the Turner boys," announced Miss Tabitha. "This is Edward and this is—" She halted to look doubtfully from one to the other. "Or—or perhaps *this* is Edward and— Dear me!"

"I'm Edward, ma'am," said the boy in gray.

"Well, I don't see how you can ever be *certain* of it!" sighed Miss Tabitha, doubtfully. "This is Doctor Hillman."

They shook hands, and in a moment the boys found themselves seated side by side and replying to the doctor's questions.

"You are entering with certificates from your high school principal, I believe, young gentlemen. What year were you?"

"Second, sir," answered Ned.

"And your home is in—"

"Santa Lucia, sir," replied Laurie.

"California," added Ned.

"Well, you're quite a ways from home. Did you make the trip alone?"

"Yes, sir. Dad was coming with us as far as Chicago, but something happened so he could n't. We did n't have any trouble, though."

"Really? Well, I believe you have the distinction of residing farther away than any of your fellows here. I don't recall any one who lives as far away as California, do you, sister?"

Miss Tabitha looked doubtful and hesitated an instant before she replied, "George Watson comes from Wyoming, I think, John."

"So he does," assented the doctor, gravely; "but measured in a straight line, my dear, California is slightly farther than Wyoming."

"Is it?" asked Miss Tabitha, untroubled. "I never could remember where those western States are."

"You remember many more important things, however. My sister, boys, fancied that she detected a certain resemblance between you, and even surmised that you might be—er—twins. Doubtless she's mistaken."



"No, sir," answered Ned, more than a trace of surprise in his voice. "I mean, we are twins, sir."

"Why, now that's interesting! Looking closer—" the doctor leaned forward and craned his head—"I believe I detect a certain slight similarity myself!"

There was a perceptible twinkle behind the glasses and Laurie dared a laugh, in which the doctor and Ned joined, while Miss Tabitha murmured: "Well! I should think you might!"

"I hope you are both going to like the school," continued the doctor. "Of course, you'll find our ways a little different, but we'll try to make you feel at home. You are the first representatives of your State who have attended our school, and I trust that both in conduct and industry you will bring honor to it. Mr. Cornish, your hall master, will advise you in all matters pertaining to your studies. Other questions may be taken to Mr. Cummins, the school secretary, whom you have doubtless already met. But I want you always to feel at perfect liberty to come to me at any time on any matter at all. And," added the doctor, with a twinkle, "if we fail you, there is still my sister, who, I assure you, possesses more wisdom than all of us."

Miss Tabitha acknowledged the compliment with a little wry smile, and Ned and Laurie arose.

"Yes, sir," said the former.

"Thank you, sir," said Laurie.

"Luncheon is served at one in West Hall," continued the doctor. "That's the dormitory behind you there. Beginning with supper to-night, you will take your meals in your own hall, but only a few of the students have arrived as yet, and so only one dining-room is open. I'm very glad to have met you, young gentlemen. Mr. Cummins will direct you to your room. Good morning."

Five minutes later, the Turner twins set their suitcases down on the floor of Number 16 East Hall and looked about them. Number 16 was not palatial as to size, but it was big enough to hold comfortably the two single beds, the study-table, the two narrow chiffoniers, and the four chairs that made up its furnishing. There was a generous-sized closet at each side of the door, and two windows set close together between the beds. Under the windows was a wide seat, lacking only pillows to make it inviting. From the casements the boys looked over or through the topmost branches of the maples that

lined Washington Street and followed Summit Street as it continued its ascent of the hill and presently leveled out between a thick wood on one side and an open field on the other.

"That must be the athletic field," said Laurie. "See the stand there? And the goal-posts? How do you like it?"

"The field? Looks all right from here."

"I mean the whole outfit, you simp; the school and Doctor Hillman and Miss Frosty-Face and everything."

"Cut out calling names, Laurie. Miss Hillman's all right. So's the doctor. So's the school. I like it. Wonder when our trunks will get here."

"Half an hour ago you had a hunch you were n't going to like it," jeered Laurie. "Changed your mind, have n't you?"

"Yes, and I'm going to change more than my mind." Whereupon Ned opened his bag and selected a clean shirt. "What time is it?"

"What do you wear a watch for if you never look at it?" grumbled his brother. "It's ten to one, Lazy. I'm going to find a place to wash up. I choose this side of the room, Ned."

Ned studied a moment. "No, you don't." he challenged. "I'll take this side. I'm the oldest."

"There is n't any difference, you chump. One side's as good as the other."

"Then you won't mind taking the other," answered Ned, sweetly. "Run along and find the lavatory. I think it's at the head of the stairs. Wonder why they put us up two flights."

"Guess they knew you were naturally lazy and needed the exercise." Laurie dodged a pair of traveling slippers in a red leather case and disappeared into the corridor.

Some ten minutes later they descended the stairways together and set out for West Hall. Laurie drew attention to the gymnasium building, but Ned, who had recovered his appetite, only deigned it a glance. Two boys, luggage laden, evidently just arrived, came down the steps of School Hall as the twins passed, and stared curiously.

"Guess they've never seen twins before in this part of the world," grumbled Laurie. "Those chaps nearly popped their eyes out!"

West Hall proved an exact duplicate of their own dormitory, and the dining-room occupied all the right end of it. There were about fifteen boys there, in age varying from fourteen to eighteen, and there was a per-



ceptible pause in the business of eating when the new-comers entered. A waitress conducted them to seats at a table already occupied by three other lads, and asked if they'd have milk or iced tea. Ned, as usual, answered for both.

"Iced tea, please, and lots of lemon."

A very stout boy, sitting across the table, sniggered, and then, encountering Ned's in-

and Crow turned his regard incredulously back to the twins. "Gee, you fellows look enough alike to be—be—" He swallowed the word. "Are n't you even related?"

Ned gazed speculatively at Laurie and Laurie gazed speculatively at Ned. "We might be," hazarded the latter.

Laurie nodded. "If we went back far enough, we might find a common ancestor."



"AND BLESS MY SOUL, JOHN, THEY 'RE ALIKE AS TWO PEAS!"

quiring regard, said, "Guess you think you're in the Waldorf!"

"What 's the Waldorf?" asked Ned. "Don't you get lemon with iced tea here?"

"Sure! but you don't get much. Say, are you fellows—twins, or what?"

"Twins?" repeated Laurie. "Where do you get that stuff? This fellow's name is Anderson and mine 's Stenman. What 's yours?"

"Crow. Honest, is that a fact?" Crow looked appealingly at the other occupants of the table. These, however, two rather embarrassed-looking youngsters of fourteen or thereabout, fixed their eyes on their plates,

The arrival of luncheon caused a diversion, although Crow, who was a round-faced, credulous-looking youth of perhaps seventeen, continued to regard them surreptitiously and in puzzlement. At last, making the passing of the salt an excuse for further conversation, he asked, "Where do you fellows come from?"

"California," said Ned.

"Santa Lucia," said Laurie.

"Well, but," sputtered Crow, "is n't California in Santa—I mean, is n't Santa— Say, you guys are joking, I 'll bet!"

"Methinks," observed Ned, helping himself gravely to mustard, "his words sound coarse and vulgar."

Laurie abstractedly added a fourth teaspoon of sugar to his iced tea. "Like Turk or Kurd or even Bulgar," he murmured.

Crow stared, grunted, and pushed his chair back. "You fellows think you're smart, don't you?" he sputtered. "Bet you *you are* twins—both of you!"

Ned and Laurie looked after him in mild and patient surprise until his broad back had disappeared from view. Then a choking sound came from one of the younger lads, and Ned asked gently, "Now what's your trouble, son?"

The boy grew very red of face and gave way to giggles. "I knew all the time you were twins," he gasped.

"Did you really?" exclaimed Laurie. "Well, listen. Just as a favor to us, don't say anything about it, eh? You see, we're sort of—sort of—"

"Sort of sensitive," aided Ned. "We'd rather it was n't generally known. You understand, don't you?"

The boy looked as if he was very far indeed from understanding, but he nodded, choked again, and muttered something that seemed to indicate that the secret was safe with him. Laurie thanked him gratefully.

After luncheon they went sight-seeing about the school, snooped through the dim corridors and empty class-rooms of School Hall, viewed the gymnasium and experimented with numerous apparatus, and finally, after browsing through a flower and vegetable garden behind the recitation building and watching two boys make a pretense of playing tennis, returned to Number 16 in the hope of finding their trunks. But the baggage had not arrived, and presently, since the room was none too cool, they descended again and followed the curving drive to the right and past a sign that said "Exit Only" and wandered west on Summit Street.

For the middle of September in the latitude of southern New York the weather was decidedly warm, and neither grass nor trees hinted that autumn had arrived. In the well-kept gardens across the way, scarlet sage and cosmos, asters and dahlias made riots of color.

"Hot!" grunted Ned, running a finger around the inside of his collar.

"Beastly," agreed Laurie, removing his cap and fanning his heated face. "Wonder where the river is. If we had our bathing-suits, maybe we could go for a swim."

"Yes, and if we had a cake of ice we could sit on it!" responded Ned, sarcastically.

"This place is hotter than Santa Lucia."

At the next corner they turned again to the right. Morton Street, like so many of the streets in Orstead, refused to go straight, and after a few minutes, to their mild bewilderment, they found themselves on Walnut Street once more, a block below the school.

"I'm not going back yet," said Laurie, firmly. "Let's find a place where we can get something cool to drink."

As Walnut Street was unpromising, they crossed it and meandered along Garden Street. The houses here appear to be less prosperous, and the front yards were less likely to hold lawn and flowers than dilapidated baby-carriages. At the first crossing they peered right and left, and were rewarded with the sight of a swinging sign at a little distance. What the sign said was as yet a mystery, for the trees intervened, but Laurie declared that he believed in signs and they made their way toward it. It finally proved to be a very cheerful little sign hung above a little white door in a little pale-blue two-story house, the lower floor of which was plainly devoted to commercial purposes.

L. S. DEANE BOOKS, TOYS, AND  
CONFECTIONARY—CIRCULATING  
LIBRARY—LAUNDRY AGENCY—  
TONICS

That is what the sign said in red letters on a white background. The windows, many paned, allowed uncertain glimpses of various articles: tops of red and blue and green, boxes of pencils, pads of paper, jars of candy, many bottles of ink, a catcher's glove, a dozen tennis-balls, some paper kites—

Laurie dragged Ned inside, through a screen door that, on opening, caused a bell to tinkle somewhere in the further recesses of the little building. It was dark inside, after the glare of the street, and refreshingly cool. Laurie, leading the way, collided with a bench, carromed off the end of a counter, and became aware of a figure, dimly seen, beyond the width of a show-case.

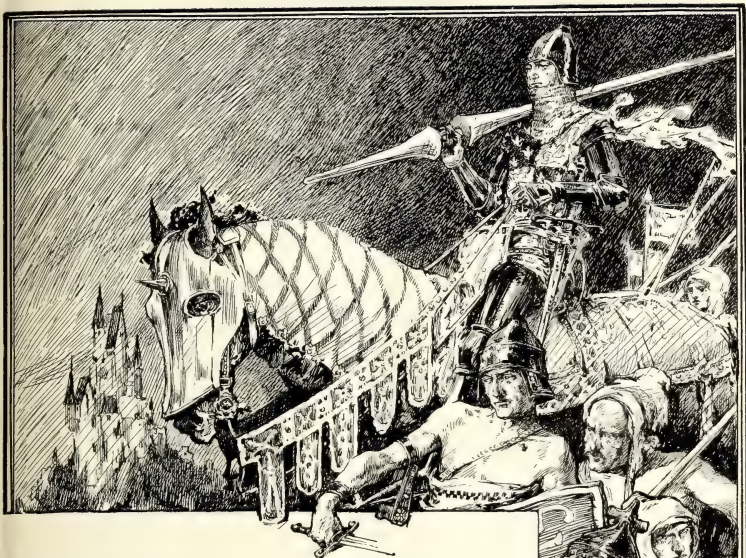
"Have you anything cold to drink?" asked Ned, leaning across his shoulder.

"Ginger-ale or tonic or something?" Laurie elaborated.

"Yes, indeed," replied the apparition, in a strangely familiar voice. "If you will step over to the other side, please—"

Ned and Laurie leaned further across the show-case.

It was the girl in the white middy dress.



## THE PAGEANT OF THE YEARS

By HENRY C. PITZ

OUT from the dusk of the past they troop, the figures of  
bright romance:

Errant knight in battle helm, Moor with feathered lance,  
Archers gay in scarlet hose, yeomen, bronzed and lean,  
Pikeman clad in clinking mail, squires in gold and green.

A heavy tramp of horses' hoofs, a chant of victory;  
A thudding rhyme of kettledrums in crashing harmony,  
A glint of trappings stiff with gold, a hedge of sun-tipped  
spears,

And out from the past the pageant comes, the pageant  
of the years.

Here rides Bayard, battle clad, the knight without a stain,  
And there strides Hereward, called the Wake, with fierce-  
eyed Tamerlane;  
Robin Hood in Lincoln green, and Robert Bruce the Scot;  
With Arthur, king in Camelot, and strong-limbed Launcelot.

Across the gulf of centuries their blended war-notes pour,  
As, page by page, the rich old tales yield up their golden store;

Once more their spear-heads glint with light, once more their chargers prance,  
Once more our hearts are kindled by the glow of old romance.







1621

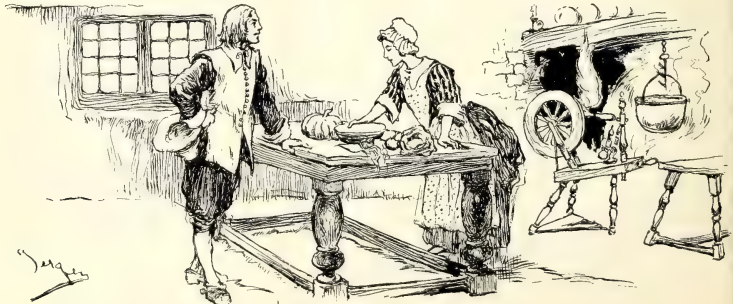
By

Florence Boyce Davis.

HEY tell us of the hard times our good forefathers had,  
And picture them in high hats, with faces stern and sad;  
But I myself am quite inclined to think they had some fun.  
Come on with me, we 'll travel back to 1621,  
And when we have convinced ourselves, we 'll let the neighbors know  
How the Pilgrims kept Thanksgiving three hundred years ago.

#### THE STORY

Now when we came to Leiden Street upon that autumn day  
Not even a reckless boy or girl was wasting time at play,  
There was work enough for all to do, you 'll readily understand,  
With nuts to crack and fruits to chop and clams to dig from the sand,  
And marchpanes and manchets and possets and pies to make,  
The great brick ovens to heat red-hot, the Thanksgiving feast to bake.  
Mistress Winslow stood in her door with the baby, Peregrine White,  
Setting tasks for the boys and girls, and seeing they did them right.  
Some were gathering purple grapes to make in jellies and jams;  
Some we noticed down on the beach busily digging clams—  
We recognized Love Brewster and Francis Billington,  
And Bartholomew, and Mary, and Remember Allerton.  
We saw Dame Hopkins shelling beans with the gentle elder's wife,  
And Constance mincing venison under her chopping-knife.  
A white-capped maid with wooden spoon, ready to beat and stir,  
Priscilla looked to her mixing-bowl, and John Alden looked at *her*.  
The echoing thwacks of the Pilgrims' ax came to us on the breeze  
From where pine tables were being built under the red-leaved trees,





And we heard loud guns in the forest, for men had a-fowling gone.  
Oh, when we came to Leiden Street, there was *business* going on!

Thanksgiving morning dawned at last, golden and clear and fair,  
With the autumn scent of frosted brakes and ripe fruits in the air.  
The village was up with robin and wren ahead of the morning sun,  
Captain Standish had climbed the hill to fire the sunrise gun,  
When suddenly on the clearing burst a tumult of wild cries,  
And a most appalling spectacle appeared before our eyes:  
With hands upon their muskets, the Pilgrim Fathers stood  
As a band of painted red men came dashing from the wood—

*Ten and ninety red men came screaming from the wood!*

Clad in skins of gray wolf, and fox and deer and bear,  
With horns of beasts upon their heads, and feathers in their hair,  
Their long, lean arms in threatening guise gesturing in the air.

But hold! they bore no tomahawks, no gleaming battle-ax,  
And only empty quivers hung across their copper backs.—  
Ah, these, then, were the friendly tribes who had the treaty signed,  
Who, entering the settlement, had left their arms behind.  
And then we saw that Squanto and Samoset were there,  
And Massasoit, with eagle plumes braided in his hair.  
As we looked on, the Great Red Chief came forward, bowing low.  
And that was how the guests arrived three hundred years ago.

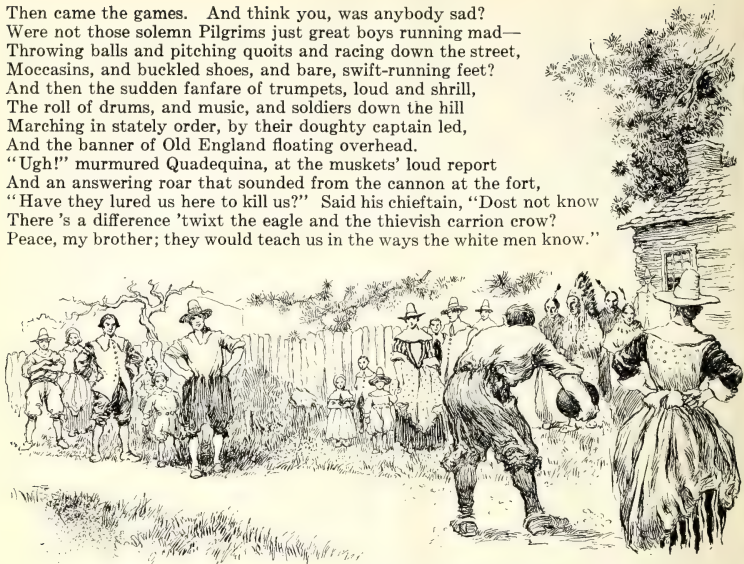
Now there was great commotion: the morning prayers were said,  
A fire was kindled by the brook, the tables quickly spread,  
And Massasoit, the chieftain, was seated at the head.  
Why, never in three centuries has been a grander sight  
Than when they sat together there, the red men and the white,  
Beside the long pine tables in silent, friendly rows—  
Governor Bradford, dignified, in doublet and in hose;  
Massasoit in deerskin and shells and shining quills;  
And over there the ocean, and here the high, green hills.

Bring on the chowder now, my dears, and fill the wooden bowls;  
Here is a motley gathering of hungry human souls;  
Heap high the pewter platters with pudding and with meat,  
For men may talk and men may laugh, but men must also eat.  
So flank the beef and mustard with the turnips, piping hot,  
And pour the good plum porridge out a-steaming from the pot.  
With oysters in the scallop-shells, with barley loaves and corn,  
We'll launch the good Thanksgiving feast on this November morn,  
The feast that shall remembered be far longer than you know.  
And that's the way they did it three hundred years ago.



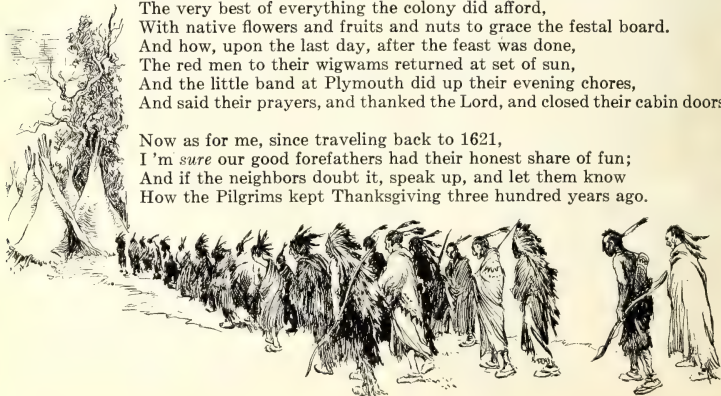


Then came the games. And think you, was anybody sad?  
 Were not those solemn Pilgrims just great boys running mad—  
 Throwing balls and pitching quoits and racing down the street,  
 Moccasins, and buckled shoes, and bare, swift-running feet?  
 And then the sudden fanfare of trumpets, loud and shrill,  
 The roll of drums, and music, and soldiers down the hill  
 Marching in stately order, by their doughty captain led,  
 And the banner of Old England floating overhead.  
 "Ugh!" murmured Quadequina, at the muskets' loud report  
 And an answering roar that sounded from the cannon at the fort,  
 "Have they lured us here to kill us?" Said his chieftain, "Dost not know  
 There's a difference 'twixt the eagle and the thievish carrion crow?  
 Peace, my brother; they would teach us in the ways the white men know."



Three days Thanksgiving lasted. Three days the red men stayed  
 And feasted with the Pilgrims and listened when they prayed,  
 And learned to trust the white man's voice, and like the games he played.  
 But ah! we have n't told you *half* of what was said and done,  
 The things we heard—the things we saw—in 1621!  
 The five deer that the brawny braves came bringing on their backs,  
 The corn that they had learned to pop, and fetched in leathern sacks;  
 And all the Pilgrims freely gave from out their scanty hoard,  
 The very best of everything the colony did afford,  
 With native flowers and fruits and nuts to grace the festal board.  
 And how, upon the last day, after the feast was done,  
 The red men to their wigwams returned at set of sun,  
 And the little band at Plymouth did up their evening chores,  
 And said their prayers, and thanked the Lord, and closed their cabin doors.

Now as for me, since traveling back to 1621,  
 I'm *sure* our good forefathers had their honest share of fun;  
 And if the neighbors doubt it, speak up, and let them know  
 How the Pilgrims kept Thanksgiving three hundred years ago.





"THEY SAT TOGETHER THERE, THE RED MEN AND THE WHITE"



# OUR "DAVIS CUP" STARS OF 1930

By WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2d

World's Tennis Champion

In tennis, 1921 has been a Tilden year, and the World's Champion of 1920 defended his title successfully at home, in England, and on the hard courts at St. Cloud, France. More than ordinary credit should be given this great player for his work abroad, for he fought his games there on nerve, the kind of nerve which he described in his article in ST. NICHOLAS on "Nerve in the Pinch," for he was far from being in good physical trim.

Upon his return home, he defended his title in the American singles against a field of 108 competitors. Paired with Vincent Richards, he won the doubles championship, thus placing himself in that limited group who have won and held the American titles in singles and doubles in the same year.

"Cross Court," tennis expert of the "New York Evening Post," says in respect to the showing made by Tilden this year: "It is impossible to argue, in face of the evidence this genius of the lawn-tennis courts has piled up, that he is anything other than the greatest player of the game the world has ever known." Then, speaking of his spectacular winning of the all-comers' singles at the Germantown Cricket Club on September 19, the "Post" writer continues: "It is here that Tilden first learned to play the game, at the tender age of seven years. He has won, as he wanted to do, upon the field that to him represents the cradle of his youthful ambitions."—EDITOR.

DURING the past summer, we have crested the greatest tennis season America has ever known. The leading representatives of England, Australia, India, Denmark, and Japan struggled on our courts to challenge America for that trophy, the Davis Cup.

Tennis interest was at the boiling point; and the hopes for the ultimate success of American racquet wielders were justified. Now we must look to it that we protect the Davis Cup in years to come.

The great stars of to-day, William M. Johnston, R. N. Williams, Watson M. Washburn, and the rest must, within a few short years, pass from the game as Davis Cup players. Age takes its toll, and the star of to-day must face the fact that he must give way to youth, who will take the places left vacant by the retirement of these men.

America is fortunate in having a large number of young players between the ages of fourteen and twenty-two, from which to develop the champion of to-morrow. The outstanding figure in this group is the marvelous, tow-headed New York lad, Vincent Richards. Vinnie is just eighteen and to-day has held, or is holding, not less than nine national championships.

Richards has a distinct personality. Slight of build, of medium height, Vinnie combines a lightning speed of movement with an equally quick thinking brain. It is a remarkable game that Richards has developed. He is without question the finest volleyer in the world to-day. His remarkable sense of anticipation and crisp killing punch at the net will allow this stripling to take the net position against the greatest base-liners in the game. The boy is deadly overhead, and his terrific smashing from any position in the

court is reminiscent of Maurice McLoughlin in his palmy days. Richards' service is a fine slice, which he places with great skill. The boy's only weakness is a lack of a good top-spin drive. He uses a peculiar slice-stroke, which might be described as a "spoon drive," with the result that his shot lacks both speed and short drop.

Vinnie is equipped with a determination to win and with an unflinching courage that carries him over many a dark spot in his tournament play. He is the most remarkable player of his age in the world, and this year will be placed in America's first five representatives.

Closely following Richards is Arnold W. Jones of Providence, Rhode Island. Arnold is seventeen, of medium height, and somewhat heavier than Richards. He is the son of J. D. E. Jones, for the past twenty years one of the leading figures in American tennis and one of the finest sportsmen of whom we boast.

Arnold is a typical "chip of the old block." He plays a more orthodox game than Richards. His ground strokes are beautifully produced top-spin drives of remarkable speed for so young a player. He volleys well, but without the certainty of Richards. His service is severe, but erratic. Overhead, young Jones has a pronounced weakness, but is rapidly overcoming it.

Arnold is a fine court general, planning his attack cleverly and carrying it out to its ultimate conclusion. He is a game fighter and never so dangerous as when behind. His delightfully modest and attractive court manner make him a favorite wherever he plays.

On his recent trip abroad with me, he was a popular figure at St. Cloud, Paris, and Wimbledon, England. His younger brother,

Meredith W. Jones, who is just fifteen, is rapidly developing into as fine a player as

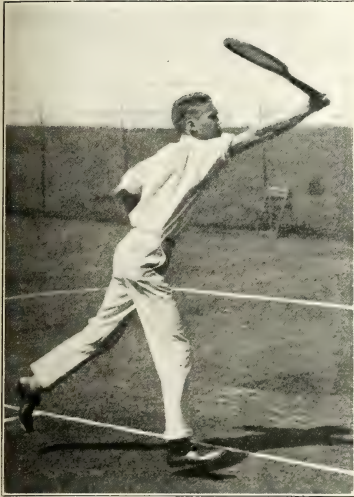


Photo by Edwin Levick

#### VINCENT RICHARDS

*"In that furiously fought five-set match with William M. Johnston at Germantown in September, Richards proved that he must be considered as one of the real leaders of the game. Only three points stood between him and victory on that occasion, with Johnston fighting with every ounce of strength and every atom of playing skill that he could command."*—Fred Hawthorne in the "New York Tribune."

Arnold, and I look to see him one of the leading stars of the next ten years.

There is another remarkable family from Rhode Island—the Ingraham family, sons of Arthur Ingraham, one of the leading tennis figures in the district for many years. The eldest boy, William W. Ingraham, was runner-up to Richards in last year's Junior Championship.

Billy has just returned from a most successful tour of the Pacific Northwest, during which he won the Oregon State Championship. His attractive personality and clean-cut game gave him a wonderful popularity in the cities in which he played. He, too, plays an all-court game on the type of Richards and Jones, but lacks the superlative features of either. On the other hand, he has not the weakness off the ground of Richards nor the uncertainty overhead of Jones. It is a well-

rounded, well-conceived game, coupled with determination, that succeeds for Ingraham.

His younger brother, Arthur, Junior, is following in Billy's footsteps and developing as fine a stroke game as I have seen in a boy of fifteen.

The youngest member of the family, Andrew Clark Ingraham, aged eleven, is also a remarkable tennis figure. He is already possessed of many of the strokes of his older brothers, which he uses with remarkable judgment for so young a lad.

One of the most attractive personalities in the game, and a player of the utmost promise, is Charles Watson, 3rd, of Philadelphia. Young Watson, aged seventeen, is a miniature edition of the famous Chuck Garland of the 1920 American Davis Cup Team. Charlie Watson is a real student of the game. His strokes, beautiful in execution, are scientifically studied, and he is improving rapidly every year. He is one of the cleverest tacticians that I have ever met. There is little doubt in my mind but that Charlie will loom



Photo by Keystone View Co.

#### ARNOLD W. JONES

large in American tennis in the next decade.

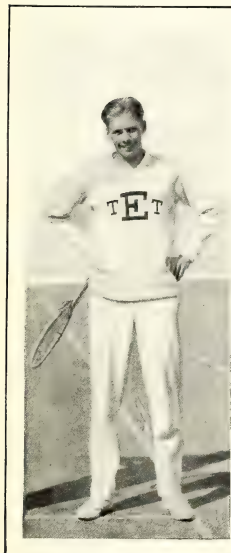
New York boasts of another promising player in Charles Wood, Junior. This brilliant youngster, who is now seventeen and a student at De Witt Clinton High School,

plays a brilliant, hard-hitting, and sensational game that at its best is capable of extending many of the leading players. Unfortunately, Wood is prone to erratic streaks that cost him many a match that on his ability he should win easily. Time and tournament experience will correct this fault.

In the Pacific Northwest and in California, one finds many young players of great

rounded, aggressive game. Phil is a most attractive figure on the court—modest, yet full of individuality.

Far up in Seattle is a youngster of sixteen, who, in my opinion, will some day be one of the great players of the world, providing he receives the opportunity to play around the big tournaments and gain experience by meeting the leading players. This boy is Armand



WILLIAM W. INGRAHAM



ARTHUR INGRAHAM, JR.



ANDREW CLARK INGRAHAM

promise. The ability to play virtually all year round tends to develop the game more rapidly than in the East. Let me mention but two outstanding figures among the juniors from those districts.

Phillip Bettens, of San Francisco, seems to me to give promise of becoming a logical successor to "Little Bill" Johnston. Betten's game is closely modeled on the lines of the famous little Californian. He has a terrific forehand drive of great severity and remarkable accuracy for so fast a shot, while his volley and overhead are severe and, in the main, reliable. His backhand, when last I saw him, was defensive; but at the time he was working on an offensive flat drive which, if acquired, will give him a magnificently

Marion. He has an excellent stroke production, which experience will improve.

Among the boys just out of junior age limit are several figures that stand out preeminently. Chief among them is Marshall Allen of Seattle, Washington, who combines terrific speed with one of the keenest athletic brains I have ever met. Allen only needs seasoning in tournament play to make him a serious contender for the highest honors.

Phillip Neer, of Leland Stanford University, Inter-Collegiate Champion of 1921, and his partner, J. M. Davies, are two youngsters of infinite promise. Both of these boys during the present season have carried several of the great stars to the limit, before acknowledging defeat.



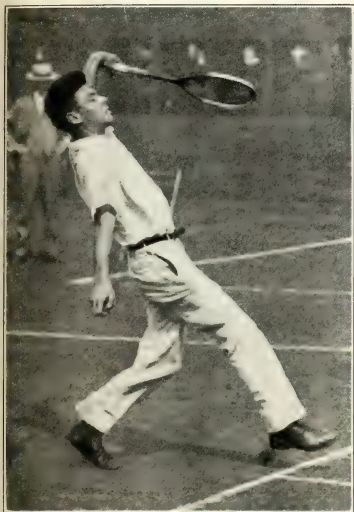


Photo by Edwin Levick

CARL FISCHER

Carl Fischer, of the University of Pennsylvania, the famous left-hand star of the Philadelphia district, and holder of the 1921 Middle States Championship, has advanced into select company by leaps and bounds. He seems destined to figure largely in future years.

From these few outlines of some of our youngsters, it is easy to see that America may well face the future with pardonable pride in her tennis prowess.

I see no reason to doubt but what the term of the future, made up from such boys as I have mentioned, will far exceed the ability of our own Davis Cup Team of 1921. So firm is my trust in the future, that I dare to prophesy that having retained the cup this year, it will remain in America for fully a decade. But what of the other countries?

The future of the game of lawn-tennis rests in the hands of the boys and girls of the world. All athletics are only as strong as the interest they create among the youngsters of the various nations. It is for this reason that organized athletics are part of the educational system of every country.

During the years of 1920 and 1921, I have played on the American Davis Cup Tennis Team in France, England, New Zealand, and

Australia, so that my opportunity for studying conditions in these nations has been quite extensive. My own work among the junior tennis-players of America, with whom I have been in touch for some seven years, has given me a standard to judge by, and by it I measure the work in the various countries.

England, just at present, presents the least promise. The schools of England, for years wedded to their conservative team games of cricket and football, are loath to break down the bars of tradition and allow golf and tennis to take the places they deserve. The boys themselves are not the aggressive, assertive type which one finds in the Antipodes or in America. They are more easily regulated and easy-going, following school policy rather than setting that policy themselves. The result is there are no school-boys playing organized tennis in England. The few boys who do play the game are the product of clubs to which their parents belong and where the boys pick up the game, or are the



Photo by Edwin Levick

PHILLIP NEER

sons of tennis-players who own courts and teach their children at home.

Young Dicky Ritchie, son of M. J. G. Ritchie, one of the most famous of English Davis Cup stars, is a boy of the latter type, and bids fair to follow in the footsteps of his

famous father. Dicky is now only eleven.

J. C. Parke, the famous champion-beater, who has defeated Brookes, Wilding, McLoughlin, Williams, and Gobert, has a young son of about two years of age, whom he proposes to coach in the game. André Gobert, the French player, is the father of a boy of the same age, and the great Park-Gobert matches of the past should be resumed about 1940.

Yet while she may produce individual stars in the future, England faces a serious situation for the years to come, for they have no organized system of development for the boys and girls, and only by this can the standard of tennis be raised. There are no young players between the ages of fifteen and thirty in England to-day except Max Woodman, the new Davis Cup player. Yet I have that implicit faith in England's ability to cope with any situation that allows me to rise above pessimism.

France is quite the opposite of England. Childhood in sport is almost a fetish in France. True, they do not have highly organized scholastic competitions, such as one finds in cricket in England, but the Clubs afford ample opportunity for play, and these chances are quickly grasped by the children. Boys

This was the general appearance at the Stade Français, St. Cloud, where the American team arrived for its daily practice.

It is a healthy, inspiring people one finds recovering from the effects of the Great War.

The French are always volatile, and nothing serious depresses them. Sport is essential to them. They will have it. To Englishmen it is essential, but businesslike in its methodical precision.

There are not many very young boys of great promise in French teams at the moment, but there is a vast mass of potential material from which may come a champion of great class. The leading players of France are all young. They are about the ages of the leading



Photo by Webster-Stevens

ARMAND MARION

American stars. André Gobert is almost thirty; Laurens, his partner, is twenty-five; Marcel Brugnon and Mlle. Lenglen, the famous girl-champion, are both twenty-two.

Max Decuges and Alfred Germont, the veterans of French tennis and heroes of many a Davis Cup match, are each well under forty, so one sees a marked difference from England, where, almost without exception, the leading players are well over thirty-five. A. R. F. Kingscote is the only star in England who has not yet attained that age.

New Zealand and Australia present the usual aspect of young countries, progressive, aggressive, and interesting. True, they are not yet far along the path of organized development, but the example of such great stars as Norman E. Brookes, the late A. F. Wilding, Rodney Heath, Horace Rice, and others, offset to a great degree by inspiration the need for organization. New Zealand has a marvelous youth in their land. The type of boy one finds in New Zealand is the wide-awake, active, keen-thinking youngster one is accustomed to meet in America. Physically mag-

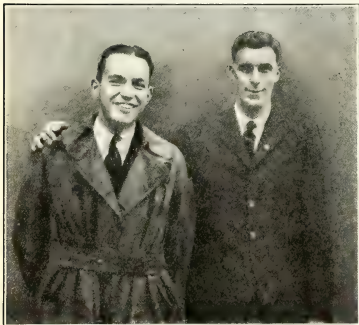


Photo by Webster-Stevens

MARSHALL ALLEN AND WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2D

*"Everywhere one goes there are new players, many of them not out of their teens, who handle a racket with the poise, skill, and strategy of a veteran. Players like Marshall Allen, of Seattle, who carried me into a 11-9 set, appear to be developing in all parts of the country."*

Zenzo Shimidzu.

and girls with tennis-rackets are to be seen in all directions, as well as boys in track-suits, running, pole-vaulting, putting the shot, etc.



Photo by Edwin Levick

TWO FAMOUS "DAVIS CUP" STARS—TILDEN AND JOHNSTON

nificent, mentally brilliant, the New Zealand boy is potentially a great athlete. The same old English tradition in school against allowing tennis to be played has handicapped the New Zealand boy thus far; but fortunately this is breaking down before the astute work of the Tennis Association in forcing the hands of the head-masters of the various schools.

On our recent trip, "Billy" Johnston and I played an exhibition before five hundred boys and girls of the city of Auckland, and seldom have I seen a keener crowd at a tennis-match.

So it can be seen at a glance that America must continue to develop the youngsters or our position at the top of the tennis heap will shortly be seriously threatened.

## THE GIRLS' TENNIS CHAMPION

TENNIS courts, both in the East and on the Pacific Coast, have been the scenes of conquest for Helen Wills this last summer. This fifteen-year-old member of the Berkeley (California) Tennis Club not only won the National Girls' Junior Tennis Championship at Forest Hills, Long Island, in August, by defeating Virginia Carpenter of Philadelphia, but paired with Ceres Baker of South Orange, New Jersey, annexed the doubles' title in a fast match with Adelaide and Helen Hooker of Greenwich, Connecticut.

In September, she acquired two more titles. Playing in the California women's tennis tournament, she won the state title from the Pacific Coast champion, Miss Helen Baker.

Miss Anna McCune, champion of the University of California, was the next to bow to Miss Wills' prowess when her title of Bay Counties' champion went to this young wizard.

A Californian tells us that Helen Wills is one of the best girl players the game has ever produced, and he says some of her success is due to the fact that at the Berkeley Club she has played mostly with the older men, thus acquiring strength and speed in her play.



Photo by Kadel &amp; Hernert

HELEN WILLS



# YOUR HAPPINESS JOB

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

WE train and work and study for various ends. Be healthy, wealthy, and wise, we are told, and agree that the advice is excellent. It takes knowledge and horse sense and application to achieve these three things, certainly, but the gain is worth the effort. So we give our best years and strength to the job.

But there is another job which is somehow apt to be overlooked. We seem to believe that to achieve success in that direction we neither need to take thought nor to put forth effort. Success that way comes or fails to come, and little we have to do with the matter. Yet without that item, the other three are not what they are said to be.

Is it possible, then, to train and work and study for happiness as you do for the other good ends of life? *Why not?*

There are certain definite things that make for happiness. There is, for instance, work. If happiness is important, then the work you do should be of the kind you love doing. It should be work that uses the best of you, that interests you constantly, that keeps you keen and fit. You should do it for the joy of itself, not for what you get out of it in a money sense. Pay you should get, of course, self-support, independence. But of two working roads before you, you should choose the one that leads to a full development of your talents and your brains, rather than the one that brings in the greater money return. For if you lose your joy in work, you have paid a higher price for money than it is worth.

If you take your happiness job seriously, then, you will give a good deal of thought and plenty of time to selecting for your life's employment something that is going to be delightful to you. Probably the larger portion of your life will be spent at that work. You can see how important a part it must play in securing happiness for you. Happiness is not a slight thing, a thing of the moment, of a laughing day or a pleasant companion. It is a great and precious thing, built up on the very foundations of your being, part of each moment of your existence.

The man or woman who is bored is not happy. To have work that interests you and keeps you alert in mind and body is a great safeguard against boredom. But there are other safeguards. Here, in a world crowded with tremendous interests, where even the

tinest insect is a subject for wonder, where you could never exhaust the possibilities of a single acre of meadow or woodland, here it is not the world that is a bore, it is yourself who insists upon being bored despite the hundred thousand calls on your mind, on your sense of beauty, on your emotions. Your mind has a million windows through which you may look out upon marvelous and thrilling things, if you keep the windows open, if you learn how to open them. Even though the work you do gives you happiness in the doing, it is not enough, because our possibilities for happiness are endless. You want to cultivate as many of them as you can. You want to remember that nothing worth while comes for nothing. To get the joy of music, for instance, you need to know something of that art. The more you know, the greater your delight in it will be. It is the same with painting and sculpture. There is keen joy in these things, a joy that is developed by study and reflection and understanding. I have seen people look at the Victory of Samothrace or the Milo Venus as blindly as though there were no eyes in their heads. These forms of perfect beauty gave them no thrill of exquisite delight. For them the splendor of great art did not exist. They have failed to find one great source of happiness. Bored and dull, they stand before these mighty stones, which man's genius has transmuted to immortal spirit, and know it not and feel nothing.

Beauty, as we well know, is another of the definite items that bring happiness to the human being. Not only the beauty of art, but all beauty. If happiness is worth achievement, then cultivate your appreciation for beauty. Rejoice in it. Think how important it must have been considered, since so much time and detail is given to it in the building of the universe. Do you know that numberless tiny and intricate bones are placed in a bird's throat so that it may sing? Song is sheer beauty. Not only is the bird's throat marvelously made to sing, but your ear is wonderfully made to listen to that song. And the viewless air is fashioned to bear those notes from throat to ear, and so complete the amazing circle.

Truly, the more you think about beauty and its tremendous place in this world, the more your astonishment grows. Think of

the ravishing effects of color in every sphere of life. To train that eager mind of yours to respond to these beauties is a task full-packed with joy and happiness. Once you let yourself get interested, no walk you take but will be rich, no idle hour with nature as your only companion but will be full of excitement and pleasure to you. The people who love her and who study her are happy folk, and each step they take brings glorious return.

Training your capacity for reading, your understanding of the fine things of literature, is another sure pathway toward winning your happiness job. Language is one of our astonishing possessions, and is full of power and beauty. In great literature we find its highest expression, and we find, too, the thoughts and feeling of other men and women. Words are strange things. You can never walk side by side with John Muir, who has passed to farther trails than any he followed here. But take down one of his books from the shelf and read in it, and you seem to be walking with him, you see what he has seen, thrill to the adventures he has had, listen to his very voice as he speaks. You have had a glorious hour. Or take a simple story like "Jackanapes." You read those touching pages, so beautifully done, and you have added something to your own experience, something that will remain with you all your life. You have intimately shared another mind, another heart, through words, printed words. Is it not truly wonderful? And are not all sorts of lives and experiences and all the long thoughts of the generations of man yours if you choose to seek them? The love of books is a great love, a great power for happiness, and you can train yourself to find that love. To throw it away on cheap or vulgar stuff is to suffer a loss difficult to measure.

Play and the joy of bodily exercise are one of the simpler methods of getting at our happiness job that ought not to be overlooked. When we are youngsters we take to this form of happiness naturally; but as we begin to grow older, many of us neglect it. Girls especially are apt to let play and sport fade out of their lives. This is a great pity. There is no reason why a woman should not rejoice in play all her life long, should not take exercise for the sheer pleasure of it, if she be healthy. Walking and swimming and golfing are easy to keep up, and are valuable items toward happiness. And girls delight in them as well as boys. Keep your limbs

sound and active and your lungs full of fresh air. Youth and joy too will companion you as a reward.

The great thing in training for happiness is to give time and effort toward developing the hundreds of avenues toward interest and activity which lie ready to hand within you—to train those bright eyes of yours to see, to observe, to quicken your understanding of the loveliness and wonder of this world; to train your powers of appreciation and discrimination to bring to you all that is most worth while. Life is a thrilling, mysterious business if we do not smother it under commonplaces and dullnesses. The things men are doing are tremendous, and we too can be of that band if we will. This new generation now coming to the fore is sure to discover immense secrets that are still hidden to us, to find new and great truths, to do splendid and important things that will help the whole race onward on its mighty march. Each one of you can play some part in this work, and can get the true happiness of understanding and sharing what the rest are doing.

Of the happiness to be got through friendship and from the other relations of life, I have not spoken. To get this happiness needs training, needs effort. You cannot be a good friend without trouble. You cannot, without charm, attract another. To be loved and valued is better than to achieve a business success that leaves you lonely and disliked. It is a fine thing to succeed in your business; give it your whole-hearted effort. But it is still finer to achieve a sincerity, a generosity, and simplicity that will make you good to be with, will make those who know you love you. Happiness comes with love, if that love is gentle and giving. You must work hard to make yourself lovable clean through, a work that goes on all your life and every minute of that life, but there is no surer way to grasp happiness than that.

Life is a dangerous business, certainly, and all we cherish most in it may be swept away in an instant. But the fiber of happiness is not so easily destroyed. Sorrow and loss come to all, to some more, to others less. But it is from the warp and woof of your days that you construct happiness. It is born of the full use and gift of yourself; it is born of character, of delight in the day's employment, of an open heart to the beauty and the wonder of the world you are in, of response to the great calls that reach even beyond it. You cannot buy happiness, you have to *make* it. Its material lies within you.



# "LONE-STEER" FOSTER

By BAYARD D. YORK

THE second practice game of the season drew to a glorious close. From the enthusiastic stands sounded the Lockwood cheer:—

"Rah-rah, rah-rah, rah-rah—  
Lockwood, Lockwood, Lockwood!"

Foster, right tackle, walked slowly to the "gym." The team, he felt, was a wonder. Of course, there were still rough spots in the playing, but these would be smoothed out as the season advanced. Every man on the team was either a brilliant player or a smoothly running cog in an almost perfect machine.

Foster was well aware that he was one of the cogs. This was his third year on the team; and in all that time he could not recall one occasion on which, in the heat of play when school spirit ran wild and the cheers were ripped out with crashing force, his name had ever been heard. A cog is not a spectacular thing. Sometimes a realization of this cut into his soul. Then he would say to himself:

"They used to call your father an 'off-ox.' It looks as if you might be labeled 'The Lone Steer.' Forget the other fellows."

Most of the fellows he did forget, plodding his lone, stolid way; but there was one of them who always irritated him. This was Bolles. Like Foster, Bolles was earning his way through school, but there the likeness between them ended. Bolles was popular, clever, well-dressed, a bit slangy. Whatever he tried for always seemed to come to him without effort—to Foster's disgust.

"Well, fellows," said Bolles, breezing into the gym just as Foster was gingerly adjusting the hot and cold water of the shower, "'t was a snappy game. I hand it to you—you're a team!"

Foster gave the little wheel a savage turn, and half scalded himself. He rubbed down and dressed rapidly and then strode out. The gym was too much like a farm-yard of cackling hens, he thought resentfully.

He stopped at the little yellow-front lunch-room for supper, and then climbed the steep stairs to his third-story room.

As a "lone steer" he usually had plenty of opportunity for study. To-night was to be an exception. He was just becoming involved in the intricacies of mediæval history when, dimly at first and then loud and clear,

there floated up the stairway to his open door the whistled strains of "The Wearing of the Green."

Little Nick Hurley danced into the room, singing in ungrammatical paraphrase:

"It's the most distressful country that ever you have knew—

They're hanging men and women here for the wearing of the blue!"

Had Bolles come into the room like that, it would have made Foster wild, but you had to like little Nick whether you wanted to or not.

"That 's what Ellington will want to do after the big game," Nick remarked. "But we 'll wear the blue just the same, and we 'll drape a little blue haze over them—eh, Mr. Right-Tackle Man?"

He eyed the large history book skittishly.

"Say, you study and play football and—and eat and sleep—you do sleep sometimes, don't you?" he said. "Do you do anything else?"

"Is n't that enough?" Foster asked with a bit of a smile.

Nick sat down and threw one leg over the arm of the chair.

"Uh-huh!" he agreed. "Only—don't you ever have some great wish not connected with studies or football? Now, me, for instance—I want to be governor some day and wear a silk hat. Don't you—"

The tone of banter disappeared abruptly from Nick's voice. He seemed to realize that his words had struck a deep chord.

Five minutes later Foster was slowly telling something that he had never expected to let anybody know about.

"It is n't an ordinary feeling at all," he said. "It's something that just gets hold of your whole soul and pulls and twists it till—you're almost ready to do anything—anything you should n't," he added with a wry smile. "You see, Mother's folks always lived near the ocean—and the pounding of the breakers and the smell of the salt spray were bred into her bones. When she married Father and he took her to the farm, he promised to go back with her to the shore now and then—but he never did. He never had the money for it. She died the year before Father did—partly of homesickness for the ocean, I think!"

"Jingo!" cried Nick. "It does n't seem possible."

"And from her I inherited this craving for the ocean that I have never even seen," Foster concluded.

"You 've never seen it—why not?"

"I planned to go last summer," Foster said,

"Guess I 'll slide along," murmured Nick. "By-by!"

The energetic person sat down in the chair Nick had just vacated.

"Short words and few of them is my style," he announced. "My name is Bitmore, and I 'm from the Central Grocery. We are look-



"WHAT ABOUT IT, SON—HAVE YOU ANY USE FOR SIX DOLLARS A WEEK IN YOUR YOUNG LIFE?" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"but just when I had money enough saved up, the dentist had to have it—and then some other expenses came along."

"That 's tough!" exclaimed Nick. "If I had a bank handy, I 'd leave the safe unlocked so you could help yourself; but—"

He was interrupted by the sudden appearance at the door of a tall man whose every motion displayed energy and efficiency.

"Evening, Foster," said this new arrival. "You don't know me, but I know you—which is more to the point. May I have ten minutes of your time?"

ing for a young man to work Saturdays. Yes, and"—he held up a hand at Foster's attempted interruption—"I know you play football that day, son. I know all about you. In fact, from the two hundred and forty-six young men who form the masculine part of Lockwood High, I have selected you as the one who most nearly fills my special and very particular requirements. Now—money talks, does n't it? This is no common proposition that I 'm placing before your wondering eyes. Here is the idea in tabloid form: we want you to work from eight A.M. until ten P.M. each

Saturday,—work hard, too,—for which we will present to you each Saturday evening six round shiny silver plunks—or their equivalent. Ah—that brought a flicker of interest to your eyes, did n't it!"

He leaned back and shook a finger at the lad.

"What 's the matter with the young men of to-day?" he growled. "I 've fired nine boys in the past two weeks—if this goes on much longer, I 'll be getting old before my time. Some of them slam around and smash things; some of them go to sleep and fall into the sugar barrel; some of them are sassy to customers. I tell you—" he waved his hands impressively—"there 's fame and fortune waiting for the chap who is willing to take a real interest in his work. What about it, son—have you any use for six dollars a week in your young life?"

Lone-steer Foster sat very still. Around his knees his hands were clenched. Had he any use for six dollars a week—ah, the roar of the ocean seemed to grow out of the words!

But—there was the team! For four years now, Ellington Academy had beaten Lockwood. It was no time for anybody to quit.

"I 'd like to do it," Foster said, in a low tone. "But I can't go back on the team. After the season is over—"

"Nothing doing," said Bitmore, promptly. "I 'm after a man *now*—and I 'm going to get one now. To tell the truth, it was just a toss-up between you and another fellow—you won by a hair. I don't want to urge you—but it 's now or never with this proposition."

There was a moment of silence.

"Do I understand it 's only the team that makes you hesitate?"

"But for that, I 'd say 'yes' in a second!" Foster cried.

"Well," said Bitmore; "just between you and me, what has the team ever done for you—they don't pay your room rent, do they?"

Foster's face hardened. The opportunity to realize his great dream of seeing the ocean had come to him at last. Should he throw it away because of any feeling of loyalty to a team and a school that regarded him as a mere cog?

He stood up. "I 'll come," he said quietly. "You want me to begin next Saturday, I presume?"

"At eight sharp," said Bitmore, concisely.

When Bitmore had gone, Foster took from one of the shelves behind him a rather large package that was protected by brown wrapping-paper and undid it very carefully.

It was a large magazine. He opened it with slightly unsteady fingers—and for a long time stood looking at the full-page picture of a wonderful surf breaking upon the rocks, the broad blue ocean in the background.

"I am going to see it at last!" he murmured.

He sat down and began to figure how much he would save each week.

Now a cog, even an unimportant cog, cannot be removed from a machine without upsetting the working of it—and Foster was not an insignificant cog, as opposing teams well knew.

His defection hit the team hard. They won two games by rather small scores and tied the next, when all three should have been won by big scores.

The Sunday afternoon following the tie game, Foster heard a disturbance on the stairs, that presently resolved itself into:

"It 's the most distressful country that ever you did know—"

They 're hanging men and women now for working in de sto'!"

"Bad poetry, but good principle," Nick remarked as he came in. "We 're thinking of hanging every fellow who works in a store."

"Hang away," said Foster, shortly.

"Well, I 'm nothing but a senior," Nick murmured. "I 've seen three teams beaten by that Ellington bunch—I suppose I can live through another defeat, though it does n't seem so just now."

He sat down and pulled a bag of chocolate peppermints from his pocket.

"I know you have n't any vices," he grinned; "but a couple of these won't cut your mental efficiency more than three per cent. I 'm trying to bribe you into seeing reason. The fellows are pretty sore—and I don't exactly blame them. I don't blame you either. It 's all in the point of view. I don't blame you, but I think you are making a mistake."

"How?" Foster demanded.

"It 's a little hard to put it into words," Nick said slowly. "It 's sort of that you are trying to play a lone game—all off by yourself. I don't believe it pays. Now there 's Bob Bolles—"

"Bolles!" There was a world of scorn in Foster's tone.

"There 's Bob Bolles," Nick continued imperturbably. "I would n't trust Bob around the corner with a nickle-plated stick-pin; but he 's friendly—"

"If you care for that kind of a friend," Foster broke in.

"That 's just it," Nick replied. "I *don't* care for that kind of a friend; but Bob just takes it for granted that I think he's my long-lost brother—and pretty soon I 'm thinking that he is. You can't overlook Bob or snub him—even though there is n't much of anything to him. Now there 's a lot to you,—don't bother to bow, I may be saying that just for effect,—but you keep it so tightly shut up inside of yourself that nobody gets any benefit from it."

"I don't owe the fellows anything," said Foster.

Nick reached for another peppermint.

"I 'm not so sure of that," he said slowly.

"That Satanic old thing they call geometry—you 've heard of it, have n't you?—used to say that the whole is greater than any of its parts. Maybe it is. But a part of any school is the thing they call 'school spirit'—and it seems to me that school spirit is something that is bigger than the team, bigger than the fellows, bigger than the whole school."

He rolled the last peppermint onto the table, made a balloon of the bag, and burst it between his hands.

"Anyway, that 's how I feel," he went on. "It sounds silly, perhaps—but I 'd sacrifice a whole lot for that little blue pennant with the white 'L' on it. That little flag stands for all that the school has been and done in the past eighty years—and that 's a bigger thing, Foster, than you or I can hope to chisel out, playing it alone."

Foster sat very still for a long time.

"I don't like to admit it," he said slowly; "but I have n't felt comfortable since I left the team. I would n't put it into words, the way you have done, and face it squarely."

"I 'm only giving you my idea," Nick said. "I may be wrong."

Foster shook his head slowly.

"I know—inside of me—that you are right," he said.

There were only two more games—Middleton the next Saturday and the big game a week later. It seemed to Foster as if Bitmore ought to be willing to let him off for these two Saturdays.

But this hope was rudely blasted when he spoke to Bitmore.

"No, sir!" that man said promptly. "You can't slip away and then expect to come back again. You are n't the only fellow in town who can work. Mind made up? All right. I 'm not sure but that Bolles will suit me better, anyway."

Bolles! If only it could have been some

other fellow who was to receive that six dollars a week!

That night, just before going to bed, Foster took the large magazine from the shelf and looked at the picture of the ocean again.

"Oh, well," he said at length, "I 'll see it some time!"

Foster went back to the team quietly and without words, his mind made up to atone for his disloyalty. But the Middleton game was a keen disappointment. Lockwood played raggedly and barely won. The old smoothness was gone. The missing cog had been restored, but it no longer fitted perfectly.

As the week of the big game progressed, the practice disclosed little improvement. Still, the players and the school kept alive a faith that the team would "come back" in the game.

This faith was shaken when Ellington scored a touchdown in the first five minutes of play; it glowed again when Lockwood tied the score in the second quarter; and flamed into glorious brightness when Cowles, the full-back, kicked a pretty field-goal and put Lockwood ahead, ten to seven. But in the second half, Ellington ripped things to pieces and scored another touchdown, making the score fourteen to ten.

There it stood when, in the last quarter, Ellington got the ball near the center of the field and started for the Lockwood goal-line with a fury in her attack that seemed irresistible.

Desperately the Lockwood team fought to hold its ground—and fought in vain. Foot by foot, what had once been the best Lockwood team in years was driven back toward the shadow of its own goal-posts.

Lone-steer Foster, fighting like a demon, glanced toward the stands where the blue banners waved loyally. He looked away again quickly.

The Ellington backs crashed through for eight yards. Tears sprang to Foster's eyes. He had been disloyal—and what he had done could not be undone—he had wrecked the wonderful machine in which he had been a cog.

He suddenly felt tired. It was as if heavy weights hung from his shoes. He sensed the fact that his team-mates felt the same. They had lost their spirit.

And as Nick had said, the spirit was the biggest thing of all!

Suddenly he stiffened and dug his heels



into the ground. Had he lost his spirit? No!

Not till the last play was over would he concede defeat.

Ellington gained five yards—then seven. Another ten yards of advance, if there was

From the Lockwood stands came the sudden hoarse cry: "Block that kick! Block that kick! *Block that kick!*"

And in that moment, with the tears of defeat bitter upon his cheeks, Lone-steer Foster saw his opportunity. He must block that kick!



"RAH-RAH, RAH-RAH, RAH-RAH—FOSTER! FOSTER! FOSTER!"

time for it, would give them another touch-down and six or seven points more.

But as Foster knew, the time was very short now. He was not surprised when the Ellington team fell into kicking formation. Black, their clever drop-kicker, was going to try for a goal.

It would not win the game—that was hopeless now. But it would keep the score down. And it would, at least, be one act that might in some measure atone for his disloyalty.

Tensely he waited. The Ellington quarter-back called the signal sharply. The ball



moved, and Foster leaped forward with upstretched hands—to block that kick or die!

The opposing tackle tried to stop him—and failed. A mountain could not have stopped him.

Then, with that blinding vividness with which a man sees in the instant of a great crisis, Foster saw Hills, the Lockwood right end, just ahead of him; and near Hills, ready to force him out of the play, the crouching Ellington quarter-back.

There were two things that Foster could do: he could try to smother the kick himself, or he could charge into the Ellington quarter-back and let Hills try to block the kick. And Hills was nearer Black than Foster was.

Foster did not hesitate. It was his moment of supreme sacrifice. He plunged against the crouching quarter-back—and gave Hills the chance to block the kick.

Foster lived through the next five minutes as a man lives in a dream. He heard the sharp thud of the kick—then a muffled thud near him. Vaguely he sensed that Hills had blocked the kick.

Then something struck the ground in front of him—something dark and oval. Instinctively he reached for it—clapsed it in his arms—started forward toward the Ellington goal-line!

To himself, he did not seem to be moving,—but the white lines flashed by his blurred vision. There were men just behind him. He could hear their fierce panting and the pounding of their feet on the ground.

They were gaining on him. He had never been much of a runner, anyway. He glanced up. There was not a man between him and the distant goal-line!

At that moment something broke loose in Foster's soul. He began to run like a wild man—faster and still faster!

He felt a sharp tug at his legs—then again he was running free!

Straight between the goal-posts he ran—and touched the ball to the ground. A great roar was sounding in his ears—the roar, it seemed, of that distant ocean which he had never seen:

"Rah-rah, rah-rah, rah-rah—  
Foster! Foster! FOSTER!"

Then, suddenly, it came to him what it was—the crashing Lockwood cheer, ripped up as never a Lockwood cheer had been heard in all the days that Lockwood teams had fought and won!

He walked unsteadily out on the field and watched Cowles kick the goal. And as the ball sailed straight and true between the goal-posts, the shrill whistle sounded across the field.

The game was over! Lockwood had won at last!

From the blue stands, a wild mob began to pour out onto the field. It surrounded the members of the team, lifted them from the ground, and marched away with them.

And there, at the head of the procession, raised a little higher than the others upon the shoulders of his schoolmates, rose Lone-steer Foster!

Half an hour later, in the gym, that looked as if it had been struck by a cyclone, Nick came up to Foster.

"I'm master of ceremonies to-night," he said. "You are to make a speech."

"I—I can't," said Foster.

"You not only can—you must," Nick replied. "This is official—and final."

After a while Foster got away from the fellows and slipped away to the familiar lunch-room. He wanted to think quietly for a few minutes.

And there Bitmore found him.

"I'd get down on my knees," the efficiency man said, "only the floor does n't look very clean. Will you come back, sweetheart, oh, will you come back to me?"

Foster stared a bit. "I thought you had a good man," he said.

"I *thought* I had," Bitmore said. "This fellow Bolles is a funny proposition. He evidently gets away with it most of the time—but not with your old Uncle Billy Bitmore. You've got stuff in you—Bolles has n't. That's the whole story."

"You'd like to have me come back?" Foster asked.

"Don't use such language!" the man exclaimed. "I would n't *like* to have you back—but I would *love* to have you, I'd grovel—I'd—"

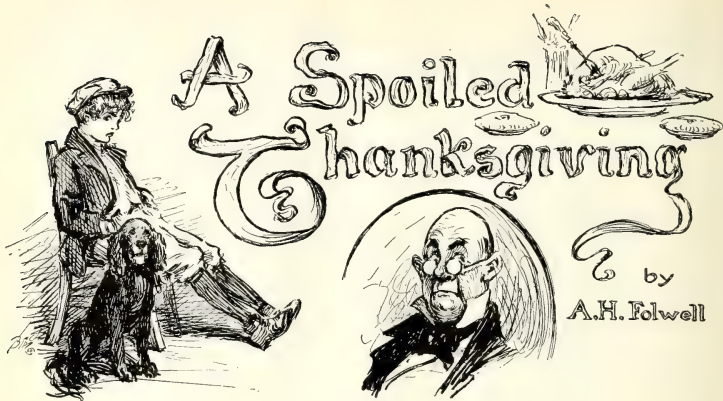
"I'll come," said Foster, with a smile.

"Can you come to-night?" Bitmore asked abruptly.

The roar of the distant ocean was in Foster's ears—but there was a louder sound even than that—the roar of that crashing cheer that had carried his name.

His smile deepened. He was thinking that he would be a "lone steer" no longer.

"No," he told Bitmore, "I can't come to-night—I've got to make a speech to-night!"



THANKSGIVING day is coming,  
 But instead of being glad  
 And counting up the minutes,  
 I 'm feeling worse than bad.  
 Was happy until Tuesday—  
 The pies were being made,  
 The turkey, plucked for roasting,  
 Hung a-swinging in the shade,  
 And everything looked lovely  
 Till I heard Aunt Mary say:  
 "We 'll have old Doctor Dingle  
 Here to dine Thanksgiving day."

Old Doctor Dingle with us!  
 It kind of chills me through.



I think I see him looking  
 Just the way he used to do—  
 His goggles big and starey,  
 And his head all smooth and bald;  
 It made my measles worse 'n worse  
 Each time the doctor called!  
 And now to think he 's coming  
 Here Thanksgiving day, to eat!  
 Aunt Mary should know better  
 Than to give that man a seat!



Imagine how I 'll like it,  
 When I slide into my place,  
 To have to keep on looking  
 Up in Doctor Dingle's face;  
 To feel, with every mouthful,  
 The doctor 's bound to think:  
 "That 's harmful; those will kill you!"  
 Of the things I eat and drink.  
 He 's given me some doses—  
 I 'd like to try to make 'em,  
 And then, instead of pumpkin pie,  
 Have Doctor Dingle take 'em!

# THE HILL OF ADVENTURE

By ADAIR ALDON

## CHAPTER I

### GRAY CLOUD MOUNTAIN

It was with feelings of doubt that were not very far from dismay that Beatrice Deems watched her new acquaintance, Dan O'Leary, saddle her recently acquired horse. She had ridden before, of course, in the tan-bark ring of the riding-school or on shady bridle-paths in the park, always on well-broken steeds whose beauty and grooming were equaled only by their good manners. But now, as she stood in her short khaki riding-skirt and her high boots, waiting outside the great dilapidated shed that in this little Montana town did duty as a livery-stable, she was beginning to wonder whether she really knew anything at all about horses. Certainly, she had never thought of riding anything like this plunging creature, who stood straight up on his hind legs one moment, then dropped to his fore feet and stood on them in turn, with the ease of a circus performer.

She had spent only two days in Ely, the little town planted beside Broken Bow Creek, in the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. At first she had thought that the village, with its scattered boxlike houses and dusty, shadeless street, was most unlike the West of the picture-books and the movies. The antics of her new horse, however, were disturbingly like what she had witnessed in Wild West shows.

"Name 's Buck," volunteered the man who was struggling with the saddle, and added, though in a tone that seemed to indicate the explanation as quite unnecessary, "It 's on account of his color, you know."

"Oh!" returned Beatrice, a little blankly. For the life of her she could think of nothing else to say. She had yet to learn that all Western ponies of that golden buckskin shade of coat bear the same name. At the moment she was tempted to believe that the title had something to do with the way in which the creature was humping his back like a gigantic cat and jumping up and down on his nimble white fore feet. Dan's shabbily overalled assistant, Sam, came and stood at the wide door of the stable, grinning respectfully, and watching the performance with interest.

"Your father went out on the range and chose the horse himself, when he was here

getting your house ready," he volunteered. "He could n't have found another one in the valley could go like Buck."

"Did he—did he try him?" Beatrice wished to know.

Her feelings in the matter were oddly mixed, for she dreaded the moment when she must mount to the big unfamiliar saddle, and yet she was all on fire to test the horse's speed.

"No, he did n't try him," was Dan's answer; "he just said he wanted a safe horse for his daughter, liked the looks of this one,—and well he might,—and said he knew an honest man when he saw one and would take my word for it that the horse would suit. There, now the saddle 's firm. You must n't think anything of the way he acts when you pull up the cinch—they all do that!"

For all her misgivings, Beatrice was no coward. She stepped forward, discovered in one violent second that a Western pony sets off the moment he feels the rider's weight on the stirrup, then flung herself, somehow, into the saddle and was away.

"I did not do that very well," she was thinking, "another time— Oh, oh!"

For her very thought was interrupted by the sudden rush of wordless delight as the horse beneath her stretched himself to that long easy lope that is like nothing else in the world. The fresh mountain wind, sweeping down from the clean, high peaks above, sang in her ears, the stony road swung past below. The motion was as easy as a rocking-chair, but seemed as swift as thought itself. Motor-ing she had always loved, but she confessed with sudden disloyalty that it was a bumpy business compared to the measured swaying of this living creature between her knees. Buck's personal prejudices seemed indeed to be directed solely against the cinching of the saddle; that process once over, he was as eager and happy as she to clatter across the bridge, pass the last of the ugly little houses and the high-fronted store buildings, and turn his white blazed face toward the mounting trail that led out of the valley.

Beatrice drew rein when they had breasted the first rise and paused a moment to look back. The houses strewed haphazard across the slope below her made more of a town than she had thought. There was the pack-

ing-box railroad station where she and her sister Nancy and their Aunt Anna had arrived so recently; there was the house where they were living, a little larger than the others, but square, hideous, and unshaded, like the rest.

"We must n't care for architecture," Nancy had said when they first surveyed their dwelling rather ruefully, "when the Rocky Mountains begin in our back yard."

There was also the winding stream, with its abrupt bend that warranted the title of Broken Bow Creek, a mere trickle of water just now in that wide, dry valley down which the thin line of the railroad stretched away, with the straight parallel of the rails seeming to bend and quiver in the hot clearness of the sunshine. To the north was a portion of Ely that she had not seen before, a group of warehouses, some office-buildings, a concrete mixing-plant, and a huddle of workmen's bunk-houses. She could see the cobweb lines of temporary railroad, steam-shovels moving on flat-cars, and innumerable men toiling like black ants along the sides of the raw cut that had been made in the red soil of the valley.

"That must be the dam and the irrigation ditch that Dan O'Leary was telling us about," she reflected. "How hot it looks down there! I did not dream they had so many men. And how clear the air is. Oh surely, surely, Aunt Anna will get well here as fast as we hope!"

The wind lifted Buck's yellow mane and her own brown hair, while the horse pawed the stony ground impatiently. She let him go on, for she was, in truth, as eager as he. This was the first day that she had found time to go far from their own house, and she had now a most fascinating goal before her. What girl of sixteen would not feel excited over the prospect of exploring a tract of mountain-side woods of which she was sole owner?

Beatrice had never quite understood how her father had come to purchase that stretch of land above Ely—she had not, indeed, thought to ask. She had come into his study one Sunday morning when he was going over his papers and had surprised him with the announcement that she was sixteen that day. Having no other present ready, he had brought out some dusty title-deeds and had made them over to her.

"It will never be of the least use to you, my dear," he said, "so do not consider it much of a present—twenty-three acres, with timber, cabin, and a waterfall, so the description

reads, but you must not think they are any of them worth anything. I have never seen the place, myself."

She had believed that it was on account of this talk about Ely that they thought of the town again when the doctors had prescribed "a change of climate, some dry, bracing place in the West," for their Aunt Anna, who was Mr. Deems's younger sister and had cared for his household ever since the death of the two girls' mother, years ago. Anna Deems was a slim, frail person of indomitable spirit, and after a severe illness during the winter had begun to look as though she were far more spirit than body. Beatrice had always thought that going to Ely was her own suggestion, though she could not deny that it was Aunt Anna who had carried the plan through in the face of some rather unaccountable opposition from her father. Mr. Deems had finally given in, and had then made a flying trip to Ely to be sure that the air and climate were what they wanted, to choose a house, engage a Chinese cook, and make all preparations for a summer's stay for his sister and the two girls.

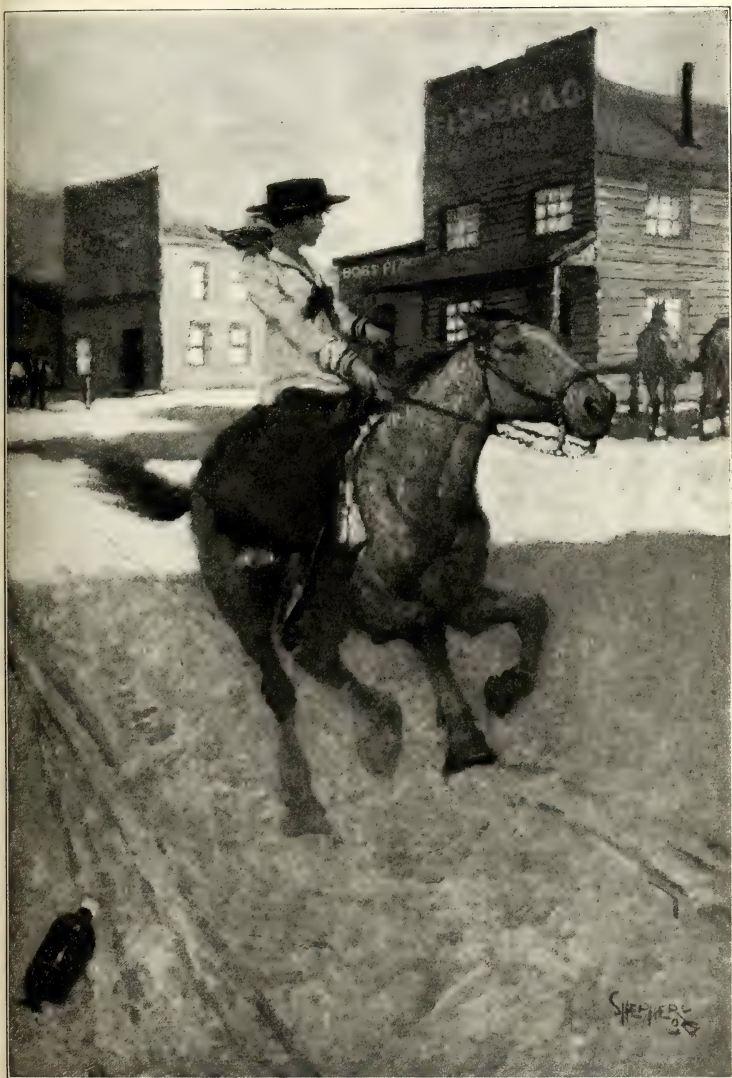
"I did not have time to visit your estate on the hill, Beatrice," he said on his return. "You will have to explore it yourself. Dan O'Leary has charge of it and said he has been renting it to some engineers who were surveying the mountain. But it is unoccupied now. The place may prove to be a good picnic-ground, but I fear it has no other possibilities."

He might say what he chose, Beatrice was thinking, but he could not destroy her eagerness to see the place. The trail ran crookedly upward before her, disappeared in some dense pine woods, then slanted across the spur of the mountain and vanished again. Higher above rose the bare rocky slopes of the lofty peak that dominated the whole valley, Gray Cloud Mountain, on one of whose lower, rugged shoulders lay her land and her cabin. After climbing for a quarter of a mile, she was obliged to hesitate at a fork in the way, uncertain which of the steep paths she was to take.

A little cottage clung to the bare hillside beside the road, a shabby place, with no paint and a patched roof. The door was swinging open as she passed and a man was just going in, a short, thick-set, foreign-looking person who scowled at her over his shoulder when she asked the way.

"That one," he said briefly, pointing to the right-hand fork and speaking with a heavy





"PASSING THE LAST OF THE UGLY LITTLE HOUSES AND THE HIGH-FRONTED  
STORE BUILDINGS"

foreign accent; "up toward John Herrick's house, only not so far."

He went in and shut the door abruptly, and Beatrice could hear his voice inside calling roughly, "Christina, Christina!"

He had a roll of large papers in his hand, posters that he had evidently been putting up along the way, for she had noticed them on trees and fence-posts nearer town. They seemed to announce some sort of meeting, with English words at the top, repeated below in more than one language, to judge by the odd, foreign printing. She had felt a hot flash of indignation at the man's surly tone, but in a moment she had forgotten him completely as she and Buck went scrambling up the steep and difficult road.

She came at last to a tiny bridge. Broken Bow Creek, which was little more than a series of pools in the parched stream-bed in the valley, was here a singing rivulet, flowing below the rude crossing amid a group of silvery aspen-trees. At the left of the trail she could see a gate, a set of bars hung between two rough posts. It was with a beating heart that she dismounted to take them down for Buck to pass. Once inside, she would be on her own ground.

The agility of a mountain-bred pony was so new to her that she was much astonished, after she had removed two of the bars, to have Buck step over the remaining three as neatly as a dog would have done. She slipped into the saddle again, making a greater success than at the first attempt, and followed the nearly invisible path. The huge straight pine-trees stood in uneven ranks all about her, their branches interweaving overhead, the ground covered with their red-brown needles that muffled the sound of the horse's hoofs. Up and up they went, with the splash of falling water sounding louder and ever louder. Here at last was the place she sought—a square, sturdy cabin of gray logs chinked with white plaster, with a solid field-stone chimney and a sloping roof drifted over with pine-needles. She slid from the saddle and stood upon the rugged door-step. Here was her house, her very own!

It was a larger dwelling than she had expected and very solidly and substantially built. Wooden bars had been nailed across the doors and windows, and she had, moreover, forgotten to obtain the keys from Dan O'Leary, so that she could not go in. She could, however, peep through the casement windows and see the low-ceilinged rooms, the rough stairs, and the wide fireplace. The

big trees nodded overhead, the roar of the waterfall came from beyond the house, the creek, rushing and tumbling, slid away down the mountain-side. Somebody had planted pansies on both sides of the step, pansies that crowded and jostled each other as they only can in the cool air of the high mountains, spreading sheets of gleaming color over the barren soil. With a quivering sigh, Beatrice sat down upon the door-stone.

"Mine!" she said out loud, just to see how it would sound. "Mine!"

It took a long time to explore the place thoroughly. Behind the cabin was the tumbling cascade that identified the place; a plunge of foaming waters over a high ledge, with a still black pool below, shot with gleams of sunshine and full of darting trout. Beyond the stream, almost hidden from sight by the high slope of the ravine, was the roof of another house, a larger one than hers, with a group of chimneys sending forth a curl of smoke to indicate that here were neighbors. Looking up the course of the brook, she could see where the dense shadows of the pine grove ended and the waters ran in brighter sunshine on the higher slope.

Buck, with his bridle over the post at the cabin door, at last whinnied insistently to call her back. He had been searching for tufts of grass between the stones and nipping at the pansies, but had not found them to his liking. His impatience, as well as the creeping shadows in the valley below, reminded her that evening was near, in spite of the clear sunlight higher up the mountain-side. Reluctantly she mounted and, with many a glance backward at her house, rode slowly down the trail. Through an opening in the trees she caught a glimpse, as she descended, of the house beyond the stream. She could even see a man ride up to the door and a girl of about her own age come running out to greet him. Then a drop in the path hid both house and people abruptly from her view.

A figure came into sight, moving ahead of her through the trees, a woman, very tall and lean, with a basket on her arm.

"Some one has been berrying on my land," Beatrice reflected, with a throb of pride at the thought of her proprietorship.

The stranger had a yellow handkerchief covering her hair and a green shawl slanting across her shoulders. She had a foreign look that reminded Beatrice, somehow, of that surly man at the cottage door from whom she had asked the way. Almost unconsciously she reined Buck into a slower pace, then

noticed with a sinking heart that the woman had looked back and was waiting at the barred gate to intercept her as she and her horse came out into the road.

## CHAPTER II

### CHRISTINA'S LETTER

THE yellow pony, stamping and sidling, came to an unwilling stop before the sturdy figure that blocked the way. Beatrice began to see that the twilight had made the woman seem unduly terrifying and that her face, while it was unburned almost to the color of leather, was merely a square, stolid one, with keen blue eyes and heavy fair hair showing under the picturesque head-handkerchief. With one hard, big hand, the stranger was feeling within her dress, and as Beatrice came close, she held up a letter.

"I saw you in the town yesterday and you looked kind. I want you to read my letter to me. I cannot read English myself. I am from Finland. My name is Christina Jensen. The letter is from my boy."

She spoke with a strong accent that, while it was somewhat like that of the man of whom Beatrice had asked the way, was not unpleasant, for her voice was rich and clear. The girl thought, as she looked into the upturned face, that she had never seen such eager, appealing eyes.

"You can't read?" Beatrice exclaimed, forgetting politeness in her surprise.

"My own language, yes, but not yours. My boy Olaf made me learn to talk English plain, but I was always too busy with my two hands to learn to read or write. Read, read, read, before it is too dark to see the letter."

Beatrice spread out the paper on the pommel of the saddle.

"Why," she said, glancing at the date, "it is nearly a year old!"

"Yes," returned the woman, nodding heavily, "ten months ago he wrote it from his ship in Marseilles. I have nearly worn it out carrying it around and having it read to me. But it is only kind people I ask to read it now, for some begin to say, 'Your Olaf will never come back.'"

"Is this his first voyage?" the girl asked.

"Yes, but he was always bound he would be a sailor. His father was drowned at sea when we still lived in Finland and when Olaf was a baby. I brought my boy to this country then, where I could support him better; and what a credit and a comfort to me

he has been! He was wild to go in the Navy when the war began, but he was too young, so it was not until last year that he slipped away, as I had always feared he would. He hardly even said good-by to me, and this is my only letter from him. But I talk too long, you will not be able to see."

Once more Beatrice turned to the paper and began:

"My dear Mother: I expect you think I am never going to send you a letter—"

She read through to the end, thinking that it sounded affectionate, but contained little news beyond the fact that the writer was going to China.

"He gives an address in San Francisco where they will forward an answer," she observed, as she folded the paper and handed it back. "What did you write to him?"

To her surprise she saw big tears stand suddenly in Christina's eyes.

"Ah, Thorvik would not let me ask any one, and I could n't write myself," she said. "And my Olaf is such an American he cannot read my language. That is perhaps why he has not written again and has not come home."

Then, seeing Beatrice's puzzled look, she explained more fully, although it was difficult to make plain her foreign notion that women are subject to the men in their houses.

"It was my brother who would not permit me—Thorvik, once a good Finn like myself, but now—oh, so different. He was to come over to us some years ago, but the war broke out and he went, instead, into the Russian army. When there was peace again he came to us, but how that time in Russia had changed him! He is full of wild talk of revolution and tyrants and destroying capital. He and Olaf never agreed. It was what made my boy unhappy at home and why he went from us at last."

Beatrice leaned forward in her saddle with sudden interest.

"Do you live in a little cottage half-way up the hill above Ely? That man I saw there when I rode by—is that your brother?"

Christina nodded.

"And if you could write to your son," the girl pursued, "what would you say?"

"I would say, 'Come home!'" cried Christina. "Over and over I would say, 'Come home, if it is only for a week or a day between voyages'; I would say, 'Come still, no matter what happened before you went away.'"

Beatrice felt in the pocket of her riding-skirt. There were a note-book and pencil there, she felt sure, for she had made a list of



supplies to be bought in the village before she set out on her ride.

"Do you want me to put down the address and write to your son for you?" she offered.

"Oh, if you would!" said Christina. "And you would never tell Thorvik?"

"There is no danger of that," Beatrice assured her. "And I think, somehow, that your boy will come back."

She could not tell, herself, what made her offer such a definite opinion.

There was something she liked about the words of the letter:

I went ashore at Marseilles, and it is such a strange place that before I had been there an hour I wanted to stay a year. But loafing does n't suit me, so I am off again for Hong Kong, but I'll not forget you, Mother, not even on the other side of the world.

She folded the worn page once again, gave it to Christina, and rode on. To her own surprise, she had that pleasant, satisfied feeling, that comes with the making of a new friend. After a few rods, she turned to look back and saw the Finnish woman still looking after her. Beatrice raised her hand in a quick gesture of leave-taking. It was a slight move, but it had important consequences, since it seemed to cement their regard for each other and to strengthen Christina in a wavering resolution. She came swiftly down the road, calling in her clear, full voice:

"Stop, I must tell you something."

When she came to Buck's side she began with quick questioning that would have sounded impertinent had it not been so earnest.

"Why did you come here, to Ely? How long are you going to stay?"

Briefly Beatrice explained about her aunt's health and the arrangements her father had made.

"I believe Aunt Anna wanted to come because she had been here once before," she concluded rather vaguely. "I don't seem to remember if she told me when or why she came. We are to stay for the summer."

"The place has changed since she was here, even since your father was here," Christina declared. "There is a whole army of foreign laborers, Slavs, Poles, what the men call Bohunks, working on this irrigation project to water the valley. There is a strike brewing—ah, do I not know? my brother Thorvik talks of nothing else. It is he who urges them on. When such a thing breaks out, Ely will not be a good place for you and your aunt and your sister."

"But strikes mean just parades and people carrying banners and talking on street-corners," Beatrice protested. She had seen industrial unrest at home and had thought very little of it. What she did fear was the long journey which had been so difficult for her aunt and which it seemed impossible to face soon again.

"Strikes are not the same in the West. Men carry something besides banners in the parades, and talking on street-corners ends in fights. You had better take your aunt away."

"It does not seem possible," Beatrice replied, "but thank you for telling me." Again she said good-by and rode on, feeling only a little uneasy, for, she reflected, "To live with such a man as that brother would make any one think that things were going wrong."

Dinner that night, in the candle-lit dining-room, with the noiseless Chinaman serving delicious food, was very welcome to the hungry Beatrice. Aunt Anna, looking very frail and weary, but still able to sit up in her cushioned chair, was at the head of the table, with one tall chestnut-haired niece at her right, and with the other, the younger one, the pink and plump Nancy who was always laughing and nearly always asking questions, sitting at her left.

"Joe Ling is a good cook," observed Beatrice, with satisfaction, as they were going to bed.

"He is," returned Nancy, with something of a sigh, "but I don't think I understand Chinamen. Their faces don't ever seem to change and you can't tell what they are thinking. They look as though they knew everything in the world."

Nancy had undertaken the housekeeping, since she had more domestic tastes than her sister, yet she had already found the new and strange difficulties of this establishment in Ely rather appalling.

"I sometimes wonder a little," she went on after a pause, "why Aunt Anna wanted so much to come here. Who was with her when she came to Ely long ago?"

"It seems to me I heard her talking of it to Dad," Beatrice answered, "and that she said something about her—her brother."

"Her brother—why she has n't any but Father," objected Nancy. "If she had, we would know about him. It could n't be."

Beatrice was thinking so deeply that she paused in brushing her hair.

"It does seem as though I remembered



about some such person, oh, a very long time ago, when we were little. It was some one younger than Dad or Aunt Anna, with yellow hair like hers. He used to come up to the nursery to play with us, and then all of a sudden he did n't come any more and no one talked about him, so I just forgot."

Nancy had turned out the light and had gone to the window to put up the curtain when she called her sister with a sudden cry.

"Oh, look!" she cried in terror, as Beatrice came to her side.

The big, ramshackle building on the next block, used as a meeting-place by the workmen, was plainly visible in the dark. Its shutters were thrown back and its doors wide open, as though the air within had become stifling beyond endurance. The place was packed with men, but no orderly company as at an ordinary meeting. They were all standing, some of them had climbed upon the benches, and every one seemed to be shouting at once. In the depths of the hall, almost beyond where they could see, somebody was waving a red flag. Presently a group of men came rushing down the steps, then more and more, until the street was filled with a dark-faced, shouting throng, waving hats, bandanas and banners, and shouting together in such a babel of foreign tongues that it was impossible to guess what they said.

"It is the strike!" Beatrice gasped. "Christina did not say it would come so soon or be

so—so terrible." After a moment's pause she added, "That is her brother Thorvik at the head of them all. I wonder where he is leading them and what they mean to do."

The man below, looking up suddenly, saw the girls in the window and gave them a scowling look of such fierce hatred that they shrank back into the room and did not look forth again until the last of the shouting, disorderly procession had passed. Then there was a moment of silence until Nancy sniffed suddenly and declared:

"I smell smoke!"

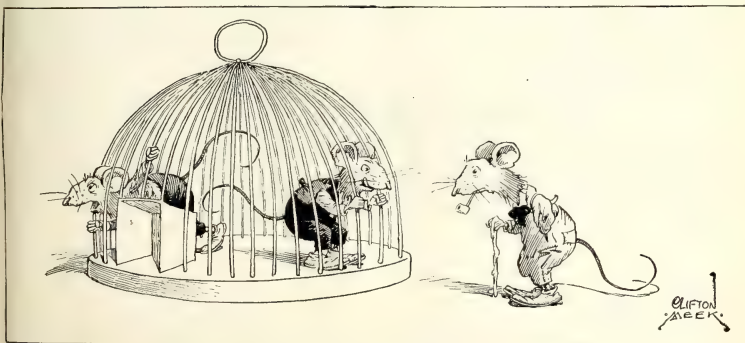
Before Beatrice could answer, they heard in the next room the voice of Aunt Anna, who had been awakened by the uproar.

"It is just a public meeting breaking up," Beatrice reassured her, although the sharp smell of burning wood began to fill the room as the blue smoke drifted in at the open window. There was the crack of a revolver-shot in the distance, then another that sounded nearer. A moment later there came a thunderous knocking at the door below.

"Shall I go down? Shall I answer it?" Beatrice wondered desperately.

She looked at Aunt Anna, thin, weak, and exhausted, lying upon the bed, she heard outside the crash of falling timbers and a great roar of voices as a shower of red sparks went sailing past the window. Then she went slowly and hesitatingly down the stairs as the knocking grew louder and louder.

(To be continued)



"HOW DID YOU BOYS COME OUT ON THE DINNER?"

"WELL, WE 'VE HAD THE DINNER, BUT WE HAVE N'T COME OUT YET!"



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OFF WAIKIKI BEACH, NEAR HONOLULU

## FOUND: A YOUNG FOLKS' PARADISE

By HELEN CAREW KING

SOMETIMES I used to close my geography and try to picture what life was like to the children of other lands. I was quite sure I should not like to change places with an Eskimo child, and have to live in an ice igloo and eat whale-blubber for candy. My mind

When I grew older and could travel, I found a lot of drawbacks to life in those countries of abundance. Along with the very things I had counted on to make life one long holiday, I had to take conditions that meant constant danger. There were so many

poisonous snakes and insects and fruits,—always thickest where the things you wanted grew,—that their presence took all the pleasure away. Perhaps I should have become accustomed to those things if I had been born among them. As it was, I almost gave up finding such a place as I had imagined. I journeyed on, however, and then—one day I found it!

If you look on your map, along the tropic of Cancer, you will see it in the Pacific Ocean, almost midway be-



"THE CHILDREN HAVE SUCH FUN PLAYING IN THE STREAMS"

would send a shiver over my body, and I would hurry away from the frozen seas toward the countries nearer the equator, where, in sight and reach and sound of all, there were wonderful flowers and fruits and birds. Surely a child would be very happy in such surroundings!

tween Mexico and the southern end of the Chinese Republic—a tiny group called the Hawaiian Islands.

It never gets too cold there, yet it never gets so hot that it scorches the flowers and makes people uncomfortable. The sun shines even when it rains, and the rain is so

pleasant that no one carries an umbrella or stays at home because of it.

There are flowers everywhere you look, more wonderfully colored and perfumed than you could possibly imagine. They grow up into the trees; they creep over the ground; they cover the houses.

I remember sitting up all one night, when I was a child, to see a rare plant bloom. It was in a flower-pot and had been cared for most tenderly, eagerly watched by our whole neighborhood. It was called a night-blooming cereus. At Honolulu, I found a hedge of those plants, a mile long and higher than my head, and a mass of gorgeous blossoms.

Did you ever have all the bananas and cocoanuts you wanted? In Hawaii, they grow thirty different kinds of bananas, and they are all better than the ones we buy at home, because they are allowed to ripen on the plants in the sunshine. You see cocoanut-trees everywhere—tall, slender palms waving

fruits, and so many entirely new kinds, that one becomes utterly bewildered.

Birds! Some of them so tiny that you have to look sharp to see them, and some of them delightfully unafraid; they dart about over



HONOLULU CHILDREN OFF FOR A PICNIC



"CHINESE SCHOOL-GIRLS DOING A NATIVE DANCE"

gracefully above the tops of the other trees. Then there are date-palms, and the trees that grow a delicious melon with a pink meat called papayas. At one place, I looked out over a large valley completely carpeted with pineapple plants. There are so many new ways in which they serve the old familiar

your head, singing an endless variety of songs, almost as gorgeously colored as the flowers they hover over. The same can be said of the butterflies and other winged insects, as far as colors go; and the best part of it is that you can go anywhere among the tangled growth of ferns and vines, hunting flowers or birds' eggs, or butterflies, with never a thought concerning poisonous snakes and insects. It was this that made me so sure I had found the children's paradise at last.

Little streams gurgle down from the snow-capped mountain tops into cool, shady glens, and the children have such fun playing in them, much as the little boy is doing in the picture. The streams and the waters of the bays are full of marvelously colored fish. Perhaps you live near an aquarium. If so, you may have seen some of the strangely shaped and tinted fish from these waters. The natives have an old myth which tells how an angry god condemned a lesser god to imprisonment beneath Diamond Head, which is a barren promontory, thrust out at one end of Honolulu Harbor—about the first thing you sight in approaching the island of Oahu. From his cave below the sea, the god has to catch the fish and paint them in gay colors—a never-ending task.

The water is always delightfully warm, and the boys and girls of the islands learn to be as much at home in the water as they are on the land. They become remarkably skilful in handling their surf-boards and outrigger canoes.





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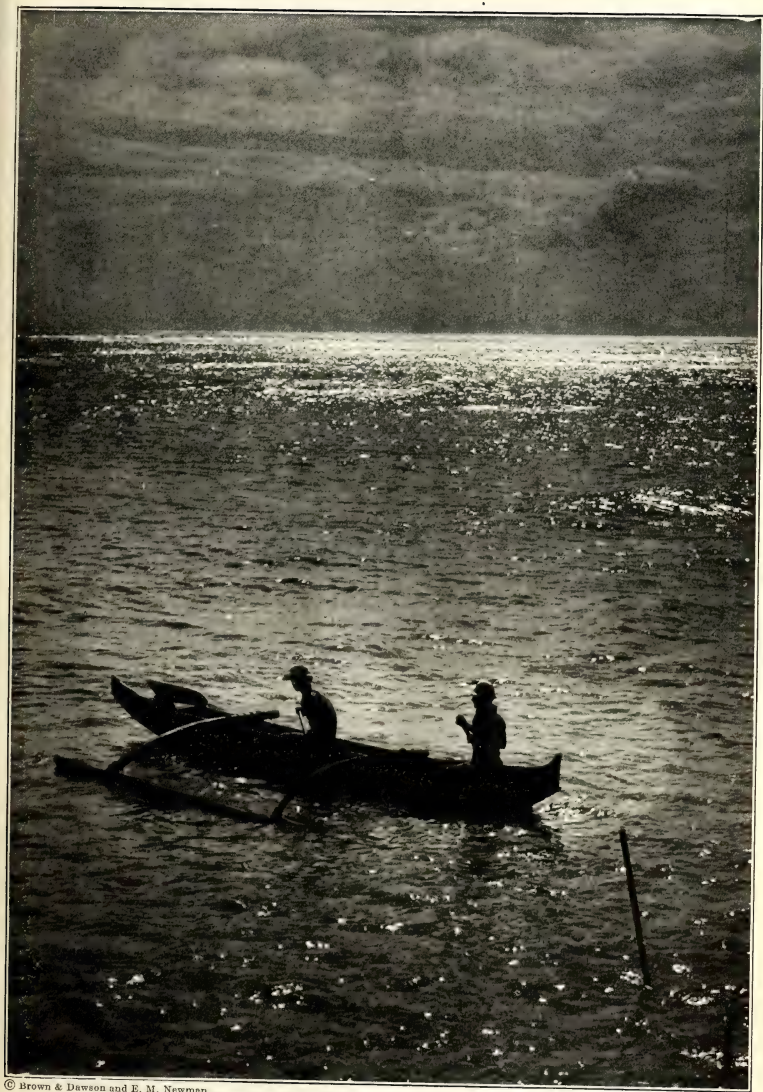
A PINEAPPLE FIELD IN HAWAII



© E. M. Newman

IN ONE OF THE PARKS OF HONOLULU





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A MOONLIGHT NIGHT OFF THE COAST OF THE YOUNG FOLKS' PARADISE



© A. R. Gurrey

A HAWAIIAN SURF-RIDER

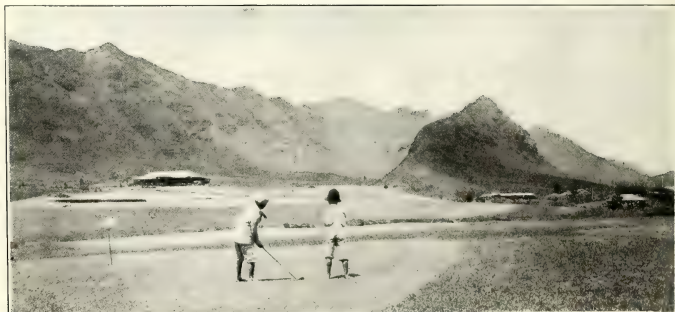
The islands offer you variety in everything except climate, and you can secure even that, if you want to climb the old volcanic peaks where the snow lies. The variety they offer in children is most extensive. First, there are the Kanakas, or natives, with their brown skins, soft brown eyes, and flashing white teeth. They love to laugh and sing and garland themselves with flowers. Then we see children from that other Flowery Kingdom, Japan, in their quaint and many-colored kimonos. Just as interesting, though not so gaily colored, are the garments the Chinese children wear. There are black-haired, black-eyed children from Portugal, fair-haired, blue-eyed English children, and lots of our own American children.

Life is much the same as ours, in many ways, for the children of the islands. They

live in regular houses, and have to learn their table-manners, too. Then they have to go to school, even if there are such beautiful places to play in, but school seems more interesting there. I took a picture, one day, of some Chinese school-girls doing a native dance.

The boys and girls go to Sunday-school, and now and then are taken on picnics, just such as we have at home. If you don't think they enjoy them, look at the picture I took one day when they were loading several trolley-cars with eager children.

They call the islands "The Playground of the Pacific," and it is just that. The grown-ups enjoy this paradise of Hawaii as much as the children. They all take time to play a bit, and even when they go about their work, they seem to find it a joy because of their wonderful surroundings.



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"THE GROWN-UPS ENJOY THIS PARADISE OF HAWAII AS MUCH AS THE CHILDREN"

# HINDU STORIETTES

By W. NORMAN BROWN

## I. THE BALL OF THREAD

A POOR old woman who was employed to guard a cotton-field plucked, one day, a few bolls and spun the cotton into a fine thread, which she wound into a ball.

On her way home that evening she passed a lake, and thought she would like to bathe her feet. So, placing the ball on the bank, she stepped into the water.

At this moment another woman passed by. She picked up the ball, saying: "What beautiful thread! Did you spin it?"

"Yes," answered the old woman.

"May I look at it closely?" asked the other woman, and without waiting for permission, she started away with it.

"Come back!" cried the old woman. "Bring back my thread!"

"Your thread?" shouted the other. "Not at all; it is mine."

Thus quarreling, they entered the city where they met a policeman, and he took them to a judge.

When the judge had heard the case he said, "You both claim the ball, but neither of you produces any witnesses to support her claim. Hence, since possession is nine points of the law, I order that the woman who has the ball shall keep it."

Just outside the judgment hall, the wise young Raman was playing with some other boys, and he overheard the judge's decision. At once he burst into a loud laugh.

"Why do you laugh?" inquired the judge, "Because your decision is so stupid," answered the boy.

"How then should the case be decided?" asked the judge, almost wrathfully.

"Let me show you!" replied Raman. He called the two women and first questioned the one who had the thread in her hand.

"When did you spin this cotton?"

"To-day," she answered boldly.

"Where did you get the cotton?"

"In the fields outside the city."

"What did you wind the thread on?"

"A cotton-seed," came the reply after a moment's hesitation.

Raman then turned to the other woman.

"Did you spin this thread?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What did you wind it on?"

"A dried bean," she answered.

"Now," said Raman, to the bailiff, "just

unwind the ball and let us see whether the core is a cotton-seed or a bean."

And of course it was a bean.

The ball was restored to its rightful owner; and every one praised the boy's wisdom.

## II. GIVE WHAT YOU WISH

A RICH man, being at the point of death, handed over all his wealth to a trusted neighbor, asking him to keep it in trust and saying, "When my son comes of age, give him whatever you wish."

This the neighbor agreed to do, and, after the man died, he took the money home.

When the boy came of age, he went to his father's friend to claim his fortune.

"Very well," said the trustee, "your father on his death-bed told me to give you whatever part of his fortune I should wish. This I promised to do; so take this!" And he handed the boy a hundred rupees.

Now this sum was scarcely a thousandth part of the fortune the rich man had left, and indignantly the son refused it. Instead, he rushed to the court to beg justice.

It happened that at this time the court was presided over by the clever boy Raman. To him, therefore, the heir told his tale.

Raman had the trustee summoned at once and asked him on what grounds he withheld the fortune from the boy.

"Your Honor," the man replied, "this boy's father on his death-bed handed over all his money to me with these words, 'When my son comes of age, give him whatever you wish.' Hence I now give him what I wish."

"Ah!" said Raman, after a moment's thought, "You are certainly right in wishing to adhere so closely to the dead man's wishes; but I fear you have made a mistake. You have not given the boy what *you* wish; rather you have given him what you do not wish. What *you* wish is the part of the fortune which you are withholding for yourself. This it is which the boy's father wanted you to give to the boy, and which you, by your own words, agreed to give. Therefore, you shall keep the hundred rupees only for yourself, but the rest you must deliver at once to the boy."

Thus was the boy made rich; but the trustee, on account of his greed and dishonesty, received only the hundred rupees.





*So they flitted over to the tree and found the Town Crier*

# THE SPELLING-MATCH

By TUDOR JENKS



“I KNOW what I’ll do,” said the Green Goblin, to his friend the Will-o’-the-Wisp. “I’ll give a spelling-match.”

“With prizes?” asked the Will-o’-the-Wisp.

“Why, of course. One will be the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, another will be a wishing-cap, and the third will be—”

“Shoes of invisibility,” suggested the Will-o’-the-Wisp.

“No,” the Green Goblin objected. “If you won those, you’d disappear, and then where would you be?”

“But that would make no difference,” answered the Will-o’-the-Wisp; “for no one can find me when they see me; and so if they can’t see me, they can’t find me any better than if they could see me—could they?”

“Now you’re mixing me up,” said the Green Goblin, “and I want to go on with my spelling-match. The third prize will be a wishing-ring. And the fourth prize—I don’t think I’ll have more than three prizes.

Maybe we won’t have more than three prize-winners. Come on over to the White Owl’s tree, and we’ll have the Town Crier give out the notices.”

So they flitted over to the tree and found the Town Crier, who for a fee of four four-leaved clovers gave out the notice at the trysting-places of Fairyland, telling all the residents that on the first of April there would be a Great Spelling-Match at the Grotto of the Green Goblin, admission free, with prizes for the three best spellers.

When the day came, the grotto was filled with an excited throng. There was the King and the Queen, the Princess, and the Lord High Chancellor. There was the old Witch, the Wizard, the Enchanter, and the youngest son of the Woodcutter. There were the Knight, the Squire, the Giant, the Dwarf, the Sultan, the Genie, the Pirate, the Bandit, the Schoolmaster, and the Teacher of Dancing.

The Will-o’-the-Wisp was not there, because the match was held at ten o’clock A.M., and the Will-o’-the-Wisp is out only at night.



But the Green Goblin was so much interested in his other guests that he forgot the Will-o'-the-Wisp entirely.

When all were gathered, the refreshments were served by some small elves dressed in the Green Goblin's green livery. Everything was most delicious. There were syllabubs, pistachio nuts, greengages, philopœnas, nougates, nectar and ambrosia, vitamins, doughnuts, and a lot of things with French and Italian names that were most delightful and melted in the mouth before you had time to taste them—together with bonbons and frozen sweets.

But since the Giant went early to the refreshment room, there was not much left for the other guests, and all were glad when the Green Goblin declared it was time for the spelling-match.

So next they all counted out with "Eena, mena, mona, mi," until their places in the spelling-line were fixed, and then they were arranged in the following order:

First came the Giant, then came the Dwarf and the Enchanter, the King, the Chancellor, the Woodcutter's Son, the Wizard, the Knight, the Princess. After her was the Squire, then the Queen, the Pirate, the Genie, the Schoolmaster, the Teacher of Dancing, the Bandit, and last came the Sultan and the old Witch.

Before the line stood the Green Goblin, holding in his paw the list of hard words, ready to give them out as soon as the signal was given. Then an elf blew three blasts on a trumpet-flower, and the match began.



*The crown was very heavy  
in hot weather*



*The Princess began to  
run her taper fingers through  
the vellum pages*

"The first word," announced the Green Goblin, "is for you, Mr. Giant. So you may spell *jackstraws*."

The Giant looked puzzled, and blushed so red that a soft pink glow filled the grotto.

"I never heard of such a word as that," he mumbled, "and I'll sit down. I can spell *mastodon*, and *mammoth*, and *pyramid*, and *glacier*, and *sierra*—but *jackstraws* I never heard of!" And he sat down.

"Next," said the Green Goblin.

"*Jackstraws* is easy," said the Dwarf, with a chuckle; and he spelled it correctly, turned a somersault, and waited for the next.

"*Diminutive*," said the Green Goblin.

"That," said the Dwarf, uneasily, "is a word no one ever used in my presence. What does it mean?"

"It means very little," said the Green Goblin.

"No matter how little," the Dwarf replied; "let me know what it means."

Here the Bandit burst out laughing, and the Dwarf lost his temper.

"I'm not here to be laughed at," he cried; and leaving his place in the line, he went out from the grotto without saying good-by.



### "The first word," announced the Green Goblin,

"Next!" said the Green Goblin.

"D-i, di; m-i-n, min; di-min; u-u; diminu; t-i-v-e: diminutive!" said the Enchanter.

"Wrong!" cried the King, waving his scepter.

"No, it's right," said the Green Goblin.

"How dare you contradict me?" demanded the King. "Are you not my subject?"

"Not on *this* subject," answered the Green Goblin.

"Don't be foolish, my dear," broke in the Queen, "or I'll take you home. You promised me you'd behave if I took you—"

"So I did," the King admitted, and he begged pardon very handsomely, for the Queen was very severe with him on certain subjects.

"It's lucky for you that the Enchanter was right," said the Green Goblin; "and now I'll give you an easy one. You can spell *commutation*."

"There's no such word," said the King.

"It's the name of a railway ticket," said the Green Goblin, very politely.

"I know nothing of railway tickets," the King replied. "I travel by special train. The Chancellor arranges all that for me. No doubt he can spell it. Try him. I think I'll resign," and he went out of the line and sat down in a corner, taking off his crown to rest his head, for the crown was very heavy in hot weather.

The Chancellor spelled *commutation*, but said that when *he* used the word it meant letting a man out of prison earlier than he ought to come out because he had behaved better than was expected when he was put in.

"Very well," said the Green Goblin, "I'll give you another word. Try this one: *ichor*. It means—"

"You need n't tell me," said the Chancellor. "I see you are—"

"Wrong!" the Green Goblin cried.

"Not at all," the Chancellor insisted. "I only said, 'I see you are'—"

"But it is n't spelled i-c-u-r," the Green Goblin insisted, "and so you have missed your turn!"

"You don't understand me," the Chancellor persisted. "I was only about to remark, 'I see you are familiar with mythology.'"

"That may be," spoke up the Woodcutter's Son, "but this is a spelling-match, not a debating club. You said 'i-c-u-r,' and the Green Goblin says that is n't right. The word is 'ichor.'"

"Well, spell it," the Green Goblin went on, for it was getting late, and he did n't like to have the match last too long, for he was going to the movies later in the afternoon.

"I can't spell it," the Woodcutter's Son answered cheerfully; "and I don't believe the Green Goblin can spell it either, unless he has it written down before him."



"is for you, Mr. Giant. So you may spell jackstraws"

"Certainly I can," replied the Green Goblin, and putting the list behind his back he spelled it out: "I-c-h-o-r."

"But you could n't have spelled it if you had n't seen it," the Woodcutter's Son persisted.

"I will admit cheerfully," the Green Goblin rejoined with a smile, "that I can't spell a word that I never heard of. So let's go on with the match. Who's next?"

"I come next," remarked the Wizard boldly.

"The next word is, *misspelled*," the Green Goblin announced.

"Then it does n't count," the Wizard objected. "You can't expect me to spell a word that is misspelled. If I spell it right, then I'm wrong. If I misspell it, then I'm not right. So it is n't fair. I think this match is a swindle, and I'm going home!"

"Next!" was the only comment made by the Green Goblin, and the very courteous Knight raised the visor of his helm and rightly spelled *misspelled*, and then observed that he thought Wizards were more familiar with spells than this Wizard had shown himself.

It was the Princess's turn next. The Green Goblin greatly admired this beautiful and noble young lady, and so did most of the guests. Consequently, he was sorry to see that the next word was rather hard to spell.

But duty is duty, and the Green Goblin gave the word in its proper order:

"Your Royal Highness will now condescend to spell for us the word, *psychical*."

"Will you kindly repeat the word?" the Princess asked.

"Psychical," the Green Goblin repeated it.

"Mother, here!" said the Princess to the Queen.

"Certainly," that Royal Lady replied, and handed over a daintily bound copy with mother-of-pearl covers inlaid with gold filigree.

"Thank you," the Princess responded, and began to run her taper fingers through the vellum pages.

"Here, here!" exclaimed the Schoolmaster, "that is n't allowed!"

"What's the trouble?" asked the Green Goblin.

"Why, she's looking up the word in the dictionary!"

"And why not?" inquired the Pirate. "Is n't that what a dictionary is for? That is what they tell me."

"But it's against the rules!" objected the Schoolmaster.

"What rules?" the Green Goblin remarked.

"I am running this spelling-match—not you. And if her Royal Highness prefers to use a dictionary, I say she is heartily welcome to it! Long live the Princess!"



And the whole throng gave her three cheers, and wound up with a *Siss-boom-ah-h!*

"Please don't do that!" objected the Bandit, "for that is a Princeton cheer, and I was once—" here he burst into tears—"a Yale graduate!" Whereupon he took up his carbine, threw his cloak around his shoulders, and left the cave, while the Schoolmaster followed him with reproachful glances, say-

him out. This was certainly high-handed, but nobody missed the Schoolmaster much, and so no notice of the incident was taken.

"Speaking of simitars," observed the Green Goblin, "it is an odd coincidence that '*simitar*' is the next word on the list. Will you spell it?" he asked the Teacher of Dancing.

"Certainly. I will spell it in a variety of ways, and you can take your choice." So he



*Three large and powerful  
Ethiopian slaves seized upon the Schoolmaster, and marched him out*

ing, "To think that a Yale graduate should become no more than a *common* bandit!"

"Now if your Royal Highness has found the word—" the Green Goblin said.

"But I can't find it," said the Princess. "I thought it was fair to use the dictionary, for unless you know how to spell the word you can't find it in the dictionary! So the book is no use to me at all. See if you can find it," and she handed the book to the Squire.

He took it and after a while said, "I have looked all through the S's—and 'psychical' is n't there."

"I can spell it," the Genie announced, "for I am a reformed speller. S-i, sigh; k-i-c, kick; u-l, ul. That is *my* way of spelling it. And it's better than the old way, I think."

"Not at all," the Schoolmaster insisted. "It is derived from Psyche, the soul. Now Psyche was Greek, and she—"

"I did n't come here to hear lectures," observed the Sultan, and he clapped his hands thrice.

Whereupon three large and powerful Ethiopian slaves armed with simitars entered, seized upon the Schoolmaster, and marched

proceeded to give the following spellings: simitar, scimitar, cimitar, cimeter, cymiter, cimittere, cymeter, scymitar, scimiter, scimeter, scymeter, scymetar, semitar, semitary, smiter, smyter, smeeter.

"That is truly remarkable," was the comment of the Green Goblin. "How in the world did you happen to know all those spellings—and which of them is right?"

"Alas!" exclaimed the Dancing Teacher, his voice choked with emotion, "the Yale graduate who became a bandit is not the only unhappy guest at this party. I am the man who wrote the Dictionary! And, owing to misfortunes and bad spells of weather, I have had to teach dancing for a living, and, I blush to confess it—I am a *very poor* teacher of dancing. I will tell you the experiences of my life. I was the son of poor but humble—"

"Enough!" cried the Witch, "now you may all disappear!" And she waved her crutch in the air and pronounced a magic spell.

*It was the correct spell*—and everybody and everything vanished at once.

The poor Will-o'-the-Wisp is still wandering about looking for them.



# PHANTOM GOLD

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

To escape the dock authorities, who take him for a thief, Rick Hartley ships aboard the schooner *Laughing Lass* as cook when his own vessel, the *Arrowdale*, leaves him stranded. Many incidents aboard the schooner, supposedly on a fishing-trip, arouse Rick's suspicions. After two weeks at sea, she stops at some unknown port, and her skipper, M'Guire, goes ashore. Upon his return soon after, the little vessel puts to sea again. This procedure is repeated several times, while M'Guire's motives remain a mystery. At length, Rick discovers a newspaper lying in the after cabin with a small hole cut from the middle of one of its pages. He realizes that here is a possible purpose for the trips ashore; that if he can lay hands on the clipping cut from that paper he will solve the mystery of the schooner's mission. He sees M'Guire place this clipping in a leather wallet, which the skipper pockets. On a hot day the skipper inadvertently leaves his coat in the cabin, being called suddenly to the deck to inspect passing shipping,—in which he has lately taken a curious interest,—and Rick finds the clipping within his grasp.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE CLIPPING

THE thing was the purest luck—Rick was sure of that and told himself so. He might have waited months, as things stood, without a chance at that shabby coat and what it contained—waited until it was too late. Yet here was that shabby coat hanging over a chair in the after cabin, and there were M'Guire's long legs disappearing up the companion stairs. It was just luck.

Two steps brought him to the chair, and his hand shot into the breast pocket of that coat. When it reappeared, the big leather wallet came too.

Rick laid the thing on the table and bent over it. His breath came in jerky gusts; there was a tightening in his throat. The room was so still you could have heard the ticking of a brass clock made fast to the forward bulkhead. Rick opened the wallet.

One side was jammed with bank-notes, yellow bills laid together lengthwise—the pile perhaps a quarter of an inch thick. Rick paid no heed to them, but turned to the pocket on the other side.

The boy's long fingers drew out a mass of letters and stray bits of paper. On top lay a clipping, three inches square. Rick read:

\$10,000,000 IN BRITISH GOLD FOR  
LOCAL BANKERS

SKIPPER UNDISMAYED AT MIDAS HOARD

LIVERPOOL, July 28. The steamship *Glendale* (Br), Baldwin, cleared this port to-day with a shipment of gold bullion valued at \$10,000,000. Her cargo is contained in wooden cases and is consigned to local banks for purposes of supporting foreign exchange. Captain Baldwin remarked upon sailing that he had often carried more valuable freight. The ship is due off the light-ship on August 10.

Twice Rick read the clipping, staring at it unbelievably. He drew the half sheet of newspaper from his pocket and laid the little slip of paper into the hole in its surface. The puzzle was a puzzle no longer. The last piece fitted into its fabric without crack or flaw.

But this thing was utterly preposterous! Was M'Guire mad? Rick's father had told him thrilling adventures of the Barbary coast, bloody fights with Malay pirates in the China Sea. But to-day—with lean gray destroyers whipping through the high seas, with revenue cutters and coast-patrols, with charts and lights and wireless? To-day—*piracy?*

Rick shivered at the ugly word. M'Guire *must* be mad. No man in his senses would attempt to pursue an ocean liner with an old fishing-schooner, five men in her crew, and a paltry rack of half a dozen rifles stowed away below.

A heavy footstep made the boy look up from the little scrap of paper in his hand, through the open doorway and out into the corridor beyond. The legs of the walrus man were shuffling slowly down the stairs!

The boy's mind worked like lightning. In possibly one second the long mustache and the little narrow eyes would swing down into sight, commanding the corridor and the after cabin before their owner was off the steps. Was there time to return that jumbled mass of papers to the pocket—replace the wallet in the skipper's coat?

Rick looked up again—suspenders and a section of blue shirt. He shut the wallet softly on the mass of papers and swept it into the open throat of his shirt. It lay flat and cool against his skin. The loose cloth hid it.

When M'Guire entered the after cabin he saw only his ragged cabin-boy piling up

plates on the table. He hardly looked at Rick. Placing his sea-glasses on the table, he sat down in the chair that held his coat and finished his meal in silence.

With a pile of dishes pressed tightly over that terrifying lump against his chest, Rick somehow got out of the cabin and climbed the stairs. Turning, he saw a big tanker plainly visible off the schooner's starboard bow. So he pattered up the hot deck in his bare feet, passed Hamlin and Dutchy on the hatch coaming, wondered if they could not hear the wild stampede of his heart, see the lump against which it pounded like a donkey-engine—came at last to the forecandle hatch, and crawled down the ladder to the welcome gloom below.

Ban Hoag was there at the table, a cup of tea half raised to his mouth. At the look on Rick's face, Hoag paused—stared—set down his cup untasted, a question in his blue eyes. Rick's voice was husky; the words seemed to stick in his throat. "Come on—into—the galley," he whispered.

The other boy followed him without a word. Rick set down his dishes on the shelf beside the sink. He turned back and shut the galley door, shooting the bolt home softly. Then he stared blankly at his friend, Ban Hoag. One hand crept down inside his shirt.

"So 'elp us, Ban," he said slowly. "I 've got it."

"Got it? Got what?"

"The clippin'—the piece we missed from that paper." Rick's hand came out of his shirt. He handed the little white square to Hoag.

Ban read it through. A long, low whistle of amazement was his only comment. He looked up, aghast, and saw the leather thing in Rick's hands.

"Wh—what 's that?"

"'T 's the worst of it. I 'ad to take this too. 'E came back—'e would 'ave found me at it—'e would have killed me, Ban. I ain't a thief. But look! there 's all 'is money in it!"

Ban gazed long and hungrily at the wad of bank-notes. Then, in the little galley of the *Laughing Lass*, he raised his eyes to Rick's. They stood there silent, motionless, staring at each other unseeingly, the leather wallet between them. And finally Ban Hoag spoke—wrenching his words from a dry throat, parched lips:

"Rick, kid, ye 've spilled the beans.



"A HEAVY FOOTSTEP MADE THE BOY LOOK UP FROM THE SCRAP OF PAPER"

We 're in fur it now, Rick—we 're in—fur—it—now!"

## CHAPTER XIV

### DESPERATE COURAGE

RICK found a small measure of solace in the plural pronoun. To him, this situation into which he had been thrown by circumstances apparently beyond his control seemed absolutely hopeless. With M'Guire's wallet and the money it contained in his possession, he had forfeited what slight protection the captain of the schooner had hitherto afforded him. M'Guire was sure to note the loss very soon—had, perhaps, discovered it already. His suspicions would center naturally around the only member of the crew who had access to the after quarters. The theft—it was nothing else—would be traced to him inevitably, and small mercy could be expected from the walrus man. Yet there was some comfort in that plural pronoun. At least he was not alone. Ban had said "we": "we 're in fur it now."

And truly, it seemed that in the creation of this strangely attractive personality, of this boy who had known no parents but the rough

frequenters of sea, docks, open country—it seemed that in Ban Hoag the capability of discouragement, at whatever odds, had been omitted. One could imagine, looking into his deep-blue, world-wise eyes as he considered this new development, that he had found himself before in corners as tight as this. It was he, now, who slapped Rick hearteningly on the back, who took over possession of the wallet, replacing the clipping carefully in its pocket. It was Ban who whistled a merry little tuneless rhythm while he glanced around the galley rather absent-mindedly, as if looking for something,—he did n't know just what,—and turned at last to Rick, still standing there, saying, "Cheero! as you limies says. Cheero, kid. Leave us time to think a mite, Ricky. Who knows? Why ain't they a way outen this? I says, leave us think."

Ban said this defiantly. There was little defiance left in Rick. The ringing note of battle cheered him. It was good to have a friend!

Hoag started to speak again. But they heard some one coming down the ladder to the forecandle, and quickly unbolted the door and stepped out of the galley, lest they be discovered in this suspicious conference.

It was only Dutchy; but he hung about and finally settled down to mend a great rent in a pair of oilskins. They thought it best, even in view of the pressing need for haste, to wait until they should be sure of secrecy. The money in that wallet complicated matters astonishingly. Ban doubted if he could convince either Hamlin or little Dutchy that Rick had not stolen the skipper's purse for the money it contained.

So they sat there and talked about other things as unconcernedly as possible, and Hoag took the opportunity, when Dutchy's head was turned, to tuck the wallet beneath the mattress of his bunk. Whersupon he lay on it, seemingly indolent—in reality, thinking harder and faster than he had ever thought before.

The two boys found a chance for privacy that afternoon. Rick brought word forward that when he had cleared away the dinner things he had seen M'Guire in his room, almost buried in charts, his instruments and books. And Manuel was across the passage on his bunk, reading and half asleep. The bos'n's snores filled the forecandle to suffocation—he had the wheel at midnight and was turned in until then. Dutchy was aft, trying to find steerageway in the breathless air.

They told the little gray man to call them if they should be wanted—said they were going forward to look for fish, or some such nonsense. Dutchy drank it in, however, and turned back anxiously to his wheel.

So they left him with his worries—they had their own—and went forward, climbing out over the schooner's bow until they perched on her wire stays, just above the water's edge.

It was surprisingly cool here. The curve of her bows made a little shadow over their heads, and what light air there was fanned them pleasantly. They fell to eager talk, hardly noticing the great mystery of the ocean lying there so close to them.

"D' you think the man 's in 'is senses?" began Rick.

The gentle rippling of little waves against sheathing was at first his only answer. Then Ban said:

"Cripes, boy, I dunno. Seems a crazy thing t' do. They's always a cutter on ice-patrol around the Banks in early summer. Of course, this *Glendale* 's got wireless; an' we must be square in the westbound track, seein' the shippin' we 've met. It sure does seem a durn fool proceedin'. But it don't make no difference—to us—whether he 's half-witted or not. We 're in it, anyhow."

"But why can't us get away now, Ban? Why can't us leave the wallet—I can leave it in skipper's room when 'e 's not there—an' get away? Sure there be enough in that clippin' to show Hamlin what 's in wind."

"That 's just what I 'm afeered of—that piece of paper. D' ye mind that first time we talked to the bos'n, over the supper-table? D' ye recollect why it was he called a halt on the get-away—what his reasons was?"

"Yes," said Rick; "'e wanted to make sure this cruise was goin' to be all danger an' no profit."

"Well, ther y' are, boy. D' ye think fur one blink this clippin' 's goin' t' do that fur him? No sir, by cripes, it ain't! That Hamlin will look at them ciphers and that there dollar sign ahead of 'em, an' he 'll be plumb dazzled. Don't ye believe he 'll trust M'Guire to land that gold an' get away somehow? Don't ye see he 'll be willin' t' take a chance, anyways, with all that gold in sight—rather than shove off without a red cent in a ten-foot skiff bound fur the coast of nowhere? *Would you, if you was Hamlin?*"

Knowing Hamlin as he did, Rick was bound to admit that the chances of the



bos'n's willingness to quit would now be slimmer than ever. He looked down silently at a white jelly-fish undulating slowly past his feet.

"No," Ban Hoag went on, "we ain't got one skyhoot of evidence that 'll do anything but make the bos'n want to stick. An' when I says bos'n, y' understand I means Dutchy too. That ornery-eyed sculpin 'd stick his haid in a barrel o' hot tar, if Gabe 'd only pass him the word."

A little breeze came in from the westward. Rick heard the rippling grow louder, felt the schooner swing off on her course again.

"An' 'ope that us could get away alone?" he asked Ban.

"I had the midnight watch last night," returned Hoag, "an' fur the hull bloomin' watch, that milk-and-water graybeard set on the after-hatch coamin', watchin' me. Daid with sleep he was—but he stuck it out an' went on hisself at four. Get away? Nix."

Another pause, while Rick longed desperately to be aboard a big freighter that was plowing slowly by them some two miles distant.

"Well, then, what be there left?"

Ban considered this judicially. Rick marveled at the poise of this young beach-comber, who could sit idly swinging his bare legs, with his freedom, possibly his life, hanging in the balance. Right at this minute M'Guire might be reaching into that coat pocket. Ban Hoag looked up.

"Well," he said slowly, "I 'll tell ye what I 've thought. 'T ain't much—but I guess it 's better than waiting here fur the cutter to catch us, or some destroyer. Right off, we got t' put that wallet back. Ye could do that to-night maybe, after supper when ye go down fur the dishes, while the skipper 's on deck to stretch his laigs. Ye kin leave it on his table, an' he 'll likely think he dropped it there hisself, an' nothing said.

"But this here 's what I ben thinkin'. If we could git a line on his plans,—if we could hear him talkin' to the mate an' arrangin' with him how the thing 's to be done,—like as not we 'd find out whether or not he 's loony. We 'd get holt of some things that might—I ain't sayin' they *would*—that might convince Hamlin he 's a fool to wait whiles they 's a chance fur to get away. O' course the ship 'll have a guard, an' she 'll have one will make M'Guire's six pea-shooters look like busted hopes. An' she 'll have a man on watch in the radio shack wit' a speakin'-tube to the bridge at his ear, ready to send

word over the hull ocean they 's pirates at large an' gettin' frisky. Now what I wants to know is just this—how 's M'Guire think he 's goin' to get over them little difficulties? They ain't a chance in a million he can. An' if we can get to hear him talk, why it stands to reason we 'll have somethin' will make Gabe Hamlin's hair creep an' Dutchy take a runnin' dive fur that skiff."

"How is us goin' to get there, to hear all this?" asked Rick.

"Simple enough, if ye 've got the nerve, boy. I say 'you,' fur I ain't allowed down aft an' might easy queer the deal. Here 's how: Dutchy 's on the wheel from eight bells till midnight; then Gabe relieves him. Any time after eight ye go down there. Tell Dutchy, as ye pass him, that ye 're goin' after dishes, or anything ye please—he 'll believe ye. Ye 'll have the wallet with ye. Now see here. Either the skipper an' Manuel 'll be in the cabin, in which case ye slips into one of them rooms,—they ain't no light in the passage,—or else they 'll be in one of the rooms, an' then ye heads fur the cabin. Anyhow, ye sneaks in an' gets rid of that wallet, leavin' it in the likeliest place possible, where M'Guire might have dropped it. Then, Ricky bird, ye lays low—into a locker, under the table, anywhere. Ye lay low an' ye listens sharp. Them bulkheads is paper. An' ye gets the dope if they 's any dope to get—an' I 'm layin' there is.

"Meantime, I 'll wake Hamlin an' tell him the hull story, how the thing looks fishy an' how 's ye 're after the details. I 'll have him fixed—that 's my job, an' it ain't so much softer 'n yours. Even I 'll pass the word to Dutchy—maybe get some feed an' a dory compass aboard the skiff. Now when they turns in down aft, you sneaks out again with your story. Five minutes' quick talkin' 'll swing the bos'n, an' Dutchy 'll like to break his neck fur fear he 'll get left behind. We 'll ease into that there skiff jest as slick, an' we 'll haul away fur Cape Sable—an' there y' are!"

Rick sat for some minutes, deep in thought.

"What if they don't talk?"

"We 're cooked coots."

"What if they cotch me?"

Ban Hoag looked up, at that.

"They ain't no question of 'what if's,' Rick. This here, as I sees it, is our last chance. The odds is even we win out. But—as I says before—it takes nerve. Let 's see—what 'd ye tell me yer father's business was?"

It was a challenge, implied rather than



expressed—not hostile, but keenly provocative. Ban Hoag had faced the world alone, unguided; the other boy had not. It was a call to a heritage.

That night Rick went aft.

## CHAPTER XV

### IN THE SKIPPER'S ROOM

THE swinging lamp cast fitful lights and shadows into dim corners of the forecabin. A shapeless hulk of blanket on a bunk showed where Hamlin was sleeping, before his night



"PERCHED ON HER WIRE STAYS, THEY FELL TO EAGER TALK"

watch. Across from Rick, Ban Hoag lay motionless, pretending sleep.

The clock on the bulkhead struck twice. It was the time.

Rick slid softly to the deck and stood up. Hoag gave no sign. From the dim gray hulk came a very peaceful sigh. The big man stirred, changing his position; thrust an arm over the edge of his bunk; was still again. Rick waited, to make sure, one hand pressed tightly over a bundle that lay cool against the skin of his chest. Then Ban's whisper sounded in his ear:

"Go get 'em—Rick!"

So his bare feet started noiselessly toward the ladder. He mounted stealthily and came out into the night.

There was no fog, but it was very dark. The schooner lay close-hauled on a gentle, wet northeasterly. One could never tell where sea stopped and sky began. The world was the inside of a pitch-black dome in which the *Laughing Lass* seemed to swim suspended, a vague gray mass of wood and shadowy canvas.

Rick felt his way aft along the weather rail. He saw the wan glow of the binnacle light, and, framed in it, the pinched and anxious face of Dutchy, who had heard him, apparently, and was peering into the gloom.

"T's only me."

The face took on a relieved look at a familiar voice. Rick went on:

"Late on me dishes to-night. Skipper and Manuel through yet?"

"Must be, by now. They're in the cabin I guess—settin' over the empty dishes. I hears 'em talkin' together a spell back."

"Don't care to leave dishes till mornin'. I'll slip down an' get them."

Dutchy turned back solicitously to his wheel and the compass-card, and Rick edged into the companion.

There was no light on the steps or in the passage. The door into the after cabin was closed; but through the cracks above and beneath it, there shone a thin line of yellow brilliance; and from behind it came a hum of conversation.

The boy clung to the starboard side of the companionway and felt his way softly along the passage. M'Guire's door was open. He groped inside and over to the table. With a mighty relief, an unwarrantable elation, he drew the wallet from his shirt and laid it very gently on the table.

Almost immediately he heard M'Guire's voice through the shallow bulkhead beside him:

"Manuel, just lay open that door—it's hot here. They're all abed, anyways, but the helmsman, an' he can't hear us."

There came a shuffling sound, the scrape of a chair, and light footsteps—the snap of a latch. Then the blackness that had wrapped him became faint twilight; and through the skipper's open door Rick saw a shaft of gold flooding the passageway and the stairs. He was trapped!

Despair caught and tried to hold him. That baleful yellow streak beyond the doorway in his eyes—he instinctively threw out a hand to the table to steady himself. It fell upon a leather holster.

He had never used a gun, had hardly ever held one in his hands before. But eagerly he clutched at M'Guire's revolver, slipping it out of the case. His palm curled naturally around the butt, and a finger slipped out over the guard and rested lightly on the trigger.

How did one know whether or not the thing was loaded? Rick had no idea, and he doubted the wisdom of experiments—they might be noisy. But he contented himself with the protective feel of it; and he crouched down under the table and laid his ear to the bulkhead.

M'Guire and his mate had been talking all this time, of course; and their voices had been plainly audible. Rick had not heard a word; his ears had been deaf to everything but the slight rustle of his own movements. Now he listened. Manuel was speaking:

"Can thees stuff be handle easy, Capitan Fortee?"

Rick heard the other's grunt.

"Like pie, Manuel, like pie. It 's in blocks the size of ornery clay bricks—heftier, but not too bad to handle. Each one o' them weighs goin' on sixty pound—an easy load fur a man. An' how much d' ye think one of them bricks is worth? Just give a guess, Manuel," said the skipper. "Don't be makin' it no million, 'cause that don't stand to reason. An' don't make it so small, or I 'll be laffin' at yer."

There was silence for a minute. Then Manuel's quiet voice came slowly to the ear, hushed with tension:

"I don' rightlee know a-tall, *mio capitan*. You tell me—no?"

"*Fif-teen-thou-san'-dol-lars!*" said M'Guire.

Again silence. Then, "Don't ye believe it?" roared the captain.

"Eet seem a quite beeg value."

A chair went back against the locker with a bang. Rick heard M'Guire's defiant mutter—then the heavy scuffle of his feet.

The footsteps stopped. From his place under the table Rick saw a huge shadow loom up into the doorway, pause there.

For some unaccountable reason the boy felt those small eyes fastened upon him, piercing the weird half-darkness.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE TRUTH

BUT M'Guire's eyes were blinded by the sudden shadows; he groped his way across to the bunk and leaned over it, reaching about. Rick heard a book being withdrawn from

its place between others, and then saw the skipper's towering form pass out into the brilliance of the passage.

The boy prayed that he would shut the door—in vain. A chair squeaked again.

"Now listen here, you." Turned pages rustled. M'Guire started reading: "'A bul-lion bar o' gold is usually about the size of an ordinary building brick, an' weighs about eight hundred troy ounces.' Now stan' by—there 's more yet: 'The price o' gold is fixed by internat'nal agreement at \$20.67 per ounce.' There, Manuel! Can ye multiply eight hundred by that figger? I done it last night. It gives sixteen thousan' five hundred an' thirty-six dollars. I says fifteen thousan' fur a round sum. There!"

The pause that followed was so long that Rick feared the discussion was closed. But then he thought that Manuel would be retracing the printed words with his skinny forefinger, and waited.

He was right. The book was closed and laid on the table.

"That ees a good sum, capitan—feeftteen t'ousan' dollar. Eenough for to make soft bed for one man, two—three men, all they lifes, yes?"

"Steel—I don' see quite the plan. How does one know thees sheep come? How can one fin' her? An' thees brick of gold—shall they not be guard so careful? Ees eet not a quite beeg?"

"Now hold on!" There was heavy annoyance in the captain's voice. "Don't be buzzin' in me ear with them scairt questions—I ain't told ye the story yet. Now keep yer mouth shet till that I tells ye from the start. Now listen careful.

"This here *Glendale*—I was third officer aboard of her fur two year. I knows every rivet an' stanchion in her. She 's got a new skipper—name 's Baldwin—since I was aboard; but that don't matter none. I could find me way aboard of her, from forepeak to poop, in the dark—an' have. I knows where her radio shack lays, just at the after break o' the superstructure an' for'd o' number four hold. I knows the stuff 'll be in number four—Keeffe put weight cargo there always; she sets better. An' this Baldwin 'll do likewise. An' listen, Manuel. They 's a door cut in the steel bulkhead o' number four hold. She 's a fire door, an she leads up a ladder to a gratin' on deck 'longside that shack. D' ye beg in to see? Now wait."

Rick's body was strung tense as a steel wire. He wiped the palm of his right hand

on his trousers and grasped the gun again.

"I'll go clean back to the start o' things, to make it plain to ye, Manuel. The *Glendale's* last trip this side they bounced me. This Bolles, the manager, says I stole ten cases o' spice. He lied. It 's twelve I got whiles they 's on shore leave—an' made good money on them too, from a friend o' mine on India Wharf. Never mind that. Just after this, Bolles gives me the hook, I hears him an' some others talkin' as how the *Glendale* will bring this stuff along on her next trip. So I gets the schooner with what I'd made on the spices, an' I gets ye an' the rest. But I tells ye nothin'. I ships ye because ye knows the hang o' radio work an' such—that 's the only part I could n't figger meself. But I tells ye nothin' nor them neither. I knows what I'm about, an' I plans accordin'.

"This here *Glendale* will take the west-bound summer track, which brings her off just so'th'd o' the Banks an' past Cape Sable. I got charts an' books tells me that, an' I ben aboard of her fur fifteen trips. But I ain't goin' to shoot out there an' stand by. She might be delayed an' leave me cruisin' around fur nothin', or they might ship the stuff by another boat, they might. That way ain't sure enough, not by a hang sight. So I puts in along the coast an' reads the papers. Ye seen me go. An' last Thursday night I finds that bit. I knowed it 'd be there, soon 's she put out from Liverpool. Them ciphers abaft the dollar sign, an' Baldwin sayin' he don't give a snap of his finger—that makes good readin'. So I finds it an' I shows it to ye an' tells ye there 's our bloomin' fortunes, mine an' yours an' theirs up for'd—for the takin'. An' ye tells me ye don't see *how!*"

On the last word M'Guire's hand hit the table-top so that the dishes clashed.

"Yes, yes, capitan—so far, good. But—"

"*Wait, ye lunkhead!* Ye 've but heard the half of it."

"I listen, capitan."

"We 're due to meet that sea-wagon to-morrow night, accordin' to my reckonin'—an' I 've figgered to a hair. To-morrow afternoon we gets the hands aft an' we tells them this. They can either bear a hand an' take they share o' the profit, or they can stick their hands an' feet in irons an' lay quiet whiles we do the job—in which case they gets nothin' but a free passage to South Americky an' the boot upon arrival. But they 'll come. I knows Gabe Hamlin an' I knows that snipe they calls Dutchy. The two brats may whimper—they ain't needed, anyways.

"So we gets 'em with us. Now listen. We meets this *Glendale*. I can tell her by her lights—they 's on the after corners o' the bridge, instead of for'd like most. Ye takes command o' the schooner. I 'm a deck-hand. Dutchy 's dead sick with fits, say. Ye hails the *Glendale* an' asks permission to run 'longside fur a doctor. We lays 'longside of her just so 's our main topmast is flush with the after break of her superstructure, right by that radio shack an' the gratin'.

"We hist's Dutchy aboard an' lays him in a cabin, which 'll be in the for'd end o' the superstructure, out o' the way. Whiles ye 're talkin'—they 'll all be gathered round him—I sneaks to the shack.

"I 've rigged a black an' basket on a line over the main truck to Gabe on deck. He passes me the end an' I makes it fast. I ducks into the shack right there an' I lays out the wireless like ye told me—an' ef they 's a operator there I lays him out too, workin' fast but quiet.

"Ye got to keep 'em talkin', up for'd there. Dutchy 's got to carry on somethin' fearful an' keep 'em interested. I takes that line an' basket into number four hold an' I loads her just once—with four hundred pounds o' gold. Gabe hauls away. I ease her over the gratin'. We lowers very gentle to the deck, an' 'e unloads. Ef they 's time, we goes again—I 'll have sneaked for'd to see. If not, well enough.

"Bimeby Dutchy 'll get over his fits, with the medicine, maybe. I 've passed the line back an' shet the gratin'. The door to the radio shack is closed tight on the mess in there. We all climbs back aboard, ye thankin' Baldwin kindly, me layin' low in the shadder. No chance him nor no one else knowin' me. I 'll have shaved clean.

"I 'll lay a hunderd to one they don't notice them missin' bricks till they hits the dock an' opens hatches. In time they 'll find the radio shack. Ef the operator 's able to speak,—an' that 's not sartin after I 've done with him,—they 'll know. But that 's all the good it 'll do them, with a smashed wireless gear an' us gone. Ef he don't talk, the hull thing 's just a bloomin' mystery, like, until they makes port an' notes a busted case or two in number four hold. Then some smart Aleck 'll have a cute idea. An' they 'll know.

"But listen. Where 'll we be? Headin' straight fur Los Perevas on the Platte, maybe there a'ready ef the wind holds good. In



Los Perevas gold is gold an' no questions asked. Could ye use yer share, Manuel?"

Throughout this narrative Rick's hopes had sunk. True, the plan was wildly risky. Any one of a thousand things might occur that would block the scheme or reveal it and make capture easy. M'Guire was relying on vacant decks, on the absence of guards, on his ability to put the wireless and the operator out of commission silently, on the inability of the ship's doctor to see through Dutchy's sham, on the chance that Manuel could center attention on the sick man long enough to effect the theft. The entire project was one wild, desperate gamble.

Granted. But there seemed nothing insane about it. Provided luck smiled, the thing seemed humanly possible of achievement—at least as far as getting away from the *Glendale's* sides was concerned. And fifteen thousand for one gold brick! Rick could see Gabe Hamlin's eyes glitter, could hear him grunt his willingness to take the chance.

Yet the boy knew that big ships carry spare parts for almost everything. He had heard of a radio shack being carried clean overboard and a new set installed in the chart-room in two days. If that could happen, then destroyers would comb the seas. The *Laughing Lass* had no power. She would be helpless.

But M'Guire had not thought of this, and the bos'n therefore would not consider it. They had, perhaps, never seen tall men with silver badges and steel shackles. Their eyes would be filled with the yellow light of gold. They would look at nothing but their dreams.

But Manuel was speaking.

"I see now, capitan. Eet ees a good plan, I theenk. Eet ees what you say—reesky—yes? But who would not take the reesk for that beautiful gold! Eet ees one good plan, Capitan Fortee. But one thing steel I don' see. How shall you meet thees *Glendale*? Shall she not get by us on the wide ocean, een the dark?"

Rick heard the dishes clatter as M'Guire's arm swept a place clear on the table.

"Look at this here chart, ye coot! D' ye mean to tell me I ain't man enough to figger distance? I knows that hooker's speed—she 'll make fourteen in the weather we ben havin'. Now look at that red line—that 's the summer route from Ushant to this side, an' everything takes it. Baldwin 'll hold her nose to it as Keefe allus did. Now what day 'd she leave Liverpool? Where 's that bit

from the newspaper—I got it here in my—"

Rick's heart stood still. A chair grated on the cabin deck, and M'Guire's heavy feet came quickly down the passage. Again that big shadow obscured the doorway.

"I must of left my wallet in here," the skipper called back. "Stand by, Manuel, whiles I gets it."

This time M'Guire felt his way over to the table. The big hands moved about in the litter just above Rick's head.

"Here she is. Now you wait."

The clumsy footsteps slouched away, out of the room, down the corridor, into the after cabin, where they stopped; and a vague movement indicated the man had regained his chair.

"Now look here—"

Rick waited. He knew perfectly well what was coming. M'Guire would refer to the date on the clipping, do over his computations for Manuel's benefit, and show him they had been correct. Rick waited, expecting this, not understanding the delay.

There was a sudden wild shout of blasphemous wrath. Then silence; and finally, after endless waiting, the skipper's voice again, a slow and ominous drawl.

"Manuel they was nigh on seven hundred dollars in that wallet. It 's gone. *Ain't that strange!* Only one man besides me knowed I carried money, Manuel. Only one man knowed where. Only one. Manuel, have ye any sort o' notion as to where that money 's gone—*ye black, thievin', furrin dog?*"

A chair crashed. Silence.

The words were like a death-knell to the boy behind that thin partition. His mind groped and floundered with this monstrous thing. He caught the meaning of M'Guire's accusation; knew that so far as the money went, he himself was safe.

But a sickening suspicion gnawed at a corner of his brain. Manuel could not possibly have stolen the money. Rick had seen the wallet slipped under Ban Hoag's bunk mattress. There was just one living soul, besides himself, who knew its whereabouts; and that was the man, the boy, who had put it there. The first inkling of his friend's treachery struck Rick with the physical shock of a knife-thrust.

He waited, sick with misery, while nothing happened. He waited, because there was nothing else to do but wait. Yet all at once the grim silence of those rooms grew strangely ominous. He felt suddenly that something, he could not say what, was going on—some





"A BLINDING FLASH . . . DROPPING BITS OF GLASS IT WAS ABSOLUTELY DARK",  
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

gruesome, unspeakable thing was taking place in a silence like the grave. On hands and knees he crept softly to the door; peered around the jamb, down the shaft of light, into the after cabin.

Under the swinging lamp, M'Guire and the Portuguese stood locked in the struggle of death. Manuel's upraised right arm held a narrow, gleaming knife, and the skipper's left clenched the wrist, his right deep in the dark one's throat. No sound came from either mouth, but great blue veins stood out on the big man's temple, and the mate's black eyes were starting from their sockets.

Something snapped in Rick's head. He

raised the revolver steadily, aiming slowly into the cabin—pulled the trigger!

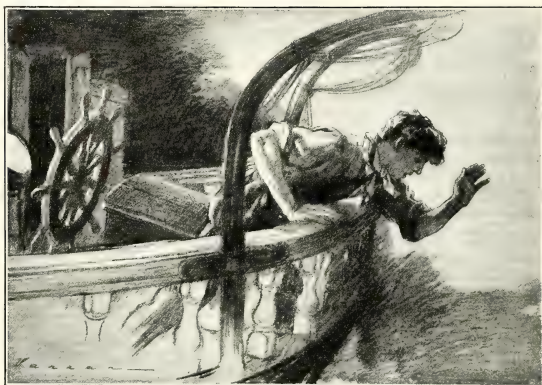
A blinding flash and a roar that seemed to tear the brain. After that, the fragile splintering of dropping bits of glass. It was absolutely dark.

But Rick staggered to his feet, screaming with horror—up the companion stairs—tripping—out on deck.

The wheel of the schooner was deserted. A choking, stinging premonition of the truth sent the boy, tottering, past it to the rail. Leaning over, he stared in livid terror at the black water below.

The skiff was gone!

(To be continued)



"THE SKIFF WAS GONE!"

## AUTUMN SONG

By ELEANORE MYERS JEWETT

CRISPY leaves in the crispy air,  
Falling, falling, falling!  
Raggedy trees, all thin and bare,  
And a smoky haze in the valley where  
The crows are calling, calling!

On sunlit, shimmering wings of down,  
The milkweed seeds are blowing;  
The bitter-sweet berries are golden brown,  
And the pumpkins all are glowing.

The crackly leaves are about my feet,  
Whirling, whirling, whirling!  
The rascally wind is keen and fleet,  
And, oh, the smell of the autumn 's sweet,  
When the smoke is curling, curling!

Tang of ripening grapes in the sun,  
And the windfall apples mellow!  
And every day is a golden one,  
For Fall is a golden fellow!

# "UNCLE SAM'S" ADVENTURERS

By ROBERT FORREST WILSON

FOREWORD:—"Uncle Sam," as we call our Government in Washington, sends his men to many strange and far-off corners of the earth. There is no tropical jungle so dense, no mountain fastness so inaccessible, no island of the sea so remote, that Uncle Sam, in one or another branch of his family, is not interested in them. And he sends his agents out everywhere, ceaselessly—consuls on secret missions, explorers ranging the globe for new plants for cultivation in America, surgeons to carry health and sanitation everywhere, from tropics to poles, coastal surveyors to search for and chart hidden rocks dangerous to ships, coast-guard cutters to discover and destroy derelicts on the oceans. You may be sure that the men on these errands of usefulness meet with soul-stirring adventures.

A "Venture for Dates" in this number begins a short series of what may be called the classic stories of these official expeditions—those you would be most likely to hear if you could start the gray-haired bureau chiefs talking about the exploits of their men. Although these experiences are as thrilling as fiction, they are all true.—R. F. W.

## TWO YOUNG AMERICANS' VENTURE FOR DATES

CALIFORNIA wanted dates. The newest of the paradises on earth, the irrigated valleys of the Far Southwest, aspired to compete with the oldest paradise of all—if you grant that the Garden of Eden was located somewhere in the vicinity of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers—in its most ancient industry, the culture of the date-palm.

The orchardists of California and Arizona were dreaming of "black Fardhs" and incomparable "Khalasas" that flourish in the wadies and about the wells of Arabia, luscious "Deglet Noors" of the oases of Sahara, and other famous dates that for centuries have given Asia and Africa the monopoly of commercial date-packing.

But young date-palms are not so easily to be obtained. The oldest inhabited region of the globe is by no means the most civilized. To say the least, it is hazardous for an American to lead a desert caravan into the wild haunts of fanatical Bedouins and Kurds, whose treacherous hatred of Christians is always likely to be expressed in ambush and murder. When such an expedition has for its purpose to wrest from the Orient a lucrative monopoly which it has enjoyed for ages, the peril is increased. Finally, this benighted region, once the fair-

est on earth, is now the constant source of some of the most fatal epidemics that sweep over the world—cholera and the plague, both of them, as well as the fevers of the insanitary tropics, always lying in wait for the European or American who ventures into this land.

Yet in order that the southwestern growers might have their date-palms, these and other perils as great were braved by two young California scientists, scarcely more than boys, either of them—Paul and Wilson Popenoe, aged twenty-four and twenty, respectively, in 1912, the year in which they set out on their mission.

Primarily, the expedition of the Popenoe brothers was a commercial enterprise. But since the Government seized the chance to engage the young explorers to secure rare date-palms for the experimental farms of the Department of Agriculture, this fact gave an official character to the undertaking, making the exploit one of the hero tales of the exploration service of the Department of Agriculture, which is searching the earth for such of its choicest products as may be adapted to the varied soils and climates of the United States.

To be sure, California and Arizona already



A DATE-BUYER OF BAGDAD



had dates when Paul and Wilson Popenoe set out for the Orient. In fact, the first English settlers in the Far Southwest found ancient date-palms growing there in the vicinity of the Spanish missions. The early Spanish padres had planted date seeds there as far back as the eighteenth century.

But, like any fruit that is grown from seed, the quality of these dates was not high.



A SCENE NEAR MUSCAT, ARABIA

They could not compete with the best products of Algeria and Arabia. Some few trees, perhaps, were excellent; but for the most part, they were fit only for local consumption. The California of *Ramona's* time made no effort to establish standard varieties of dates.

Yet these mission trees did demonstrate the possibilities of a successful date-culture in California, a demonstration that was convincing to our Department of Agriculture, which in the year 1901 imported young date-palms from the Near East and set them out in California.

A curious and interesting fact in horticulture explains why, with this start given to California, date-culture did not speedily result in a wide-spread industry. When a Luther Burbank produces by selection and breeding a new plum or a new apple, the tree that bears the discovery can quickly be multiplied thousands of times by means of

the horticultural practices of grafting and budding. But a date-palm can be neither grafted nor budded. It has no twigs and branches for the grafting process, but is all trunk and leaves. The palm, however, each year sends up from its base a few suckers, or offshoots, as they are called. If these are transplanted, they will eventually produce dates identical with those of the parent tree. But at most, a date-palm will send up only three offshoots in a single year. When these are transplanted there is a wait of years before they in turn put forth their offshoots, so that the spread of desirable date-trees is exceedingly slow.

By the year 1912, California and Arizona had some ten thousand date-palms growing from transplanted offshoots. In full bearing, these would produce something like a million pounds of dates each year—a respectable showing, but still not enough to cut any great figure in the American date market. The industry was spreading too slowly to satisfy the southwestern owners.

It was then that the father of the Popenoe brothers, himself a famous California nurseryman, decided to finance an expedition that would bring back from the Orient fifteen thousand new palms, or offshoots of palms, and more than double the size of the American date industry in a single effort. His two sons, Paul and Wilson Popenoe, volunteered to make the journey. The senior Popenoe had not contemplated sending his boys into such danger, yet they were both trained horticulturists and the father finally consented. Then Washington heard of the proposed expedition and engaged the young men to gather date-palms for the Department of Agriculture as well.

In the autumn of 1912, Paul and Wilson Popenoe set forth on their mission, the spirit of adventure glowing in their breasts. Not the least delightful phase of the journey was that they were starting to circumnavigate the globe. Their first stop was in Japan; and after that they visited the Philippines and the Straits Settlement, and finally India, studying and admiring the strange fruits which they had until then only read about in books. In the Far East they saw the mangoes and lychee fruits, both of which the Department of Agriculture is trying to domesticate in the United States. For the delicious Chinese lychees a great future is predicted when the trees are brought under American culture.

On one memorable day they took the





A FOREST OF CULTIVATED DATE-PALMS IN THE SAMAIL VALLEY, ARABIA

steamer from Bombay for Muscat, Arabia, where the first date-palms were to be gathered. But at the very outset of this work the difficulties began presenting themselves. Wilson Popenoe left India infected with malaria. He was taken down with the illness on board ship; and when the anchor went down in the harbor of Muscat, Wilson was carried ashore on a stretcher and taken to the British hospital.

The attack, while severe, was not regarded as serious by the doctors at the hospital; so, leaving his brother in the care of the kind nurses, Paul Popenoe arranged for a journey to the Samail Valley, about eighty miles in the interior of the province of Oman, back of Muscat. In this valley some of the finest dates in the world are grown. It is the only home of the famous Fardh date.

With his credentials from the American Government and with the assistance of the American consul at Muscat, Paul Popenoe was able to gain an audience with the Sultan of Oman, the potentate who ruled, or attempted to rule, that entire region. The Sultan was immediately interested in the plan of the Americans to import Arabian date-palms. With Oriental hospitality he not only promised to furnish an armed guard for the expedition to escort it through the dangerous country lying between Muscat and the Samail Valley, but he also insisted upon lending to young Popenoe and his men his own camels, which, he said, were the easiest-riding camels in all Arabia. With camels, however, easy riding is merely a relative

term, because no camels are easy riding to one who has ridden on a smooth-gaited horse.

The consul accompanied Popenoe to the valley. Twelve Arabian soldiers were furnished by the Sultan of Oman. When the caravan started out on the desert it presented a picturesque appearance, with the white men in their cork helmets and duck clothing and the soldiers in their flowing white burnouses and head-dresses. Moreover, the guards were armed with long silver-mounted muskets and with murderous-looking pistols thrust into their belts, while curved swords swung from their camel-saddles.

The journey to Samail was made without exceptional incident. The explorers spent two days in the Samail date-groves arranging for the shipments of offshoots when the palms should put them forth a little later in the season. The owners of the plantations were sharp bargainers; and Popenoe, unused to the dickering that accompanies the sale of anything in the Near East, was forced to pay some high prices for palm offshoots from Samail.

Yet in spite of these difficulties, Paul Popenoe felt that, for several reasons, the excursion to the Samail Valley was a highly successful venture. In the first place, while there, he was able to secure some Fardh palms, the first ever obtained for transplanting in American soil. But more important still, Paul exulted in the discovery of a few Khalasa date-palms in one of the Samail groves.

The Khalasa is the most famous date in the world, and one of the rarest. Until the Popenoe boys went to Arabia, the Khalasa was supposed by horticulturists to grow only at Hasa in Arabia on the Persian Gulf, somewhat north of Muscat. Few Europeans have ever seen Hasa, and those who have visited that wild region took their lives into their hands when they went. The resolute Popenoe brothers had petitioned the Turkish authorities for permission to visit Hasa in spite of its reputation, so eager were they to obtain Khalasa offshoots, but the Ottoman governor forbade such an expedition, on the ground that he was unable to furnish sufficient protection to a caravan that might attempt to take Christians into fanatical Hasa.

But here in Samail, Paul Popenoe unexpectedly found Khalasas, palms that had been transplanted from Hasa by some enterprising Arab date-grower. At a high price he was able to obtain six offshoots.

He arranged with the Samail growers to ship these and the rest of the offshoots to Busra, at the northern end of the Persian Gulf, where the brothers planned to make their headquarters during their sojourn in Arabia and where they would prepare for shipment all the palms collected. And having made such arrangements, Paul gave the command for his caravan to return to Muscat.

Thus far, Popenoe had not observed any dangerous hostility on the part of the natives, although the latter had not concealed their dislike and contempt for the "infidels" who had invaded their region. But until the second day of the return journey from Samail to Muscat, it had not seemed to the young scientist that this hatred would interfere with his plans. Then, without any warning, when the caravan was passing through a grove of palms, the riders were fired upon from ambush, the hostile Arabs hiding behind the trees as they shot.

All of the bullets, fortunately, went wild. The sultan's soldiers, instead of returning the fire, beat their camels and hurried out of range. They explained to the Americans that in this hostile region it was better to avoid a conflict if they could, because their party was too small to cut its way out to the sea-coast in case of a general uprising.

A half-mile farther on, there was another grove with a collection of mud huts, and, as the riders passed this place, they were again attacked by Arabs. This time the bullets

whistled unpleasantly close around the ears of the travelers. Seeing that they were running a gauntlet, the sultan's soldiers commanded the camels to kneel, and the men crouched in temporary safety behind them. Then one of the soldiers advanced toward the village with a white flag of truce. The village leaders came forth from the grove to meet him.

"Why did you shoot?" asked the soldier, in Arabic.

"We shot because we heard the other shooting," was the reply.

"We are friends from Muscat," said the soldier, "traveling under the protection of the Sultan of Oman."

There was a long colloquy, at the end of which the natives agreed to let the caravan pass without molestation.

There was no further trouble on the journey, but when Paul Popenoe, speaking through an interpreter, told the Sultan of Oman about the affray, that monarch flew into a towering rage, vowing by Allah and the beard of the prophet that he would never rest until he had wiped out what was, in effect, an insult to his own sacred person. There may have been something of duplicity in the sultan's rage and something of policy in it, because it was known that his state revenues were not what he thought they ought to be. At any rate, instead of ordering the summary execution of the offending villagers, he laid fines upon both villages, sending in soldiers to collect the fines, with orders to take the local sheiks, or village headmen, as hostages if the people refused to pay the money.

When these soldiers reached the places of the ambush, they found the Arabs in no way disposed to part with any of their possessions. Thereupon they attempted to seize the two sheiks. One of the sheiks agreed to accompany the soldiers back to Muscat; the other, however, flatly refused to go and promised a fight if they attempted to remove him by force.

That night the stubborn sheik was found dead in his tent. He had been poisoned mysteriously. Upon this discovery, the dead chieftain's followers arose and massacred the sultan's soldiers almost to a man. One or two escaped and crept back to Muscat to tell the news.

The Sultan of Oman immediately sent new troops into the interior; but now the country was aroused, and the wild tribesmen, who at best were only feebly held under the author-

ity of the Sultan of Oman, beat back his troops. He sent others, and the war continued. Two years later the fighting, of which a young American explorer was the innocent cause, was still continuing. Every now and then the cables would carry a few brief lines describing some sanguinary skirmish. Then along came the Great War to

Misfortune continued to follow the young scientists. This time it fell upon the older brother, Paul, who was stricken down by a violent attack of typhoid fever. Fortunately, at Busra there was a missionary hospital where the sick man could receive good care. But for five weeks he lay so near to death that Wilson Popenoe scarcely left his



PAUL POPENOE AND HIS ARABIAN GUARDS HALTING BESIDE AN ANCIENT IRRIGATION CANAL

eclipse lesser struggles, and history thus far does not record whether or not the sultan ever collected the fines.

Upon the return of Paul Popenoe to Muscat, his brother Wilson was convalescent and able to travel. Accordingly, they took ship for Busra, which they found to be a dismal, depressing collection of mud huts, set down on the treeless desert at the mouth of Shat-el-Arab—the River of the Arab. The town was dirty beyond description, reeking with contagious disease, and filled with ragged, unclean beggars and hostile fanatics, known as *Shiahs*, who did not attempt to conceal their distaste for “infidel dogs.” But Busra, as a city, is important, because it is the seaport whence are exported the products of the richer interior. Particularly, it is the port of Bagdad, five days’ travel by steamer up the river. The Shat-el-Arab is formed by the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers a few miles inland; and at this junction, tradition locates the original Garden of Eden.

bedside. At length, however, the fever broke, and Paul made a rapid recovery; but he was still thin and weak when he and his brother boarded a river steamer and a few days later reached Bagdad—the City of the Caliphs.

This was the Oriental wonderland of which both explorers, as boys, had read in the “Arabian Nights.” Here, a thousand years ago, Harun-al-Rashid had roamed the city in disguise, that he might come in closer touch with the lives of his subjects. Of all Oriental cities, this is the least touched by Western civilization. The brothers spent the first few days seeing the marvels of Bagdad, from the bridge of boats that spans the Euphrates, to the alabaster mosques that crown the city with their minarets. Yet the ancient city suffers from close inspection, for its population is the same wretched throng—dirty, ragged, and diseased—that the Popenoe boys had seen elsewhere under the rule of the Crescent.



Here they established their headquarters, for in the fertile areas near Bagdad is established the greatest date-growing industry in the world. Paul's experience in dealing with the sharp bargainers of the Samail Valley had taught a lesson to the explorers. They no longer attempted, in their amateur way, to chaffer and dicker with the date-growers of Bagdad, but they hired a man for this purpose, an official bargainer. Another indispensable employee was an interpreter.

ing into the thousands, at prices (in the equivalent of American gold) ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar apiece.

After a month of this bargaining, Wilson Popenoe went back to Busra to superintend the packing of the palms for sea shipment, for the plantation owners were now beginning to send their offshoots into Bagdad. Paul Popenoe remained in the City of the Caliphs to receive the palms and bargain for others. From the groves, the young palms were



THE MISSION HOUSE AT BUSRA WHERE PAUL POPENOE WAS CARED FOR DURING HIS ILLNESS

They could find in Bagdad no available man who could speak both English and Arabic. The best they could do was to employ an Arab who spoke French in addition to his native tongue. Both Paul and Wilson Popenoe could speak French; and thus, through two intermediaries, the interpreter and the bargainer, they dealt with the native plantation owners.

There was no doubt that the Arabs of Bagdad were unfriendly to the purpose of the Americans to take Arabian date-palms out of the country in order to establish a rival industry in another land; yet these American boys had gold in hand to pay for what they got, and this gold outweighed native patriotism. The swarthy growers shouted and gestured and perspired with the official bargainer, but at length they sold, no doubt privately wishing the Americans all the ill luck in the world into the bargain. Presently the contracts for palm offshoots were mount-

freighted down the Euphrates to Bagdad in coracles, the round, basket-like boats of the Arabs, made of plaited willow calked with pitch from the tarry springs at Hit, in Arabia, the home of the ancient Hittites. The tradition is that Noah calked the seams of the ark with pitch from Hit.

In Busra, Wilson leased compounds in which to pack and store the young palms, and hired Kurds as packers. For the long journey at sea, each offshoot had to be trimmed down; the butts were painted with white lead, to keep them from decaying in the moisture; then each shoot was wrapped in palm-fiber, to retain moisture, and finally sewed up in burlap.

Both brothers needed to be continually on their guard to keep from being swindled by the Arabs, who placed as many obstacles as possible in the way of the exportation. Unless palm offshoots are carefully pulled, the root and the heart of the stalk will remain in



the ground, the hollow exterior and the leaves remaining in the hands of the careless workman. This carelessness mutilates so badly the offshoot left on the root that it will die, while the hollow leaf-stem has no life in it at all. But in such cases the date-growers usually resorted to the trick of packing the hollow stem with mud and passing it off as a perfect offshoot. The young scientists quickly discovered this trick, and thereafter they made a point of thrusting their thumbs into the butt of every offshoot. If their thumbs penetrated the shoot, it was cast aside and no payment was made to the outraged seller.

On one occasion, when Wilson Popenoe came back to Busra, he found that the Kurd workmen had sewn up two thousand young palms in burlap without first wrapping them in palm-fiber. If not protected by this water-retaining fiber, the offshoots would surely dry up and die on the long voyage. The young man firmly insisted that the whole two thousand burlap packages be ripped open and repacked, while Oriental maledictions fell in showers on his head and the lamentations of the Kurdish contractor arose to the sky.

At length the time drew nigh when the expedition should have accomplished its purpose. Wilson had packed five thousand palms at Busra, including those which had followed by steamer from Muscat. At Bagdad, Paul had four thousand shoots ready for shipment down the river to the compounds at Busra. And then a new difficulty arose: the owner of the Arabian steamer that plied between Bagdad and Busra firmly refused to receive the offshoots as freight.

Nothing daunted, Paul Popenoe hired a barge and packed it high with the offshoots, intending to float down to the sea with the current. But at this point unexpected help was given to him by a Turkish steamer on the river, the captain of which offered to tow the barge. Thus, finally, the young palms were brought out to the coast and packed in Busra.

Meanwhile, the brothers had made arrangements for a tramp steamer to carry the shipment to England, where they would re-ship it to America. There was nothing to do now but wander about the bazaars of Busra while waiting for this boat to arrive. In this inspection, the Popenoe boys found reasons why an American date-culture is likely to succeed against the competition of the Orient—one ample reason, at any rate, existing in the unsanitary conditions under which the

Arabians pack dates intended for American consumption.

The Arabs despise our taste in dates. Americans demand golden dates, which the Arab regards as inferior. The Arab and the European consumer, too, prefer the darker varieties of dates; and our travelers who have visited Arabia are convinced that the dark dates are more luscious and better in every



DATE-PALMS IN ALGERIA, AFRICA

way except in appearance. Our scientists believe that dark dates, grown in America, will win popularity.

The ripe date is a luscious fruit. When merely ripe, however, it cannot be packed. The date, instead of decaying on the tree or dropping off when it is ripe, remains in the cluster and begins to dry. In two weeks after dead ripeness, the dates are dry enough to pack in boxes, their heavy content of sugar having preserved them.

When the tramp ship arrived, it took on a cargo of barley and dates at Busra. To the palms, the captains assigned that space on the deck known as 'tween decks. The nine thousand shoots, in their bulky burlap overcoats, completely filled this space. In

addition, the Popenoes shipped casks containing one hundred tons of fresh water to supply moisture to the palms at sea.

When the vessel had taken on this cargo, it steamed on the long journey around Arabia to the Island of Ormuz in the Red Sea to receive there a large consignment of oxide of iron and pearl-shell. For ten days she lay in the roadstead at Ormuz, while the Popenoe brothers watched the Arabian dhows, with their lateen sails, bringing the freight out from shore. The pearl-shell was stored in great heaps on the forward and after decks of the tramp.

On the tenth day of the shell loading, a violent storm arose. The tramp steamer broke away from her mooring-buoy and began to drift toward the shore. But the ship had steam up, so the captain turned her to sea and left the rest of the shell shipment for some other voyage.

This storm was quickly over, and the ship was headed northward for Suez. But once fairly out in the Red Sea, she was overtaken by a furious gale, a fluctuating wind of the kind that is called a hurricane in West Indian waters and a typhoon in the China Sea. Presently the tramp was in danger of foundering. The great billows were topping her decks and playing havoc with the deck cargo and everything loose. One wave carried overboard two hundred palm offshoots at a gulp, and the pearl-shell began to move in the wash.

It was then the captain decided that he must jettison the deck cargo to save the ship. The chains that operated the rudder of this boat from the pilot-house ran along the scuppers of the open deck, and there was danger at any time that the shifting deck cargo would foul these chains so that they could no longer operate. Once the steering-gear was out of control, the ship would quickly drift into the trough of the sea and, in all probability, overturn and sink.

But the two young explorers begged so hard for their cargo, explaining at what effort it had been procured, that the captain agreed to throw it overboard only if it came to a case of life and death for them all. In the shrieking gale, the sailors sprang forward and aft, and, keeping out of the way of the seas that frequently came inboard, they shoveled the pearl-shell into the water. After this the ship rode easier. The palms, in their burlap coverings, did not show any tendency to shift, and it was apparent that, unless the storm grew worse, they might be

saved. The gale moderated almost as suddenly as it had arisen, until by night the danger seemed to be past.

The ship pursued her leisurely course northward to Suez, through the canal, thence out into the Mediterranean. Several days later the vessel went into the port of Algiers to land Wilson Popenoe, who contemplated a trip to the date-groves on the edge of the Sahara Desert. Paul kept on with the tramp, to take charge of the palms at London and reship them to America. In the mid-Mediterranean the engines of the steamer broke down, and she was fifty-two days reaching London. There Paul dispatched the palms on a steamer bound for Galveston, Texas, whence they were taken on a special freight-train to California.

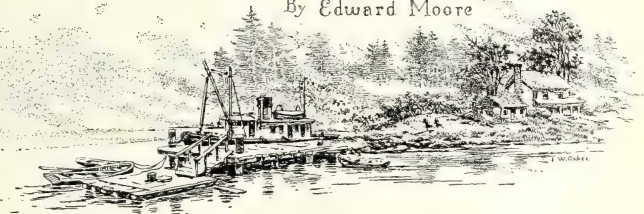
When the offshoots left England, Paul Popenoe returned to Africa and met his brother in Algeria. Wilson had been gathering offshoots of the choicest African date-palms, including scions of the famous Deglet Noor variety. Both brothers then took up the task until they had secured and packed six thousand shoots of Sahara date-palms.

In all, these two young scientists collected fifteen thousand new date-trees for the American growers, including forty varieties in all. So carefully were the offshoots packed and cared for on the journey to America that most of them survived the trip, and the transplanting later on. Offshoots of every one of the rare varieties came through alive. The young palms were planted principally in the Coachella Valley in California, and five years later they began to come into bearing, to be the nucleus of the future date industry of America. The resolution and courage of Paul and Wilson Popenoe made them, more than any others, the fathers of that industry.

The authorities of the Department of Agriculture, who had been watching the expedition with interest and receiving reports from it from time to time, were filled with admiration at the way in which this wholesale importation of a branch of agriculture had been accomplished, and rather astonished that men so young could have carried out the difficult assignment with so much judgment and tact. Wilson Popenoe was just twenty-one years of age when he landed at New York with the palms. There he found letters urging him to come to Washington. He obeyed, and within twenty-four hours he was enrolled in the government service. He became one of the most valuable of the Government's plant explorers.

# Through Flame with *The Belle Marie*

By Edward Moore



"*Oui, c'est moi! W'at ees et?*"

Julie, who had been half conscious of the pounding of hoofs and then of a hammering at the door below the little bedroom which she shared with her younger sister Louisette, wakened fully and looked out into the smoky half-dark of early morning as she heard her father's voice from the next room, and knew he was speaking from the open window to some one below.

A rather excited voice answered, and for a moment or two a colloquy ensued in the French-Canadian patois which is still largely used in parts of northern Ontario as well as in the province of Quebec. Finally her father said:

"*I mus' do dat, for sure. Me, I mak' steam on de Belle queek. Ha'f to wait for Mark to fire heem; but soon he come, I go on to Haileyburr' and pick up de men along dis side de lak'. Be up dar to meet de partie near eight o'clock!*"

This announcement was evidently to the satisfaction of the visitor, who immediately galloped away.

For two summers previously, extensive sections of that part of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec which juts up far into the north—where such extensive finds of silver and gold have been made during the last decade—had been visited by terrible fires, destructive not only of forests and farm crops, but also licking up here and there whole towns and villages, causing a heavy loss of life. That year the country had escaped the usual menace until late August, but for the last few days the air had been laden with smoke, and stories had come in that fires were again prevalent in remote northern sections. Nothing, however, had

been feared, for the present at least, in the neighborhood of Lake Temiscaming.

Now Julie had learned from the rapidly told story of the visitor that the fires were sweeping southward and were threatening the settlements in the Des Quinze district. Messengers had been sent out to collect all the available men to fight back the impending destruction, and her father had been requested to take out his little steamer, the *Belle Marie*, pick up men and equipment from the camps and farms along the eastern shore of the lake, and carry them to Tomstown, on the Blanche River, the nearest point of debarkation. As Julie rose and began to dress, looking out, meanwhile, to where the little steamer swung at her moorings, and thinking of what the day portended for the people of the north, she heard her father clatter hurriedly down the stairs and throw the latch on the door. Then she saw him make his way down the path to the *Belle*, from which in a moment came clashes of iron upon iron, indicating that a fire was being made. Ordinarily, this was done by Mark Lemay, the young man who acted as fireman, engineer, roustabout, everything else in the little boat.

Years before, the *Belle*—under a less attractive and also less significant name—had been used by a firm of lumbermen on the upper Ottawa in "kicking out" the smaller rafts of logs into the river and in carrying supplies from camp to camp. And then one day when, as a result of neglect and ill-usage, her engine had balked, Julie's father, 'Poleon Lagasse, a sub-foreman, had made an offer for her, which was accepted on the spot. A week or so of tinkering, with the addition of some new parts brought on from



Ottawa, made her about as good as new, and, renamed after the brave little English wife who had helped him to face the difficulties of his pioneer day in the district, and who now rested peacefully in a little grove of spruce behind the cottage, she was utilized as a supply-boat, carrying freight to lumbermen, prospectors, farmers, and, during the season, to several camps of summer visitors who were quartered around the head of the lake.

Hurrying downstairs in her turn, Julie kindled a fire in the big wood-stove in the kitchen, and had the usual breakfast of salt pork, potatoes, and eggs in a dish on the table, with dark, habitant griddle-cakes sizzling in the pan, when her father came in a little later.

Commenting kindly on her unusual early rising, and explaining the plan of action as his breakfast was served, the French-Canadian added, anxiously:

"Mark, I hope he come queek, so we get away *tout-swee*. Joe" (the early morning messenger) "say he tell heem on de way pas". He ees to—"

The statement was interrupted by a sudden rush to the door, and only then did Julie's ears, less keen than her father's, distinguish the rapid sputtering of a launch. Following to the little dock at the edge of the lake, she strained for a glimpse of the approaching craft through the smoke-laden air. It came into vision suddenly a couple of hundred yards away, a large motor-boat carrying perhaps twenty men.

"De Rich-ards' boat from Haileyburr'," her father noted excitedly. "An' Mark, hees wit' dem. Now, we not use de *Belle*."

Julie learned afterward what her father surmised at once—that a telegram or telephone message to Haileybury, a dozen miles directly across the lake, had brought the big launch much faster than the *Belle*, with some fire-fighting supplies, and that this boat had already done part of the duty the *Belle* was expected to do. As the launch swung in toward the dock, Julie's father hurriedly gave a few instructions:

"De *Belle*," pointing over his shoulder while he watched the oncoming boat. "Bank down de fire right 'way, I t'ink she be all right. Tak' care leetle Louissette. You bot' all right here, so long you stay on de house. For me, I be back to-morrow, maybe noon, maybe night—I don't know, me." This latter as he patted the fifteen-year-old girl on the shoulder, by way of caress, and

swung himself aboard amid a hoarse-voiced welcome. And until the launch roared off to the north out of sight in the smoke, she did not realize that her father was gone.

However, to be left alone for a day or two like this was no unusual experience, though this was the first time the *Belle* had not been taken, and Julie had no qualms as she walked over to the boat, stepped aboard, and, letting herself down into the little stoke-hole, tossed a few shovels of ashes over the now roaring fire and closed the dampers tightly. Nor was this sort of thing unusual. Often, when the two girls made trips around the lake with their father, she and Louissette had spent hours with Mark beside the engine which they had learned to run and fire fairly well.

"I 'll come and look at it again after awhile," she thought. "It 's time now to wake Louissette and to get on with my bread-making."

The morning passed uneventfully. Julie noted, indeed, when, later, she and twelve-year-old Louissette went down to the *Belle*, that the smoke seemed even thicker over the lake, and that the sun, usually brilliant at that time of the morning, was not yet visible. Busy with her baking and other household duties, however, and in her thoughts following her father in his journey northward, she gave little heed to outdoor matters. Once when Louissette, who had not yet developed the housewifely spirit, came running up from the pier to tell her that a steamer was going up the lake, she had gone down to the shore, the better to hear the frequently repeated toots of the whistle, and for a moment had been alarmed at the thickness of the smoke which made it impossible to see for any distance. As they waited, however, a slight breeze, fresh and sweet from across the lake, cleared away the smoke for a few moments, and they saw in the distance one of the larger passenger steamers making her way northward.

The smoke grew thicker again as the two girls were eating dinner, so much so that it made Louissette choke once or twice. But since this had been quite an ordinary thing, they joked over it and went on with the meal, naturally assuming that the smoke was being carried from the fires their father had gone to fight fifty miles to the northeast. Again, dish-washing does not readily lend itself to the observation of outside conditions, particularly when fun-loving girls try to make a game of it, as was the custom of these two.





"THE OLDER GIRL WAS OUT ON DECK AND HAD THE BUCKET OVER THE RAIL AGAIN" (SEE PAGE 71)

But as Julie was hanging away the freshly washed pans in the little closet off the kitchen-dining-living-room an unusually acrid burst of smoke made her stop to cough and then whirl round in consternation as a sort of half-smothered cry of terror came from Louissette, who had stepped outside to look around.

"The fire!" the child cried; "Julie, it's—"

There was no need to finish the sentence. As the little girl ran into the doorway and into her sister's arms, Julie felt a puff of hot wind in her face, and, looking across the clearing, saw billows of red smoke roll over the tree-tops. While she stood for a moment trying to comprehend what seemed

the utterly impossible, the roar of the fire, only a few hundred yards away, came to her ears, and a burning branch dropped in the middle of the dearing. Another fell near the *Belle*, and a third dropped, blazing, somewhere into the lake beyond.

Then Julie understood. The fires had evidently worked their way southward more rapidly than any one had expected, had jumped across the Des Quinze, and, covering, during the morning, the thirty or forty miles intervening, had worked up to the Lagasse clearing from the east. For a time the gentle breeze from the lake had held back the worst of the smoke, but now the wind created by the fire itself, and fanned by the hot blasts from the miles of burning forest behind, was sweeping the blaze back through the district along the lake, which had been deemed entirely safe.

Had 'Poleon Lagasse been interested in farming in his early days, instead of lumbering, conditions would in all probability have been entirely different in that immediate section. But having spent his winters in the camps and his summers on the river, and having developed the commercial spirit even before he came into possession of the *Belle*, his time had been occupied on the water rather than with his ax, and, in consequence, the little home, somewhat larger now and of better appearance than when he had brought his family there ten years before, was set in a clearing not more than fifty yards wide, with a garden running from the house back to the roadway, which opened to the rear into a sort of avenue through the spruce. Swampy ground lay to the south, around which the road ran, so that the nearest neighbor was not within a quarter of a mile.

Julie drew a half-sobbing breath as the seriousness of the situation came to her, and then choked again as a wave of smoke, carrying hot, but dead, cinders, rushed through the doorway.

For a second or two she was stupid with terror. Since her mother's death, she had assumed the woman's place as far as she could, and had measured up bravely; but this was a crisis no girl of fifteen could face without an almost overwhelming fear. And added to all the anxiety over her own situation was also a fear for her father. Was he in the midst of the fire, or beyond it? It was a situation to make a stout and grown-up heart quail. She did not realize Louisette's weight on her breast till a convulsive,

strangling sob from the little girl brought the older one back to a sense of her responsibilities.

As the blaze burst through the trees on the other side of the clearing, the stories of what people had done in the fires farther north in the previous summers ran vividly through her mind and helped her to a decision.

"To the lake, *cherie!*" she cried, raising Louisette and starting to drag her away from the house; "we'll be safe there."

Her thought was, of course, to take refuge in the water, since she knew that the air would be less stifling at the lake's surface. Looking back again, she had an instant of hope that the fire might jump the clearing and leave the house unscathed.

Another cry from Louisette made her turn quickly. A huge piece of blazing birch bark, carried forward by the wind, had fallen on the roof of the *Belle's* little cabin, quickly igniting the painted surface.

Julie did not think at all after that. At least, she cannot remember making any plan. It had not occurred to her before that anything could happen to the *Belle*. But now this threatened catastrophe loomed even larger than personal danger. With a rush, she covered the fifty feet to the dock, almost dragging Louisette off her feet, literally tossed the little girl aboard, and in ten seconds more had a bucket, with a line attached, over the side. That bucketful and another extinguished the blaze, and almost before Louisette recovered from her surprise at being on the *Belle* rather than in the lake, Julie had her by the arm and was dragging her toward the little pilot-house in the bow.

"Take the wheel and be ready to steer out into the lake, as you do for Father," were her instructions, given with surprising coolness. "I think there'll be steam enough, and I'm going to start the engine."

Julie's coolness, somehow, communicated itself to Louisette. As she stepped into the boarded-in cubbyhole, just large enough to accommodate the steering-wheel and a stool, and braced herself with a grasp of the spokes, a puff of smoke and live sparks entered the window-opening in the front, and for the moment blinded her. She put up one hand to brush a cinder from her cheek, and then tried vainly to pull up the little window-sash. She let go of this, however, and grasped the wheel again when a rumble and accompanying vibration came from behind and underneath her and she knew that the

*Belle's* engine was turning over slowly. A creak from the hawser running from the forward bitts drew her attention; and looking from the door, she saw that the *Belle* had moved back a foot or two and that Julie was out on the dock casting off the stern line, which had eased off as the boat moved back.

"Now," thought Louissette, "she'll start the engine forward, throw off that bow line, and then jump aboard."

Julie did just that—or, rather, part of it.



"LET ME TAKE THE WHEEL FOR A WHILE" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Darting back into the little engine-room, she reversed the engine, left it running slowly, and then jumped to the dock again. But as she did so her eyes strayed back to the house. Louissette, watching through the smoke, saw her hesitate a moment, and then noted a wave of the hand—apparently intended to convey some message to her.

Then for a moment, Julie disappeared, hidden in a cloud of hot smoke which enveloped the boat and made the little girl at the wheel rub her eyes. But when the swirl passed, she was amazed and terrified to see her sister running back up the path to the house. As Louissette looked toward it, she saw that the roof was blazing in two or three places and that spurts of fire were coming from one of the open upstairs windows.

She cried out vainly, waited a moment in confusion, and then stepped down on deck to follow, when Julie reappeared with something in her arms, dodged a burning brand on the path, and dashed breathless to the pier.

In the meantime, the boat, impelled by the slowly moving screw and held only by the bow line, had kicked herself around till she was at almost a right angle with the dock, against which she was bumping her nose. Julie took in the situation at a glance, tossed her burden on deck, after a moment's struggle loosened the loop of the hawser from the pile which served as a snubbing-post, and scrambled over the low rail and up on deck. Motioning Louissette back into the pilot-

house, she ran again to the engine, which responded in a moment with a more rapid and regular *pap-a-pooof*, *pap-a-pooof* from the exhaust-pipe behind the wheel-house. Encouraged, Louissette used all her strength to turn the wheel sharply to starboard, and, as she gained headway, the *Belle* struck the dock a sliding blow with her quarter and then turned out into the lake into thinner smoke.

Louissette breathed more freely, as in a moment or two the showers of sparks, which had enveloped

the craft ever since they had boarded her, ceased; but she peered fixedly through the thinning smoke-cloud, trying to pick out a course across the lake to safety. And then—

She did n't faint—she had been bred to meet emergencies without shirking. She did jump back, let go the wheel, and scream, however, when a small tongue of flame curled around over the sill of the window in front of her.

Julie must have heard the scream, for before Louissette had time to collect herself, the older girl was out on deck, had seen the small fire which had started from a spark in a ledge in front of the pilot-house, and had that useful bucket over the rail again. The next Louissette knew, half that bucketful came through the window into her face, the other half, at the same time, serving to quench the blaze. Another couple of buckets of water removed that danger.

Louissette heard other bucketfuls splashed violently against the cabin-house all around,



however, before Julie came back to talk to her.

"I think we are all right now," commented the older girl, whose fears had been relieved by action. "Let me take the wheel for a while. Was n't it lucky Father put the fire on this morning, and that steam was up? All I had to do was to scrape off the ashes I put on just after breakfast and shovel in a little coal."

A quarter of a mile out in the lake the air was notably clearer and breathing was easier. Neither girl spoke for a time, though Louisette, relieved for the present from anxiety, breathed half sobbingly as she stood beside her sister. Julie's fears for her father kept her thoughts off the burning home they had left, and perhaps the sense of responsibility also helped her to control her feelings. Only once did she look back, and then, as her glance ran northward along the lake shore, she again gasped in surprise. Huge blotches of red cloud were visible as far as she could see.

Had any one been watching closely, they would have seen her glance at the little girl beside her and her lips whiten, as if they had come together firmly in making a decision. Then Louisette cried out, as the wheel was whirled round to port:

"You 're not going back—there?"

"No, not *there*," came the reply, with eyes set ahead, as the little steamer changed her course from almost due west to north. "But did you see how the fire is running up all along the lake? I 'm wondering about the campers at the Point. And about the Montour people in the bay beyond. They may be all right, but we can see—"

Up at the Point, five minutes later, the *Belle* began to run into patches of thick smoke again. Julie had just been back to the engine, adding some coal and squirting some oil on the crank-shaft bearings, when she heard a hail from a little way ahead, and, looking through the smoke, saw two skiffs, apparently full of people. Slowing to half-speed, she ran on deck again, where she learned that the campers had been driven off in boats, but were safe.

"I 'm afraid things are bad in the bay," one of the women added, above the crying of a child. "All their men went away with ours this morning. The fire seemed to hit them before it did us, and they have n't boats enough to get out. Can you—"

Julie was in at the engine again and had it running full ahead before the speech was

completed. And then, as they rounded the Point, the scene of half an hour earlier was repeated. The little bay opened up in a V-shape, perhaps two hundred yards across, with a small creek at the apex. The trees had been cleared back a slight distance from the shore, but the fire had broken through, so that, as far as could be seen through the smoke-banks, the very earth at the water's edge seemed to be burning.

This time Julie took the wheel and sent Louisette back to the engine, with a warning to obey sharply the signals on the gong-indicator which communicated from the pilot to the engineer. As she entered the bay, steering by instinct rather than by sight, she pulled the whistle-rope in front and shrieked out a signal.

This was answered a moment later in a way that made her catch her breath—by a cry, first faint, then louder, as though two or three female voices were shouting. And then, as the *Belle* forged ahead, the smoke lifted for a moment and she saw, a hundred yards ahead and perhaps a hundred feet from shore, a half-dozen people in the water, submerged to their necks. Even where the boat then was, the waves of heat poured almost unbearably through the window in front and through the open doors at the side.

Julie was thankful now for the scores of times her father had let her bring the *Belle* in by herself to the dock at home. And she knew that Louisette, if the child were not overcome by the situation or by the heat, could be depended on to obey the signals, as she had done many times under Mark's direction.

Julie let the *Belle* run on another fifty yards, then signaled "Stop," then "Half-speed, reverse," and, twisting the wheel a spoke or two to port, ran in alongside the woman nearest her.

It was perhaps four minutes later, though to Louisette, waiting in the heat, almost unbearable even in the well-protected engine-room, it seemed an hour, when the "Reverse" signal, followed by "Full speed ahead," came. But in that four minutes two babies, both crying, a little lad, and four women had been tossed, helped, or had clambered up on deck and made their way into the cabin-house. One of the women went outside at Julie's call and was pouring buckets of water on smoking spots on the *Belle's* cabin and deck.

Two minutes more, and they were out of the bay, out of the worst of the smoke, in



what seemed a delightful coolness after that inferno of heat, and heading again across the lake.

THEY wanted to keep Julie and Louissette, with other refugees from the fire-stricken district, in Haileybury for a few days, till some definite word came through from their father. But Julie's anxiety was too great to agree to this. And so next afternoon the

once, dashed down the path, jumped over some blackened timbers where the little pier had been, waded out to his waist, and then leaped aboard.

"Ah! *Mes enfants, mes p'tites!*" he repeated, gathering his daughters into his arms. "I t 'ink I loose everyt'ing, me, but now hees all right for sure. Now I have de leetle gals an' de *Belle*, we start again, by gar. For house, monee, I don't care, me."



"THE SMOKE LIFTED FOR A MOMENT AND SHE SAW, A HUNDRED YARDS AHEAD, A HALF-DOZEN PEOPLE IN THE WATER"

little *Belle*, with patches of paint burned off all round her bow and four or five charred places on her deck-house, started out, though guided this time by stronger and older hands, to cross the lake again. In the meantime, the fire, which runs quickly through the soft-wood forests of the north, had spent itself, though the air was still loaded with lingering smoke.

Thus it was not until the little steamer was well in to the Lagasse landing that Julie, who had been caring for one of the refugee babies while crossing the lake, saw four or five men standing around a pile of blackened ruins which yesterday had been the old home. Apparently, the boat could not be seen so readily from the shore, but at a blast of the whistle, a figure, which Julie recognized at

And only then did Julie remember.

Her father could n't understand it, nor did any one else at first, when she pulled herself suddenly out of his arms and ran back into the cabin. But he knew, though the rest did n't, what it meant when she returned in a moment with a rather gaudy tin box—the burden she had brought from the blazing house—and held it out to him.

"An' this al-so?" he said, half dazedly, raising the cover, and revealing rolls of bills in the compartments underneath. "Dere is mos' t'ree t'ousan' dere. All de year monee. Ah! my Julie!"

And Julie, tin box and all, went back again joyfully into those big, fatherly arms, with the realization that all the effort and strain had been well worth while.

# SIR HAROLD'S HALLOWEEN

## A BALLAD OF HIGH JINKS

by CHARLES F. LESTER



**F**ULL gaily caroled young Sir Harold, "Tirra, lirra, lay!"  
 (I've no notion why he did it in just that outlandish way.)  
 "'T is Hallowe'en, I ween!" He clothed himself in haste (and  
 blue),  
 Took his hat and his departure, and down the pathway flew.

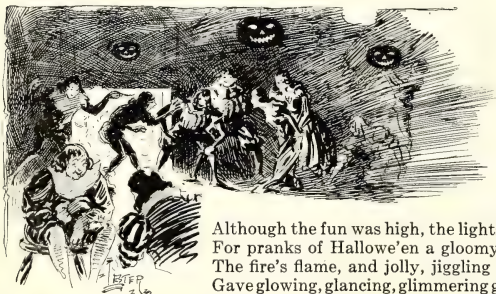


"Ahoy!" hailed stout Sir Boofus, appearing at a trot,  
 (Though the day had been quite chilly, the knight seemed rather hot),  
 "'T is nine bells by the hour-glass! We're late, I calculate!  
 If we don't wish to cause offense, we'd better mend our gait."



Sir Boofus sailed the *Seesaw* on the seething sea, you see;  
 He'd seen some seven wrecks, and yet a reckless tar was he.  
 By nature he was jolly, though you'll be surprised to learn  
 That when he trod the quarter-deck, he tended toward the stern.

Ere long the twain espied Sir Doodad's yawning castle gate;  
 (Perhaps it yawned because the hour was getting somewhat late);  
 And the page, a genial menial of a very merry mien,  
 Led them within without delay to see the festive scene.



Although the fun was high, the lights were low; the host had guessed  
 For pranks of Hallowe'en a gloomy, roomy room were best.  
 The fire's flame, and jolly, jiggling Jack o'Lanterns' ray  
 Gave glowing, glancing, glimmering gleams to guide the gambols gay.

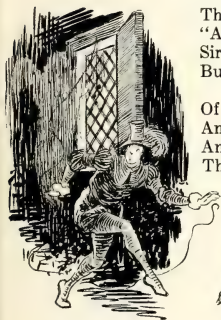


Count Bambo bobbed for apples, with Sir Bobstay and Sir Gubbe.  
(When good Sir Bobstay bobbed, he could n't stay outside the tub!)  
Lady Flip-Flop in a mirror sought to see her future mate,  
But after some reflection vowed she'd much prefer to wait!



Three pretty witches wove a spell about the Baron Snitch.  
"Alas—in fact, three lasses!"—quoth he, "Which witch is which?"  
Sir Gigaboo tried tick-tack tactics, hiding in the lane,  
But when he thought he saw a ghost, he scampered in again.

Of course, at midnight every one drew round the fire's glow,  
And there were apples, popcorn, nuts (both hickory and dough);  
And Jack, the Jester, told a tale so creepy, it is said,  
That even old Sir Oodle's wig stood right up on his head!



E'en Hallowe'en must end; the moon was sinking in the west  
When on his downy couch Sir Harold laid him down to rest;  
But if he dreamed of witches, or not, I cannot say;  
I only know he did n't rise till half-past nine next day!





"SUTTON RODE INTO THE PASTURE, SWINGING THE LARIAT WHICH HUNG FROM THE SADDLE-HORN" (SEE PAGE 78)

## RAMSEY FROM MONTANA

By JOSEPH B. AMES

"I DON'T believe he ever saw a ranch!" declared Lynn Sutton, with a sniff. "I'll bet he's just one great big bluff."

"He talked as if he knew a lot about cow-boys and things," objected Frank Richardson, doubtfully.

"That's easy. Anybody can talk." Sutton laughed. "Besides, he has n't even done that lately."

This was true enough. When Bob Ramsey first appeared in Farmington a few weeks before, on a visit to an aunt, he had been loquacious enough. Indeed, he fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm for the great West, and particularly for Montana ranch life. He was full of a keen admiration for cow-punchers and their ability to do the things which he considered so supremely well worth doing; and his stories of what he had seen, involving, in a minor degree, events in which he himself had taken a small part, excited the greatest interest among the village boys.

Their attitude was not particularly agreeable to Lynn Sutton, who had always been very much the leader of the little coterie. His uncle was a stock-farmer, with connections in Texas, and Lynn early learned to ride the half-trained Texas broncos, hobnobbed familiarly with the various cow-boys who came on to care for and break in the stock, and was generally regarded among his friends

as the supreme authority in all ranch matters. He was perfectly sincere in his belief that the new-comer was exaggerating (though that feeling may have been subconsciously influenced by a natural distaste at seeing his position usurped by a stranger) and did not hesitate to say so. Indeed, he made so much fun of Ramsey and his tales that the boy shut up like a clam, and from that moment nothing availed to drag from him the slightest reference to ranch life or anything pertaining to it.

"He's sore, of course, that we did n't swallow all that rot," resumed Sutton, leaning against the door-post. "From the way he acted when he first came, I guess he thought we were a lot of rubes to bite on anything. I wish I knew—"

"Anybody'd be sore when they're practically accused of not telling the truth," put in Otis Gilerist, suddenly. He was slim and tall, with delicate features and a thoughtful expression. "I don't believe he was stringing us at all. He's just so crazy about everything out there that he could n't think of anything else. After all, you may know something about Texas, but things are probably very different in—"

"Shucks!" interrupted Sutton, in his positive, rather domineering, manner. "Take it from me, this fellow thought we were easy



and expected to have us feeding out of his hand in no time. He did n't count on finding some one who knew the difference between the real thing and a lot of Wild West stuff cribbed out of a book."

"Oh, come off, Lynn!" protested Gilcrist, his delicate face flushing. "You can't make me believe he never even *saw* a ranch."

"Why does n't he prove it, then?" demanded Sutton. "I 've asked him to show us stunts with a lariat, but he won't do it. Then only yesterday I invited him to take a ride, and got turned down hard. The reason is perfectly plain to me. I 'll bet a soda he could n't stay on one of those brones of Uncle Bennie's for two minutes."

A brief silence followed this emphatic statement. Lynn Sutton always had an authoritative way of speaking, and certainly, on the subject of horse-flesh, there was no one there who would dream of disputing him. As a matter of fact, the three or four present who had gone out to the stock-farm with Sutton a few days before to look over a recently arrived car-load of untrained Western horses, found it difficult to picture *any one* riding the creatures.

"How would you ever prove he could n't?" presently inquired Tommy Dale, curiously.

"I 'll tell you." Sutton's eyes sparkled and his face took on a mischievous expression which made the others prick up their ears expectantly. "You know the hike we 're planning to take to-morrow? You got Ramsey to say he 'd come, did n't you, Gil? I thought so. Well, on the way home we 'll go around by the farm. I 'll call up Uncle Bennie to-night and get him to have five or six of the brones driven into the small pasture, and some saddles and things left where we can get them. It 'll be perfectly natural for us to stop and look them over, and I 'll end up by daring Ramsey to ride one of them if I do the same. If he 's really what he pretends, he can do it easy, and the joke will be on me. But if he turns me down before the whole bunch, we 'll know it 's because he 's afraid, and has been simply bluffing all along."

The plan, fertile with entertainment no matter which way it turned out, was received with enthusiasm, and an animated discussion arose in which Gilcrist was the only one to take no part. He did n't like the idea at all, but he knew Sutton well enough to realize that nothing he might say would move him from his purpose.

From the beginning, he had been attracted to Bob Ramsey, in spite of the latter's rough-

and-ready manner, and a shy liking developed which was strengthened rather than lessened by the new-comer's downfall. At first, Otis had to make all the advances. But at length he began to sense, through Ramsey's reserve and reticence, a touch of gruff friendliness in return.

It was too hateful that just at this point Lynn should come along with his scheme for reopening the sore subject, which would probably spoil everything. Gilcrist tried to tell himself that as long as he took no active part in the business, Ramsey might not hold him personally to blame. But this argument failed to give him any real comfort. Unfortunately, in his eagerness to have his new friend become one of the crowd, Gilcrist had used a good deal of persuasion to get him to take part in the forthcoming hike, and it would be only natural for Ramsey to think it all part of a put-up job.

When the crowd presently broke up, Gilcrist made his way home, troubled and uneasy. His faith in Ramsey had not wavered, but he knew better than the others how keenly Bob had taken to heart the sceptical sarcasm of Sutton and the others, and how furious he would be at what must seem like a fresh deliberate attempt at insult. Otis wished fervently that he could slip out of the whole beastly affair, but there seemed no possible way of escape. Nothing he could say would induce Sutton to change his mind. To put Ramsey on his guard would be breaking faith with his other friends. He could not even stay away from the hike, for Ramsey had agreed to go only in case he went himself. In short, it presently became apparent to the boy that he was quite helpless to do anything in the matter, and it was with a very uncomfortable sense of foreboding that he stood on the front porch next morning waiting for his friend to appear.

Promptly at nine, a door slammed in the neighboring house and a tall, broad-shouldered fellow ran down the steps, crossed the lawn, and vaulted the low fence which divided the two places.

"Well, you beat me to it," he remarked, pausing beside Otis.

In spite of his worry, Gilcrist's eyes brightened. It was the first time in days that he had seen his friend's dark, rough-hewn face without a disfiguring cloud of gloom. The lips, usually set in sulky curves, were almost smiling, and his whole expression was one of pleased anticipation.

"They got my lunch packed early," ex-

plained Gilcrist, hitching up the strap of his haversack. "Is n't it great it's such a dandy day?"

"I was n't worrying about that," shrugged Ramsey, as they set off down the street. "It has n't rained for a week. Where are we going to meet?"

Gilcrist told him, adding as much information as he could about the day's plans, and by the time he had finished, they were in sight of the school-house. The crowd gathered about the steps greeted Ramsey pleasantly—almost too pleasantly, in fact, Otis thought uncomfortably, remembering what the climax of the outing was to be.

All the way out to the glen, where they were to cook their lunch, the whole gang seemed to be making a special effort to be agreeable, and the result was that Ramsey had a far better time than Otis Gilcrist.

Apparently he had not the least suspicion that there was anything in the wind. Unfamiliar with the country, he could not realize, of course, that they were returning by an extremely roundabout route. Even when the crowd emerged from the woods and began to skirt a well-fenced pasture, he continued to talk and laugh—actually to laugh!—in the most unconstrained fashion.

Then all at once Gilcrist, watching him nervously, caught a change in his expression. They had come to a smaller pasture, where several horses were moving slowly about. Two high-pommeled saddles hung over the fence, a saddled horse, tethered by the bridle, stood outside the gate. As the boys paused to peer between the rails, Ramsey darted an odd glance at Lynn Sutton, who stood beside him, and Otis saw his face grow masklike.

"Are n't they some of the brones your uncle got from Texas, Lynn?" asked Frank Richardson, who had been well coached.

"Sure," nodded Sutton. "A car-load came in about two weeks ago. They look mighty good to me. Gee! If there is n't a couple of saddles, too. Sam must have started to break one of the brones and then been called away. I've half a mind to—Uncle Bennie always says I'm free to ride anything on the place." He turned suddenly to Ramsey. "What do you say, old man? Let's try out a couple of them for five minutes or so. It'll be like old times."

"Not for me," returned Ramsey, in a cool, level tone.

Sutton raised his eyebrows. "Oh, come!" he protested, a touch of sarcasm in his voice. "Surely you're not afraid?"

"It does n't make much difference to you whether I am or not, does it?" retorted the other, calmly.

For an instant Sutton looked distinctly put out. He had expected Ramsey to flush and show embarrassment, to deny the accusation with heat and bluster. This cool indifference he had not planned for.

"Well, I'll have to go it alone, then," he shrugged, struck by a new idea. "Say, Frank, you and Tommy help me saddle up, will you?"

Dale and Richardson acquiesced, and the rest of the crowd ranged themselves along the fence. They could not quite understand why Sutton had not seized this chance of branding Ramsey as a fakir; but knowing him of old, they felt he must have some good reason for holding back.

Sutton walked up to the tethered horse, which he had ridden more than once before, loosened the bridle-rein and swung himself lightly into the saddle. The gate opened and he rode into the pasture with just the faintest touch of flourish, swinging as he went the lariat which hung from the saddle-horn. Dale and Richardson followed, closing and fastening the gate behind them.

At Lynn's approach, the six brones promptly sought the farther side of the pasture which, in shape and size, was really more like a Western bronc-pen and was frequently used as such by Mr. Harris. Guiding his well-trained mount by deft touches of rein and heel, he swiftly cornered the brones, flung the rope with a practised twist of his wrist, and a moment later, one of the animals was down.

Intentionally or not, he had picked out an easy beast to saddle, for there are some brones who make comparatively little resistance until they feel the weight of the rider on their back. With the aid of Dale and Richardson, and amid the breathless attention of the onlookers, this task was expertly accomplished, and the animal, snorting, rolling his eyes, and making occasional little buck jumps, was dragged over to the fence and securely tied.

"Are n't you going to ride him?" demanded Stub Grissom, as Sutton mounted again.

"He's for Ramsey; I'm going to rope another for myself," grinned Lynn, glancing at the sullen, dark-haired boy standing so straight and still beside the troubled Gilcrist. "With me taking all the responsibility and doing all the work, I'm sure he won't be able to resist the chance of riding a real old-fashioned bronc again."

One of the boys giggled, and a dull red crept up into Ramsey's face. He made no comment, but Gilcrist, glancing sidewise, noted, with an odd mingling of admiration

This one was quite different from the first. Lynn had picked on a roan with white mane and tail; and the first time he threw his rope, the animal evaded it with a sudden agile leap to one side. Apparently undisturbed, Sutton gathered up the lariat and went after the bunch again, this time with more success. Down went the roan on the turf, kicking, squealing, and fighting furiously against the inevitable.

"We 'll have to saddle him while he's down," shouted Sutton, keeping the rope taut. "A couple more of you fellows come in and help, will you?"

There was no actual scrambling to obey the injunction. It was one thing to watch the excitement from the safe side of the fence, and quite another to come to close quarters with this vixenish beast, who seemed all flying hoofs and bared teeth. But finally two of the older fellows, Curtis and Al Slater, came forward, and while one of them fetched the saddle, the other three, under Lynn's direction, held the bronco down on his side.

The operation of adjusting the saddle took some time, and Gilcrist, happening to glance at Ramsey, was



"FOR A SINGLE INSTANT THE HORSE STOOD MOTIONLESS" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

surprised to see on his face an expression of mingled anxiety and indecision which puzzled Otis. His eyes were fixed intently on the scene inside the pasture, and while Sutton was busily engaged putting on the saddle, his lips parted impulsively, only to close again the next moment in the old stubborn line.

With considerable difficulty, Sutton tightened the cinch and put on the bridle. Then, leaving the others to hold the bronco, he led the horse he had been using outside the mouth and chin.

"He looks as if nothing would ever make him change his mind," Otis thought uneasily. "I do wish I knew whether Lynn was right or not. I'm sure he is n't; but if Bob can ride why does n't he do it?"

His reflections were broken by the thud of hoofs inside the fence, and in an instant every other consideration was lost in the excitement of watching Sutton capture the second bronco.

With considerable difficulty, Sutton tightened the cinch and put on the bridle. Then, leaving the others to hold the bronco, he led the horse he had been using outside the



pasture and tied him. Returning, he paused beside the fence near Ramsey and flung his rope carelessly across the rail. His face was flushed and his eyes full of triumph at having accomplished what he knew to be a difficult and ticklish business.

"All real?" he inquired, looking meaningly at Ramsy. "My bronc 's the worst; I 'll have to mount him while he 's down. But I guess the other one has enough life in him to give you some fun."

"You 'd better let that cayuse alone," said Ramsey, laconically. "He 's a bad actor."

Sutton stared. "Oh, really?" he drawled in a slightly nettled tone. "You think so, do you?"

"I know so," retorted Ramsey, curtly.

Lynn's lips curled slightly. "You seem to know a lot, if a person can judge by your talk," he said contemptuously. "I 'd say it was about time for you to show us. Are you going to ride that bronc?"

"I am not. How many times do you want me to tell you that?"

"You need n't trouble yourself again," sneered Sutton, turning away. "I 've got your number now. I had an idea you were nothing but a bluff, and now I know."

"Are n't you going to ride, either?" asked one of the boys, in a disappointed tone.

"Sure I am!" called back Sutton. "You don't suppose I 've taken all this trouble for nothing?"

Straddling the prostrate bronco, he took the bridle in one hand.

"When I give the word, you fellows all let go at once and jump for the fence," he said. "Once he 's on his feet, I can handle him alone, but I 've got to have plenty of room. Are you all ready?—*Beat it!*"

At the command, the four boys released their hold and raced for the fence. As the bronco scrambled to his feet, Sutton's back straightened, his toes shot into the stirrups with accustomed ease, and he was automatically lifted to his feet. For a single instant the horse stood motionless, neck stretched out and teeth viciously bared. And in that breathless pause, Gilcrist, smitten by a sudden, unaccountable sense of foreboding, found time to flash at his companion a momentary glance which confirmed his worst fears.

Eyes riveted on horse and rider, and utterly oblivious to all else, Ramsey stood close against the fence like a figure carved from stone. A moment before, his face had been dark with fury. Now it was lint-white, with muscles strained across his jaw and chin, and

narrowed lids that showed his keen black eyes through merest slits.

"He ought to have been stopped!" gasped Gilcrist, intuitively. "We should n't—"

Too late! Uttering an angry screech, the bronco shook his head viciously and suddenly started across the pasture at a dead run. Sutton evidently tried his best to turn him by dragging on one rein, but the brute seemed to have a jaw of iron, and he was only partially successful. With the blind recklessness of utter madness, the horse struck the farther fence slantingly with a force which flung him back several feet and made Lynn reel unsteadily in the saddle. An instant later, the brute dropped his head and began to pitch.

At the very first buck it became evident to the now frightened onlookers that there was something wrong with Sutton. His face was white and drawn with pain, and, though he managed to keep his seat for several jumps, he swayed dangerously in the saddle. Then suddenly—to the helpless, horrified watchers it all seemed to happen in the twinkling of an eye—the bronco leaped into the air with a whirling motion which turned him half around. As his fore feet struck the ground, Lynn was flung out of the saddle, to land with crushing force a dozen feet away, where he lay motionless, a crumpled heap.

A gasping shudder went through the crowd and one of the smaller boys began to cry. Gilcrist, watching the movements of the maddened bronco, suddenly gave a gasp of horror and leaped for the fence.

"Bob!" he cried. "The beast 's going for him! Can't you—"

His words clipped off at the realization that Ramsey was no longer beside him. A second later he saw a tall, lithe figure vault the fence farther down, apparently straight into the saddle of the tethered bronco. But the animal was no longer tethered. Either Ramsey had slashed the bridle with his knife, or else hastily untied it. For as he struck the saddle, the horse danced out into the pasture, reared up on his hind legs, and then started to run.

For all his fright and horror, Gilcrist was conscious of a wave of self-reproach that, for even a fleeting instant, he could possibly have doubted the ability of his friend. Thighs rigid, body supple, easy, swaying a little with every movement of the frantic beast, Ramsey kept his seat without the slightest evidence of effort. One hand held the shortened bridle with an iron grip that became quickly evident in the horse's lessening speed. With



the other, in some extraordinary manner, he was coiling the rope he had evidently snatched from the fence-rail as he passed.

And yet, for all his speed he was not a moment too soon. Not content with throwing his hated burden, Sutton's roan, after tossing his head with a triumphant whinny, had turned about and was advancing on the senseless boy, head outstretched and yellow teeth bared in vicious fashion.

Apparently oblivious of the rider coming up behind, he was within three or four feet of where Sutton lay when Ramsey's rope, whirling through the air, dropped accurately over his head and tightened with a sudden jerk.

Ramsey had twisted the other end around the saddle-horn, and, with the greatest effort, managed to force his own frightened, skittish mount back a dozen feet, dragging the roan with him. But the situation was still precarious. The bronco herode, entirely untrained and already frightened nearly out of his wits, was utterly undependable and likely at any moment to break away from his control and free the roan.

"Hurry up and get him out, you fellows," Ramsey shouted to Gilchrist and two or three others who had climbed the fence and were hesitating doubtfully at the edge of the pasture. "I can't hold this beast very long."

Otis and two other boys started to obey Ramsey's order. They were still a dozen feet away when the gate was flung open and Sam Kaylor, Mr. Harris's right-hand man, rode swiftly into the pasture, swinging his lariat. Coming in from a distant part of the farm,

the shouts and general commotion had attracted his attention, and he cantered over in time to witness the climax of the affair.

He took in the situation at a glance and, loosening his rope, urged his horse forward at a gallop. A moment later he had dexterously thrown the struggling roan, when Ramsey



"RAMSEY'S ROPE DROPPED OVER HIS HEAD AND TIGHTENED WITH A JERK"

had not been able quite to down, and held him helpless while, at his direction, two of the boys removed Sutton, unsaddled the bronco, and opened the gate into the larger pasture.

The other broncos lost no time in dashing through it to freedom; and when the two lariat were taken off the roan, he instantly followed, evidently having had his fill of human society.

"How 'd that brute get in here?" growled Kaylor, striding over and gripping the bridle of Ramsey's mount close up to the bit.

"Have n't the least idea," panted the boy, brushing one sleeve across his dripping face. "He was with the others when we first came."

"Must have been that fool Jed!" snorted Kaylor. "The boss told him to run six of 'em in here, and he 's got just about enough sense to pick that outlaw along with the rest." He paused, his thin lips curving in a slow smile. "Where 'd you learn to ride, son?" he asked.

Ramsey slid out of the saddle and bent to unbuckle the cinch. "In Montana," he answered, flushing a little. "I was brought up on a ranch there."

"I 'll say you was," nodded Kaylor, approvingly. "It 's some stunt to rope a beast like that roan from another bronco. Easy, boy, easy."

He spoke soothingly to the horse while they removed saddle and bridle, and then sent him flying with a gentle slap.

"I hope the kid ain't hurt," he went on, as they started for the gate. "How 'd he come to get thrown? Generally he can stick on anything with four legs."

Briefly Ramsey told him; and together they hastened from the pasture, where Kaylor's anxiety was set at rest by the sight of Sutton sitting on the grass surrounded by the other boys and apparently little the worse for his adventure save for a prominent swelling on his forehead and a series of deep scratches along one cheek.

"It was that beastly squeeze against the fence that did it," he was saying. "I did n't seem to have a particle of strength left in that leg; it 's a wonder to me I—stayed—on."

Suddenly meeting Ramsey's eyes over Gilcrist's shoulder, his voice trailed off into silence and a deep flush crept up to the very roots of his fair hair. Impulsively he tried to gain his feet, only to slip back with a twisted, embarrassed smile.

"I—I 'll be all right—in a minute," he murmured, his glance shifting. "It 's only a little strained."

He paused, biting his lips, and Gilcrist, filled with delight and overwhelming satisfaction at his friend's dramatic vindication, decided he had never seen Lynn so utterly at a loss before. Then all at once Sutton's lips straightened and his level gaze sought Ramsey's again.

"The fellows have been telling me—" he began awkwardly. "I—I guess I 've been an awful donkey, Ramsey."

"Oh, I don't know about that," returned the Westerner, almost as much embarrassed. "You would n't have been thrown but for that squeeze."

"I was n't thinking of that." Sutton drew a long breath and a little twinkle came into his eyes. "You certainly did put it all over me," he confessed. "I was so *dead* sure you could n't ride."

"That 's where you made one mighty big mistake," put in Sam Kaylor, gruffly. "This kid acts to me as if he was pretty near born on horseback."

"Oh, I know that, Sam," shrugged Sutton. "Don't rub it in when I 'm giving such a beautiful imitation of a crawling worm." Again his glance sought Ramsey's. "But what was the idea? Why would n't you show us until—you had to?"

Ramsey drew himself up a little. "When you fellows would n't believe what I said, I—I was n't going to—to prove it by doing—stunts," he returned stiffly.

Again the blood crept up into Sutton's face and his eyes fell. One outstretched hand grasped a twig, which he began to break absently into little pieces. Suddenly he looked up, his face serious.

"I 'm—sorry," he said simply. "We—were all donkeys, and I was the worst of the lot. I 'll lay down and let you walk on me if you like," he added, his lips twisting in a whimsical smile.

For the first time Ramsey's face lightened. He was a friendly soul at heart and he had not enjoyed this period of self-imposed aloofness.

"I 'll wait till your leg 's well before I try that," he shrugged.

Sutton laughed. "Good! You 're a bit too husky to do any very light stepping. Give us a hand, will you? I believe I can stand on the blooming thing now."

Ramsey bent over and, catching Sutton's outstretched hand, drew him easily to his feet. As their fingers met he was conscious of a pressure on the other's part, a little harder and a trifle more prolonged than seemed quite necessary. And Lynn's eyes, serious for the moment, gazed straight into his and thanked him mutely.

That was all. But Bob Ramsey would have hated anything more; and as Sutton limped over to speak to Kaylor, the Westerner took hold of Gilcrist's arm and pinched it.

"Not a half-bad day after all, Gil," he said smilingly. "I 'm rather glad you nagged me into coming."



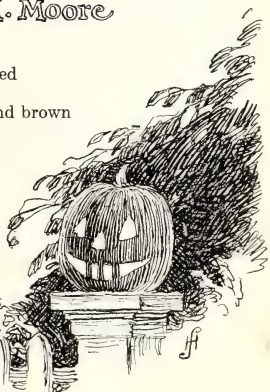
# Lucky Jack

By Daisy M. Moore

**T**HIS is the way the pumpkin looked  
Under the autumn sun,  
As he lay in the corn-field gold and brown  
When hard frosts had begun!

Fine as a pumpkin ever grew,—  
Plump and shiny and gold,—  
He sometimes wished for eyes, that he  
This fine world might behold!

And, wonder of wonders! it came to pass—  
What he'd wished with all his might;  
For this is the way Jack-o'-lantern looked  
On a post on Hallowe'en night!



MONKEYVILLE FAILS TO STOP THE TWO-TON HALF-BACK WHO SCORES 200 IN THE FIRST QUARTER!



# BOYS AND GIRLS AND THEIR BOOKS

*Children's Book Week, November 13-19, 1921*

THE third observance of Children's Book Week will begin on November 13, and during these seven days many agencies, such as the public libraries, the schools, the churches, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Boy Scouts, and the Girl Scouts, will direct attention to the fact that books are about the best friends one can have—and there are few people who do not want to make as many good and lasting friendships as they can.

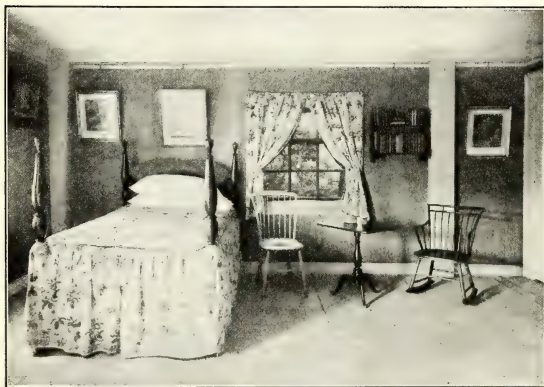
Most readers of ST. NICHOLAS probably do not need this special urge to read and own books, but they can do their share in spreading the joy there is in good literature by telling their friends what is worth reading. In this same number of ST. NICHOLAS Hildergarde Hawthorne says, "Training your capacity for reading, your understanding of the fine things of literature, is another sure pathway toward your happiness job. . . . The love of books is a great love, a great power for happiness, and you can train yourself to find that love."

Boys and girls of this generation, so some

timated in the books especially written for them, and their parents were apt to think the books they themselves enjoyed were too old for their children.

Then some people began to realize children had a greater capacity than they had been credited with for understanding and appreciating what was fine in literature. It was the realization of this that brought about the founding of ST. NICHOLAS exactly forty-eight years ago. And with a champion of the boys and girls in the field, authors were encouraged to write for children, and thus a great impetus was given to the publication of books for young readers. To-day there is a rich field to browse in, and, instead of half a dozen volumes, there are hundreds to satisfy the hunger for information, entertainment, and culture that seizes so many of the million and a half boys and girls in this country who come into the reading age every year. We are told by one leading authority among librarians that America is giving more thought to the subject of children's reading than is any other country.

So perhaps this may be called the golden age of literature for boys and girls. Certainly it is, as compared with other days and years, and only so long ago as the time of Lincoln's boyhood. In the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE this month one contributor writes, as her favorite episode in American history, the story of the book which Lincoln borrowed, and, as it became damaged while in his possession, had to work three days to pay for. Lincoln loved his books. He preferred them to hunting, trapping, and



Courtesy of Four Seasons Co.

BETSY PEIRCE ROOM IN THE NICHOLS HOUSE AT SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS,  
BUILT IN 1782 BY SAMUEL MCINTIRE

of the older folks say, are living in a fortunate age. These fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers tell that when they were boys and girls the choice of books for their special delectation was limited. Their intelligence was usually underes-

other frontier sports that attracted his companions. His private book-case was between the logs next to his bed; and the books kept there were the Bible, "Æsop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and Weems's "Life of Washington." Lin-



coln read his books over and over, and made each one a choice and lasting friend. The style of the authors who became his teachers, so to speak, gave him a command of precise English which has never been excelled, and rarely equaled by any writer.

Another American boy, one who climbed the heights of literary and editorial fame—Thomas Bailey Aldrich—leaves us a record of his boyhood days at his grandfather's house in Portsmouth, N. H., and the photograph of his own room, reproduced on this page, is described in his book, "The Story of a Bad Boy," which, by the way, was published serially in 1869 in "Our Young Folks," a magazine later taken over by ST. NICHOLAS. The room in the Nutter house is the same as it was then, for it is now the Aldrich Memorial. The Aldrich, with its two hundred and sixty-eight birds ("not counting those split in two where the paper was badly joined"), is still on the wall; there are a small bed covered with a patchwork quilt, a chest of carved mahogany drawers, and, most important of all, over the head of the bed a book-shelf on which young Tom kept his books. "Shall I ever forget the hour," he asks, "when I first overhauled my books? The thrill that ran through my fingers' ends then has not run out yet. Many a time did I steal up to this nest of a room, and, taking the dog-eared volume from its shelf, glide off into an enchanted realm, where there were no lessons to get and no boys to smash my kite." This early contact with books turned Aldrich toward literary rather than commercial aspirations. In reading his biography it is not surprising to find he remained in his uncle's bank but three years, forsaking business for writing and editing. Early volumes of ST. NICHOLAS contain verse and stories from his pen, and later numbers record biographical sketches which show that he was a healthy, happy, unspoiled lad.

Girls of New England had their private book-cases as well as the boys, and with this

sketch is reproduced the room of Betsy Peirce in the famous mansion of her family in old Salem (one of Samuel McIntire's works of art). The first glance into this charming room reveals the hanging book-shelves and their full cargo of well-thumbed volumes.



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH'S ROOM IN THE NUTTER HOUSE AT PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

As boys and girls in each generation play the same games their fathers and mothers did, it is not surprising that the sense of ownership and the treasuring of one's own things come as naturally. That books often head the list of our best-loved possessions is not strange. Our librarians, especially children's librarians, are often called upon to be book counselors as well as book distributors, and through their guidance many a book-shelf such as Thomas Bailey Aldrich had finds its way to the walls of the rooms of American boys and girls. May good books to fill these shelves and enrich their young owners' minds increase from year to year!

AND as a postscript to Children's Book Week in America, it will be of interest also to know that in England in this very month of November important notice of children and their books will be taken. A five-act comedy by Lord Lytton, "Not So Bad As We Seem," first given, with a cast which included Charles Dickens, in 1851 before Queen Victoria, will be revived for a special performance. The proceeds (which are likely to be large, for the least expensive seat is \$26) will go toward rescuing Dickens' boy-

hood home from decay and furnishing it as a library, so that the children of this poor quarter of London (the kind of children the great novelist knew and loved, for he once lived among them), may have some books

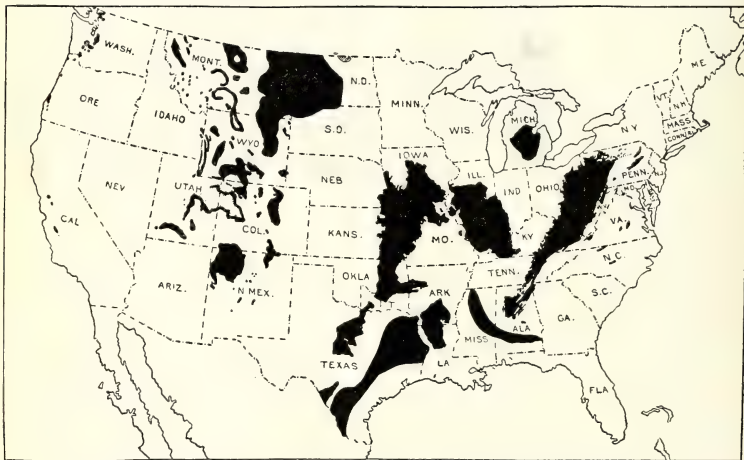
of their own and a pleasant, quiet place in which to read them. The project is being organized by the Children's Libraries Movement, of which the American ambassador is honorary president. *G. F. Thomson.*

## UNCLE SAM'S COAL-BINS

By PAULINE BARR

MOTHER EARTH has a lot of children, black ones and white ones, brown ones and yellow ones and red ones—such a lot that you'd hardly think she could feed them all and clothe them and keep them warm. Now all

no men in our house, but only queer-looking animals such as you and I have never seen. Do you know how she made the coal? Well, she took a lot of leaves and ferns when they dropped to the ground, and as they began



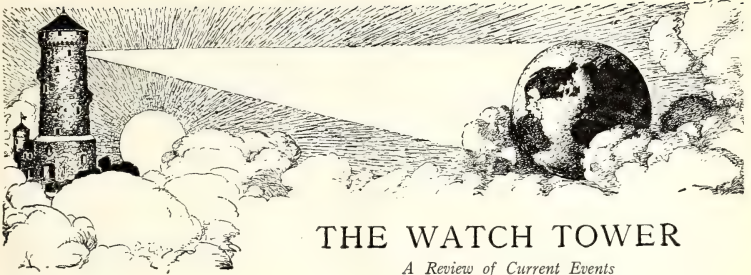
MAP OF THE UNITED STATES SHOWING, IN BLACK, THE IMPORTANT DEPOSITS OF COAL

these children of hers are divided into various groups and live in houses of different kinds and sizes. We live with our Uncle Sam in a large and wonderful house called The United States of America. There are forty-eight rooms in this house,—some folks call them forty-eight States,—and in the rooms are "all the modern conveniences." For instance, there is running water (rivers and streams) in every room.

Under some of the rooms are the coal-bins. Mother Earth has been filling them for us during all the long centuries since the world was young, since the time when there were

to decay she covered them over with sand and dirt. This kept all the moisture out, and in the course of time, as other layers of sand and dirt were piled on top, the mass of vegetation grew harder and blacker, and harder and blacker, and to-day we call it coal. Mother Earth is still making coal in some places—for instance, in the Dismal Swamp of Virginia and North Carolina, and in the peat-bogs of Ireland. Before the coal is hard and black it is called peat.

You will see from the map under what parts of our national house our coal-bins lie. Do you live in a room which is over a coal-bin?



## THE WATCH TOWER

*A Review of Current Events*

By EDWARD N. TEALL

### THE ARMAMENT CONFERENCE

NOVEMBER, 1921, will be a famous month in history. The international conference at Washington for discussion of the possibility of limiting armaments and of the relations of the powers interested in the lands that border on the Pacific Ocean will make it so.

Secretary Hughes, after a long correspondence with the Governments that will be represented, suggested a number of topics for discussion. One of them was the future of Russia. How shall her territorial integrity be guaranteed? In other words, what arrangements can be made to preserve the Russian people and to enable them to establish a government that will give the people peace and an opportunity to work for their own welfare? Probably the powers will have to act as trustees for Russia until such a government has been set up. Russia cannot continue as she is without danger to all the nations.

Affairs in China are of great concern to the other nations. What is the real government of China—the one at Peking or the one at Canton? the old government or the new, republican one? China has always been subject to exploitation by foreign powers; can the conference work out some fair arrangement that will enable China to enjoy what is rightfully hers? Can the other nations get together in a way that will help China's development?

The islands of the Pacific present many questions of supreme interest to England, Japan, and the United States. Should they be fortified, and if so on what terms? Should different nations be allowed to exert special influence or control in different regions, or should all nations be permitted to trade without preference of one over another?

As things are now, the United States has special influence in the Philippines; Australia and New Zealand keep to themselves the former German islands in the south Pacific.

There must be an agreement about immigration, and the matter of cable communications is vitally important.

The future of Siberia is another topic of great interest. It represents some of the difficulties the conference must meet, and some of the great advantages that will result from this remarkable meeting of representatives of the strongest powers. Japan's interest in Siberia is such that she may well hesitate to discuss it openly with delegates from other countries. It is a delicate subject. But just because it is that, there is the more to be gained from full and frank discussion. Better to have the subject thrashed out at the conference table and come to a fair understanding, than to wait for conflict to develop from the clash of national interests.

Of course, the conference cannot help being connected in the public mind with the League of Nations. There is no reason why the League and the conference should be anything but helpful to each other. The League has done nothing but good in the world, but the League cannot do what this conference, with the United States Government represented in it, can do.

The one thing to be hoped for is that the conference will not try to do too much. If it can bring about an understanding among the great powers that will lead to a marked reduction of the tremendous expenditures for navies and lighten the load of taxation for military establishments, and if it can result in a clear and open understanding among the governments of what international relations are to be in and about the Pacific







sion, but some Porto Ricans are inclined to put the banner of the single star higher in their affections than the Stars and Stripes.

Gov. Reily made it quite plain to the island people that Porto Rico could not have two flags, and that the one that was to remain was that of the United States of America. Late in September, it was reported that the Unionist party had voted in favor of statehood.

It would be most interesting to hear from some of our readers who have been in Porto Rico—perhaps from some native Porto Rican boy or girl—who can tell us just how things are really going in the island to which the United States offers the privilege of membership in this great Union of States.

### HIGHEST UP AND FARTHEST SOUTH

THERE are still a few things to be learned about this earth, and two expeditions are now trying to learn them. One is climbing Mount Everest and the other is exploring the antarctic.

Mount Everest is the highest mountain in the world. It rises 29,002 feet above sea-level. If that extra two feet suggests that we are "getting it down too fine," don't



Wide World Photos

THE RUINED TIBETAN FORTRESS OF KAMPA DZONG

The geometry that you study in high school is the first step toward such achievements.

The expedition is the most carefully planned and best equipped of its kind ever sent out. The Royal Geographical Society, of London, and the Alpine Club are united in the undertaking. The king of England is officially represented, and of course it includes masters of several sciences to make the observations and studies that alone render such an expedition really worth while.

One member of the expedition, Dr. Kellas, died of heart failure at the Tibetan city of Kampa Dzong. He was buried on the mountain-side, within sight of the great peak



Wide World Photos

SCOUTS MARR AND MOONEY, CAPTAIN WILDE, AND SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON  
PHOTOGRAPHED JUST BEFORE THE "QUEST" SAILED FOR THE ANTARCTIC

blame us. The scientists have measured the altitude, and no doubt they could have carried it out to inches if they had cared to.

whose summit he had hoped to reach.

The other expedition is Sir Ernest Shackleton's into the antarctic. The little ship in

which the Shackleton expedition will venture into the frozen seas at the southern tip of the earth—we understand it bulges enough in the middle and tapers down enough at the poles to make it proper to speak of the north and south poles as tips—is called the *Quest*, and is said to be just about the sturdiest little craft and the best suited for such a venture that ever smashed through a field of ice.

The days of exploration and adventure are not over yet!

Two Boy Scouts—lucky chaps!—will go into the antarctic with Sir Ernest. The picture shows them with Sir Ernest and his second in command, Captain Wilde. The boys are Patrol Leader N. E. Mooney, of Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands, and Patrol Leader J. W. S. Marr, of Aberdeen, Scotland. Mooney is seventeen years old, Marr is eighteen. They were chosen because, as Sir R. Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, wrote in bidding them farewell, "You are the best fellows that the Scout movement can produce"; adding, "You cannot fail if you stick to the Scout law. . . . 'Be prepared,' and you will come through with success."

### SPAIN AND MOROCCO

THE Strait of Gibraltar, between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, has Spain on one side of it and the north coast of Africa on the other. On that coast is Morocco, the land of the Moors. For over a thousand years the Moors and the Spaniards have been enemies. The Moors invaded Spain, and, in the last century, the Spaniards have invaded Morocco. In the Spanish accounts and legends which Washington Irving collected in some of his books, you may read tales of the time when the Moors ruled in Granada, to its conquest from them by the Spaniards in 1492.

The history of the present war between Spaniard and Moor goes back to 1905, when Germany, preparing for the great conquests which she hoped to make, opposed the agreement between France and England, whereby France gave England a free hand in Egypt, while England left Morocco to the French. In 1906, the Algeiras Conference was held to discuss international relations in northern Africa. France proved stronger than Germany had thought, and England supported the French, so that Germany had to agree to leave Morocco to them.

France and Spain then made a treaty whereby the northern part of Morocco,

along the coast, was set aside as a Spanish "sphere of influence," while the southern part was a French "sphere." Both of these zones of influence were under the Sultan of Morocco, but France and Spain agreed to permit each other to engage in trade, each in its assigned sphere, without opposition from the other.

During the World War, Morocco was left pretty much to itself; but after the armistice and the treaty, France and Spain sent commissioners and military forces to take control. Operations were begun at the opening of the year 1920. Spain's commissioner was General Berenguer, and her army of 50,000 was commanded by General Silvestre. The French were successful in the south, but the Spanish army did not have such good fortune.

The year passed, and all the Spaniards had succeeded in doing was to establish a number of posts which were held by Spanish garrisons, to be sure, but with unsatisfactory lines of communication.

In the spring of this present year, the Spaniards resumed their campaign, and in July their forces met with a great defeat. The inland posts were retaken by the Moors, the occupied territory recovered, and the Spanish losses in killed and wounded were large enough to alarm the Government and cause considerable misgiving among the people. Recruiting for the Spanish Foreign Legion has been carried on in America.

In September, it was reported that there were 60,000 Spanish troops concentrated about Melilla, in the east. The Moorish tribesmen were besieging them, and the city was under constant fire. Tribesmen hidden in the hills about the city were attacked by cavalry expeditions.

It was said that the nature of the Moorish resistance to Spanish operations indicated the presence of some skilful and energetic leader, and the report was that he was a young Moor, named Abd-el-Krin, who had been educated in Spain.

### THE GIRL SCOUTS

OCTOBER 16 to 24 was Girl Scout Week. If that was n't an important current event, we don't know what would be.

You see, there are 107,000 Girl Scouts in the United States to-day, and new members at the rate of 3000 or so a month are making the "Promise." That Promise would n't stay out of this article even if, instead of

welcoming it gladly, as we do, we were to try to keep it out:

On My Honor, I Will Try:  
To do my duty to God and my Country;  
To help other people at all times;  
To obey the Scout Laws.

And the laws, of which there are ten, show the Girl Scout ideals: to be honorable, loyal, helpful to others, a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout; to be courteous, kind to animals, obedient to orders, cheerful, thrifty, and clean in thought, word, and deed. With 107,000 girls pledged to those laws, and 3000 more girls falling into line every month, it's evident that something is happening that is important to America.

It means this, too: that there is need of new leaders all the time. What a chance for young women who like to "do things"! Those who volunteer to help train the girls in homemaking, health-building, and citizenship are going to learn something themselves—and they are not going to get old very fast!

#### THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE old *Olympia*, Admiral Dewey's flagship at Manila, was selected for the honor of bringing home from France America's Unknown Soldier, to be buried with national honors at Arlington on Armistice Day. All business and pleasure throughout the nation will stand at rest while "taps" are sounded at the grave.

GREECE says she is fighting for the ancient rights of her people in Asia Minor. She is putting her whole strength into her war with Turkey—all her resources in men and money. Greece did not win our favor by her conduct toward the Allies in the first part of the World War, nor in restoring Constantine to the throne after the war was over.

MEXICO has had a long history of revolution, but there are many people in Mexico who want to see their country peaceful and orderly, enjoying the friendship of other nations and sharing in the world's business. In September, it seemed that Mexico was ready to be more reasonable in her treatment of foreigners who have invested money there.



THE GIRL SCOUT HOLDS THE BABY WHILE THE MOTHER VOTES

FERDINAND FOCH, marshal of France, will be the guest of the United States this autumn. He will be here, and will have won our hearts, by the time these lines reach our readers. The man who unified the Allied armies and led them to victory will, by his visit, forge another link in that chain which binds us closely to France. And General Pershing's recent visit to France and England to honor the "unknown soldier" of those countries will still further strengthen the ties that unite us.

ON September 16 the British light cruiser *Dauntless* brought home the bodies of fifteen Americans who lost their lives when the monster airship ZR-2 was wrecked. The airship, as you will remember, fell into the Humber River at Hull, in England, late in August, at the end of a trial flight. The huge dirigible buckled in one of her midship sections, blew up and fell, all afire, into the river. Forty-four of the forty-nine English and American officers and men who were aboard at the time were killed.



## NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK



A MODEL IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT WASHINGTON, SHOWING HOW PETROLEUM IS COLLECTED BY NATURE

### PETROLEUM DEPOSITS

THE production of petroleum in the United States increased from five million barrels in 1870 to 376,000,000 barrels in 1919. Yet, enormous as was this production, it was less than our consumption; and we were dependent on foreign countries for sufficient supplies to meet our needs. Nor should any one imagine that new oil-fields will be discovered or new wells opened in old fields to an extent sufficient largely to increase the supply we have left. In the last ten years (to January 1, 1919) our oil exploration has increased our reserves by less than enough to run us for three years. Further finds will be made, but they are unlikely to be more than locally important.

So say the geologists; and they have good cause to know whereof they speak. They say, also, that the belief held by many people that petroleum is still being formed below the surface of the ground, much as wheat is being grown on its surface, at a rate sufficient to balance our consumption, is the wildest nonsense. Oil is being formed, beyond a doubt, but it will be a thousand years and

more before any "pool" that begins to accumulate to-day will be of the slightest use to mankind.

The way in which petroleum is collected by nature and made available for our use is shown in the illustration, made from a model in the National Museum at Washington, the upper half of which is an ordinary surface view, and the lower half, a vertical section that cuts the rocks beneath the surface.

Parts of three separate oil deposits are shown. All of them lie between strata that are tipped upward on the left and all begin far down in the depths of the earth; but each ends in a different way. The actual occurrence of three such deposits so close to each other would be unusual; the three are grouped together merely for easy study.

The deposit farthest to the right reaches the surface; or, more accurately speaking, the surface reaches it. Oil really is forced upward, just as artesian water is forced upward, in places where the force that lifts it is strong enough to overcome the resistance of the rocks; but most oil-seeps appear to be due to the cutting down of the ground sur-



face by the erosion of running surface waters, for most of them occur in valleys (as in the illustration) and not on heights.

Such a deposit as this first one is shallow, and ordinarily has little pressure behind it to force it up and comparatively little oil to be forced up. Usually it is of little value. The illustration shows no derricks on the hills back of it, thus indicating that it is not being worked.

The second of the three deposits is much like the first, except that it has not yet reached the surface—or that the surface has not yet been cut down to it. Nevertheless, the strata between which it lies apparently continue their slanting course to the surface; and as it has pressure beneath it and as the contact between two different strata is likely to be a plane of weakness the oil is probably being forced very slowly upward between them. No gas, which to some extent accompanies all oil deposits, is shown in the illustration, indicating that any that was once there has filtered through the rocks (probably along the strata contact) and has escaped into the air. However, this gas might very well have been drawn off through the many wells whose derricks are shown on the hills in the background. (Most of these appear to tap this second deposit, but the wells themselves cannot be shown in the model, for they are too far in the background.)

The third deposit (on the left) differs markedly from the other two. The strata between which it has been forced surfaceward evidently do not continue on the same slant to the surface. Instead, they curl over and begin to trend downward, forming an "anticline," which traps the gas and the oil, permits neither of them to reach the surface, and compels both to form an accumulation, known as a "pool." (This pool is cut off *in the model* by a slanting dotted line, which would, of course, never occur in nature; everything to the left of this line belongs to another model.)

"Anticlinal" pools are ordinarily the most valuable of all. Most of them are topped by a gas pool (shown in white in the illustration), which may be valuable; and practically all of them have much pressure behind them to force them, through any well that may tap them, to the surface of the ground, perhaps as a "gusher."

The pressure behind all oil deposits comes from water, which, from its mode of occurrence, is called "artesian." The principle

is simple: If water is poured into one arm of a tube curved like the letter U, it will, of course, rise in the other arm to the same height. If the other arm is sealed, say halfway down, so that the water cannot rise, it will press against the seal. Ordinarily, it will trap a little air between it and the seal. And if the water contains anything that is lighter than itself, say oil, this oil will in time rise and accumulate on the surface of the water just below the trapped air. If, now, a hole is poked in the seal, the air will first be forced out by the pressure beneath; the floating oil will come next; and the water last.

Exactly so is it in an oil deposit, except that instead of being confined in a tube, the oil, etc., is confined in a curved sheet lying between two layers of rock. The water is "poured in" by rain, which falls and sinks in on higher ground miles and miles away; and if this source is high enough, the pressure at the other side of the "U" will be great, particularly if the air (gas), oil, and water are trapped by an anticline. And when the anticline is pierced by a well, gas, oil, and water will be forced out in turn. When the water begins to come, the well is done for.

CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT.

### THE HEAT EYE

THE war of yesterday was disastrous enough in its effect upon nations, but the war of tomorrow, with its added devices of destruction, products of the minds of our scientists and inventors, may destroy civilization itself. "The Heat Eye" is one example of the perfecting of war's mechanism, and presented, as it is, in November, the month of the disarmament conference in Washington, may serve as a further object lesson, and a warning, too, that unless we limit *our* armaments and discourage preparation for war, we may be destroyed by our own inventive genius.

Boys and girls of to-day are so familiar with radio-telegraphy and the idea of electromagnetic waves radiating through the ether that it is not as difficult for them to conceive of light as a wave action as it used to be for the boys and girls of the previous generation. However, it is just as astounding to-day as it ever was to learn that the vibrations must run as high as 450 trillion (450,000,000,000,000) per second before the eye will take the slightest notice of them! The eye will then see them as a dull red glow. As the rate of vibration increases, the color of the light changes



THE NEW INSTRUMENT THAT DETECTS OBJECTS IN THE DARK BY THEIR BODILY HEAT

through all the hues of the rainbow until, at the violet end of the rainbow, where the vibrations run up above 700 trillion, the eye is no longer able to see any light. Just as our ears are deaf to vibrations below 32 per second and above 36,000 per second, so our eyes, which are infinitely more sensitive, are blind to vibrations below 450 trillion and above 700 trillion per second. In fact, our range of vision is very limited indeed.

There are rays beyond the range of the eye. Those below the red are known as infra-red rays, and those beyond the other end of the spectrum as the ultra-violet. The infra-red rays are heat rays, which we can feel, but not see. Every body that is warmer than its surroundings is radiating these rays. They are very similar to the visible light waves. They travel in straight lines and can be reflected and refracted, but they will not go through glass; in fact, there are few substances that are transparent to heat rays, one of the notable exceptions being rock-salt. While glass lenses cannot be used to focus the rays, a concave mirror may be used to gather the

rays that fall upon it and bring them to a focus. With such mirrors, very delicate heat measurements have been made, such as the heat of the moon and of the distant stars.

During the Great War, each side turned to its scientists for help in solving the many problems that came up. In previous wars, the fighting had usually been confined to the daylight hours, and seldom were there any night battles, because of the difficulty of distinguishing friend from foe. But in the World War, particularly after the conflict had settled down to trench warfare, the battles went on day and night; in fact, the activity was greater when concealed by the cloak of darkness. How to put a stop to night raids, scouting, and other operations proved a baffling problem. Flares were used to illuminate "No-Man's-Land," and star-shells, that threw out brilliant candles suspended from parachutes so that they would settle slowly to the ground. But these lights were not adequate. The enemy would drop to the ground and remain motionless while the light was burning, only to resume

operations when all was dark again. Something better than an occasional flare was needed to put a stop to these night activities.

It was not until the closing months of the war that the answer was found and an instrument made that would see the enemy in the dark. By the time the instrument was ready for actual service at the front, the German lines had begun to give way and night raids were no longer a menace, but the possibilities of the instrument were demonstrated thoroughly before it was sent to the trenches.

The new instrument detected objects by their bodily heat. Every warm-blooded animal radiates heat. You can prove it by putting a cold hand close to your warm cheek, when you will feel the radiation of heat from your face. If our eyes were built to see heat rays below the red end of the spectrum, men and animals would glow at night with a reddish light. Obviously, under such conditions, night raids would be impracticable. The problem, then, was to make an artificial eye that would be sensitive to radiant heat, and then, no matter how black the night, the enemy could not escape the gaze of this heat eye.

As shown in the drawing, the apparatus was composed of two parts, one consisting of a 24-inch parabolic mirror with a highly sensitive thermopile at the focus of the mirror, and the other of a very delicate galvanometer, with which the slight electric currents produced by the play of heat rays on the thermopile were detected.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the thermopile, we must explain the nature of that apparatus. When two strips of metal that have widely different electrical properties are joined at one end and heated at the joint, an electrical stress is set up which results in a flow of current, if the circuit is completed by connecting the opposite ends of the strips. While one couple of strips gives a weak current of very low voltage, a number may be connected in series to build up the voltage to an appreciable amount.

The inset in our drawing shows the type of thermopile that was used. It consisted of fine hairlike wires of bismuth and of silver soldered together in couples which were connected in series. This furnished an exceedingly sensitive thermopile, which had to be handled very carefully and protected from the slightest changes of temperature. The hairlike wires were stretched across a narrow slit in a porcelain block, which in turn was mounted in a heavy metal holder with the

wires on the inner side. A metal cover-plate was fastened over the holder, and in this lid was a window of rock-salt that registered with the slot in the porcelain block. A thin coat of varnish protected the rock-salt window from moisture. The thermopile was set up in the focus of the mirror, so that the heat waves passed through the salt window and slot to the wires. The slightest variation of heat generated an electric current, which was indicated by the galvanometer.

With this instrument, men were easily detected at a distance of 600 feet. In one test a man lay in a shell-hole in the ground 400 feet away from the instrument. Every time he raised his head above ground, the galvanometer recorded the fact.

Our drawing shows how the instrument might have been used in the war. Had it been set in an advance post in front of the trenches, it could have been trained parallel to the trenches. None of the enemy could have crossed the "line of sight" of this heat eye without detection. No surprise attacks could have been staged, and, warned by the man at the galvanometer, the defenders could have lighted up the scene with flares and star-shells. A pair of these instruments could have been used to get the exact range of a lurking enemy, and he could have been destroyed without the aid of a light.

It so happened that when the German lines began to crack, airplane warfare increased, and there was a call for an instrument that would locate aerial bombers with accuracy. Sound-ranging instruments were not satisfactory because of lag. A machine could travel a considerable distance while the sound was traveling from the machine to the earth. Heat rays, on the other hand, travel with virtually the same speed as light. Evidently, a thermopile detector could be trained directly on the airplane, although the night were pitch black, and the gunners could be given an accurate range. Accordingly, a larger thermopile was constructed, and with it aircraft could be picked up with ease a mile away. However, the war was ended two months before the machine was completed and ready for service.

A. RUSSELL BOND.

#### THE CONSTELLATIONS FOR NOVEMBER

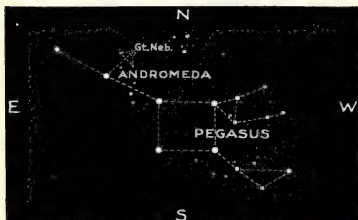
DIRECTLY south of Cassiopeia and Cepheus, the far northern constellations with which we became acquainted last month, and almost overhead in our latitudes in the early evening hours of November, lie Pegasus, The



Winged Horse, and Andromeda, The Woman Chained.

According to the legend, Cepheus was king of Ethiopia, and Cassiopeia, his beautiful, but vain, queen who dared to compare herself in beauty with the sea-nymphs. This so enraged the nymphs that, as a punishment for her presumption, they decided to send a terrible sea-monster to ravage the coast of the kingdom. The king and queen, upon consulting the oracle, found that the only way to avert this calamity would be to chain their daughter Andromeda to the rocks and permit the monster to devour her.

As the story goes, the valiant hero, Perseus,



THE CONSTELLATIONS ANDROMEDA AND PEGASUS

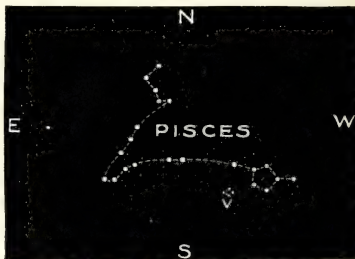
chanced to be riding through the air on his winged horse and saw, far beneath him, the beautiful maiden chained to the rocks and the frightful monster approaching to devour her. He immediately went to the rescue, and, after a terrible struggle with the monster, succeeded in overpowering him and thus saved the maiden from a dreadful fate. Perseus and the fair Andromeda were married shortly afterward, and at the end of a happy life the pair were transferred to the heavens. Cassiopeia, the vain queen, was ordered to be bound to a chair and, with the king Cepheus at her side, to be swung continually around the north pole of the heavens that she might be taught a lesson in humility.

The constellation, Cetus, representing the sea-monster, may be found to the southeast and south of Pisces, The Fishes, which lie south of Andromeda and Pegasus.

The Great Square in Pegasus, which is outlined by the four principal stars in the constellation, is the most conspicuous configuration of stars to be seen in the heavens in autumn evenings. The star that marks the northeastern corner of The Great Square belongs to the constellation of Andromeda and marks the head of the maiden, who is resting upon the shoulders of Pegasus, The Winged

Horse. The three bright stars nearly in a straight line outline the maiden's body, Alpha, or Alpheratz, as it is also called, being the star in the head, Beta or Mirach in the waist, and Gamma or Almach in the left foot. The last-named star, which is farthest to the northeast in the diagram, was, in the opinion of the noted astronomer Herschel, the finest double star in the heavens. The two stars into which the telescope splits it are of the beautifully contrasted shades of orange and sea-green.

A second most interesting object in Andromeda and one of the finest in the entire heavens is The Great Andromeda Nebula, which is faintly visible without the aid of a telescope as a hazy patch of light. It is believed that in reality this nebula is a great universe composed of many thousands of stars so distant that no telescope can show the individual members, the impression brought to our eyes being that of their combined light. Within the past few years, eleven very faint temporary stars—stars that flare up to sudden brightness and then fade rapidly from view—have been detected within the bounds of this great nebula, and this has strengthened astronomers in their belief that this small patch of misty light is a great universe of suns, similar to our Milky Way, at a distance from the earth so great that the light from it



THE CONSTELLATION PISCES, OR THE FISHES

takes many thousands of years to span the void that separates it from our own abode in space. Some magnificent photographs of the Great Andromeda Nebula have been taken with powerful telescopes. These have been reproduced in many books upon astronomy and so are within reach of every one. It is through the use of photography that the nebulas can best be studied, for a photographic plate, after long exposure, reveals a wonderful detail in the structure of these



objects that the human eye fails to see. On a clear dark evening one may find the Great Andromeda Nebula by the aid of two faint stars with which it makes a small triangle, as shown in the chart. This nebula is the only one of the class of spiral nebulas to which it belongs that can be seen in these latitudes without the aid of a telescope, though there are several spiral nebulas in the southern heavens that can be so found.

Lying to the northwest of the Great Square in Pegasus are a number of faint stars that represent the shoulders and head of the winged steed, while the stars to the southwest of the square outline his fore legs. The creature is represented without hind quarters in all star atlases. The space within the Great Square contains no bright stars, and as a result, the outline of the square stands out very distinctly. There are, in fact, no stars of the first magnitude in either Pegasus or Andromeda, though there are a number of the second and third magnitude which very clearly outline the distinctive form of these two star-groups.

Pisces, The Fishes, the constellation just south of Andromeda and Pegasus, is the first of the twelve zodiacal constellations that lie in the path of the sun, moon, and planets. It consists of the southern fish, lying in an east-to-west direction, and the northern fish, lying nearly north and south, the two touching at the southeastern extremity of the constellation.

There is in Pisces not a single bright star, and its only point of interest is to be found in the fact that it contains the point, marked by the cross and letter V in the diagram, that is known variously as "the vernal equinox," "the equinoctial point" and "The First Point in Aries." This is a very important point of reference in the heavens, just as the meridian of Greenwich is for the earth, and it marks the point where the sun crosses the equator going north in the spring. Owing to the "precession of the equinoxes," as it is called, this point is gradually shifting its position westward through the zodiacal constellations at a rate that will carry it completely around the heavens through the twelve zodiacal groups in a period of 25,800 years. Since the beginning of the Christian Era, this point has backed from the constellation of Aries, which lies just east of Pisces, into Pisces, though it retains its name of "The First Point in Aries."

None of the five bright planets that are visible without the aid of the telescope will appear in the evening sky this month. The

early riser, however, will be greeted by the sight of the four planets Venus, Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn, which are not far apart in the heavens at this time, and about the middle of the month, Mercury may be easily found in the early morning twilight. This will be the most favorable opportunity to see this planet for some time to come. Mercury is best seen in the morning twilight in the autumn and in the evening twilight in the spring.

ISABEL M. LEWIS.

### UNBREAKABLE GLASS

THE Century Dictionary, in its definition of glass, enumerates its valuable characteristics,—its cheapness, durability, transparency, and luster,—and then continues.



William Service

EXAMINING THE RESULT AFTER TWO SHOTS

"Almost the only drawback to these good qualities of glass is its brittleness." But this objection has now been overcome and an unbreakable glass has been produced.

The safety glass, as it is called, looks exactly like, and possesses all the qualities of, the old-fashioned glass, only it is not brittle. Quite the contrary, it has more the qualities of a plate of steel than a pane of glass. It is of two kinds, the "bullet-proof" and the "unbreakable." So serious did the menace of flying glass in connection with automobile smash-ups become, that several years ago two New York policemen, Commissioner Joseph A. Faurot and Officer Clinton L.

Wolfe, put their wits to work to perfect a glass that would reduce the chances of injury from this source.

How crude the experiments were at the beginning, only the inventors know. Unskilled in experimental chemistry, they naturally failed in their first attempts. A detective, to be successful, needs to be quick-witted enough to grasp a situation in the smallest possible time, and the two experimenters were among the most quick-witted of their craft.

They sought advice, and it was gladly given to them, although the well-meaning advisers laughed knowingly at the two would-be inventors. But they persevered and, with each experiment, learned more about the process, until, one fine day, the test—shooting at the glass with an army revolver—worked to perfection. In dis-

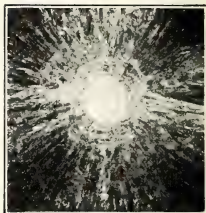
thick. This is especially adapted for use in banks. The non-shatterable glass, which may be used for wind-shields of automobiles, is not so heavy being from one eighth to three eighths of an inch in thickness.

"Any attempt to cut the glass with an ordinary glass-cutter, or even with a diamond, will prove in vain. It may be scratched, but not cut."

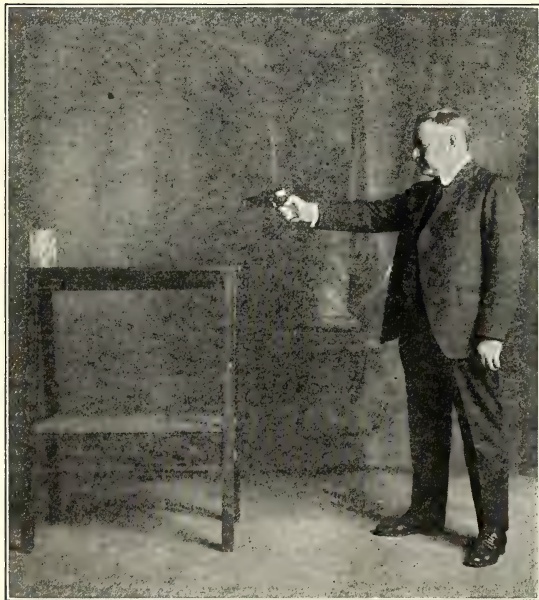
One of the features that recommends this unbreakable glass is its transparency. When a bank, for instance, has been furnished with it, no hold-up man could tell that the tellers' windows are not of the ordinary glass, and a big surprise is in store for him should he attempt to shatter it.

When the two co-workers had perfected this invention, they realized that banking institutions could not be expected to install the safety glass without a thorough test. A spectacular method was used, therefore, to prove its resistance. Commissioner Faurot, in the rifle-range of Police Headquarters, fired two .45-caliber steel-jacketed bullets from a revolver at short range at a piece of the glass. The effect is shown in the accompanying illustration. The glass was cracked, but it was not penetrated, and—what was regarded as highly important—it did not shatter and fly.

As a further test, the cracked glass was laid on the floor and a 24-pound iron dumb-bell was dropped upon it, without any further damage being apparent.



THE RESULT OF TWO BULLETS FIRED AT CLOSE RANGE



Gilliams Service

COMMISSIONER FAUROT FIRING THE SECOND BULLET AT THE UNBREAKABLE GLASS

cussing the invention, Commissioner Faurot said: "The bullet-proof glass, as manufactured, is about three quarters of an inch

Bankers, however, were for some time sceptical, but now about thirty banks in the City of New York have adopted the safety glass, while throughout the country it is being used to an even wider extent.

This glass was invented just in time to do its bit in the war. Toward the end of the conflict, it was so far perfected that it was adopted by the United States Government

### THE MANCHURIAN GOVERNOR'S CASTLE ON WHEELS

THE Governor General of Manchuria is now riding in a luxurious limousine that, in ordinary circumstances, has the appearance of the car of a retired merchant prince, yet in the twinkling of an eye it can be changed so completely as to make it proof against bombs and bullets—a castle on wheels.



THE ARMORED LIMOUSINE BUILT FOR THE GOVERNOR OF MANCHURIA

for gas-mask lenses, and 11,000,000 pieces were supplied to the Chemical Warfare Service, Gas Defense Section. This glass was of the bullet-proof variety, although it was made as thin as possible.

For the American and Allied airplanes, ten thousand pieces of the non-shatterable variety were made into wind-shields and served their purpose well in the last months of the war, as the Germans, with all their inventive genius, could not duplicate the process.

The practical value of the non-shatterable glass was demonstrated recently when an automobile collided with a heavy truck. The safety-glass wind-shield was bent, but not broken. This variety would be especially useful for shop windows; and show-cases containing diamonds and other precious stones could be made of it, insuring the safety of their contents.

JAMES ANDERSON.

The sleek body is in reality built of chrome-nickel steel, and inside the top are chrome-nickel steel shutters that slide down on roller bearings and cover the windows. Another steel shutter is placed behind the driver's seat. A special bracket is provided at the right-hand side for a machine-gun. Automatics or rifles can be fired through the loop-holes at the sides and rear of the tonneau.

Provision is also made for a special body-guard of six men. Swivels, with belts attached, are fastened above the running-board, so that three soldiers can be strapped to each running-board; their hands thus being left free for their weapons.

The windows were made of a special glass that will not splinter under bullet-fire described in the opposite column of this page. The machine, delivered, cost more than thirty thousand dollars.

GEORGE F. PAUL.



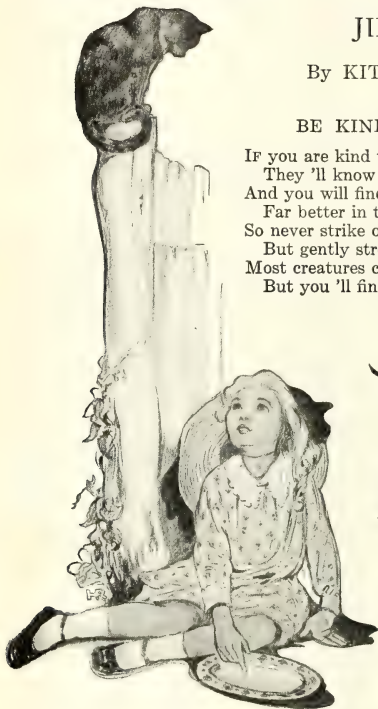
# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

## JINGLES

By KITTY PARSONS

### BE KIND TO ANIMALS

If you are kind to animals,  
They 'll know you are their friend,  
And you will find they 'll like you, too,  
Far better in the end.  
So never strike or hurt them,  
But gently stroke, instead;  
Most creatures can't be driven,  
But you 'll find they can be led.



### PLEASE

THERE is a little word that serves  
Far better than to tease;  
A very useful little word,  
That means a great deal,—“Please.”  
Please, please, please.

So try to use it every day  
A hundred times or so;  
Instead of saying “let me,” say,  
“Please let me go!  
Please, please, please.”

Instead of “give me,” “give me, please.”  
And, “please do this for me”;  
“Please pass the bread”; “please pass the  
cake”;  
Just try it—PLEASE—and see!  
Please, please, please.





"THEY CALL HER 'MISS WHY NOT?'"

**"WHY NOT?"**

THERE was a little girl who said:

"Why not? why not?"

Each time her mother shook her head—

"Why not? why not?"

"You cannot go," Mama would say;

"Why not?" she'd ask ten times a day—

"Why not? why not?"

Her name was Lucy; but, in school,

The children changed that name,

And now they call her "Miss Why Not?"—

Now is n't that a shame?

Why Not?

*Kitty Parsons.*

**THE CAMERA BIRD**

THEY said, when they took my picture,

"Keep still now! Look here and see

The dear little bird in this round thing"—

And pointed the round thing at me.

Where do you think he is hiding?

Where do you think he can be?

I've looked into every corner,

And no little bird can I see!

*Alice M. Cahill.*



"WHERE DO YOU THINK HE IS HIDING?"

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

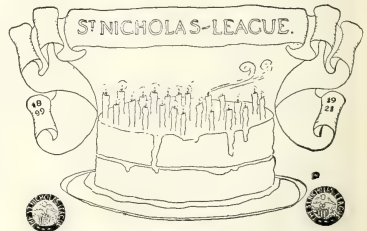


BY MARY KENT-MILLER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

THE prose contributions this month covered so amazing a variety of subjects, ranging from Monitors and Merrimacs to aéroplanes with wings, and rides and rites and rivalries to radiant rescuings, and noble "Declarations" and great foregatherings that one is tempted to include "ships and shoes and sealing-wax and cabbages and Kings" among the "famous episodes of history" (as, indeed, most of them have been, at some time or other). But another notable point in this competition was the fact that so many boys and girls chose episodes directly connected with their own home towns or neighborhoods: and we were duly impressed in reading

them by the number of places of historic interest that almost every State of our country can boast.

The LEAGUE members, in common with all the readers of the magazine, are to be congratulated this month on a new type which will make the department pages much more easily read than heretofore; and at the beginning of a new volume we are blest also with the two clever drawings here presented—one a tribute to the Pilgrims whose three hundredth anniversary occurs this month and the other the charming compliment of a pictorial birthday-cake in honor of this twenty-second birthday of our ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY MARGARET L. MILNE, AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE)

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 260

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

**PROSE.** Gold Badges, **Elizabeth Evans Hughes** (age 13), District Columbia; **Minnie Pfeferberg** (age 16), New York. Silver Badges, **Gwynne M. Dresser** (age 13), Maine; **Helen Baer Cox, Jr.** (age 13), Connecticut; **Charles Theodore Land** (age 16), California.

**VERSE.** Silver Badges, **Amy Armitage** (age 14), New York; **Margaret B. Oleson** (age 16), Illinois.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold Badges, **Frances M. Frost** (age 15), Vermont; **Mary Palmateer** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Lucille Murphy** (age 15), New York. Silver Badges, **Edith Reid** (age 16), Colorado; **Mary Kent-Miller** (age 15), Michigan; **Mary Bryan** (age 11), California; **Mary Cushing** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Margaret L. Milne** (age 13), Wisconsin.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold Badge, **E. K. Graves** (age 16), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth D. Levers** (age 16), New York; **Virginia Williams** (age 12), France; **Marion Rothschild** (age 12), New York; **Anita Kellogg** (age 15), Oregon; **Meryl Stateler** (age 13), California.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver Badges, **Margaret Peck** (age 15), Rhode Island; **Elizabeth Waterman** (age 11), New Jersey; **Betty Hoopes** (age 12), Oklahoma.



BY MARION ROTHSCHILD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)



BY ANITA KELLOGG, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

## "A HOLIDAY SNAPSHOT"

## FOR THANKSGIVING

BY VIRGINIA FOLLIN (AGE 16)

*(Honor Member)*

THE trees stand shivering and bare  
 Within the wood; and with the last  
 Gay songster fleeing from the blast  
 Of autumn's chill November air,  
 The harvest moon glows cold and still,  
 An orange disk above the hill.

Then red-cheeked apples fill the bin,  
 And chestnuts chuckle in the coals;  
 To cheer the hearts of lonely souls;  
 And wood fires bid the stranger in,  
 And from the kitchen oven flies  
 The welcome scent of pumpkin pies.

The first soft snow-flakes, one by one,  
 Caress the earth; the corn-cribs groan  
 With ruddy ears; and all alone  
 In fiery splendor sinks the sun,  
 And all the noisy barn-yard lies  
 In peace, as fast its glory dies.

For harvest blessings such as these,  
 With grateful hearts we thank thee, Lord;  
 For bounties of our festive board,  
 Majestic sunsets, noble trees,  
 And this content with which we pray,  
 That fills us this Thanksgiving day.

three full days' work. And he had accepted. It was hard, especially as it was summer, for he knew that his friends were up at the creek, or down at the swimming-hole. But he had kept on faithfully, for he would not be a slacker. And then on the third evening, he had trudged homeward with the book under his arm; and now it was his own!

Although this is such a small episode in our history, it meant a lot to the boy, whose name was Abraham Lincoln; and he spent many happy hours reading about his hero, the father of our country.



"A HOLIDAY SNAPSHOT." BY ELIZABETH D. LEVERS, AGE 16  
 (SILVER BADGE)



"A HOLIDAY SNAPSHOT." BY MERYL STATELER, AGE 13  
 (SILVER BADGE)

## MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

BY GWYNNE M. DRESSER (AGE 13)

*(Silver Badge)*

It was a stormy night, and the wind howled through the chinks of the little, lonely log cabin. Inside, a fire crackled cheerily, and its warm glow fell on the eager face of a boy who lay stretched on the hearth with a large book before him. He did not seem aware of the storm raging outside, for as the pages softly turned, he thought only of his hero, George Washington.

He read on until the fire had burned quite low; then, sitting up, he gazed thoughtfully into the glowing coals. He recalled an incident connected with that precious book. How, on another stormy night, the rain had leaked through the cracks onto the beautiful cover and streaked it badly. It was a borrowed book, and the next day he had set out bravely to tell the farmer who had lent it to him, about the damage. And the farmer had made him an offer. He had offered the book in return for

## MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

BY DOROTHY VAN ARSDALE FULLER (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

ASSUREDLY, we appreciate more the anecdotes of our own brave forefathers than those we read between the covers of a United States history. Much as I thrill to the sound of the Declaration of Independence, the following anecdote brings with it a personal pride.

He was a sailor lad of the American Navy who had landed at Fort George. The long, hard war of the Revolution had been victorious for his side. No doubt, as he climbed the hill to the flag-staff, he was exulting in the news that the last of the Britishers had sailed away that day.

But when he glanced at the flagless pole again, John saw that something had gone amiss. There was a crowd gathered around it, all looking up and talking at once. Cries of "They greased the pole! The Britishers greased the pole!" met his ears.

Colonel Jackson came up and glanced at the flagpole. "I want a volunteer to hoist the flag," he said addressing the crowd, "The halyards are cut. Who will climb the staff and reeve the halyards for the Stars and Stripes?"

Our sailor, John, offers; tries; slips once, twice, three times. He is certainly a greasy picture, but his determination sticks, "If ye 'll but saw me up some cleats, I 'll run that flag to the top in spite of all the Tories from 'Sopus to Sandy Hook."

They bring him cleats and nails and tie the halyards around his waist. Up, up, he climbs before their eyes, slipping, but always gaining slowly. At last he reaches the top and a moment later the crowd breaks into a great cheer, for above Fort George rise the Stars and Stripes, emblem of the United States of America. He did n't quite go "over the top," but he came as near it as he needed to—my ancestor, John Van Arsdale.





"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY MARY CUSHING, AGE 13  
(SILVER BADGE)

## MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

(November 1805)

BY RUTH WALTERS (AGE 11)

YES, there it stretched before them! Green, with white-capped, foamy waves dashing upon the sand; there it stretched before them, the boundless, never-tiring sea.

So felt Lewis and Clark, and their small band must have cheered when they saw that mighty Pacific. Through trials and hardships the little company had bravely pressed on, till now they had their first glimpse of their goal—the great Pacific Ocean.

They probably recalled the long, hard journey up the Missouri, across the Rocky Mountains, and finally down the broad Columbia, through its rocky gorge, and at last to the sea. Had they turned back, the Oregon country might not be ours; all the wealth of timber, all the fish, the gold, the wheat, might now belong to England.

Honor to the brave captains and their band,—the first to cross the continent,—and to Sacajawea; for had it not been for her, the little band might not have reached the sea. She, the Shoshone princess, guided them, and, with her baby on her back, won the confidence of the simple Indian tribes, for they knew that no women or children travel with a war-party.

Now we think of Lewis and Clark among the

great explorers, De Soto, Balboa, and others. And to us, the children of the Northwest, their expedition seems one of the great incidents of American History.

## FOR THANKSGIVING

BY HELEN L. RUMMONS (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

FOR Thy rich gifts, with lavish hand broadcast,  
For loveliness in sea and sky and earth,  
For spring, with thrilling rapture of new birth,  
For summer, with perfection come at last,  
For fall, with purple visions of the past,  
For winter, with the good cheer by the hearth,  
We thank Thee, glad that each month has its worth,

And no one by another is surpassed.

We thank Thee, too, for all our wants fulfilled,  
Each in its proper time, as Thou hast willed;  
As Thou hast given us enough to spare,  
With our less blessed neighbors we may share,  
So that they, too, with thankful hearts may pray.  
For this, and more, we thank Thee, Lord, to-day.

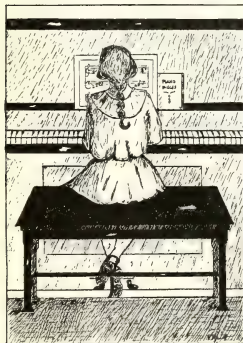
## MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

BY ELIZABETH EVANS HUGHES (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1921)

ONE of the most stirring and dramatic events of the Civil War, and of American History, too, I think, occurred, when General Lee surrendered with the Army of Northern Virginia to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, on the ninth of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-five.

After the final arrangements had been made, the two generals met at the court house on the morning of that date, and there Lee signed the paper on which were written such magnanimous terms of peace, surrendering his valiant little army and thus bringing practically to a close one of the most horrible wars in the history of the world. In our minds we have this picture:—of Lee clad in a spotless new uniform with an also shining new sword at his side, standing erect and tall, waiting for Grant in the sitting room of the



BY EDITH REID, AGE 15  
(SILVER BADGE)



BY LUCILLE MURPHY, AGE 15  
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE  
WON JULY, 1921)



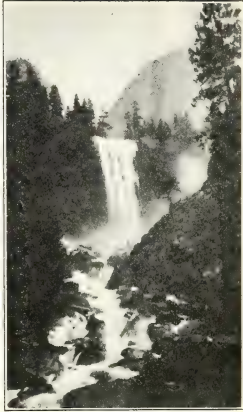
BY WORTHEN BRADLEY, AGE 17  
(HONOR MEMBER)

"WHAT I LIKE BEST"





BY EDITH REEVE, AGE 14

BY VIRGINIA FRANCES MANTOR, AGE 14  
"A HOLIDAY SNAPSHOT"

BY MARIAN WELKER, AGE 16

Court House, while the latter enters, dressed in a soiled private's uniform, with only shoulder straps to mark his rank. They sit down, go through all the formalities, and at the end, when Lee offers his sword to Grant, the latter refuses it, shaking hands instead.

Grant was truly great then, in the height of his glory, and made an everlasting name for himself that day, with his magnanimous and generous offers, and his manly bearing, not as a haughty victor, but as one who fully realized that he had met his equal as man and soldier.

#### FOR THANKSGIVING—AN ACROSTIC

BY AMY ARMITAGE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

T HE glittering snow, the sparkling sun,  
H earts full of thanksgiving and loaded with fun,  
A ripple of laughter, a twinkle of joy,  
N ever a shadow, day free from alloy.  
K indred re-gathered, friendships renewed,  
S ped thus are the hours; old times are reviewed.  
G oodies unnumbered; pumpkin pies golden,  
I ces and spices do faint hearts embolden.  
V ain, strutting turkey, the barn-yard's late boss,  
I n the glory of stuffing and beauty of sauce;  
N uts, fruits, and raisins; plum-pudding gold—  
G lorious day, which is centuries old!

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

BY HELEN BAER COXE, JR. (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

In the year 1776 the Declaration of Independence was drawn up and presented before the Colonial Congress.

One after another the different delegates from the various states agreed to sign, and now Delaware alone had not signed.

Out of the three delegates from Delaware, only two were present, and the vote was a tie, as one

delegate, Mr. McKean, was for it and the other, Mr. Read, against it.

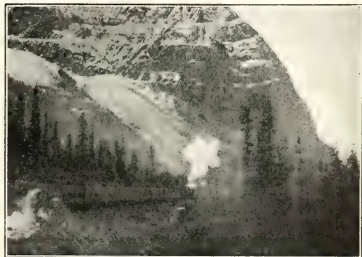
McKean was in despair. He sent message after message to Rodney, the other delegate, begging him to return.

Rodney was staying at the house of a wealthy Quaker Tory at Lewis; but she, wishing Rodney to remain and lose his vote, kept the messages from him. But at last the maid-servant gave them to him secretly, and Rodney, giving them one glance, ran from the house and sprang on his horse, galloping rapidly away.

At Dover and Wilmington, he stopped and changed horses—and now the time was late at night. Again, at Chester, he changed his horse, never staying for food. Finally, the night ended and dawn found Rodney at Philadelphia, just in time to give his vote.

Rodney and McKean entered the house together and the delegates voted. Rodney stood up with the dust of travel still on his face while his face itself was white and drawn—and gave his vote saying, "I vote for Independence."

And it is thus that we won the freedom of our United States.



"A HOLIDAY SNAPSHOT" BY AGNES HIRSHINGER, AGE 12



BY GERRISH THURBER, AGE 14



BY JEAN PATERSON, AGE 11



BY ELIZABETH GRAY OTIS, AGE 15

### "A HOLIDAY SNAPSHOT"

#### FOR THANKSGIVING

BY MARGARET B. OLESON (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

We would render thanks, O God, for those  
Who braved the perils of the sea; who came  
For freedom's sake to this dear land of ours,  
Who kindled first the ever brightening flame  
Of liberty.

Their deep, grave eyes were filled with dreams;  
perhaps

They saw a mighty nation, rich and strong,  
With snow-capped mountains, cities, fields of  
grain,

Or heard the swelling, never-ending song  
Of liberty.

So would we render thanks, O God, to Thee;

Thanks for our blessings and our years of gain.

Yet may we be more humble, for the sake

Of those who 'neath the sod these many years  
have lain—

And liberty!

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

BY CHARLES THEODORE LAND (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

THE pale gray of morning suddenly blushed to a rose hue, as Aurora smiled upon the earth. The fresh sweet air, mingled with the fascinating smell of the apple orchard, and the twittering of the birds, made one feel how good it was to live. Yet when the rose of morning turned to gold, Nathan Hale, the patriot and athlete, was doomed to die.

Nathan was lost in thought, utterly unconscious of the preparations for his execution, which could be heard through the tent. He remembered the day he became, in spite of his friends' protests, a spy for his country! The events which followed passed in his mind rapidly. His wanderings from one British camp to another, as a loyalist schoolmaster, secretly gathering information. Then

the bitter disappointment of that fatal day when he was captured. They immediately took him to General Howe, who, without trial, condemned him to be hanged. The blood surged to Nathan's face when he remembered how he had asked his captor Cunningham, the notorious British provost-marshal, for the presence of a chaplain, and when he saw Cunningham, in a furious rage, tear, into shreds his tender farewell to his mother, the loving message to his sisters, and Alice Adams' last love-letter.

Women in the crowd sobbed audibly when Nathan, with splendid courage and calmness, was led out to execution. For a brief moment as he stood upon the fatal ladder, with his eyes toward heaven, he was alone with his God. Then Hale, with a clear, calm voice that rang true, uttered the words that will inspire and thrill the patriotic blood of his beloved land forever: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!"

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

BY MINNIE PFEFFERBERG (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1921)

*"The heavy night hung dark,  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore."*

It is these lines that immediately tell me my favorite episode in American history—the Pilgrim Fathers' settlement of Plymouth in 1620.

These Pilgrims, as they called themselves had first emigrated from England to Holland. They soon became discontented with their life in Holland, however, when they saw their children becoming Dutch in both language and customs. They planned, therefore, to emigrate to America, where they might have freedom and, coincidentally, remain Englishmen.

Headed by William Brewster, about one hundred of these hardy people set sail in the well-

built *Mayflower*. On November ninth, 1620, they greeted the rocky New England shore, and they stepped on its soil on the eleventh.

Although the first winter was fortunately a mild one, it was a hard one for the little band. They had poor shelter, scanty food, and, in fact, practically nothing but their willingness to work. When the winter of suffering was over, about one half their number had died.

Had the Plymouth settlers been as others, they would have abandoned their colony when the *Mayflower* sailed away in the spring. But they were of a hardier material, these freedom-seekers, and they remained to carry out a task which they believed given them of God. They succeeded in establishing a firm colony with a strong government. We see in our own Government the same principles as in that infant state, and the same "fight to a finish," freedom-loving spirit burning in the hearts of Americans to-day.

### THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

BY SALLIE-BELL GASTON (AGE 12)

"REV'RENT elders of good Plymouth,  
In this last full joyous year,  
We have found meat in abundance;  
All our corn is in the ear.  
Plenty hath been vouchsafed to us,  
And it is in full accord  
That we should with glad rejoicing  
Show thanksgiving to the Lord."



BY DOROTHY LOUISE SPONSER, AGE 14



BY BILL HAYDEN, AGE 12



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY HELEN S. JOHNSON, AGE 14

So spake Bradford; and the elders  
To his wisdom all agreed;  
Called a meeting of the Pilgrims;  
Told their comrades of this need.  
So in Plymouth all the housewives,  
And demure young maidens, too,  
Were set baking for the banquet  
All the good things that they knew.  
From the fort the four best hunters  
Did set out with grim intent;  
While to the Indian village  
A swift messenger was sent.  
So upon one day in autumn,  
There was held this feast so gay—  
And this was the beginning  
Of our own Thanksgiving Day.



BY MYRA LEACH, AGE 15



BY E. K. GRAVES, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE  
WON JUNE, 1920)

"A HOLIDAY SNAPSHOT"





"A HOLIDAY SNAPSHOT." BY VIRGINIA WILLIAMS, AGE 12  
(SILVER BADGE)

### FOR THANKSGIVING

BY MARGARET REDINGTON (AGE 13)

BRING in the golden harvest,  
An' store it all away,  
The wheat an' grain an' apples,  
The nuts, an' yellow hay,  
Rake up the sweet pertaters,  
An' keep the onions living,  
We've got to get all ready,  
With welcome—

For Thanksgiving!

Mix up the batter-puddin',  
All "yum-yum" for that day,  
An' stuff the sizzlin' turkey,  
An' chase the cat away;  
Take out the pies of pumpkin,  
And give the prunes a sieving,  
And don't forget the squashes,  
Because they're—

For Thanksgiving!

An' then when all is ready  
An' everybody here,  
We bring upon the table—  
The best feast of the year!  
It makes us all excited—  
It sure makes life worth living—  
Because we know we're sittin' round,  
That turkey—

For Thanksgiving!



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY FRANCES M. FROST, AGE 15. (GOLD  
BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPTEMBER, 1921)

### THANKSGIVING

BY GRACE A. PETERSEN (AGE 16)

If you 'd be free from strife, dears,  
And happy be alway,  
Just make of your whole life, dears,  
One glad Thanksgiving Day.

### SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

#### PROSE

Feelyn E. Lawrence  
Ruth H. Thorp  
Ruth Tucker  
Beth Harrison  
Herriott B. Churchill  
Sylvia D. Kleve  
Isabelle T. Ellis  
Susan Hall  
Sadie V. Steinhart  
Mamie Marquardt  
Elizabeth Sussman  
Margaret A. Nichols  
Margaret Durick  
Dorothea M.  
Humans  
Patsy Conway  
Johnston Fugh  
George W. Martin  
Alice Walworth  
Maud A. Newcomb  
Josephine  
Brinckworth  
Mary M. Sterrett  
Catharine Stone  
Barbara Simson  
Elizabeth Cleveland  
Dorothy Grey  
Frances Adams

#### VERSE

Louise Ebeling  
Irene Renk  
Elizabeth Brainerd  
Katherine Foss  
Helen Louise  
MacLeod  
Faith H. Poor  
Margaret Humphrey  
Jean Harper  
Dorothy R. Burnett  
Jessica L. Megaw  
Chiyo Hirose  
Jean T.  
Fotheringham  
Sarah K. Huey  
Laura S. Canfield  
Pauline Myers  
Charlotte S. Salmon  
Florence Jackson  
Dorothea Wilder

Selma Morse  
Margaret Partridge  
Evangeline Ward  
Frances S. Badger  
Caroline Buck  
Dan Butlerly  
Sallie Holcomb  
Edward Millman  
Reynolds Tilden

#### PHOTOGRAPHS

Marth Nellis  
Harriet Harwood  
Catherine McIntire  
Mae Rigby  
Anne Tlney  
Dorothy V.  
Fritzinger  
Betty Neithercut  
Ruth H. Dimick  
Helen M. D. Furst  
Dorothy Gilmour  
Jessica W. Holton  
Helen Frederickson  
Mary O'Flynn  
Harriet Dow  
Bertha Selkingshaus  
Marion L. Smith

#### DRAWINGS

Lucia Burbeck  
Virginia Dewey  
Boyd D. Lewis  
Elizabeth Enright  
Marjorie E. Root

### ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

#### PROSE

Margaret A.  
Hamilton  
William Toth  
Katharine  
Cholmeley  
Charlotte M.  
McClure  
Katherine Klees  
Karl B. Knust  
Carol Gallun  
Julie Chipp  
Dorothy M.  
McNeil  
Louise Geddes  
Genevieve  
Fenwick  
Shirley White  
Keith Brininstool  
Esther Laughton  
Rael Tucker  
Donough Prince  
Dorothy Degraff  
C. Fardley  
Dorothy Hetzel  
Katherine F.  
Lowenberg  
J. W. Chase  
Flise Richardson  
Holmes Alexander  
Sylvia Santom  
Susan S.  
Purroughs  
Yetta Benek  
Helen M.  
McDermott  
Mildred Ruckman  
Marjorie Dove  
Ruth Wilkinson  
Katherine Lewis  
Edith Callaghan  
Nella Jennings  
Octavia R. Spencer  
Elinor E. Bramhall  
Mildred S. Gleason  
Eleanor Orwig  
Elsie White

Josephine R.  
Gilmore  
Elizabeth B. Clarke  
Emily N.  
Smithwick  
Dorothy Vye  
Leona Bradley  
Mary D. Hatch  
Phyllis A. Straus  
Alice Belle Nathan  
Stella Benham  
Jean Maisonneville  
Margaret F. Stiles  
Eileen Hogan  
Gwynne H.  
Daggett  
Elizabeth Ford  
Martha A. Reed  
Elizabeth  
Martindale  
John P. Herndon

Marjorie Davis  
Bernice Beatey  
Jennie Finkelstein  
Edith Rees  
Janet Watson  
Wilma Cannon  
Virginia Dewey  
Ruth Pressinger  
Eleanor Davis  
Elvira Harlow  
Helen Gugenheim  
Katharine R.  
Moore  
Merle Patrick  
Marian Silveus  
Mary F. Wills  
Dorothy Mills  
Evelyn Frost  
Anne L. New  
Mary Stiith

#### DRAWINGS

John Hoover  
Grace Griffin  
Laura M. Haley  
Helen Milam  
Mary R.  
Billings  
Thomas Rooney  
Robert F. Cressey  
Faustina Munroe  
Nancy Thomas  
Margaret E.  
McCulloh  
Ruth J. Asire  
Betty de Morinni  
Lois Gilbert  
Charlotte  
Newmeister  
Helen Montgomery  
Elizabeth  
Thompson  
Gwendolyn Roberts  
Virginia Clark  
Louise L. Becker  
Jane E. Williams  
Charlotte Dutch



Lilla A. Roberts  
Lydia Spitzer  
Alison Farmer  
Joyce Carr  
Miriam Serber

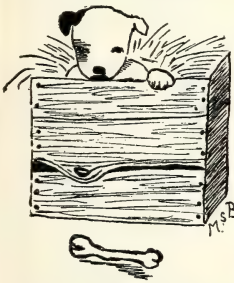
PHOTOGRAPHS  
Mary K. Folwell  
Grace Wagman

Susan E. Lyman  
Gladya E. Matlack  
Kenneth Gorham  
Katherine Burton  
Dorothy G. Lyman  
Ellen Haaris  
Mary D. Molony  
Dorothy Haussner  
Helen E. Faber

## PUZZLES

Alma Miller  
Margaret Wilson  
Alice Nelsen  
Betty Dering  
Linda Buffington  
Jennie Hodges  
Elisabeth V.  
Freeland

Sarah S. Sohn  
Rosalind Howe  
George E.  
Utterback  
Judith Walsh  
Alma Miller  
Joyce Porter  
Louise Conway  
Norma V. Stemm  
Evelyn J. Epley  
Katherine Causey  
Bertha I. Samuel  
Dorothy Botsford  
Kathryn Hayes  
Mary A. Skelding  
Frances Emerson  
Annalee Myers  
Marion Love  
Alice E. Hyde  
Hilene H. Woods  
Mary Bond  
Ruth E. Phelps  
Frederick S. Wist  
Anne Young  
Betty Muir  
Eloise Blake  
Helen Bernard  
Clara Johnson  
Anne C. Terwilliger  
Mary E. Kennedy  
Gertrude Green  
Mary Moore  
Walter Gutmann  
Anne I. Williams



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY MARY BRYAN,  
AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE)

Aletha Rogers  
Lawrence Genack  
Betty Fowler  
W. Lyle Gordon  
Robert Hallas  
Marion Kennedy  
Ernest O. Knock  
Louise Williams  
Carol L. Hoffman  
Elizabeth Chapple  
Ruth Morse  
Katherine M.  
Cregan  
Elizabeth F.  
Goode  
Louise F. Paine  
Alberta Woelfel  
Dorothy  
Prendergast  
Luis E. Williamson  
Elvira de la Vega  
Dorothy D.  
Talman  
Minnie Pfisterer  
Grace Rarig  
Alberta F.  
Donahue  
Eloise Andrews  
Virginia Mitchell  
Ruth Easton  
Cornelia Smith  
Alice R. Erving  
Josephine Seeler  
Henrietta Howell  
Pauline Moorhead  
Irene Tedrow  
Anne Wyman  
Mary Chase  
Edith Brock  
Helen R. Newcombe  
Margaret Colwell  
Elinore S. Warner  
Ena Francis  
Mary Claxton  
Claudia Smith  
Frances Bisell  
Charles E. Mason

Carlota McCutchen  
Dorothy  
McMichael  
Cornelia R.  
Cochrane  
Peggy Davidson



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER."  
BY MARY PALMATEER, AGE 13. (GOLD  
BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1921)

Ruth A.  
Blanchford  
Dorothy Coles  
Dorothy Winship  
Ellen A. Scanlan  
Leonard Bruml  
Lisle E. Turner

Miriam J. Stewart  
Sarah F. Pearce  
Elizabeth Marshall  
Lou E. Gaillard  
Marjorie S. Taylor  
Helen Rodney  
Marie Humphreys



BY ELLEN L. CARPENTER, AGE 15

## WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes." THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

## PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 264

Competition No. 264 will close December 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Winds of March."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Good Reason," or "A Good Excuse."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "In the Open."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Admiration," or "A Heading for March."

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application, stating age, a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League,  
The Century Co.

353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX

BROWNWOOD, TEX.

BELOVED OF MAGAZINES: Being sure you would like to hear it, I want to tell you how you helped my class.

This year, my expression teacher was at a loss to know where to get an Indian play. We were to give an Indian program for the benefit of the school. I mentioned seeing an attractive Indian play in one of my numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, and I offered to lend her the copy. When she read it over, she eagerly accepted it; and that was our Grammar School's graduating play! We gave it with several other Indian songs and readings in costume. A great many people told us it was the prettiest program of the year. The name of the play was, "The Finding of the First Arbutus," in the April issue for 1920. My teacher liked it so well that she said she was going to subscribe to the magazine for herself.

I recited "Biddy McCall," from the October number of 1920, on St. Patrick's Day before the high school, and every one seemed to enjoy it.

I enjoyed "The Dragon's Secret" so much, and I think "The Luck of Denewood" is splendid. I surely hope those two writers will write for us some more.

I think the LEAGUE is just wonderful, and it is the first thing I turn to every month, to get the next subject for verse, drawing, photograph, or prose. I sent in one contribution for the month of May but nothing came of it. You can't down me, though. I'm going to keep on until I win a gold badge!

I am fourteen years old, and I graduated from the grammar school this year. I will enter the high school in September, and there I will join the Camp Fire Girls. How I look forward to it!

Yours for Health, Wealth, and Prosperity. I am,

A devoted reader,

MABLE D. STONE.

P. S. My grandfather is as eager for you every month as I am. Lucky indeed was the day when you came as a birthday gift!

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not subscribe for you, but my mother buys you down town every month.

We have just had a terrible electrical storm, and the water was ten feet deep in some places.

Our telephones will not work, and we have no water or lights, and the gas we have is so slow that it will hardly burn. This was all caused by the storm. To get water to drink we have to go to the ice factory and stand in line, or else go where a water-pipe is broken. San Antonio is a wreck, all our theaters, and stores have their basements full of water and the first floors almost full. The water had so much force that it broke bridges and tore down houses. Even our paved streets were broken down by the water. We shall not have telephone or light service for two or three days longer.

I don't live near the river, or our house would have been damaged. Some people who lived there lost their homes, because the water carried

away houses, trees, bridges, and everything in its reach.

I must tell you that you are the loveliest book in the world for a girl or boy.

Your devoted reader,

PHYLLIS KIMMELL (AGE 10).

TULSA, OKLA.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you of all the many happy hours I have spent with you, and that I don't think any child can afford to miss you.

And now, I want to tell you about my lovely vacation from which I have just returned. The most wonderful part to me was a trip through Yellowstone Park. Of course, the geysers are the main thing; and especially "Old Faithful Geyser," so called because it never fails to "play" every sixty to sixty-five minutes. For four minutes, it shoots up a hundred and sixty feet. It is truly a wonderful sight.

The hotel accommodations are splendid. Away off in the ruggedness of the mountains are built the finest and most beautiful hotels.

I suppose every one has heard of the tame bears. I walked up to one and fed it candy. "Jesse James," a cinnamon-colored grizzly bear is known as "the hold-up bear," because he always sits in the middle of the road, and every car that comes along feeds him candy and sugar.

At Mammoth Hot Springs, we saw a wonderful old stage-coach. It was made about 1872. A few years later it was captured by the Indians and recaptured by General Howard. Many distinguished people rode in it, President Cleveland among them. It was rather dilapidated looking, but what would n't be?

From the park we went to Minneapolis and Alexandria, Minn. We had a lovely time swimming, fishing, and engaging in the many other sports.

Your ever faithful reader,

ALICE MAY KISTLER (AGE 13).

NASHVILLE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have only taken you for six months, I have enjoyed you so much. The month of May I spent in the West. When I was at the Grand Cañon we took some sight-seeing trips. We went over to Hermit's Rest. I wanted my picture taken there, overlooking the Cañon. I had my ST. NICHOLAS in my hand, and I turned it around, so every one could see the title. Then I had my picture taken that way.

Your delighted reader,

EVA STEVENS (AGE 11).

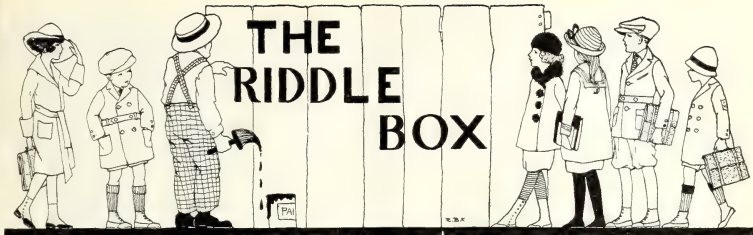
NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for eight months, and now I wonder how I ever did without you, for you are the most entertaining magazine I have ever read.

I used to get you from the library and liked you so much that when asked what I wanted for a birthday present I promptly said, "ST. NICHOLAS."

Your devoted reader,

RUTH CONWAY (AGE 13).



# THE RIDDLE BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

**CHARADE.** I-van-hoe.  
**MYTHOLOGICAL ACROSTIC.** Initials, Pallas Athene. Cross-words: 1. Poseidon. 2. Achilles. 3. Lernaean. 4. Lavinium. 5. Alceste. 6. Sisyphus. 7. Arethusa. 8. Tantalus. 9. Hyacinth. 10. Eurydion. 11. Nausicaa. 12. Eurydice. From 1 to 6, Urania; 7 to 14, Cephalus; 15 to 20, Hector; 21 to 30, Andromache; 31 to 36, Vulcan; 37 to 41, Diana.

**DIAMOND.** 1. K. 2. Hop. 3. Korea. 4. Pew. 5. A.  
**ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.** Albert, 20; Benjamin, 30; Charles, 40.

**PICTURED POEMS.** 1. The Pine Tree. 2. The Pumpkin. 3. The Barefoot Boy. 4. The Mayflower. 5. The Palm Tree. 6. The Robin. 7. The Three Bells. 8. The Tent on the Beach. 9. Red Riding Hood. By J. G. Whittier.

**LITERARY ACROSTIC.** Initials, Silas Marner. Cross-words: 1. Squadron. 2. Indurate. 3. Lucidity. 4. Affright. 5. Savagery. 6. Monotone. 7. Allegory. 8. Renovate. 9. Nepenthe. 10. Eclipse. 11. Response. From 1 to 11, George Eliot; 12 to 21, Squire Cuss; 22 to 28, Godfrey; 29 to 35, Dunstan; 36 to 40, Nancy; 41 to 45, Dolly; 46 to 50, Eppie; 51 to 55, Aaron.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than December 3, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Answers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 109) and give answers in full, following the plan of those printed above.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER** were duly received from Betty Muir—"The Three R's"—Virginia Ball. **ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER** were duly received from H. A. Doyle, 9—J. F. Davis, 9—"Alli and Adi," 9—V. L. Marks, 9—"Sun and Moon," 9—"Kemper Hall," 9—R. T. Smith, 9—E. B. Forman, 9—"Three Benedicts," 9—E. Tong, 9—H. Blackwood, 9—A. Miller, 8—M. and M. E. Swift, 8—R. Howe, 8—T. L. Wade, 8—M. I. Fry, 8—A. T. Gifford, 8—V. and H. Jeone, 8—B. Barber, 8—F. Dekum, 8—C. S. Messler, 8—M. J. Stewart, 8—S. Dickinson, 8—"English Club," 8—B. Booth, 8—St. Anna's Girls, 7—M. Scattergood, 7—E. Huntress, 7—H. C. Sayward, 7—M. E. Love, 6—L. Tucker, 6—M. F. Mize, 6—C. Brogan, 6—E. Deuel, 5—"Whitty's," 5—"M. and N.," 5—A. Hardenburgh, 5—R. E. Putney, 5—"B. and M.," 5—C. B. Hussey, 5—V. Stone, 5—L. Polakow, 5—E. Desonneck, 5—E. Brooks, 4—M. Stowell, 4—J. Moulton, 4—C. S. Barnes, 4—A. S. Godecke, 4—H. W. and K. S., 4—E. J. Chase, 4—R. Hallas, 4—C. Christopher, 4—E. Murray, 4—L. Radel, 4—L. Sassman, 4—J. Neches, 4—C. Wittman, 4—K. Bacheneimer, 4—K. Kahler, 4—J. A. Goodman, 4—R. Bechtel, 4—M. Rothschild, 4—M. Nelson, 4—D. Botsford, 4—R. M. McKame, 4—G. Allan, 3—E. W. Bowen, 3—S. A. Rand, 3—I. Thorndike, 3—N. E. Diemer, 3—E. A. Thorp, 3—H. Byrne, 3—E. Collins, 3—E. Bundy, 3—C. Fisk, 3—F. Frank, 3—M. Smith, 3—J. M. Reed, 3—M. Ramsay, 3—L. Killam, 3—D. Harris, 3—H. R. Vaughn, 3—J. Lacher, 3—H. H. Woods, 3—H. L. Smith, 3—C. R. Towner, 3—M. Shea, 3—G. Meisels, 3—K. S. Goodman, 3—H. McMillan, 3—S. Gerschwitz, 3—K. Smyth, 3—E. N. Smithwick, 3—D. Burns, 3—R. Byers, 3—S. L. Osborne, 3.

**TWO PUZZLES:** E. G. P. LaF. J. H. R. H. G. T. L. H. H. M. B. D. H. F. B. C. C. N. D. D. E. H. W. S. J. C. M. F. H. M. F. A. W. E. H. F. A. D. M. B. C. P. A. P. R. H. E. M. F. E. H. L. D. R. E. J. R. C. J. W. M. F. B. S. T. P. A. B. M. I. S. A. G. C. Jr.

For lack of space, the initials of solvers sending but one answer cannot be printed.

## AN AUTUMN PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

\* 12 17 28 CROSS-WORDS: 1. Staring  
 \* 13 2 with wonder. 2. A native prince  
 \* 18 32 24 of India. 3. To consolidate. 4.  
 \* 8 26 1 A simpleton. 5. A voracious  
 \* 15 19 5 fish. 6. An aromatic plant. 7.  
 \* 4 20 To place in a yielding substance.  
 \* 29 30 8. To fetter. 9. Occurrence.  
 \* 21 3 10 25 10. Plunges into. 11. A deputy.  
 \* 9 31 16 12. Juvenile.

\* 22 27 6 When these words have been  
 \* 11 rightly guessed, the initial  
 \* 14 23 7 letters (indicated by stars) will  
 spell a memorable day. The  
 letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 12 spell  
 another memorable day; from 13 to 24, a man  
 who took a memorable journey; from 25 to 32,  
 a memorable month for Guy Fawkes.

MARGARET PECK (AGE 15).

## TRIANGLE

READING ACROSS: 1. Business of ex-  
 changing commodities by barter or  
 purchase. 2. A western city. 3. A  
 conjunction. 4. To perform. 5. In  
 commodities.

T. M. CHAPIN (AGE 10), League Member.

## NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same num-  
 ber of letters. When rightly guessed and written  
 one below another, the primals and finals, when  
 read in connection, will name a certain famous time.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An accused person's plea  
 that he was elsewhere when the crime was com-  
 mitted. 2. An ancient musical instrument hav-  
 ing three strings. 3. Indian corn. 4. To place  
 quite deep in a soft substance. 5. A city of Italy.  
 6. A kind of candy.

ORIOLE J. TUCKER (AGE 12), League Member.









FROM A BROWNIE NEGATIVE.

*You will make good pictures with a*  
**BROWNIE**

The Folding Brownies, particularly, offer just the photographic equipment you want. They are such capable cameras and so easy to work that the pictures you make of your pets, your friends and your sports will be good pictures — from the start.

All Folding Brownies are *Autographic*.

Prices range from \$9.00 up.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



## “- - - - And Look What I Got”

**B**E IT Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw or Patrick-Duluth Overcoat, you will prize it as the best Christmas gift you have ever received.

Both made of north country wool  
“from sheep that thrive in the snow.”  
Both “bigger than weather,” yet

neither heavy nor bulky. Both comfortable, easy fitting as only Patrick-Duluth garments can be.

Only Patrick-Duluth garments have the green and black label signifying Patrick quality—ask “dad” or mother to look for it when they go Christmas shopping.

**PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS**  
DULUTH F. A. Patrick & Co., Proprietors MINNESOTA  
Sole manufacturers of both cloth and garments

▲ *Pure Northern Wool from sheep that thrive in the snow* ▲





## Vigilance

**T**HE VALUE TO THE PUBLIC of the Bell System service is based on the reliability, promptness and accuracy of that service.

As quality of service depends upon the economic operation of all telephone activities, vigilance begins where work begins. Science and engineering skill enter into the selection of all raw materials; and into the adapting and combining of these materials to the end that the finished product may be most efficient in operation and endurance, and produced at the least cost.

A series of progressive tests are made at every step during the transformation of these materials into telephone plant and equipment. And

when all these complicated devices, with their tens of thousands of delicately constructed parts, are set in operation they are still subjected to continuous, exhaustive tests.

As the best of materials and the most complete machinery is of little value without correct operation, the same ceaseless vigilance is given to the character of service rendered in providing telephone communication for the public.

Such constant vigilance in regard to every detail of telephone activity was instrumental in upholding standards during the trials of reconstruction. And this same vigilance has had much to do with returning the telephone to the high standard of service it is now offering the public.

" BELL SYSTEM "

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed  
toward Better Service*





# "WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"



To fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, distant relatives, neighbors, Santa Claus, and *all* other good friends. I have written down below a list of the Christmas gifts that would make me happiest. Of course I won't be disappointed if I don't get them *all*. I just thought it would be easier for you if I told you what I should *like* to have.

Signed.....

First of all I Want St. NICHOLAS  
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

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Signed.....

First of all I Want St. NICHOLAS  
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

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## *What to do with this page*

To ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls—First look through your copies of ST. NICHOLAS and decide what things you would most like to find in your stocking on Christmas morning. Then write your name and copy your "wishes" in the spaces reserved above, putting in the exact page and issue of ST. NICHOLAS on which the gift is advertised so that "Santa Claus" will make no mistake. Then leave your ST. NICHOLAS in a conspicuous place with this page turned down at the corner or something to attract attention.



---

*Message to Toy Dealers*—We have picked St. Nicholas to get the American boys acquainted with our goods. Special offer to dealers. Write to-day for particulars.

---

OUR WATCHWORD

# A SKI-KAR AND SKI-SLED FOR EVERY BOY

## *A Spaulding Offer to American Boys*

Send \$10.00 and get a SKI-CAR prepaid direct to you

Send \$8.00 and get a SKI-SLED prepaid direct to you

Send \$3.00 and get a TRAILER prepaid direct to you

*Then*

Send names and addresses of your Buddies  
who also want a Ski-Kar and Ski-Sled

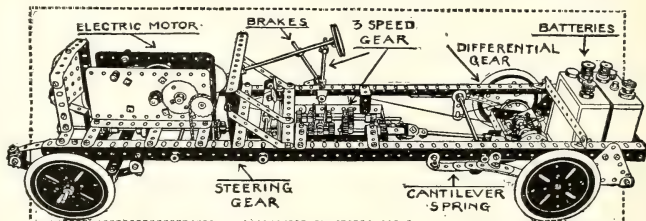
*And*

We will send you \$3.00 for every Ski-Kar sold  
and \$2.00 for every Ski-Sled





## Boys! Look at This Wonderful Auto Chassis



## You can Build it with **MECCANO**

It not only *looks* like a real chassis; it is a real one in miniature. Runs with its own motor and carries its own dry cells. It has a worm steering mechanism, just like the "rear end" on all cars. It is great fun to make it run along the floor, to shift the gears into "high" or "reverse" and make it respond to your slightest touch.

You may think it is hard to make, but it really is easy. Thousands of boys have made models much more wonderful than this. It is surprising what a bright, intelligent boy can build with MECCANO and a screw driver, after making some of the very simple ones described in the manual included in the outfit.



FREE  
TO  
BOYS

### Send for This New MECCANO Book

It describes and tells interesting things about model building. Every page a pleasure. Sent free if you send us names and addresses of yourself and three chums. Put No. 42 after your own name for reference.

### MECCANO CO., INC.

Div. Y, 71 W. 23rd St., New York City

*Ask your Dealer for Free Rules of \$1250 Prize Contest, or write us.*



### No. IX Outfit

Builds over 100 models and includes an electric motor. Read about it in the new free book and see it at your dealer's.

# Sachet Craft

The Girls' Sachet Outfit



## Here's the New Way for Girls to Make Dainty Sachet Bags

**P**RETTY and perfumed sachets are one of the nicest things any girl can make. They are nice to perfume your dresser, handkerchief case, glove case and stationery box; even the closet where you keep your pretty dresses. They are welcomed gifts for birthdays, and make wonderful party favors. You can get up a Sachet Party among your chums and have a fine time making your own Sachets.

SACHET CRAFT outfits make it easy for you. They contain all materials needed for making many different basket, envelope, heart and other sachets. The sachet powder is delightfully perfumed and of excellent, lasting quality. Silk-finished Crêpe paper, neat flower seals, colored wool yarn, a special needle and cotton wadding for perfume pads are all furnished; also a book of directions with patterns for many designs, both simple and fancy. Sachet making is lots of fun for girls who like to make pretty things and there are



## Chemistry for Girls

**B**E A GIRL CHEMIST! CHEM-CRAFT outfits are the original and most complete chemical laboratories for girls and boys. There is one that will just suit you. Send for the booklet and find out about it now.

## Two Dandy Outfits to Choose From

**No. 1** A nice outfit for a little girl. The contents will make a great many different designs. Price **\$1**

**No. 2** Larger outfit containing more material. This is the outfit most girls will want. Price **\$2**

Here are two Porter Science Outfits that will interest all girls and boys

**CharacterCraft** "The Character Analysis Game," shows how to analyze character. It's a lot of fun and an interesting game. Price **\$3.00**

**StarCraft** Enables anyone to learn the names and locations of the stars. Set of six Star Maps and Star Guide book (West of Denver, Colo., and in Canada, prices are 10 per cent. more.) Price **\$2.00**

These Porter Products are sold wherever good toys are found. Ask for them by name at your store. If you cannot get the ones you want we will send them direct, postpaid, upon receipt of above prices. If you would like to know more about these and many other equally interesting outfits for girls and boys —

**Send for Interesting Booklet and Free Club Magazine** and we will send you a book telling about all Porter Products, and also a sample copy of the Chemcraft Chemist Club Magazine full of interesting news.

## THE PORTER CHEMICAL COMPANY

Porter Products Put Science at Your Service  
Industrial Building  
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND



# Play WIZARD!

The New Game of Mystery!

HERE'S more fun for fifty cents than in any other game we know. Weird—Fascinating!!!

You ask the questions—Wizard tells you the answer. See if you can find out how and why Wizard never makes mistakes.

Made by Americans for Americans. Beware of imitations. If your dealer is out of Wizards send us 50 cents in stamps *right away* and get a Wizard by return mail. Just the thing for your birthday or Christmas party.

## Price 50c

### MAYFLOWER Stamping and Painting Sets

Any boy or girl can be an artist, making up quaint and pretty scenes of early Pilgrim days. Great sport for parties. Buy two or three sets and watch the fun as the boys and girls rival one another in making and coloring these highly interesting and original pictures, in a limited time. Give a set as a prize to the boy or girl who makes the best painting, or the person who turns out a picture in the shortest time. Splendid for birthday and Christmas gifts. . .

**Price 50c**

### COMICAL BATHTUB TOYS THAT SWIM

**Pollywog**, a quaint, green fish with wiggling tail, makes good speed around the bathtub. Waterproofed with durable green paint. You simply wind it up, place it in the water and let go. Price. . . **25c**

**Annette**, an amusing little bathing girl in bright colors. Simple mechanism flops her arms in very realistic manner, causing her to float or swim backwards or forwards. Price. . . **50c**

### PRINTING SETS

The junior sign marker, an ideal printing set for boys and girls. Strong rubber stamps are each evenly mounted on highly varnished moulding. Each and every letter prints cleanly and distinctly. Set furnished complete with ruler and arithmetical signs. An aid to study. A real joy in making sign and school charts. . . . . **Price 50c**

A fine gift package containing all the above can be bought from your dealer or will be sent postpaid for \$2.00

**FULTON SPECIALTY CO., - - - Elizabeth, N. J.**

This Set with Water-Color Paints

**50c**



### Begin thinking about Christmas already

With a list of chums as long as your arm, you surely have your own Christmas problems.

Among the new Crayola sets, that retail from 25c to \$5.00, you will find gifts that will really *please* a surprising number of your friends. All these sets include the "Crayola" Crayons, the exact kind that real artists use. To them are added books and instruments, water-color paints, serving sets, etc.

Each set is packed in a sturdy box, decorated with the bright pictures and striking colors suitable for Christmas.

Your dealer has them.

Gold Medal Crayons for every use  
**Binney & Smith Co.**  
81-83 Fulton St., New York

## OH, BOY! Don't Miss This—A GENUINE Moving Picture Machine

that anyone can operate anywhere.

### Using Big Theatre Films

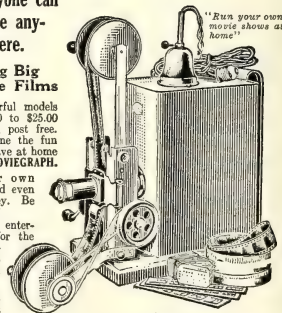
Six wonderful models from \$3.00 to \$25.00 with films, post free. Just imagine the fun you can have at home with a **MOVIEGRAPH**.

Run your own shows and even make money. Be up to date!

Wholesome entertainment for the entire family. A most appreciated gift.

We also sell films of best subjects, as **CHARLIE CHAPLIN**, **MARY PICKFORD**, etc., etc.

**THE MOVIEGRAPH** (Patented.) Model 260—Weight 8½ pounds. Write to-day for big, free illustrated catalogue and film price list.



**PARAMOUNT MFG. CO., Dept. S, P.O. Box 1371, BOSTON, MASS.**



# Better Games for Children



## Pirate and Traveler

HERE is a big box full of entertainment. Ten thrilling journeys to all parts of the world: to South Africa, to Borneo, to Honolulu, to Japan, or wherever the little spinner decides you should go. Many routes are open, some fraught with dreadful possibilities—of pirates, storms at sea, cannibals and wild beasts—an exciting game indeed. A game that can be played by adults as well as by children, and with considerable benefit because it will make the names of places and their locations as well known as the streets of your own town.

That is something you will always find about a Bradley game. There is, underneath the fun, just enough worth-while instruction to make the impressions which they leave upon the child's mind worth remembering.

Buy games for quality instead of quantity. Bradley's are the better games for children because they are made by the largest manufacturers of children's games and playthings in the United States.

### AMONG THE OTHER BRADLEY FAVORITES ARE:

**Uncle Wiggily Game**—by the author of "The Uncle Wiggily Tales," Howard R. Garis. Will fill the house with the most cherished of all things—children's laughter at self-made fun.

**Spoof**—in which Dad can join. To make him the "Spoof" would be rich indeed.

**Rumme**—is another popular Bradley game to ask for.

### MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

"Makers of the World's Best Games"

Not how much but how good for the money



**Bradley's**  
THE WORLD'S BEST  
**GAMES**

Bradley games are obtainable at Department, Toy Novelty and Stationery stores everywhere. Should you forget the name, just ask for "The World's Best Games" and they will show you Bradley's.



## What a Glad Xmas Surprise

A Lionel Electric Train is a wonderful gift. The locomotives, cars, signals, bridges, etc., are all patterned after the real ones. With a Lionel Railway you get all the joys of genuine railroading—it'll last many years—and you can renew your interest as often as you wish by adding new equipment. Be sure you get a "Lionel" this Xmas.



New  
LIONEL TYPE "A"  
Multivolt Toy Transformer

Approved by National Board of Fire Underwriters. Cheapest and best transformer made. Many improved electrical features.

Send for Handsome Catalog in Colors

—showing the complete Lionel line of locomotives, coaches, freight cars, stations, bridges, semaphores, etc., in full color—over 150 items. Then buy from your dealer, or write us. Prices from \$6.25 up.



**The Lionel Corporation**

50-E, East 21st Street, New York City

**STANDARD  
OF THE WORLD  
FOR 21 YEARS**

# LIONEL ELECTRIC TOY TRAINS

& Multivolt Transformers

## CLASS PINS

FREE CATALOG

GIVE NAME OF SCHOOL OR CLUB AND NUMBER IN CLUES

Either pin illustrated made with any equal amount of lettering, one or two colors enamel. Silver plate, 25¢ ea., \$2.50 doz. Sterling silver 50¢ ea., \$5.00 doz. Write to-day for catalog.

BASTIAN BROS. CO.  
283 Bastian Bldg.,

Rochester, N.Y.



## OORANG AIREDALES

The 20th Century  
All-round Dogs



Orang Airedales are loyal pals for man, woman and child; faithful watch-dogs for automobile, camp, home and estate; ideal dogs for farm and ranch; careful drivers of cattle and sheep; excellent ratters, water-dogs, retrievers and hunters. Choice stock for sale. Also Fox-Hounds, Coon-Hounds and Big Game Hounds. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Descriptive booklet mailed for 10c.

**OORANG KENNELS**

The Largest Breeders of Airedales in the World  
Dept. 16, LARUE, OHIO

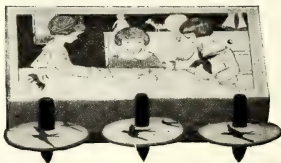
## Cheapest Way to Go

to work, to school, or for fun and recreation is on a **Ranger Bicycle**. Choice of 44 Styles, colors and sizes. Save \$10 to \$25 on Direct From-the-Factory shipment. **30 Days' Free Trial**, shipped on approval. We pay the express both ways if not accepted.



**12 Months to Pay** on Installments if desired. Saved time and carfare easily meets the small monthly payments.

**TIRES** Parts equipment—half usual retail prices. **MEAD CYCLE COMPANY** Send no money. Write for big illustrated free Ranger Catalog, Prices and Payment Terms.  
DEPT. S15 CHICAGO, ILL.



## "Win-a-Spin" Tops

Fortune may smile on the spinner. White for fame, pink for gold and blue for happiness. The longest spinner is the winner. Box of 3 tops, 50c postpaid. (Ask for No. 4249.) Our catalog shows hundreds of novel, inexpensive gifts for young and old. Send for a copy to-day and make your Christmas shopping a pleasure. See the Pohlson things in stores and gift shops. Look for the Pohlson seal of distinction.



POHLSON GIFT SHOP

Pawtucket, R. I.



## Every boy loves boats and trains

**B**OYS can have a railroad all their own, or a wonderful fleet of ships that look just like original models—perfect even in small details. Ives Trains and Ives Boats are sturdy American Toys that will last for years with proper care.

The locomotives run by electricity or springs and whizz around on miniature tracks with stations, switches, sidings, tunnels, bridges, crossing gates and signal lights and a wonderful assortment of passenger cars, freight cars, flat cars, lumber cars, oil cars and cabooses. A boy can have a complete railroad system that will be the best fun in the world.

Ives Boats, like Ives Trains, are miniature copies of original models. They are built of steel, hand-somely painted and are operated by long-running spring mechanisms. There are wonderful submarines that dive, ocean liners, freighters, motor boats and destroyers.

A fleet of Ives Ships or an Ives railroad system will make all other toys neglected. They are just what every boy wants.

*Send 10c for Ives Booklet  
of Trains and Boats*

The IVES MANUFACTURING CORPORATION  
196 Holland Avenue Bridgeport, Conn.



# Ives Toys

Make Happy Boys



# FEDERAL BICYCLE TIRES



## Care-Free Pleasure on Wear-Proof Tires

BICYCLING becomes a care-free pleasure for boys and girls whose wheels are equipped with Federal bicycle tires. Any Federal rider will tell you these sturdy tires are his preference because they wear longer and resist punctures. Ask your dealer to show you a set.



The "Big Six" Federal line.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER CO. of Illinois  
 FACTORIES: Cudahy, Wis.

## Boys and Girls!

THINK  
OF IT!

A Genuine  
DEAGAN

## XYLOPHONE

A real professional instrument, complete with mallets, floor-rack, fibre carrying case and a full Course of Instruction for playing—all for

Write to-day for full information regarding this fascinating instrument—there is pleasure and profit in it for you.

**\$25.00**

**J. C. DEAGAN, Inc.**

*Largest Xylophone Manufacturers  
in the World*

1788 Berteau Avenue, Deagan Bldg.

Chicago



Easy to  
Learn

## MAGIC THEATRE

*Most Fascinating and Entertaining Toy*

No Wires. No Strings. No Electricity

Actors Are Moved by Magnet Under the Stage Floor

27 inches long, 18½ inches high



Size "C" \$5.00



Boys and Girls, entertain your friends by giving them a show on the Magic Theatre. Actors move about the stage without visible means. The most beautiful toy made. A complete show, with each Theatre consisting of actors and scenery. Any paper out-out can be used on the stage.

**Made So a Child Can Operate**

Specifications: Elaborate marble finish; novelty velvet trim curtain; beautiful ten-color folding scenery; packed into a nicely finished box 4 inches deep.

MADE IN THREE SIZES

SIZE A, \$1.50 SIZE B, \$3.00 SIZE C (Illustrated) \$5.00

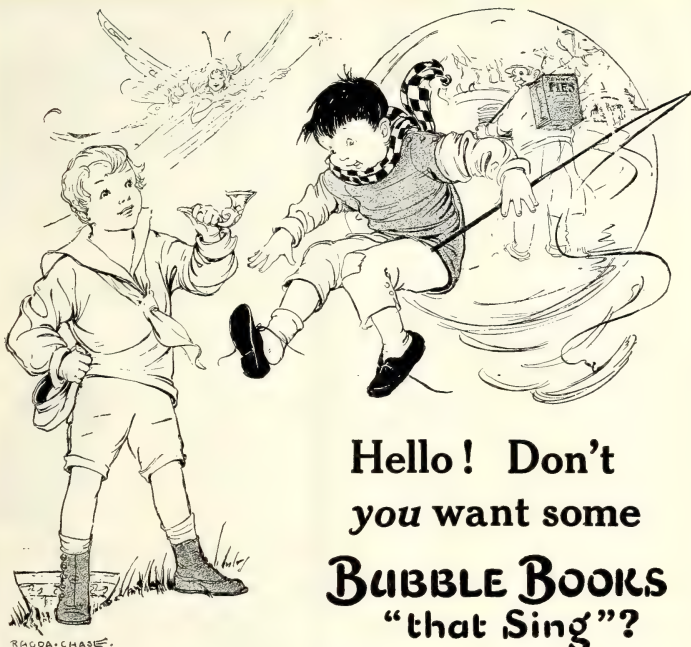
Mailed Anywhere Postpaid on Receipt of Price

**MOORE MANUFACTURING CO.**

1590-1610 Gates Ave.

Brooklyn, N. Y.





## Hello! Don't you want some **BUBBLE BOOKS** "that Sing"?

**T**HINK of all the fun you can have with Bubble Books! They're not like other books with just pictures and stories and verses—Bubble Books have *real* phonograph records in them. They're *Columbia* records, too. You can play them on your own little phonograph or on the big phonograph the grown-ups use. Any phonograph will play Bubble Book records.

Each Bubble Book is complete in itself with a story, verses and beautiful colored pictures. The story tells about a little boy who has a wonderful magic Bubble Pipe. He blows great big bubbles and out of them come the little people in the story.

Little Bo Peep, Jack and Jill, Mary and Her Little Lamb, Funny Froggy, and a host of others, direct from Fairyland. They sing and play with the little boy and the songs they sing are on the records.

You will love the funny sounds in the records — there are cawing crows, mooing cows, squawky frogs and three little kittens who mew ever so sweetly. You can have hours of fun all alone or with your friends—and you don't have to bother your mother, or aunt, or sister, or *anyone*. Just tell them they can get Bubble Books for you at toy, book, phonograph or department stores everywhere.

***BUBBLE BOOKS** are written by Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson. Pictures by Rhoda Chase. Twelve Bubble Books are now ready and others are in preparation. \$1.25 each*

**HARPER & BROTHERS** Est. 1817 Franklin Square, New York, N.Y.



**"It Feels Better Already!"**

Sloan's gets right down to the aching spot, whether sprain, strain, sore muscle, etc., and brings tingling warmth of relief quickly.

*Apply without rubbing, it penetrates*

At all druggists, 35c, 70c, \$1.40  
Keep it handy

**Sloan's**  
**Liniment** (Pain's enemy)

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easy work in spare time. Just send us your name and address—you will receive details FREE.

PREMIUM CO., 1340 Teller Avenue, NEW YORK



**New**  
**Appleton Books**  
**for Young People**

## THE SECRET STAIRS

*By Ellen Douglas Deland*

A delightful mystery story for girls, who will love Isabel, the appealing little 14-year-old heroine. After being rather badly brought up by a rich aunt, Isabel goes to live with her father's relatives where she becomes involved in a mysterious disappearance by way of a secret staircase used by her mother when she eloped many years before. \$1.75

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*By Bernard Marshall*

A book that has been called a second "Ivanhoe." A stirring tale of England in the olden days when outlaws roamed the forests. "A singularly graphic and faithful picture of the rude life of the twelfth century, in castle and court, on the march and in battle."—*New York Times*. Illustrated. \$2.50

At all booksellers

*Complete new catalog of best books for boys sent free upon request.*

**D. APPLETON & COMPANY**

35 West 32nd St., New York



## Prepare in Advance

¶Some parents make plans for their children's education from kindergarten to college while the children are infants. Very worthy institutions of learning have come into existence and have rendered excellent service since many ST. NICHOLAS readers burned the midnight oil. ¶Parents should know the progress schools are making. ¶If you are undecided which to choose among the fine schools advertised in these columns ST. NICHOLAS offers its gratis assistance in solving your school problems. Address

**SCHOOL SERVICE DEPARTMENT, THE ST. NICHOLAS CO., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City**



## SHEET MUSIC 15c

Look through the Century Catalog—you'll find it offers you for your piano practically all the world's best music—standard classics like "La Paloma," "Hungarian Rhapsody," "Salut A Pesth," "Moonlight Sonata," "Barcarolle," "Melody in F," etc., all certified to be correct as the masters wrote them.

Examine Century Sheet Music itself—you'll find it is beautifully printed on the finest of paper.

Century is only 15c—but you can't buy better if you pay three and four times the Century price. Insist upon Century. Patronize the Century dealer. He has your interest at heart. Century's low price is only possible because your dealer is satisfied with a small profit. If your dealer can't supply you with

**Century Music Publishing Co., 233 W. 40th St., New York City**



Century, we will. Complete catalog of over 2,100 classical and popular standard compositions free on request.

Ask your dealer to show you Martin's "Rudiments for the Piano," Jahn's "Rudiments for the Violin" 75c each. Used by all modern teachers.



## BOYS PLAY GOLF!

Learn to play a man's game now. No other game has the same fascination. Learn to play it while young — and play better and enjoy it more all your life.

### EASY TO LEARN WHILE YOUNG

Just use the coupon below and we will send you our FREE new book for boys. It tells you how boys elsewhere are having a lot of fun playing the grand old "Ancient Game."

### "MACGREGOR"

Golf Clubs have been the standard of quality with Golfers for over twenty years.

"Make Records with MACGREGORS"

THE  
**CRAWFORD, McGREGOR  
& CANBY CO.**  
DAYTON, OHIO

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Crawford,  
McGregor &  
Canby Co.,  
Dayton, Ohio

Please send free information  
and booklet

"How Boys Can Enjoy Golf"

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## There's many a slip

A misdirected blow or a slip of a sharp tool — and you may have a serious bruise or cut. A few drops of Absorbine, Jr., should be applied promptly.

## Absorbine, Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

kills germs — prevents infection — soothes and heals — takes out soreness and inflammation.

This antiseptic liniment cannot do harm no matter how carelessly used. It is made of herbs and is not poisonous.

It is also used extensively by athletic boys and girls to prevent or relieve tired muscles — it is great after long hikes or any strenuous sport.

A liberal Trial Bottle mailed anywhere for 10c in stamps. Absorbine, Jr., \$1.25 a bottle at most druggists or delivered.

**W. F. YOUNG, Inc.**  
360 Temple Street  
Springfield Mass.



## WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Vulcan Rubber Cemented Shaving Brushes make shaving a pleasure. They wear for many years.

Invincible Hair Brushes. Strong, stiff bristles. Beautiful wood, richly finished. Very popular with lovers of good brushes.

Send for Illustrated Literature

**JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.**  
Boston, U.S.A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 112 Years and the  
Largest in the World



# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

## NEW ISSUES

OUR space for new issues this month is very limited. So we will illustrate just a few of the more striking arrivals, and let the description be briefer than we wish. First is shown a brilliant

stamps which they are unable to identify, and which they hope will be listed and pictured in the coming publication.

Our interest in the appearance of the new catalogue touches also upon another side of stamp-collecting—that is, the mercenary side. Sometimes it seems a

thing to be regretted that the money value of the stamps which come into their possession should make such an appeal to collectors. Yet we feel it. And we are all keenly eager to scan the new prices—to note with joy an advance in the



red stamp from Bulgaria, of bold and unusual design. Then follow three illustrations from a new issue by Libya. These three are bi-colored and are really very beautiful both in color and design. Indeed it is one of the most interesting sets of stamps we have seen for some time.

## THE NEW CATALOGUE

THE fascination of stamp-collecting is largely due to the ever-recurring excitements connected with the chase. Beginning with the joy of acquiring one's first stamp-album, there follows a never-ending succession of stirring events. The first stamp issued by China which we get, or perhaps by Japan, brings with it to the genuine lover of stamps a thrill which endures for a lifetime. And as one's collection grows, there is woven into it countless memories and associations. As the owner turns its pages and notes the cherished specimens, he recalls how he came into possession of this or that one—who gave him this stamp; how this one was purchased at a great bargain; the fun he had in bidding for this one at an auction; how he traded for his Korea with a boy at school. So the path of association runs on. One of the very important mile-stones in the collector's career is the acquisition of his first copy of the standard catalogue. Very early in the game of collecting, each boy or girl learns how necessary it is to possess a copy of this book—the latest copy, in fact. A new catalogue is always looked forward to with great interest. How eagerly we turn over its pages to find the latest issued stamps! What a feeling of satisfaction comes over us when we discover our recent acquisitions really and truly there! For no collector is ever fully satisfied in owning a stamp until he has actually seen it in the catalogue. This gives it a standing in his mind which nothing else does. Since the last catalogue was published, there have been issued many new stamps. Central Europe, especially, has been busy in this matter, and a goodly number of these stamps have found their way into the hands of collectors in the United States. Many of our readers have

value of the stamps we own, and, with regret, those instances where the price has fallen. A casual reading of the "advance sheets" of the new catalogue seems to point to a wide range of changes. No country seems entirely to have escaped, and these changes will not always prove pleasant reading. Many prices are lowered—indeed, they are often severely cut. There will be disappointments for every collector this year.

We note with pleasure, however, the large increase in the little explanatory notes interspersed throughout the text of the catalogue. This is of great advantage to all, but especially so to the beginner. If only the publishers would extend these notes very widely, how grateful their thousands of readers would be. Imagine your delight if you could look in the catalogue and see, under such illustrations, the name of the person whose portrait is shown; or in the case of scenery, just a word or two descriptive of the picture: or where it is a symbolic picture, a brief explanation of the design. The English catalogue, which is published in two volumes, does this to a limited extent; but such notes could be enlarged upon, thereby adding greatly to the value and usefulness of the book. We consider the United States catalogue the best that is published in one volume. We assume, however, that its publishers try to conserve space, and much that would be interesting has to be sacrificed in an effort to do this.

Of course, by keeping the book in one volume, they are able to offer it at a lower price. But we wonder if, after all, the purchaser would not be glad and willing to pay more money for the added information—information which each individual can secure only with the greatest difficulty, but which the publishers, with their very wide range of foreign correspondence, could quite readily secure. Be this as it may, they probably have their own troubles in preparing the catalogue as it is.

While we are not in a position to speak with accuracy, we should estimate that there are listed in the 1922 catalogue at least fifty thousand major varieties, and possibly as many more minor

(Concluded on second page following)



# THE ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and as reference the name of your parent, or teacher, or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.



**WE WILL SEND Abyssinian Stamp, 10c**  
Scarce Guatemala Parrot Stamp, Packet 30 var. British Colonies, 250 hinges, large mm. scale and Perf. gauge, price list and finest 50% approvals. **WE BUY STAMPS.**

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(Continued on next page)

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Concluded)

ones. Of these, with the exception of the United States, all are illustrated; practically all are priced, both used and unused. Moreover, they are all carefully described as to their color, the kind of paper upon which they are printed, and the method used in their printing—such as 'engraved,' 'lithographed,' 'typographed,' and the like. Even every method of separation is mentioned and measured. No one outside the office of the publishers can have any real idea of the magnitude of the task involved in the publication of a book requiring so much detail and such extreme care.

The catalogue will be issued this month. It will be on sale by every advertiser in the Stamp Directory, and each reader can therefore order a copy from his favorite dealer.

### ANSWERS TO QUERIES

FROM Providence, Rhode Island, come two questions: First, what French colony has stamps labeled *Haut Senegal Niger*? These are found in Scott's catalogue under the title—Upper Senegal and Niger. Second, are the new Arabian, or Hedjaz, stamps (which were illustrated in ST. NICHOLAS) to be put in one's album perpendicularly or horizontally? And in either instance, which side or end goes up to the top? There are two kinds of these stamps—those used for regular postage and the postage-due stamps. The regular stamp should be placed horizontally. If you look at them carefully, you will notice that many of them have a queer arrangement of four characters which looks like 1773, only the sevens and the three are backward like this—"1773." This is a guide in placing the stamps horizontally, with these figures standing as you would see them here, the sevens with points downward. Having these correctly placed, notice that many of the Arabian characters are sweeping curves, and that the convex, or rounded, sides are downward. This will help you with the others. The due-stamps should be placed perpendicularly, the rounded side of the characters again being downward.

ONE of our readers has a ten-centavo stamp of Colombian Republic, Antioquia, of the design of the 1912 issue, and when he looks it up in the catalogue he finds that there are two of them—No. 136 and No. 136a. The former is priced at four cents; the latter at five dollars. Naturally, he wishes to know which one he has. He says that the "head" on his specimen is "not very large." How is he to be sure? The wording in the catalogue, 136a "small head," gives a description which is useful when the collector has both stamps before him. But it is not of much use when he has only one. And on neither stamp is the portrait or "head" very large. However, there is another difference. The large head, so-called, takes up so much room on the stamp that the beautiful epaulets of Girardot do not show. There is only the faintest hint of their existence on the right-hand shoulder—none on the left. The small head, on the contrary, shows the left epaulet fairly well, while the right is almost complete—gold fringe hanging down in fine shape. So look for the epaulets. Their marked presence shows you have the rarer stamp.

## STAMPS

(Continued from preceding page)

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an Educator

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Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

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SHOE**   
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**BOYS AND GIRLS**—watch for the December number of ST. NICHOLAS. It will contain a fine toy section from which you can make out your Christmas list.

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# WHAT FATHER AND MOTHER WANT FOR CHRISTMAS



In a good many homes Father and Mother are sort of forgotten at Christmas. But everybody knows it ought not to be so. This page has been set aside especially for them. They should write down what they think "some one" would get for them if "some one" only knew what would please them.

Name.....

Name.....

(Advertised on page.....of the.....St. Nicholas)

(Advertised on page.....of the.....St. Nicholas)

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(Advertised on page.....of the.....St. Nicholas)

Of course if Father and Mother want to share their page with any one older or younger, they may do so by drawing a heavy horizontal line in place of one of the dotted lines half-way down the Column. Then all above that line will be Father's or Mother's "wishes," and all below it Grandfather's or Grandmother's, or whoever else lives at your house.

*For Those Who Love the Seven Seas*



# LOST SHIPS AND LONELY SEAS

By RALPH D. PAINE

TRUE stories of the romance and the tragedy of man's eternal conflict with the ocean. They recall the era of the brave trading-brig and the stately East Indiaman, of the hard-driven Atlantic packet and the gracious clipper which passed on their several courses to become mere memories. The souls of their sailors have fled to Fiddler's Green, where all dead mariners go, but their deeds deserve to be saved from oblivion. They lived the stuff that made fiction after they were gone. A beautiful book inside and out.

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A sequel to "The Great Illusion." In "The Fruits of Victory" Mr. Angell reexamines in the light of the World War the propositions with which he so profoundly stirred the world in 1911. Of the new book the *London Daily Mail* says: "It is as closely reasoned and as persuasively written as was 'The Great Illusion'. . . . Never has a writer's theory been so swiftly put to the test or come more triumphantly out of it."

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Hanes Union Suits have fine quality pearl buttons sewed the Hanes stay-on way. And, Hanes Union Suits hold their shape and fit because Hanes materials are shrunk before being made up. Be sure you wear Hanes Union Suits this winter. If your dealer can't supply you, write us immediately.

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*Next summer you'll want him to wear Hanes Mainsook Union Suits!*



“AD”  
VENTURES of the

# IVORY HEROES



## Mistress DUSTYGRIME

### Chapter XI

THE many kind and doughty deeds our friends had carried through, set them to looking far and wide for other deeds to do. Their weapon being IVORY SOAP, was carried on the 'plane. Each hero held a scrubbing brush, an emblem without stain. But Mistress Musty Dustygrime had heard of IVORY SHIP and all the

if you can, their pleasant consternation to meet, instead of violence, such fine cooperation. In less time than it takes to tell, each brush and cake was busy; the speed with which the work was done would make you fairly dizzy. Old Dragon knew just what to do, and so did Puss and Snip, and as for Bob and Betty, why, they let no corner slip. When all the gloomy cobwebs and the dust and soot of years had been removed, the sun came through; you *should* have heard the cheers. The witch, who under Betty's hands, turned to a fine old dame, asked if our heroes couldn't find for her another name.

"In sooth," the Baron said, at length, me seems 'twould be polite to call the dame, in IVORY'S name, the Lady Tidybright."

So with a rousing vote 'twas "done." Dame Tidybright was she, and straightway from her hand there came this sensible decree:



doings of the crew, including Puss and Snip. At first she planned to fortify and make a great resistance, but all at once, she changed her mind, and came to their assistance.

"I've long disliked all dirt and filth, but knew not how to change it. This is my chance for cleanliness; these youngsters can arrange it."

Instead of finding bolted doors, our heroes were delighted to find a welcome, just as if they all had been invited. Now just imagine,



DECREE..

"Now, inasmuch as IVORY SOAP has brought you here to-day, and given us its benefits, to each in different way; now let us raise our voices in a hearty song of praise, to IVORY SOAP that purifies and sweetens all our days."

This surely was a wise decree,  
A joy-recording scroll,  
For IVORY SOAP spreads cleanly peace  
From pole to distant pole.



# IVORY

IT FLOATS



# SOAP

99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> PURE

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JOHN MARTIN'S  
BOOK  
THE CHILD'S  
MAGAZINE



DECEMBER, 1921

# ST. NICHOLAS

A detailed illustration of St. Nicholas, an elderly man with a long white beard and a red hat with a tassel. He is holding a small, fluffy white dog with black spots in his left hand and a large, open book in his right hand. The background is dark and textured.

THE CENTURY CO  
FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK  
AND ST. NICHOLAS

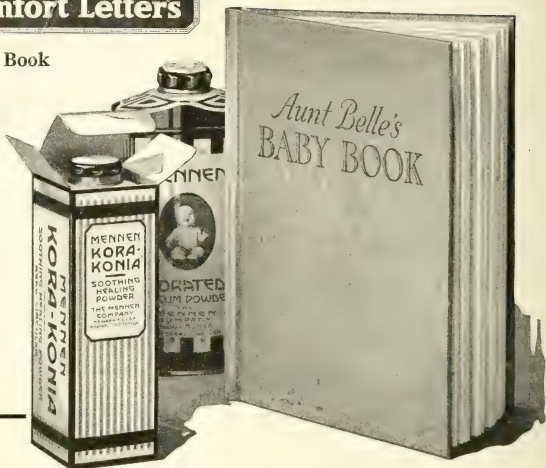


## A Complete Text Book on Baby Culture

Written from a mother's viewpoint by a woman with years of experience in bringing up babies, Aunt Belle's Baby Book covers everything from preparation for motherhood through those critical first months to the child's second year.

Beautifully printed and bound and fully indexed, it is the kind of book that would ordinarily sell for at least a dollar. We are mailing it to mothers for 35 cents. Mailed in a plain wrapper.

An exquisite de luxe binding, in special box, suitable for Christmas gift, costs \$1.50.



## Thousands of Mothers have thanked me

**M**Y Baby Book has really met with a perfectly wonderful reception. It seems as though most of my time for weeks has been spent in reading and answering thousands of delightful letters from mothers thanking me for the help which the Book has been to them.

And most of these letters make special mention of Kora-Konia which my Baby Book advises for all kinds of skin irritation such as prickly heat, diaper rash and teething rash.

Kora-Konia is one of the more recent products of the Mennen laboratories, but personally I think it's the finest thing they make. I am using it constantly in my clinical work and it just makes my heart glow the almost miraculous way it relieves the little

tots, restoring inflamed creases of chubby flesh to a healthy pink, and driving away the angry rashes which must torture a baby so.

Kora-Konia is a wonderful healing powder having the peculiar virtue of clinging to the skin for hours, forming a velvety film which protects the skin while it heals it. It is antiseptic and should be used on little cuts and bruises.

Of course, Kora-Konia doesn't take the place of Mennen Borated Talcum which is as necessary as safety pins, but I do wish that every mother in this country would get a box of Kora-Konia at once and learn what a beneficent preparation it is. Druggists sell Kora-Konia for 35c and 50c.

Lovingly,  
BELLE.

**THE MENNEN COMPANY**  
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



THE MENNEN COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL, QUEBEC



## Brightens Kitchen

Your cabinet and table require frequent and thorough cleaning. Old Dutch keeps them clean and spotless with little time and work. Does not scratch the surface nor harm the hands.

Economical—Thorough—Sanitary

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Drawn by Bernard J. Rosenmeyer

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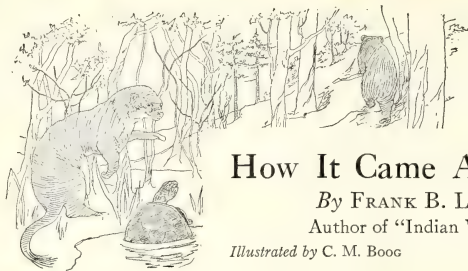
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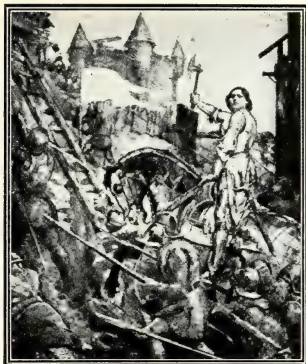


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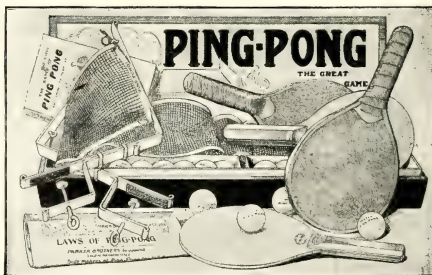


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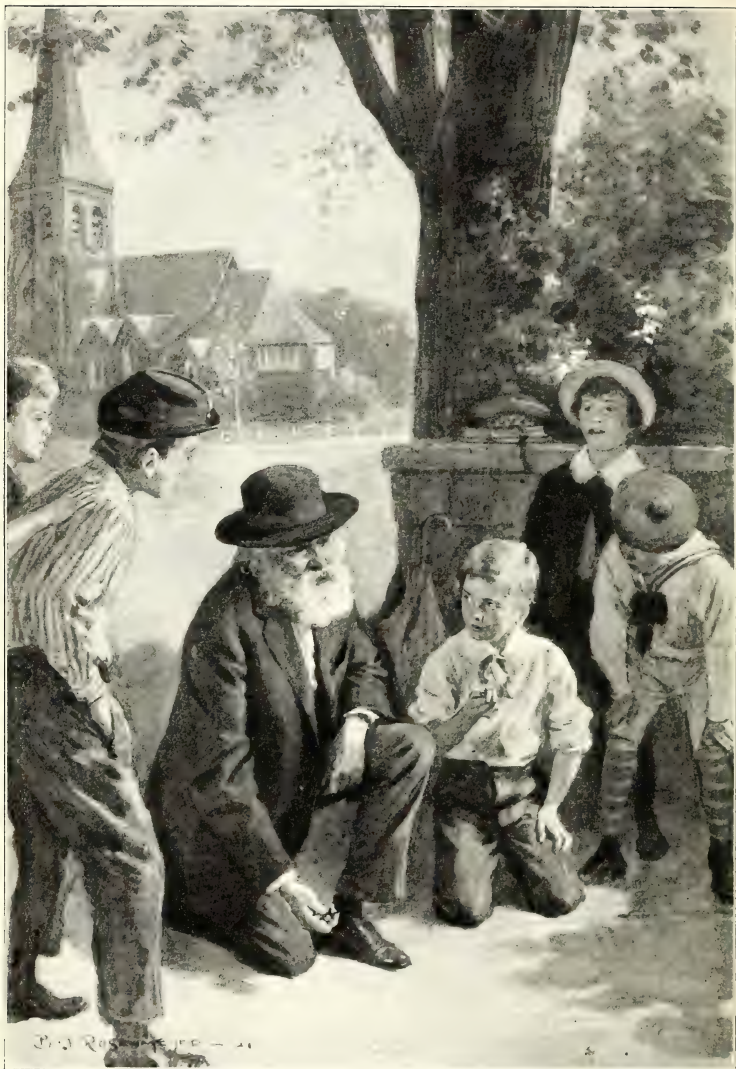
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"THE POET FELT AS IF HIS FUTURE DEPENDED UPON IT" (SEE PAGE 116)



# ST. NICHOLAS

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## HIS BEST BROWN POTTER

By WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

MR. LONGFELLOW came walking up Brattle Street. For many years, that had been his usual road home from Harvard Square. In his younger days, that way led him under the spreading chestnut-tree where the village smithy stood. But even forty years ago the blacksmith and his forge had long since gone, and the chestnut-tree did not spread out its arms so wide as it used to do. The necessary process of cutting off sections of the branches had begun, both for the much older Washington Elm, two or three blocks away, and for the Spreading Chestnut-tree. But if the blacksmith and his forge had gone, another interest still drew his steps in that direction, for Mr. Longfellow was quite apt even to go out of his way to have children along his path. The Washington Grammar School stood on Brattle Street directly opposite the old tree.

All the boys knew him. And all the girls too. Some knew that his name was Mr. Longfellow. But that was not necessary. You just spoke to him, and he spoke to you. He seemed always to know your name, which pleased you, and the way he spoke your name pleased you, too, somehow. But then he knew everybody's name, all the boys' and girls', so there was not anything unusual about that. We all liked him, of course. Some one had said he was a poet, but we did not know exactly what that was. We liked him just as much, whatever it was.

It was a late spring day in 1880, near the first of June. It was in marble season. Five small boys from the lowest grade of the Washington Grammar School were playing marbles after school, a little farther up Brattle Street, at the corner of Mason. The streets met at a rather acute angle, and on the southeast corner, just opposite St. John's, the Chapel of the Episcopal Theological School, the sidewalk afforded a fine space of bare ground, trodden hard and smooth, plenty large enough for a game of big ring. The property on that corner was enclosed by a broad low wall, just the thing to lean against or to sit on while the other fellows were skirting around the circle to find the best place from which to shoot at the pyramid of marbles in the center, and a glorious place from which to pounce down with triumph in your nine-year-old heart, when your turn came, to fire at the scattered shots the failures your predecessors had left exposed to your accuracy.

It was pretty warm this afternoon, and Mr. Longfellow was carrying a pongee-colored, green-lined shade-umbrella. As he came along up Brattle Street, he stopped at the game of big ring. The boys all looked up, and two of them, in whom the precepts of family tradition were strong, took off their caps to him. The others just grinned and looked a little shy. Mr. Longfellow smiled and bowed around to all of them.

"Well, who's ahead so far this afternoon?"

"I am!" promptly responded a youngster who came from the poorer neighborhood on the other side of Mount Auburn Avenue.

Mr. Longfellow stood there several minutes, watching one small boy after another choose his place on the ring, kneel and shoot, pick up his winnings and shoot again, or give way to the next with a protesting shake of his head against Fate. The old gentleman watched the game with real interest, smiling with congratulation at the winner over each marble knocked out of the ring, and sympathizing with you over each miss in a way that assured you of his certainty that next time you would do better.

The game came to an end. All the marbles were knocked out and had found new homes in new pockets for a while. Marbles were stacked up in a pile in the middle of the ring for the new game. Mr. Longfellow started to move on.

Just then one of the small boys looked up at him with one of those divining looks that go straight to the heart of a man.

"Would n't you like to play, sir?"

Mr. Longfellow was very much pleased indeed, and he showed it.

"Yes, I should. But I have no marbles. And I do not believe I could hit anything."

"I'll lend you a shooter. And you need not put any marbles in. Need he?" He turned for confirmation of his generous proposal to the other boys.

"No indeed!" came the answer in hearty chorus.

"You might hit something. You could learn, anyhow. I did."

This assurance seemed to encourage Mr. Longfellow a great deal. He smiled genially through his large wavy white beard. He closed his umbrella and leaned it against the wall.

The small boy dove into his bulging little breeches pocket and pulled forth a handful of marbles. He picked out a brown potter.

"There! You can take that one."

"Do you think I can hit something with that one?"

"It's a brown potter! It has n't often missed yet."

Mr. Longfellow crouched down on the sidewalk, while the small boy knelt beside him and duly instructed him in the proper way to hold and to shoot a champion brown potter. Mr. Longfellow tried, but the famous brown potter simply rolled off to one side. He tried again. A little better, but

not much. He proposed to give way now to the others and wait for his turn to come round again. But none of the little fellows would listen to that. He must keep at it until he got something. That was the only moment his cheery courage seemed to waver. Otherwise, no failure had seemed to dampen his genial spirits.

"I don't know about that," he remarked.

His young instructor promptly came to the rescue with encouragement. "You might yet!" And Mr. Longfellow smiled again at once. His cheeriness returned—also his resources.

"Now you boys all take your turns. I want to see how each one of you shoots. Then maybe I can do better."

Each nine- or ten-year-old boy took his turn. Each now felt it incumbent upon him to give their good friend an example of marble-shooting that would encourage him and show him how to knock the putties out of the ring with force and with success. The incentive brought forth fine results. By the time all five had had their turn, most of the marbles had shot or rolled over the line into private ownership. Mr. Longfellow seemed to be entirely unselfish about it, urged each boy on to deeds of prowess, and seemed sincerely glad for every one's success.

When his turn came round again, there was just one marble left to shoot at, and that was near the ring.

"Now you can either shoot across the ring at it, or drive it all the way across from here. I guess you'd better try from here. But you'll have to shoot it awful hard."

The poet felt as if his future depended upon it, and he did his best. He tried from near at hand. The arc of failure was much smaller and the mark much larger near at hand. He shot. The potter did not go with force enough to get across the ring, but it did hit the mark a glancing blow upon the side. The marble rolled toward the circle and it stopped just on the line.

"That's out! Oh yes, that's out! We'll call that out!" The generous clamor rose around the ring. Mr. Longfellow gratefully accepted the lenient interpretation of the rule that "On the line is in," although he still had qualms of sportsmanship about it.

"Do you call that out?"

"Yes! Yes!" came a unanimous chorus of five kind young voices. Mr. Longfellow seemed really happy.

"Pile 'm up, Billy, for another game!" one youngster sang out instantly. "Yours first."

You got the last one." This was addressed to Mr. Longfellow.

But Mr. Longfellow had to go. No, he could not stay.

"Perhaps another day," he said. "But I want to keep the marble that I won!"

"Of course you can keep it," his teacher told him. "It is yours."

He put it in his pocket, gave the best brown potter back, picked up his shade-umbrella, and smiling to them every one and calling each by name, as he said good-by, walked along up Brattle Street toward his house.

That night the chief instructor told his mother all about it when he went to bed.

"It was too bad! He could n't hit a thing. Really, he could n't. But he was cheerful about it just the same. He'd smile and try

again. I think that was—well—kind of brave in him, don't you Mother?"

Now forty years have made him understand the poet's cheerfulness on that occasion. And also, now that he does understand, Mr. Longfellow's "cheerfulness" is not to be explained away by any forty years, nor by a hundred. His smiles came from his love of children, to whom he was a real person, not a mere grown-up; and he met his troubles, all of them, with the same cheerfulness as he displayed throughout his failure in playing marbles.

That brown potter! Every mark on it that small boy remembers still! It was his special shooter! Long ago it disappeared. But there is much that boy would give right now to have that potter in his hand again!



Photograph by Alary Hopson

"PATSY"

PAINTED BY CLARENCE R. MATTEI

# The Bird and the Seaplane

By Florence Bayce Davis



It was afternoon, and the sky was gray;  
Peacefully still the North Sea lay;  
Far as the watchful eye had seen  
There was no sign of a submarine—  
Nothing at all that could hint of harm  
There on the broad Atlantic's arm.  
The English seaplane, patrolling by  
Like a mighty bird 'twixt sea and sky,  
Swung round and headed for its base.  
Suddenly, fear blanched the pilot's face—  
The huge craft plunged like a wounded thing,  
Righted itself, and plunged again;  
And down to the sea, with its freight of men,  
It fell with a broken wing.



Up from the wreckage rose a shout:  
"The pigeons, boys! Send the pigeons out!"  
Caged in their basket they were found,  
Chilled and dripping, and two of them drowned;  
Yet one remained, and an officer pressed  
Its little body against his breast,  
And warmed and dried it, its life to save.  
But dusk was creeping over the wave—  
They could not wait—the bird must be sent;  
For the plane with its motor and armament  
Would not float long, they knew too well,  
And the sequel only the sea would tell.

They wrote a message, and made it fast  
To one slender leg; then the bird was cast  
Into the air from the pilot's hand.  
But all hearts sank when they saw it drop;

Then, just at the wave it seemed to stop  
And gather its strength for a splendid flight;  
It rose—and, heading toward the land,  
It disappeared from sight!

\* \* \* \* \*

The Royal Air Force Pigeon Station  
On England's coast stood facing the sea;  
And bronzed young Britishers, serving their nation,  
Sat in the mess-room drinking tea.  
A raw wind round the buildings lashed,  
And a drizzling mist 'gainst the windows dashed.  
But little they heeded the stormy night;  
The fire on the hearth was burning bright,  
And they chatted and laughed in its cheery light.  
One had a humorous tale to tell—

Suddenly all in the room were still,  
And each one listening felt a thrill  
At the ringing call of a bell,







And down to the sea  
with its freight of  
men  
It fell with a  
broken wing



As plowing its way  
through the mist and  
rain The motorboat  
reaches the wrecked seaplane

The insistent call that to them made known  
A pigeon back to the trap had flown.

A soldier set down his cup of tea,

And went to the loft. They saw him stand

Holding a little wet bird in his hand.

"'Ere, set this bloomin' pigeon," said he,

"On the 'arth till it dries." And then he bent

Over a paper, all intent;

And quickly the men its meaning caught

As he read the message the bird had brought:

"Machine wrecked and breaking up fifteen miles  
southeast of Rocky Point. Send boat."

Two men reached for their oilskins then;

A door opened, and closed again;

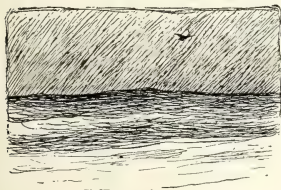
And the others sat back and sipped their tea;

And up to them there by the hearth-fire's flame

The *put-put-put* of a motor came,

As the boat swung out to sea.

\* \* \* \* \*



Chilled and wet by the wind and rain,  
Four men clung to a wrecked seaplane;  
Around them the sea surged, deep and broad,  
Over their heads was the sky, and God.  
Their only hope for their rescue lay  
In a small blue bird that had flown away,  
Half spent, as the dusk was closing in;

Lower, and lower the wreck sank down,  
As the fierce sea tugged at timber and pin  
And reached for the lives it would drown.



But hark! What comes on the wind afloat?  
The siren call of a motor-boat!  
Nearer it sounds! again—and again—  
And glad shouts rise from the heartened men,  
As, plowing its way through the mist and rain,  
The motor-boat reaches the wrecked seaplane.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back in the mess-room by the fire,

They watched a pigeon its feathers preen;

What more, indeed, should a bird desire

Than a coat that is dry and clean,

Plenty to eat, and now and again

Tidings to bear for its fellow-men?



The papers over the country tossed

The news next day, both brief and right:

"Seaplane N-64 was lost

In the North Sea last night."

They said no word

Of a little blue bird

Who wind and rain and darkness braved,  
And conquered them all with a courage fine;

But the item ended with this line:

"All the crew were saved."







# All for the King Kelly Illustrated by H. E. Pitts

*A tale of the Polish Border*



THE golden light of a delayed-spring sun lay over the world. It yellowed the early tips of millions of blades of wheat in the rich plains; it flung diamonds among the myriads of pebbles in the swift stream bed; it showered like raindrops through the interlacings of soft, new, pitchy green needles of the forest pines.

High up on the green hill it touched the bronze cross on the church tower, turning it to gold; crept in through the stained-glass windows to flood the cold stone flaggings with color, spreading, too, an effulgence over the bright banners that flanked the marble altar. One solitary ray, which stole in through a small round aperture in the roof, rested flickering, as if reflected from a pool of water, upon a shield of red, hung on a high pillar, on which was escutcheoned in white a rampant bear, carrying in its fore paws a pennant, and on it was engraved the single word "Chelm," the name of the town and canton.

In the streets below were many carts with small wheels, returning, emptied of early vegetables, from the market. By their sides trudged peasants in costumes of many colors—men with high boots, or barefooted, wearing knee-trousers, adorned with many a stripe, and loose jackets of red or blue; in them rode old men or women, with children by their side, chattering, laughing, conversing gaily or singing. An occasional wayfarer in an ox-drawn cart puffed over an accordion or strummed a knee-harp with its dozen strings. To see them, one would readily believe that the Golden Age had come again, instead of merely the annual approach of summer, rushing across Russia and breaking out through the river valleys of Poland, gladdening all hearts and pouring the fires of East and South into them.

It was the year 1580, four years after the choice of Stefan Batory as king of Poland.

For the first time in many decades the country found itself possessed of a ruler loved by noble and peasant alike. He had been prince of Transylvania before his election as king, and knew the ways of Galicians and Cossacks as well as the manners of Cracow and Warsaw. The Cossacks, always an independent people, subject to no nation long, he had sought to win over to Poland by kindness and persuasion, and to such a degree was he successful that large numbers of them were enlisted in his service. But he had a crafty opponent in Ivan the Terrible, of Muscovy, and at this time much of the Cossack allegiance was doubtful. As far as the Bug River, Batory's kingship was unquestioned; but beyond that, the country was treacherous and at all times dangerous to good Poles, although many thousands of them lived in that region, trusting to the good temper of prowling chieftains, to whom they paid much tribute. Cossack friends of to-day, however, might prove terrible enemies of to-morrow.

In the very heart of the town of Chelm, close to the Bug River, which has ever been a barrier against too great Cossack invasion, young Adam, the apprentice of Stanislaus Bryck, the blacksmith, was working, hammer in hand, over a large anvil. He was about nineteen, but his great stature and muscular limbs gave him the appearance of a matured man. The smithy was an old stone structure, its sooty walls blackened by years of use.

One side of the smithy opened directly to the main street, where the gamins used to gather to watch Adam at work. Two of the other walls were solid, but on the fourth side a door opened upon a little court, cobbled, across which, distant about a hundred feet, stood the square, yellow brick dwelling of Stanislaus the Smith. Adam's boyish blue eyes, raised for the moment from the red of the fire and the blackness of the anvil, were



fixed on a window in an upper story of the house, when a coarse voice, speaking a Polish that was just understandable, recalled him.

"My good fellow, I have two horses to be shod."

Adam turned about. The speaker was as tall as himself, but thin and lean. He wore high black boots, with shining spurs behind, trousers of rich red tucked into them at the knees, and a close-fitting leather jerkin, open at the neck to make room for a yellow scarf. On his head was a round, turbanlike cap with a band of fur.

"Bring in the first and halter the other at the ring in the tree," directed the apprentice. "Whence come you?"

"From Lublin," answered the other, shortly, as he led in a small black horse that was more pony than horse. As he leashed the other to a ring in a tree outside the door, Adam examined the hoofs.

"H-m," he soliloquized, "Lublin, hey? Lublin? That's a rather smart outfit for Lublin. Whoa, little one!" he admonished the pony; "whoa, baby! And I suppose you came from Lublin too." Then a little louder: "Those hoofs have seen but little of shoes. Don't like them, eh? You like soft Russian fields better than hard Polish streets, don't you?"

"What's that?" demanded the owner of the horse, putting his head inside the door.

"Talking to the horse," replied Adam.

The stranger looked at him searchingly, but Adam paid no attention, only worked away more vigorously. In an hour the horse was shod, and the black animal exchanged for the white one at the hitching-tree. He took to shoeing no better than the black had done. All the while that this was going on, the smartly dressed visitor strolled back and forth in the smithy, then up and down the narrow foot-path by the roadside, scrutinizing passers-by, conning the general lay-out of the town, then back to the smithy, where, from a corner near the street, he set himself to watch Adam's every movement. Adam was aware of this, and watched him in return, with that trick of the eyes known best in the East, whereby vision is divided and wherein, while the observer is working away at some task, he is really keeping his attention upon another object as well.

"Two zwota" (pieces of money), said the workman, letting down the last shod hoof of the white horse and slapping the little animal playfully in the flank, "one for each."

"We must wait for my master," answered the stranger. "He will be here shortly."

He came directly, striding into the smithy with an air that made all else seem small, even the huge Adam. He was less tall, to be sure, but his features were finely chiseled, with a small muscle behind each line, suggestive of terrific strength. He also wore the high boots, red trousers, and round, high turban; but instead of the leather jerkin, was a tight-fitting jacket of red, with much blue braid and gold ornament.

"Are the horses ready?" he shot at the attendant.

"They are, sir. The smith asks two zwota."

He tossed them on the anvil. The gold of them rung like bronze new cast for a bell.

"One for good measure. Buy yourself a wife," he snapped, tossing a third piece down.

Adam flushed red beneath the black on his cheeks. Deliberately he took out his purse, dropped two of the pieces of money in it, but left the third lying on the anvil.

The master's cheeks did not flush at this. Instead, they grew a bit paler. He was about to speak, when the door on the farther side of the smithy swung back, and a young Polish woman of about the same age as Adam stood momentarily on the threshold. She was dressed in white, with a half-crown of lilies worked into her yellow hair. It was a picture of loveliness that fairly took away the breath of the two visitors—the black, dirty smithy, with its gloomy walls and sooty forge, was the huge jet frame in which stood this figure of beautiful Polish womanhood.

"Adam," she said, "Adam"; and then her eyes, accustoming themselves to the dim light, fell upon the strangers, whose attention was fixed upon her. She flushed, then paled. "Adam," she repeated, her voice breaking a little, "Father has asked for you."

"What goddess, what queen are you that haunts this dark place?" asked the master, in a soft tone. She did not answer, but stepped involuntarily toward Adam, as the visitor moved between her and the door.

"Do you not know who I am?" he asked.

She was still silent, and Adam's wits had not had time to work in face of this brazen insolence.

"You please me wonderfully," the stranger continued. "In all Poland I have seen none so beautiful as you. What is your name?"

This jarred Adam into action. "Have done, and leave this smithy!" he broke out.

A streak of red ran straight across the stranger's forehead. "Lout, who are you?" he screamed in passion.

"I am Adam, a Pole, apprentice to Stanis-

laus Bryck, the smith, who lies upon a sick-bed in the house there. Free-born am I and slave to none, neither to Pole nor *Cossack*."

The muscles on the master's face were writhing like snakes. "Marsyak," he cried, "fetch your knout and mar this fellow's face for me! Am I—such as I—to be insulted by a cur if I honor a blacksmith's daughter with my attention?"

Marsyak unstrapped a wicked whip from beneath his jerkin. It was a short piece of wood, with several strands of deer-hide attached, and at the end of each strand was a small piece of metal. At this, the young woman retreated behind Adam.

"By the blood of a dog, you Cossacks!" he shouted. "I'll crack open your skulls with one blow of this!" and he swung his great hammer overhead. "Do you think that I fear you, or fear that the law will not be on my side? This is Poland—not Russia, nor the Crimea, nor Turkey. This is the land of free-men, where the kings are chosen by vote, where every king is a Pole, and every Pole a king."

"King!" sneered the Cossack, for such he was, apparently so beside himself that he forgot prudence, "king! What is that? You speak perhaps of Stefan. Know you not that he is no more king than I? That his hands are tied by the quarrels and jealousies of a thousand nobles? I have more power than your boasted captains; I who am yet courted by your king, who carry the papers of his royal favor in my pouch. If we were but on the farther side of the Bug, I would have you well knouted for your insolence."

Marsyak, taking this to mean that his master did not wish him to carry out his order, gladly thrust the whip back under his jerkin, keeping his eyes the while upon the heavy hammer which Adam still held poised.

The master, too, well knew in his heart that the first blow would bring a thousand town dwellers about. The Cossacks were far from being popular in the border; the inhabitants had suffered too much from them. The sight of one of them, even a noble, punishing a Pole in such a degrading fashion would have caused a small riot.

"Jadwiga," said Adam, to the young woman, "go back to the house. And please, sir," addressing the Cossack, "I know not your name, kindly step away from that door." He emphasized his words, gentle enough in tone, with a threatening motion of the hammer. It had the desired effect, for the master drew back, although only far enough to let the shrinking girl through.

The Cossack's wrath had cooled, but Adam, watching him closely, saw a growing hate in the hardening of his flinty eyes. The corners of the mouth were drawn down until the lower portion of the face had a disfigured appearance. Adam shuddered, and for the first time felt fear—not fear of a natural sort, but a fear akin to terror, as when a man gazes suddenly into the face of a hideous beast. But his fingers did not relax their grip upon the handle of the hammer.

To his intense relief, the Cossacks quitted the smithy the moment after, mounting their horses and galloping away. Adam drew the long door shut behind them, hesitated whether to throw the gold piece into the forge or put it in his pocket, finally doing neither, but taking it to the sick-room of Stanislaus, to whom he told the whole story.

"Yes, those are Cossacks," said the sick man, "and no one knows why our good king has given them such honors."

Adam detailed more of the conversation, but when he came to the description of the Cossack's frown, the invalid in his excitement tried to rise from the bed.

"Now by the lightning!" he said, "there is but one Cossack so marred by nature. He is no other than Boris the Hetman, nicknamed Wrymouth, as merciless and cruel a rider as ever sacked town or trod his horse over his victims. In every plot in the Ukraine these many years he has been center and spirit. Thousands of homes are desolate because of him. He is right arm to the Turk and a very staff to Ivan the Terrible."

"That tall one with him—that must have been his faithful servant. He is Marsyak, a wrestler of much low-country fame, who wrestles in the public places and often breaks the bones of his victims, causing them to die. He maltreats them in the second fall, for he makes a claim to fairness by challenging all comers for the best two out of three bouts. He knows the wrestling tricks of the East; his arms are like mighty-muscled snakes; and though he seems slim and lean, he has the power of two of you."

Adam looked doubtful.

"Yes, it is true," Stanislaus went on, "and very fortunate it was that you had your hammers handy."

The sick man sank back, for he had spoken longer than was his wont.

"I called you here, Adam," he began again, "to tell you that my own end is near. I have no son, only Jadwiga. She is fond of you; she has lived a cloistered life without a moth-

er's care, poor child. I can go to my rest happily if I leave her in your care. Swear to me that you will protect her." As he turned with pleading eyes to his listener, Adam caught the feeble hands and kissed them.

"I swear," he said, "to you who have been more than father to me, I will do what you ask."

Jadwiga came at his call, pale, knowing all that had been spoken; but she put her hand within the young giant's and looked fearlessly into his honest eyes, for they had been as brother and sister almost as long as she could remember, and she trusted no one nor cared for no one so much as for him.

Adam summoned a notary at the sick man's wish, and the agreement was put into legal form. Lacking but a few formalities to complete the deed, the man of law turned to Adam and said:

"What givest thou?"

"I have nothing to give. Why?" he asked.

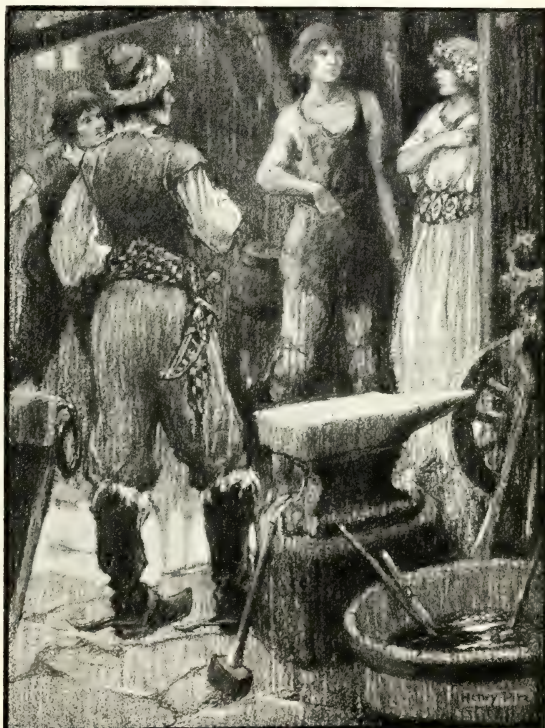
"It is required in the law that he who benefits in such a transaction shall give a stated sum. This be an article of inheritance, partnership, and dowry entailed, combined. In the law of Chelm no man can accept dowry save that he bestow his goods upon his wife. What givest thou?"

Stanislaus Bryck smiled at the serious notary, who scarce reached to Adam's shoulder. "He gives this," he said, holding up a gold *zwota*, the third coin which Boris Wrymouth had thrown on the anvil in the smithy. "And by the gods, he buys a wife with it. The Cossack spoke truly, Adam."

The wedding was set for Monday, three weeks distant, at the preparations for which all Chelm was agog with excitement; for

Stanislaus was a citizen of standing, a man of moderate wealth, able to provide good cheer and entertainment at such a celebration.

But the glory of this event was overshadowed by another, the announcement of



## A young Polish woman... stood on the threshold.

which fell like a bursting meteor into the quiet little community. It was no less than this—the king himself was coming to Chelm. The proclamation began:

"Because of the right of every citizen of the Commonwealth of Poland to see his king, so do I visit those towns and cities in which live my loved subjects."

And more followed, with much Latin and red seals.



Then began great preparations. Streamers and cloths of decoration were taken out from oaken chests and dusted and made ready to deck the houses in the market-place. Dozens of fat geese were boxed close, to add to the final fattening that gives the delicious smack; the most corpulent pigs were sacrificed, so that fresh sausages, and yet not too fresh, should be ready against the arrival of the king and his train. Messengers and heralds ran to and fro. All the veterans of the border wars polished their out-of-date armor and brushed their faded suitings.

News of the king's visit had spread to the country outside, bringing in peasants by the score, days before the royal holiday. They came in with cakes of all descriptions, delicious cheeses, fruits, vegetables, and with women's work, laces, coarse work and fine embroidery, all to sell in the booths. In the week that elapsed before the king's coming, the town had undergone in appearance something of a transformation, from the Lublin road and entrance to the town, where rose a wooden arch bearing such mottos as "Praise God," and "Welcome," to the market-place, ready for the final decorations, where there was a platform built in the center, upon which the children were to sing and on which wrestling and other games were to be held.

The throne for the king, on a dais, was not erected until the day of his arrival, for it must needs be of rich furnishings, which inclement weather or, indeed, thieves might injure or spoil. Above the throne was to be a canopy of royal red velvet, and from the entrance of the market to the steps of the throne was to be unrolled a blue carpet, taken in wars from the Turks, and upon which the king might walk to his place.

A glorious sun shone on the morning of the festival. Two hours after mid-day was the time set for the king's arrival, and he was on time. Riding on a large white horse, followed by a retinue of knights in bright colors and shining armor, he was all and indeed more than the country people had promised themselves. These were the finest and, as it proved, among the last of the men of chivalry's flower; for scarcely forty years later, the conqueror from the North swept through the land with small cannon, firing balls of iron that made nothing of glittering armor. But at this time, Poland's knights were the peer of the best in the world.

When the royal appetite had been fully satisfied at the castle, and that of his men in the town, the visitors and spectators re-

turned to the platform in the market-place, now streaming with many pennants, where, amid much applause, the old charter of the town was presented to the king, who kissed it, opened and read it, and then resealed it with his ring, signifying that he was pleased at all that it contained and renewed it during the period of his reign. After this, such of the local nobility and chief citizens as had not been at the dinner were presented.

Among the number was Boris Wrymouth, the Cossack hetman, followed by Marsyak, his servant and skilled wrestler, who rode up at a great gallop on their steaming little horses, which they left in charge of some man at the edge of the crowd. Advancing on his knees to the throne, Boris took the king's extended hand and kissed the seal of Poland on the ring. Stefan responded very favorably to him and even gave his hand to the wrestler to kiss. They finally took seats just to the right of the royal canopy, where they could watch the stage and at the same time keep their eyes on the king.

Adam in the meantime had not left the house, but was busying himself with Stanislaus. The old smith had looked eagerly for this day, and he had insisted upon being carried to an upper window of his house, where he could look down on the market-place. He was settled in a position that pleased him, just as Boris was kissing the king's ring.

Starting for the square a second time, Adam had scarcely reached the corner where the court turns into the main street, when a man, staggering and lurching, turned the corner, coming from the opposite direction, raised his eyes, cried out his name, and then fell, breathing heavily, at his feet. Adam raised him in his arms, and as he scrutinized the haggard, bloody face, his own went pale.

"My brother!" he exclaimed. "What has happened to you? Why are you here in such condition and without letting me know?"

As the other was unable to reply, Adam carried him into the house and laid him on his bed, calling to Jadwiga to bring water and cloths. Together they bathed his face and hands and stanchd the flow of blood from a cut in the scalp. It had been made several hours before, and in that period much blood had been lost, so that the man—he was slightly older than Adam—was very weak.

But this weakness only lay over a dogged persistency in the heart, that was bound to form itself into words. Feeble as he was, this purpose held him conscious. Adam, although on fire to hear the story, insisted that



the wounded man should remain quiet, but he could not long stem the stream of words that poured forth. At the first sentence, he became as keen as the teller; as the narrative progressed he paced up and down the little room; and when the crucial point of the story was reached, it was all that he could do to keep himself from leaping from the window into the public square.

tified as Cossacks, trooping in and out among the smoke columns, that clearly arose from burning farm-houses. In trepidation, and then in terror, he started forward on the run, and was fortunate enough to fall in with a teamster who was ambling slowly along in a low Russian cart. When Jan was beside him in the seat, however, the horses fairly flew. About two versts out of Chelm the



**E**scaping from the light guard, he stumbled through the brush and briar.

Jan, the brother, gasped out his story briefly, but very vividly.

Being bound out to a farmer about twenty versts to the south of Chelm, he had decided to come into the town on the holiday and see the king and also his brother Adam. So, starting from his home early in the morning, he followed the main road through a clump of woods and out into the plain. At a point where the highway rose to a considerable elevation, about one quarter of the distance to Chelm, he chanced to look behind him and saw great clouds of smoke rising in the air. This was new to him, for in his day there had been no such sight; but as he looked back, he saw large bodies of horsemen, which he iden-

wagon was overtaken by Cossacks, the teamster was killed trying to escape, and Jan, after much beating, was taken prisoner. He feigned unconsciousness, after receiving a heavy blow, and was therefore lightly guarded when the Cossacks made a camp. Then, while lying on the ground as the horsemen prepared their dinner over a fire, he gathered much information concerning the raid and the men involved in it.

In short, it was this: a general movement was on foot among the lieutenants of Ivan the Terrible to terrorize at a blow the entire province of Wolyn and as far on the west side of the Bug River as troops could go. Boris Wrymouth, whom Jan saw through the

leaves of the low trees and bushes among which he was lying, seemed to be directing the raid in person. There was something more pressing here, Jan gathered, than the mere burning of Polish villages—just what, he could not catch, at first, but it came to him like a flash of lightning later, when he saw the constant advance of large bodies of cavalry in the direction of Chelm.

Till that moment, Jan had dreamed only of saving his own life; now it swept over him, in a realization that made every nerve in his body tingle, that something more vitally important than that was at stake. The king of Poland was at Chelm, and his trusted friends, Boris and his Cossacks, killing and looting, were moving on the city! Outside his small body-guard, Stefan had only the local militia to rely on. Jan, of course, did not know that, but only knew that his monarch was in danger. What counted his own life in such a crisis? Ivan the Terrible was, without doubt, involved in the matter; but even that was not worth thinking of at present. He must hasten to Chelm and warn the king! As a matter of fact, it was one of the most deliberate attempts in history to abduct a royal person. Boris knew that because of Stefan's desire to win over the Cossacks to friendship he would be received as a friend; and Stefan, not knowing that Boris had not broken with Muscovy, but was actually a Russian agent, had gone to Chelm without the least thought of treachery. The plan was conceived by the wily Boris, who, bold-faced in his self-confidence and assurance, had deliberately ridden to Chelm and kissed the king's ring, pretending allegiance. Some of this Jan gathered from conversation, some from the movements of troops, some from the sight of the leaders. But this is what he did: escaping from the light guard, he stumbled through the brush and briar, finally reaching the town.

As he finished the story, Adam was off like an arrow for the market-place. Once there, he fought his way through the crowd toward the king's throne, counting nothing of the consequences which might arise from accusing the trusted hetman of treachery, just so that the king might be saved.

A glance at the platform showed him Marsyak, the wrestler, looking out over the multitude. He seemed more a powerful snake than a man, with his narrow, lithe body, long, bare brown legs, wiry arms, rounded chest, and back across which tense muscles played at every motion. A group of townsfolk were just removing an unfortu-

nate local champion, who had come out of the wrestler's embrace in the second fall with broken ribs and dislocated shoulders. It was generally agreed he was lucky to have escaped with his life.

"Aha!" he shouted, espying Adam shouldering his way through the crowd, "here comes our valiant smith. Will he not try a fall with me? Indeed, I am afraid of such a powerful fellow, for," sneering, "he is so much heavier than I am. Come, my hearty," he shouted, using his hands as a trumpet, "step on this platform and show the good people what a mighty man you are!"

Adam pretended not to notice him, but the crowd joined the wrestler and he found all progress barred except in the direction of the steps to the platform, where a lane was opened.

"Go throw him, Adam!"

"Put down the Cossack!"

Some shouted encouragement; others, favoring the Cossack because of his slight build and ready tongue, and that which often counts with a crowd—that he came from afar and had an unfamiliar dazzle for their eyes, spoke tauntingly:

"You could put down three of him."

Giving up his attempt to force his way to the royal dais, Adam, instead, let himself be forced toward the platform steps. Once on the boards, he rushed to the king. Kneeling before him, he said hurriedly:

"I ask your royal permission to speak."

There was much formality in those days in addressing a ruler, and unless certain forms of courtesy were observed, such as first gaining the written consent of certain stewards and chamberlains, it was difficult for a tradesman, a peasant, or an apprentice to obtain an audience. So although Jan was on fire with his mission, he still feared to break the traditions of approach which all Poles knew.

"Let him wrestle first." It was Boris himself who answered, and who was watching the crowd for any sign of commotion or disturbance of its holiday tranquillity which might indicate that his uprising was discovered. It was typical of his own insolent courage to sit there as the king's honored guest, even while his own men were guarding the eastern approaches, but he had his weather-eye on the situation always, watching it and feeling it out, so that he might, at the least disturbance, slip away to the horse which was held for him at the edge of the crowd and then lead his Cossacks to the king's throne. If he had been more far-see-

ing, he could have carried out his plan perfectly, for he could have brought his Cossacks into Chelm as peaceable witnesses of the king's sojourn, but the confidence with which he viewed the outcome of the scheme, and the lawless and at times uncontrollable temper of his men were responsible for a wild recklessness that at other times might have seemed absolutely to forbid any hope for the success of the undertaking. Something in Adam's abrupt petition to the king, coupled with the fact that he hated the boy beyond measure and knew that he knew it—this, with something of an intuition that the smith's apprentice meant no good to him at this particular moment, warned him that he must prevent him speaking, if possible.

"You are right," answered the king. "Let him throw the other, and he may tell me what he chooses."

"But, your Majesty," stammered poor Adam.

"Not a word!" roared one of the chamberlains. "To your wrestling."

Desperate, Adam threw off his jerkin and cast off his boots, ready to obey. With sinking heart, he realized that he had fallen into a terrible trap. And the worst of it was that it was partly by accident. He was minded to shout one word to the king, but realized that there would not be time to explain before the guards had him under arrest and on the way to prison—and then the Cossacks would be in the town. So he turned to face his opponent.

He had kept his eyes from Marsyak's face, but he knew that those greenish eyes were on his. When he was ready, he caught this glance direct, and there was a glare of hate there that aroused every bit of antagonism in him. There came over him a strong desire to seize that lean frame and crush it in his great hands for its treachery.

This he thought for one second. In the next, two arms were around him, like the swift lash of a whip, and he lay flat on his back amid the jeerings of the crowd.

"First fall!" laughed Boris; "and now for the second."

"If I could only get hold of him," thought Adam. He glanced out over the upturned faces, seeking an expression of sympathy; but at that moment all seemed turned to stone. He felt in his heart that in the second fall the Cossack would use every art to kill him, and of such arts Marsyak was a master. And then Adam almost shed tears at the thought of his own mighty body and the

helplessness of his great muscles. These, however, were nothing to the Cossack, who rather delighted to show his arts of maiming and bruising upon men larger than himself, particularly if they were as clumsy at this game as Adam was.

As they squared off for the second meeting, three visions from the outside world flashed in upon Adam. One was the pale, upturned face at Jadwiga at the crowd's edge. Who would care for her if he were gone? Another was the set, stolid face of the king. Was there a bit of chagrin there that a Pole should be so worsted by a Russian? The third was the face of Boris, working wild and touched with infernal fingers, the mouth already beginning to harden into those lines which gave the owner his nickname of Wrymouth.

But this time Adam did not rush. He waited, watching like a cat, his consciousness tense with the importance of his mission. Once the Cossack leaped at him as he had at first; but the smith's apprentice never needed to learn a lesson twice. His head moved just a fraction of an inch, and the Russian's arms missed their hold, slipping away, however, before Adam could seize them. Then began a series of steppings like those one sees when they dance the mazur. Back and forth they stepped, almost in measured rhythm, each motion a half-threat, but withdrawn as each saw that the other was watching. The face of Marsyak wore a sneering smile. Adam's teeth were clenched in grim determination. Back and forth, back and forth, around and about they stepped, the crowd holding its breath in admiration and eagerly watching.

Adam knew nothing of wrestling, but he was not a fool, and the first fall had taught him more than he might have learned in many a lesson. Then, too, the necessity and seriousness of his purpose held his mind at a pitch of attention and aggressive alertness that Marsyak knew nothing of. From being a thing of terror, the match began to be a thing in which Adam felt enough confidence to draw out a small whit of enjoyment, as any strong man feels in an encounter that tests his prowess fairly. In those intense seconds, points of the art of wrestling came to him in surprising numbers. Intuitively, as time went on, he seemed to gain a knowledge of his opponent's brain; it seemed as if he could follow its workings, as it resolved itself in side-stepping, dodging, circling, guarding against feints, and repulsing carefully what seemed at first to be meaningless attacks.



It was clear that Marsyak was a little surprised at the transformation in this awkward fellow, but he thought it nothing serious, believing that Adam could read death in his eye and was playing for time, as a cornered rat will sometimes battle. Finally, tiring of this sparring, and disregarding what he might have observed had he been wrestling with a more experienced man, he threw himself forward during the fraction of a second that he was *out of poise*. And in that instant, Adam's opportunity came!

With all his wrath, eagerness, indignation, and hate let loose, he shot forward to meet the attack, quick as a scared trout in a pool. Marsyak's advancing arms were forestalled. Snapping them into the grip of his onrushing hands, Adam enclosed them with fingers like steel bands, tossed them aside, and caught the Cossack around the waist, lifting him high in the air over his head, balancing him there momentarily before hurling him to the platform—when an inspiration landed in his brain like a white-feathered shaft quivering into the heart of a target.

For as he swung the wrestler aloft, Boris Wrymouth had half risen in alarm from his chair close to the platform edge; that almost imperceptible motion, involuntary as it was, had caught Adam's quick eye, and before the Cossack hetman had a chance to realize what was coming, or what was the apprentice's intent, Adam catapulted his opponent's great bulk directly at Boris.

It needed but little force, and for Adam it was nothing,—he had often thrown great weights on a wager,—but he put into the throw all the strength that he possessed. Gravitation aided him, for the platform was at least six feet high. Marsyak shot through the air with an inhuman cry, legs and arms wriggling violently. The human missile caught Boris with a terrible impact; he went down beneath Marsyak, crashing through the chair, splintering the seat, one of the supports of which caught the wrestler a blow on the head, so that he lay there quietly, while the stunned Boris struggled to his feet.

Then, before the assembly had its breath, Adam leaped to the corner of the platform, and, without kneeling, shouted to the king, who had half risen:

"Treason, King Stefan, treason! Treachery is at the gates of Chelm. Those who lie there are the traitors. See you that smoke rising in the air? It is the smoke of burning villages. Every eastern outlet is closed by

Cossacks. Their leader is there," he pointed at Boris trying vainly to restore the unconscious Marsyak. "They wear the livery of Ivan the Terrible and no man's life is safe in Chelm this night."

The chamberlain, who had sprung to the platform to arrest him, gazed out to the east. "There is truth in what he says, O King! The heavens are full of smoke, and from the earth, there is more rising."

Then in the panic could be heard the clashing of steel feathers on the helmets and armor-plates of the knightly escort, the cries of the women, and the shouts of the commanders of the town companies ordering their men to arms.

But into it all came a lull, as the burly form of King Stefan emerged toward the front of the platform.

"Kneel, sir!" he shouted to Adam, quickly and in snapping tones, as of one who is busy and has yet much business to perform. "Give me thy name."

"Adam Kosloski," replied he.

"Then rise, *Pan* Adam Kosloski," said the king, striking him gently across his bowed shoulders with his sword. "You have performed great service for your king this day, and may your children rejoice in it. In half an hour, perhaps, it would have been too late."

Then turning to the crowd, he said: "Good people, close your gates and prepare to stand siege. I have twenty thousand good men-at-arms in Lublin who are a match for more than three times that number of Cossacks. Go Wladislaus," he commanded his guard leader, "take half the escort and ride like the wind to Lublin, and bring these troops by sun-up to-morrow."

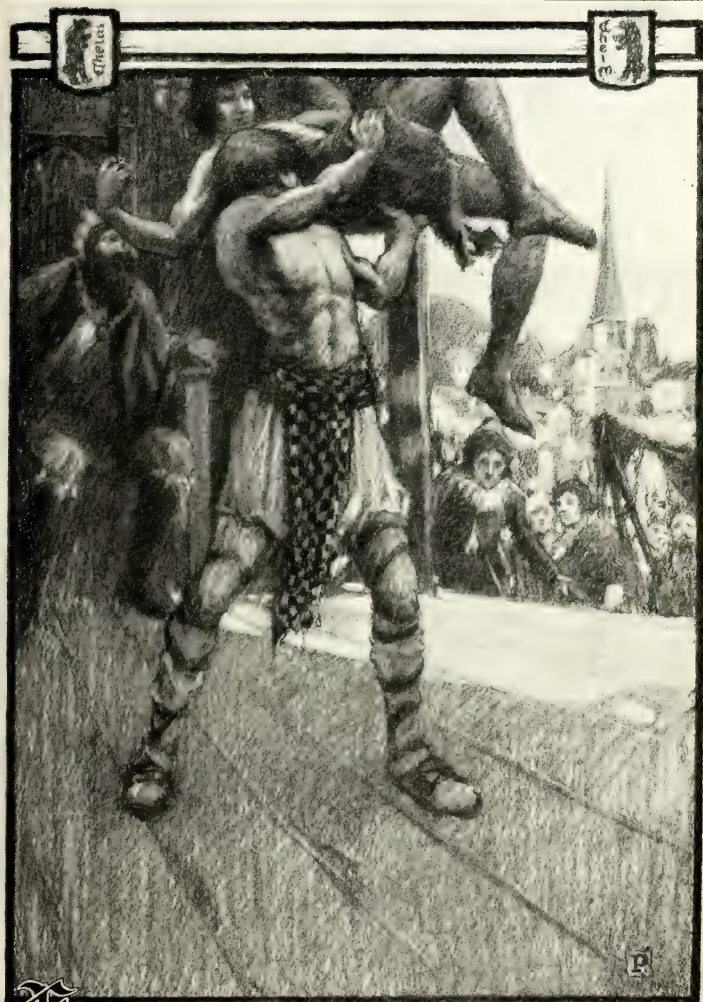
"I will stay in this place. The Cossack Marsyak I will send to his fellows to tell them that if a hostile Cossack enters this place I will hang Boris Wrymouth their hetman over the east gate. Now, men of Chelm, rally fast to your companies, for your king is in danger and looks to you for protection."

"May God save Poland!"

That was the beginning of a two-years war that eventually brought Ivan the Terrible to his knees and established Polish rule throughout the lands where Poles lived. After that, while King Stefan lived, there was peace and prosperity, until the days when the Turks set out to invade Europe.

And Sir Adam Kosloski and his wife Jadwiga were as happy as any young and honored couple could be.





**H**e caught the Cossack around the waist.  
lifting him high in the air.

# THE STOCKING THAT GREW

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

I SUPPOSE it 's only because I 'm editor of the "High School Bulletin" that Dr. Gardner chose *me* to write an account of Miss Lucia Little's Christmas stocking, and what grew out of it. Anyway, he made me stop work and sit right down amid these snips of cambric and whirring sewing-machines (to say nothing of tongues!) and write the whole story.

It was Sue Gardner who started it, though she declares that it was only her father's timely remark that put the idea into her head. We girls were sitting before the fire in the Gardners' living-room, working on Christmas gifts, and we 'd just been laughing at the sort of gifts they were. Among the four girls who were present only one was making anything ornamental, and that was an embroidered dress for Molly Gilson's small niece—the first grandchild in the Gilson family, so you could hardly blame Molly for her bit of embroidery. It was the first Christmas after the armistice was signed, and we 'd all been doing useful things so long that it seemed more natural to be knitting socks for our fathers and brothers than to be making frilly pincushions, or useless things that nobody knows what to do with anyway; but Jo Lambert had just remarked that our work did n't look exactly Christmasy, when Dr. Gardner came in.

Dr. Gardner is a dear. In the first place, he looks young enough to be Sue's brother; and then he gave up his private sanitarium to the disabled soldiers; and he 's just the kindest, most cheerful man, although he is always seeing sick people. Mrs. Gardner has been an invalid ever since an automobile accident ten years ago. She suffers a great deal, and depends on him for everything.

It was storming that afternoon, and when the doctor came in all white with snow, Jo said that he might be Santa Claus, except for the fact that he was minus whiskers. Dr. Gardner laughed and replied that he was afraid whiskers were n't intended for his special style of beauty, but that he 'd like to remind Santa not to forget Miss Lucia Little.

That was the timely remark. We all pricked up our ears, because every one of us, and the generation before us, too, had gone to school to Miss Lucia. In three

years more she would have been pensioned, but her health gave out too soon, and she and her sister, Miss Lydia, were getting along nobody knew how, because Miss Lucia was in bed most of the time, and Miss Lydia had to give up her job at the bank to take care of her.

"Is Miss Lucia worse?" asked Molly, as she put the last stitch in an embroidered rosebud.

"She might be considerably better," answered the doctor. He was seated on the davenport, unbuckling his overshoes. The Gardners' is an awfully comfortable house. You never feel that you must leave your rubbers on the front porch and let them freeze, yet somehow the rooms never seem turned up, though Sue says that 's only because she 's forever fixing them.

"You see—" went on the doctor, but he did n't finish his sentence, because at that moment he kicked off an overshoe which landed on the cat, who retreated in such indignant haste that we all laughed and might have forgotten Miss Lucia had not Dr. Gardner gone back to the subject.

"I 'm mighty sorry for Miss Lucia," he said quietly. "She has served us faithfully for years, and has been too generous, I fear, for her own good. There was no fire on the hearth in her bedroom, though the air was chilly, and I noticed that the wood-basket was empty; although she and Miss Lydia were sweet and cheerful as ever. That 's why I said I hoped Santa would not forget her."

It was then that the great idea hit Sue.

"Let 's see that he does n't," she said quietly, though her eyes were shining. "Let 's send her a stocking."

"Good work, Sue!" said the doctor, boyishly, and his eyes were shining too. Sue's eyes are exactly like her father's, though she has her mother's forehead and lovely waving hair.

"Let 's make it a *silk* stocking while we 're about it," said Jessie Haynes, who can't afford silk stockings for herself. "I 'll provide a pair as my donation, and we can put one of them inside. I remember Bud telling about his first day at school, and how scared he was until Miss Lucia smiled at him."

There was a moment's silence. Bud was Jessie's big brother, who had "gone West" in Flanders a year before. Then Sue said: "No, Jessie, an ordinary stocking won't be big enough. You put in your silk ones done up in tissue-paper. We'll *make* a stocking,—of bright cambric, you know, with little bells

You see, Sue's mother has a room downstairs, so she can come in to meals on her good days. This was evidently one of them, because her voice sounded natural; and when she's suffering, it's different. The doctor's eyes brightened when he heard it, and he said quickly: "Don't plan any more just yet.

I'll bring Mother in, Sue. Perhaps she'll give us some ideas."

He came back with Mrs. Gardner in his arms, and tucked her up on the davenport, where she looked like a fragile sort of queen. Her hair has grown almost white since the accident, but she's awfully pretty and wears the most adorable negligees. Jo Lambert says it's worth being an invalid to wear such exquisite things as Mrs. Gardner does; but I know better. I caught a glimpse of her face once, on one of her bad days, and after that I understood exactly why the doctor could n't leave her to go to France.

Well, Mrs. Gardner *did* have ideas. She knew what it was to be tied to her bed, and she suggested all sorts of things for Miss Lucia's comfort that were simply great. We got terribly excited. It was almost dark before we broke up, after planning to meet next morning to make the stocking. Sue rushed up into the attic and found some pink and blue sateen, which we decided to use,



"GOOD WORK, SUE!" SAID THE DOCTOR, BOYISHLY"

attached,—something really *gay*. All the girls and boys will be glad to help us fill it."

"Three cheers!" exclaimed the doctor, enthusiastically. "That's a dandy idea!"

"What are you talking about?" came a voice from across the hall.

because Miss Lucia is so dainty, though, until the very last minute, Louise Topping stuck out for red and white. Louise is the kind who would never think of using anything but *red* ribbon on a Christmas package; but she's awfully good-natured, and agreed with



Dr. Gardner that the color was a small matter compared with the contents, and we all went home full of excitement to tell our families about the scheme.

Every one was on time next morning except Jo, who had gone down town to get the bells. We went into the Gardners' dining-room and laid our material on the table. Sue had been cutting newspaper patterns of stockings ever since breakfast, and had three sizes for us to choose from. Jessie was sure the small one would n't hold everything, and the largest looked perfectly enormous; but when we began comparing notes we decided it would be none too big.

You see, all our families wanted a hand in it. Most of them, even our fathers and mothers, had been to school to Miss Lucia, and they were as thrilled over the idea as we were; so at last Sue cut the stocking from the largest pattern.

It was a gay affair—half pink, half blue, with a gold draw-string at the top to keep things from falling out, and darling little gilt bells all round the edges. We just squealed with delight when it was done, and carried it in to show to Mrs. Gardner, who smiled her pleasure, though she did n't speak a word, and I knew by the look in her eyes that she was suffering.

The doctor came home then and was just as enthusiastic as could be. There 's no wet blanket about Dr. Gardner, though I knew he was worried, and after a minute he left us and went into his wife's room and closed the door. I suppose he was afraid one of her attacks of pain was coming. Sometimes they last for days, and Christmas was less than a week away; but this time it was a false alarm. She was better next morning, and kept well all Christmas week; and I don't know what we should have done without her, for she was every bit as interested in having that stocking just right as we were.

Well—you never saw anything *grow* like that idea! Somehow or other, people got wind of it, and lots of them sent in donations. The day before Christmas, when we all met at Sue's with the things we 'd collected, we wondered if the stocking, enormous as we had thought it, would hold them all.

We 'd meant not to put our names on the gifts, but Mrs. Gardner said it would please Miss Lucia to know who had remembered her, and the doctor seconded the idea. His own contribution was a receipted bill for a whole year, attached to a little nonsense rhyme. He did n't intend us to see it, but

Jo said it was n't fair to put things in secretly, and she opened it and read the rhyme aloud:

"There was an old doctor who guessed  
That of teachers Miss Lu was the best.  
So he sent her a bill, instead of a pill,  
And told her to take a good rest.  
Merry Christmas!"

We all laughed, and Jessie said that if he 'd agree to send that sort of bill to her, that she 'd consider indulging in a nervous breakdown.

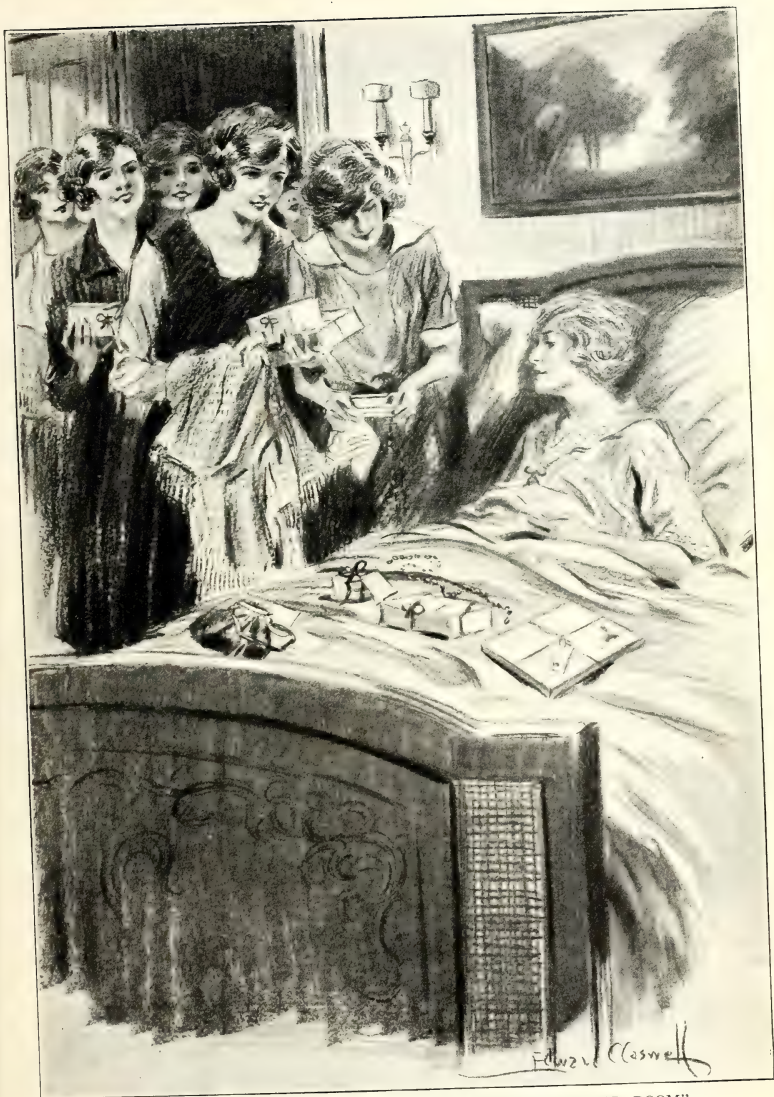
We had a glorious morning. Mrs. Gardner was feeling especially well, and she made us bring everything into her room. I 'll never forget how sweet she looked propped up against the pillows, surrounded by the things that were to fill Miss Lucia's stocking.

Such a miscellaneous collection! We laughed over some, and nearly cried over others. Even the janitor of the old school-building was represented. He 's wild about flowers, and had sent some of his choicest seeds, about a dozen varieties; and his little boy had put in a package of kid hair-curlers! Where he got them, we could n't remotely guess.

Jo's father had sent two boxes of stunning note-paper—every envelop stamped! There was an exquisite gold-banded cup and saucer from Mrs. O'Day, who 's done Miss Lucia's washing for years. Of course, lots of people sent handkerchiefs, and Jessie's small sister had parted with her dearest treasure—the coral beads her uncle brought her from Bermuda. Mrs. Gardner wept when she found that the teachers in Miss Lucia's building had collected forty dollars; but I think the most beautiful gift of all was Bob Sawyer's Croix de Guerre. We all sniffed a bit over that, because we knew that Bob's family had never taken much interest in him, and that it was really Miss Lucia's influence and encouragement that had made a man of him. He had come back a year before, minus an arm, but was back at his old job in the First National Bank.

Of course, I can't enumerate everything. Some things just refused to go into the stocking—among others, the knitted shawl from Mrs. Gardner. She made it herself—a whole year's work, because most days she can't work at all. It was certainly the most Christmasy-looking stocking that Santa ever filled. Some one had sent a pincushion made around a doll, and we put that at the top, the head peeking up above the big gilt bow that tied the things in place. We had





"MRS. GARDNER MADE US BRING EVERYTHING INTO HER ROOM"

to stay till Dr. Gardner came home, just to see what he'd say.

And he did n't disappoint us! He'd brought a basket of fruit to add to the donations, and it was arranged that he leave everything with Miss Lydia, and tell her to hang up the stocking after Miss Lucia was asleep. Then he sent us all out of Mrs. Gardner's room, and told her that if she wanted to eat Christmas dinner with the family, she must be quiet for the next three hours.

Oh, how we girls did long to see Miss Lucia open that stocking! Of course, no one did see her, except Miss Lydia; but the doctor, who sneaked over soon after breakfast, gave us a graphic account. Miss Lucia was sitting up in bed with Bob's Croix de Guerre pinned to her nightgown. She looked better than she had for days, and Mrs. Gardner's shawl was over her shoulders, and Jessie's silk stockings spread out in her lap.

"Doctor," she said, "I'm going to get well, if it's only to wear these silk stockings. I've always been crazy to own a pair."

Then she got him to tell her how the whole thing started, and she laughed and cried, and said nobody in the world ever had such good friends as she. The doctor had to admire everything, even the kid hair-curlers; and he said that he really thought we were better doctors than he.

And it did look that way, because Miss Lucia began to get well right off, so in time she was able to do some tutoring, and Miss Lydia went back to her job in the bank. But the very best part of the story is to come. It started a year later, and this time it was Miss Lucia who had the idea. She called Sue and me in one day, and said that a "beautiful deed" like ours ought to be passed along, and wanted to know if we'd mind if she sent the stocking to old Mr. Currey, president of the First National Bank.

Now was n't that just like Miss Lucia? Though he's been sick for months, not one of us would have thought of sending anything to Mr. Currey, because he has everything that money can buy, and occupies the best rooms in the Hillcrest House. But when it dawned on us that he had n't the ghost of a family, and when we remembered how nice he always was about buying advertising space in the "High School Bulletin," we told Miss Lucia that of course we did n't mind, and that we'd help fill the stocking. And poor Mr. Currey was so pleased that he

cried! The nurse told Miss Lucia so; and what's more, he got well, too, so that Dr. Gardner declared that there was some sort of witchcraft about that stocking.

And it was Mr. Currey who had the best idea of all. It was still another Christmas, and Sue and Molly were just home from Vassar for the holidays, feeling pretty "chesty" about being "college women," but not quite above hunting ads for the "Bulletin" with Jess and me, who are two years younger and don't graduate from High till June.

We were passing the bank, and Jessie said we must go in and get Mr. Currey to sign up for the whole back cover. We used to be rather in awe of him, but since the stocking affair he's been quite jolly. He happened to be busy just then, and motioned us to wait in his private room, where he always interviews us. And what do you think we found lying on his desk? The same old stocking that we had made for Miss Lucia two years before! Sue pounced on our old friend and held it admiringly aloft.

"I wonder," she said, laughing, "whose dark hours you'll gladden *this* Christmas, little sunbeam!"

"I was thinking of sending it to Tommy Hollis."

We all turned round, to see Mr. Currey right behind us. "Sit down," he said; and as there were n't chairs enough, Sue and I perched on his flat-topped desk. "I wonder," he went on, "if you young ladies will help me fill it—I mean, buy the stuff for me. I'm rather stupid when it comes to getting things for a fourteen-year-old boy. It's so long since I've been one."

I did n't wonder he was a bit stumped, for Tommy Hollis had been laid up for six months with infantile paralysis. He lived with an aunt, who was a dressmaker and too busy to give him much attention, so Tommy's days were pretty drab and dreary. But nothing would stump Sue Gardner. She's too much a chip of the old block.

"I think that's a wonderful idea," she said. "Mother was speaking of Tommy yesterday, and that we must do something for him. Give me a pencil, Mr. Currey, and we'll make a list."

In fifteen minutes we had a list that was destined to take care of Tommy's weary hours for some time to come; but Mr. Currey was n't through with us.

"I was just reading in the paper," he said, "how some of the ex-service men in the



"I'LL FINANCE THE PROJECT IF YOU GIRLS WILL DO THE WORK"

hospitals are having a lonely time of it. That does n't seem right, does it? I was wondering if we could send them some Christmas stockings. You see—I know what it means to be sick, with no one to care whether you're running a temperature or not; and those men and boys who lost their health for their country—why— Well, anyway," he ended hurriedly, blowing his nose as if a sudden cold had struck him, "I'll finance the project if you girls will do the work. Go as far as you like."

Well! For a few minutes there was a regular riot in the private sanctum of the president of our First National Bank. Would we do the work? He did n't have to

ask twice. In fact, we forgot all about securing our ad for the "Bulletin." And that's why I'm sitting here surrounded by whirring sewing-machines and snippings of colored cambric, while Miss Lucia Little is sewing on gilt bells as if her life depended on it, and, in her room across the hall, Mrs. Gardner is doing up fascinating packages in enough red ribbon to satisfy even Louise Topping.

That's all. I don't see why the doctor wanted me to write it; but I'll say one thing on my own account: If you want to enjoy a real worth-while Christmas, just make a stocking for some one who's sick or lonely, and watch it grow!

## "MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Little cullud Rastus come a-skipin' down de street,  
A-smilin' an' a-grinnin' at every one he meet;  
My, oh! he was happy! Boy! but he was gay!  
Wishin' "Merry Chris'mus" an' "Happy New-Year's day!"  
Wishin' that his wishes might every one come true—  
And—bless your dear heart, honey,—I wish the same to you!

*Ellis Parker Butler.*





AN AÉRIAL COUPÉ WINGING ITS WAY HOME AT SUNSET

## YOUNG AMERICA'S FUTURE HIGHWAY—THE AIR

By GEORGE F. THOMSON

AVIATION development in the United States seems just now to have struck an air-pocket. Manufacturing plants which grew up almost overnight during the war and worked on a twenty-four-hour basis to supply machines and motors are, in the language of the air-pilot, just "ticking over"—that is, they are in operation, but are not producing many planes. Twenty companies, with a combined capitalization of \$10,000,000, are employing only thirty-five hundred men, all told. If unemployment were as bad, comparatively, in other industries, few workmen indeed would have jobs.

Why is there this lack of activity in America's newest and most fascinating industry?

America was the birthplace of the first heavier-than-air machine that lifted itself from the ground and flew under its own power. That was only eighteen years ago. Many students of the world's progress and invention claim the achievement of Orville and Wilbur Wright at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on December 17, 1903, to be the greatest of the twentieth century, so far; and it may remain that when the twenty-first century arrives, seventy-nine years hence.

As everybody knows, the war gave aviation its great "lift." From 1914 to 1918, progress that in times of peace might have re-

quired two decades was made in one fifth of that time. No money was spared in the development of new designs, and doubtless the aerial supremacy which the Allies gained in 1917 counted greatly in the victory of 1918.

But the fast war airplane, carrying only the pilot, or the pilot and an observer, was not adaptable to commercial flying. The landing speed required was too fast for ordinary fields, the engines were too high-strung, and their construction was so complicated and fragile as to make their operation neither economical nor advisable.

The year following the armistice, manufacturers of aircraft were busy disbanding the huge mushroom organizations called into being by the war. During 1920 and the first months of this year, they have been building principally for the Government, and Uncle Sam has not been a lavish customer. Naturally, some commercial planes have been built, but not in large numbers. Aircraft engineers have not been idle, however. The designs which they have worked out and the plans they have laid, look years ahead. A demonstration of what American-built commercial aircraft can do was had at Curtiss Field, Long Island, on October sixteenth. From dawn till dark, forty airplanes were in the air continuously, competing in passenger-



and freight-carrying tests, and every flight was successful. Our picture on page 145 shows the field, and also the extremes in sizes of planes—one of seventy-seven feet wing-span, carrying thirty-four passengers, and an air runabout for one, the wings of which are fifteen feet wide. Similar tests were also carried out at the American Legion Convention in Kansas City and at the International Air Congress in Omaha.

The flying-machine itself had to be stabilized before it was a dependable passenger-carrier, and the industry (the making and operating of machines) must have just such stabilizing influence in the form of aerial laws before it will become a legitimate commercial operation and not be regarded as a blue-sky adventure.

One of the chief underlying causes of the lack of aerial development in this country is the absence of governmental oversight. There should be some governmental agency to inspect aircraft, license operating companies and pilots of machines, and exercise a supervision in establishing airways and aerodromes.

There may be a question as to which comes first, airplanes or aerodromes; but certainly aerodromes and air-highways, properly mapped, are the necessary forerunners of air transportation on a reliable basis. Steamship companies would pass up New York as a port of call if there were no piers, docks, or harbor facilities provided at our chief city. Maintenance of harbors, coast-guard stations, and lighthouses are a national necessity, and their upkeep by the Government is considered part of its natural duties. The same attitude will presently be taken in regard to air facilities.

To be sure, twenty-one different departments and bureaus at Washington are concerned with flying in one way or another; but the twenty-second one is needed—the one which will deal with commercial aviation. There is such a bill now before Congress which, if passed, will add an air bureau to Mr. Hoover's Department of Commerce and provide for the regulation of aircraft in interstate and foreign commerce.

The army is Uncle Sam's chief pair of wings, and ninety per cent. of the aircraft in this country is controlled by the United States Army Air Service. Army fliers have been active this year not with long trips, such as they made to Alaska in 1920, but chiefly with bombing operations, sinking off the Virginia capes four types of German war-

vessels,—submarine, destroyer, light cruiser, and dreadnought,—as well as one obsolete United States battle-ship. Some of the photographs accompanying this article show the planes in action. These bombing tests proved that airplanes are highly effective for coast defense, and that ships which require years to build and cost as much as thirty to forty million dollars each could be sent to the bottom of the sea by six one-ton bombs carried by airplanes costing only



Photo Herald-Sun Syndicate

DIRECT HIT ON THE CONNING TOWER OF THE  
EX-U. S. S. "ALABAMA"

forty thousand dollars apiece. The army has about seven hundred pilots, and their air-mileage during the year will amount to about six and a quarter million miles.

The United States Naval Air Service has also been busy with a long and successful cruise from San Diego to Panama and many service flights in the West Indies and the Canal Zone. The pilots of our seaplanes will turn in log-books at the end of the year which will show approximately two million miles of flying. The Navy has about three hundred pilots, and maintains flying-fields in the Canal Zone and Hawaii, as well as in the United States.

The Marine Corps, as those who read recruiting posters know, offers a three-in-one service—land, sea, and air. The soldiers of the sea do fly, and in many out-of-the-way places, for their corps is always the expeditionary force. Clearing away jungle to provide an aërodrome is quite ordinary duty for the air mechanic in the Marine Corps.

There has been a decrease in air-mail flying this year. The routes between New

York and Washington and between Minneapolis and St. Louis were discontinued, because Congress refused to appropriate more than \$1,250,000 for the service, and this was sufficient only for the New York-Chicago-Omaha-Salt Lake City-San Francisco route. This transcontinental air-highway has not only had a great influence on the domestic mail service, but has proved an effective link in rapid communication between the Orient and Europe by way of the United States. An example of this may be of interest. Your letter is deposited in a New York post-box on Monday evening. It is collected during the night, and on Tuesday morning at 5:30 it leaves, along with 15,999 other letters, by plane for Chicago, where it is delivered late in the afternoon in time to catch the mail-train to the West (the same train which left New York at 8:40 Monday night, before your letter was posted). Your letter has been advanced twenty-four hours so far. It travels by train from Chicago to Cheyenne, Wyoming (arriving there Thursday morning), where it is taken from the railway mail-car and placed on board another airplane. This pilot delivers it in San Francisco that same afternoon. The train arrives the next afternoon; so your letter reached its destination two days (exactly, forty-two hours) ahead of the old all-rail schedule.

Commercial aëronautics in America is indebted to the air mail for its pioneer work. Starting with old army machines, it established an enviable record for regular performance and built up a fine *esprit de corps*. "The mails must fly" is the slogan of the service, and the planes have operated through all kinds of weather, winter and summer.

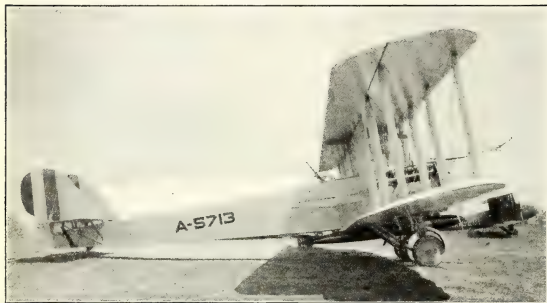
The air mail laid out the transcontinental route, established landing-fields, and gave the impetus for the development of new models of machines, until the latest ones are capable of making more than one hundred and thirty miles per hour with from eight hundred to a thousand pounds of mail.

ST. NICHOLAS in July published an article which described the activities of the Airplane Forest Patrol

and told how an investment of fifty thousand dollars by the Government in 1920 saved thirty-five million dollars' worth of timber from destruction by forest fires. This patrol of our national forests has been carried on this last year just as effectively, and it affords army pilots a training under conditions akin to those which they would experience in active service.

Private companies have also used aircraft for varied forestry and lumbering work, especially in Canada, where the great woods are dotted with lakes which afford ideal landing-places for small seaplanes. Trips of inspection which formerly would have taken days are now accomplished in a few hours in the air. One sporting-club in Canada which has hunting-lodges in the north woods operates an air service for its members, so that instead of wasting days in a long canoe-and-portage trip to camp, the busy man, off for a short vacation, can wing his way there in a small seaplane at a cost of about fifty cents a mile.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries has also made use of seaplanes in searching out schools of fish. It was demonstrated during the war that submarines under water could be spotted from the air better than in



TYPE OF AIRPLANE, CARRYING A ONE-TON TORPEDO BOMB, USED BY U. S. ARMY PILOTS IN BOMBING EX-GERMAN WAR-VESSELS

York and Washington and between Minneapolis and St. Louis were discontinued, because Congress refused to appropriate more than \$1,250,000 for the service, and this was sufficient only for the New York-Chicago-Omaha-Salt Lake City-San Francisco route. This transcontinental air-highway has not only had a great influence on the domestic mail service, but has proved an effective link in rapid communication between the Orient and Europe by way of the United States. An example of this may be of interest. Your letter is deposited in a New York post-box on Monday evening. It is collected during the night, and on Tuesday morning at 5:30 it leaves, along with 15,999 other letters, by plane for Chicago, where it is delivered late in the afternoon in time to catch the mail-train to the West (the same train which left New York at 8:40 Monday night, before your letter was posted). Your letter has been advanced twenty-four hours so far. It travels by train from Chicago to Cheyenne, Wyoming (arriving there Thursday morning), where it is taken from the railway mail-car and placed on board another airplane. This pilot delivers it in San Francisco that same afternoon. The train arrives the next afternoon; so your letter reached its destination



Official photograph, United States Navy

BOMBING AN EX-GERMAN DESTROYER. PLANE IN FOREGROUND GOING TO "ATTACK"



any other way, and the same is true of locating fish. The plane is manned by a pilot, radio operator, and fisheries expert. When a school of fish is seen, the news of it, with the location, is wirelessed back to shore, and the fishermen start off with a day of good luck guaranteed.

The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey finds the airplane useful in mapping, and correct maps are greatly needed, espe-

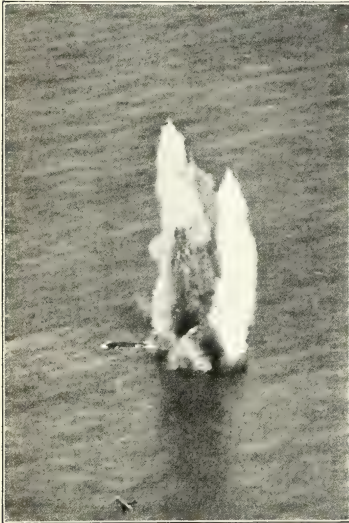
mense! And much of this mapping will lead to exploration. As a notable example of this use of aircraft, Sir Ernest Shackleton carried with him on the *Quest*, when he sailed for the south pole in September, a small plane equipped with sled-like landing skids, to be used for scouting a safe passage for his vessel in the antarctic. During this last summer the Fijians for the first time saw a flying-machine. A seaplane, sent to survey and map the coast of the principal island of this group, caused a great sensation among the natives.

Other government agencies to make use of the airplane are the coast guard, the Bureau of Mines, and the Bureau of Entomology.

The coast-guard station at Moorehead, North Carolina, was the first to employ seaplanes. Pilots have made rescues of persons from foundered vessels, when the surf was too rough for launching a life-saving boat from shore. Vessels in distress can also be better located by plane, and news of their position wirelessed both to shore and to other vessels which might come to their help.

In mine-rescue work, doctors and emergency equipment could be rushed by air faster than by train. But this use of airplane by the Bureau of Mines is overshadowed by another contribution which that department has made to the development of air navigation. The experiments in the production of helium, a gas which will not take fire as hydrogen does and yet is nearly as light and quite as suitable for the inflation of balloons and dirigibles, have been carried out by the Bureau of Mines. When the investigations were begun, in 1917, there were only about one hundred cubic feet of helium gas isolated in the world, and it was worth seventeen hundred dollars a cubic foot. By the time the armistice was signed we were developing large quantities of the gas and had it ready for shipment to France. The price had been reduced to ten cents a cubic foot. Helium is produced, in quantity, only in America, so in this gas we may have the key to our future mastery of the air.

One of the striking photographs accompanying this article shows an airplane spraying a grove of five thousand catalpa-trees which were infested with caterpillars. A special device, holding fifty pounds of arsenate of lead, was attached to the airplane; and while flying to the windward of the grove, this was released and sifted, the fine particles of lead "snowing" the trees and destroying the pest. Bureau of Entomol-



Official photograph United States Navy

BOMBING EX-GERMAN SUBMARINE I17

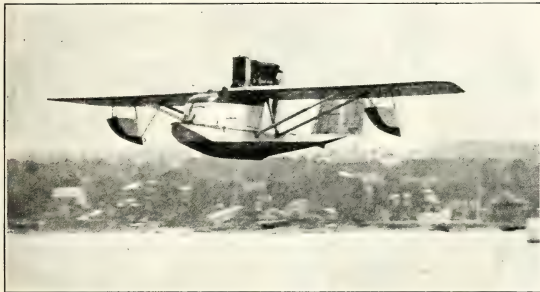
cially by aviators. Commander Reed, of NC-4 fame, reports that on his flight up the Mississippi River, while recruiting for the Naval Air Service, the maps he carried proved to be very inadequate. On one occasion he had difficulty in locating his position, and later found that a town which was marked on the map had been wiped out by a hurricane in 1893!

The army pilots who flew from New York to Alaska had to cover about half of the journey without the aid of a definitely mapped route. With only about one half of the world's 60,000,000 square miles properly laid out on paper, the future of the airplane in this field is as important as it is im-



ogy experts, piloted in United States Army aircraft, have successfully located Japanese beetles in New Jersey, and boll-weevil cotton areas in the South. Forestry experts in Canada, also, use planes in similar work, particularly in searching out woods infested

quires the flying habit, they will demand flying facilities. Seventy per cent. of these short passenger-flights are made by women. Among the other thirty per cent. are many men who go because they have to. On long trips the reverse is true. Women fly for the novelty, men for a purpose.



FLYING YACHT WHICH, WITH FOUR PASSENGERS, CAN MAKE 165 MILES AN HOUR

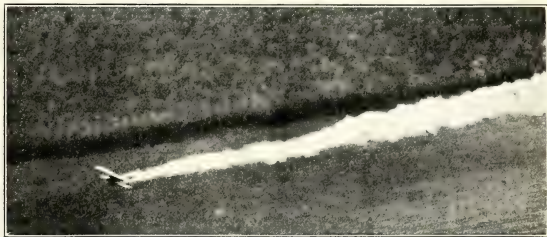
with the spruce bud-worm. They claim that these pests can be seen from the air, better than from the ground.

When one gets from under the official eagle's wings and into the field of commercial aviation in this country, he finds variety, but not great progress. According to the Manufacturers Aircraft Association there are some twelve hundred commercial planes in operation, and about three hundred and fifty operating companies. There are few passenger-service lines, most of the trips being intermittent and irregular. One firm operates seaplanes from Key West to Havana, negotiating the boat-and-rail trip of thirteen hours in only seventy-five minutes.

Most of the above mentioned twelve hundred planes are used for exhibition flights at country fairs, amusement parks, and for single "flips." The aërodromes are usually some convenient pasture, and many of the machines are old army aircraft. These "gipsy" fliers, as one authority has designated them, are doing one good piece of work—they are introducing the novelty of flight to several thousand people every year and once the public ac-

quies that pilots did in their war-training appear rather tame.

Advertising is now done from the air by a few firms, and political circulars and pamphlets are sometimes dropped by aircraft on the heads of unsuspecting voters. Some commercial machines carry express parcels, but reports from some of the better established companies indicate that passenger-carrying is the chief business. The average cost of a short flight is twelve dollars and a half and for flights between cities the cost per mile is



SPRAYING A GROVE OF CATALPA-TREES BY AIRPLANE

about sixty-five cents. The number of miles flown by commercial machines during 1921 will amount to about 6,250,000 miles.

Crossing the Atlantic (as in the not-distant future one may be able to do within a few hours), greater airplane development will be noted in England and France, particularly in

the latter country, where the Government has taken a keen interest in commercial air development, and has even granted large sums of money to companies operating on inter-

ly at the mercy of the weather; but recently, when there was such a gale in the Channel that sea communications were interrupted temporarily, two high-powered air expresses duly fought their way through between Paris and London. So long as it is wind only a pilot has to contend with, and his vision is not obscured, he is already the equal of, and in some instances even superior to, transport by land and sea.



Underwood & Underwood

PREMIER HUGHES OF AUSTRALIA, AN ENTHUSIAST FOR COLONIAL AIR-LINES, AND HIS DAUGHTER HELEN, IN AN AIRPLANE AT CROYDON, ENGLAND

national routes. Le Bourget, the air-port of Paris, is described as a busy hive, with air expresses and freighters maintaining an "on time" schedule to London, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Prague, Havre, many other French cities, and also to Morocco. In the cross-channel flying, alone, nearly ten thousand passengers will this year have traveled by air between Paris and London, at an average cost of twenty-five dollars each way. All passengers have been carried in safety and comfort, though the thin man has the advantage, for the total weight of passenger and baggage must not exceed two hundred pounds. Many American travelers to the Continent have availed themselves of this service, both for its speed and its novelty.

British firms are also operating hundred-mile-an-hour air expresses to the Continent. The London planes make connections at Amsterdam with machines which fly to Hamburg, Bremen, Berlin, Warsaw, and many points in central Europe and the Scandinavian countries. The flying-time between London and Berlin is less than twelve hours.

From August, 1919, when the first international air express was undertaken between London and Paris, to the same month, in 1921, a million miles have been flown by British aircraft on this route. Mr. G. Holt Thomas, who started this service, says:

The airplane is sometimes regarded as particular-

Cairo and Capetown (with aërodromes prepared in advance at great cost), and of course the performance of Sir Ross and Sir Keith Smith in flying from London to Australia in a twin-engined plane is well known.

England has been also the scene of the most tragic air disaster of the year—the collapse and destruction of the giant dirigible, the ZR-2, which had been built for the United States Government. The great regret, naturally, is for the loss of the brave men who manned her on the last and fatal trial trip, but there is no reason to believe that this accident, terrible as it was, will entirely halt experimentation with, and the development of, the dirigible type. These great airships, with a cruising radius of six thousand miles, are considered by many experts the best type of aircraft for air communications between the British dominions, and also for cross-continent service in the United States. Plans are under way, we are told, for the formation of a fifty million dollar company in this country to develop and operate, by 1923, dirigibles between New York and San Francisco, covering the distance in thirty-six hours.

The premiers from the British overseas dominions in session in London this last summer gave much thought to the subject of air transport, and it was their plea that deterred the British air ministry from scrap-

ping its experimental work on airships, What the airship means to Australia, India, and South Africa is shown in this table of assumed time for aerial journeys:

Route	Airship	Steamship
London-Egypt	2½ days	7 days
London-India	5 to 6 days	19 days
London-South Africa	6 to 7 days	21 days
London-Australia	10 to 11 days	32 days

Germany, creator of the Zeppelin, and the pioneer twenty years ago in the construction of rigid airships, is, by the Treaty of Versailles restricted in building airships and airplanes until she has complied with that section of the peace pact which provides for handing over to the allies all air material of war type.

There is nothing in the treaty, however, which prohibits the Germans from thinking of the future. They seem to be active in making plans, and within a year from the time the allied restrictions are removed, Germany will doubtless be in the air as a commercial carrier between nations. There is a report, current abroad, that she will try for South American air traffic, flying from Berlin by way of Spain. For this service, an airship larger than the ill-fated ZR-2 is planned.

This brief summary of aerial activity at home and abroad points out that this country is not approaching the zenith in its development of air transportation (we may expect too much of an industry which will not become of age for three years), even though it was an American who set the world's altitude record at 40,800 feet in September. Per-

haps Lieutenant MacReady tied our aerial hopes to a star when he made that memorable climb to seven and three quarter miles, and the present readers of ST. NICHOLAS may be the generation which will develop the airways of our country. At any rate, they will be the future air-passengers, the coming pilots, and the owners, as well. The author, at ST. NICHOLAS' age, flew kites. A few years later he was firing a machine-gun, at the rate of a



Photograph by "Salt Lake Tribune"

AIR-MAIL PLANE LEAVING SALT LAKE CITY

thousand shots a minute, through a propeller revolving eighteen hundred times every sixty seconds, and was traveling through the air at one hundred and thirty-five miles an hour. Had he ever dreamed of such a thing when he was a boy? Hardly. There were n't even Boy Scouts then, and he thought all wars had been fought and done for when Russia and Japan signed the peace at Portsmouth, at the invitation of President Roosevelt. Yes, in those days only time flew. Soon we all shall fly!



VIEW OF THE AËRO CLUB OF AMERICA FLYING FESTIVAL FOR COMMERCIAL PLANES  
AT CURTISS FIELD, LONG ISLAND



# THE LITTLE BROWN BOX

*A new old-fashioned fairy-tale*

By AGNES CADY CHITWOOD

ONCE upon a time, many long years ago, there lived in a little hut on the edge of a wood a poor widow and her only son. They were very, very poor, and the house in which they lived had only two rooms. -But although they were poor, their clothes were always clean and mended, and the house neat and tidy. They both worked hard in order to get enough to eat, and, indeed, sometimes even then they were hungry. They were very generous, and it may have been on this account that at times there was not enough left for themselves. If a traveler asked for food, he was never refused.

One day, Mrs. Brown packed a nice little lunch and, giving it to her son, said, "Jack, I want you to take the two largest baskets and go to the woods and pick some berries."

"All right, Mother," he answered, "I know where there are lots of berries."

So taking his lunch and the two big baskets, he kissed his mother good-by and started for the woods. He walked and walked, but found only a few berries. Some one must have picked them at the place where he thought there were so many, for they were all gone. He kept going farther and farther into the woods, but had only about a pint of berries when it was time for him to eat his lunch.

He saw a nice little stream and washed his hands in it. Then he sat on a big flat stone by the edge of the stream and opened his lunch-box. Just as he had taken the first bite out of his sandwich, a tiny little man stepped up to him and, taking off his hat, with a polite bow, said: "I wonder if you 'd have enough for me to eat. I 'm very hungry."

Now it happened that Jack had only a little lunch,—scarcely enough for himself,—and he was very hungry too; but he answered with a smile on his face, "Yes, indeed; I 'd be glad to share what I have with you."

Moving the lunch-box over, the little man sat down on the stone beside him. Then the two ate the lunch and, strange to say, they both had all they could possibly eat. Jack thought it tasted better than any lunch he had ever eaten.

After they had finished, the wee little

man said to him, "Since you have been so kind as to give me my dinner, I 'll help you pick your berries."

So, taking the empty basket, he started running on ahead, and Jack followed him. They walked beside the stream for a short distance, then turned, following a little path that led around the edge of a big rock. Just beyond it, they came to the finest patch of the biggest berries Jack had ever seen. In a few minutes, both baskets were brimming full.

"Well," Jack exclaimed, "you certainly have helped me!"

But the little man shook his head, and, putting his hand into his pocket, took out a tiny brown box and said to Jack: "No, I have n't done enough yet to repay you for your kindness to me. Here is a gift for you."

Jack took the tiny brown box which he handed him, and thanked him for it. Then he turned it over and over in his hand and looked at it curiously, wondering what it could be.

"Perhaps you think it is not worth very much," the little man said, "but I will show you what it is. Just put it on the ground at your feet."

Jack did as he was told. Then the little man clapped his hands three times. Jack's eyes grew big as he saw what was happening, for the little box was getting larger and larger until it was as big as his mother's kitchen table. Then he saw it rising from the ground, and four legs came out from it, while two chairs appeared at the sides.

The little man clapped his hands three times again. Now Jack's eyes got bigger than ever, for he saw the table set with everything good to eat that he could think of—turkey, sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce, ice-cream and cake, and lots of other things—a regular Christmas dinner. Suddenly Jack felt hungry.

"I 'll give *you* something to eat this time," the little man said. "Let 's sit down."

So they both sat down at the table and began to eat. And they ate and ate and ate, until Jack began to wonder how he was going to walk home with those two heavy baskets of berries to carry. After they had



finished eating, they got up and the little man clapped his hands three times. Instantly the chairs, all the food, and the dishes disappeared. Then he clapped his hands three times again, and the table got

he had disappeared. Jack looked all around, but he was nowhere to be seen. So he put the little box very carefully in the upper pocket of his blouse, picked up his two baskets of berries, and started home. They



"SO TAKING HIS LUNCH AND THE TWO BIG BASKETS, HE STARTED FOR THE WOODS"

lower and lower and smaller and smaller until there was nothing left but the tiny brown box.

"Now," said the little man, as he picked up the brown box and handed it to Jack, "there's one condition about this box: unless you share the food with some one else, you will not be able to eat it, yourself. Remember that, and you will never go hungry."

And before Jack had time to thank him,

really didn't seem heavy at all, and in a very short while he reached his little home.

"Oh, Jack!" his mother exclaimed as she saw him coming up the path, "what a lot of berries you have, and such big ones, too!"

"Yes, Mother," he answered, "but I have something even better. Wait until supper-time and I'll surprise you."

Together they looked over the berries and

prepared them for preserving. Jack could scarcely keep his secret. Finally, supper-time was approaching, and he began to tell

they had all they wanted to eat and were not still hungry when they had finished. After they got up from the table, Jack



"YES, INDEED: I 'D BE GLAD TO SHARE WHAT I HAVE WITH YOU!"

his mother the story of his adventure in the woods. Taking the little brown box from his pocket, he placed it on the floor, clapped his hands three times, and in a few seconds there stood a table and two chairs. He clapped his hands three times again, and the most delicious supper imaginable was spread before them. Mrs. Brown was so astonished she could scarcely believe it.

Now it happened that there were two wicked eyes peeping in at the window and seeing what was going on, and a pair of wicked ears hearing what was being said. Neither Jack nor his mother knew that there was a strange man just outside their door. Fortunately, Jack did not tell his mother the condition about the box.

They both sat down to the table, and after Mrs. Brown had returned thanks to God for his goodness to them, they began eating. Indeed, it was the best meal they had ever had in their little home. For once,

clapped his hands three times, and instantly all the food, dishes, and chairs disappeared. He clapped his hands three times again, and the table grew smaller and smaller and lower and lower, until there was nothing left but the little brown box.

Jack picked it up and handed it to his mother saying, "Now, Mother, you find a nice safe place to keep it."

So Mrs. Brown looked all around the room, and finally decided that the best place to put it was under the big clock on the mantelshelf. There it was out of the way and could not be seen. But little did they dream that some one else had been watching all this time, and saw where the little box was hidden.

Then Jack went out to feed the chickens and milk his little goat and bring in the wood. After all his chores were done, he and his mother were resting just before going to bed, when they heard a knock at the door.

On opening it, they saw a man in ragged clothes standing there, who said: "Say, could you give a fellow lodging for the night? I've lost my way."

Mrs. Brown never refused any one, so she took the stranger in. Jack's bed was in the room with the big clock, and the stranger slept there, while Jack, rolled up in a quilt, slept on the floor in his mother's room.

In the middle of the night, when the stranger knew that every one was asleep, he got up quietly, put his hand under the clock, took the little brown box, and stole softly out of the house. He walked and walked for a long distance in the woods, and then sat down to wait for morning to come. At last, it began to grow lighter and lighter, until he could see things quite plainly.

Then he stood up, took the little box out of his pocket, and put it on the ground. He clapped his hands three times, and a table and two chairs appeared. He clapped his

started to eat. First, he cut off a piece of ham and put it in his mouth, but it was so salty he could n't eat it. Then he took a bite of a nice hot biscuit, but that was so bitter he was not able to swallow it. Next he took a drink of coffee, which burned a huge blister on his tongue. By this time he was so angry that he kicked the table over, and all the food and dishes fell on the ground. In a few seconds, nothing was there but the little brown box. He picked it up and threw it away with all his might. Indeed, it went so far that he could not see it.

At seven o'clock, Jack and his mother got up as usual and dressed themselves. Then they went into the other room, but found that their guest had gone. Next, Mrs. Brown looked under the clock for the little brown box, but, alas, it was not there!

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "what shall we do? The little box is gone."

Just as they were standing there, talking



"HE WAS SO ANGRY THAT HE KICKED THE TABLE OVER"

hands three times again, and the table was set with the best breakfast he had ever seen. He was very hungry, too, so he sat down and

about the stranger and the loss of the little box, there came a knock at the door. Both of them ran to open it, and there stood the

tiny little man holding in his hands the little brown box.

"Here," he said, giving it to Jack, "is something that belongs to you. It fell at my feet a few minutes ago in the woods. Be careful where you keep it next time."

Jack and his mother thanked him for his kindness, but before they had time to tell him how it had happened, he was gone.

From that day, the Brown family always had enough to eat and were happy ever afterward.



"BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU KEEP IT NEXT TIME"

## CHRISTMAS WISHES

By MYRTLE A. ALDRICH

I WISH there were enough real joy  
 To go around this year,  
 That every heart might have a bit  
 Of precious Christmas cheer;  
 That every home might have its share  
 Of happy mystery;  
 That every face might wear a smile,  
 And each child have a tree.

But most of all, I wish the world  
 Might find the road to peace,  
 That all this wicked, cruel strife  
 And bickering would cease.  
 That faith and hope and kindness  
 Would kindle such a flame,  
 That greed and hate and selfishness  
 Would slink away in shame.

I wish distress and suffering  
 Might somehow be allayed:  
 That men would seek to know God's law,  
 And keep it, unafraid;  
 That poor storm-tossed humanity  
 Would learn the better way;  
 That love would clasp the nation's hands,  
 This blessed Christmas day.



# PHANTOM GOLD

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

To escape the authorities, who have taken him for a dock thief, Rick Hartley has shipped aboard the schooner *Laughing Lass*, ostensibly a fishing-boat, but appearing suspiciously like a vessel bent on some unlawful mission. By a combination of circumstances, Rick gains possession of a small newspaper clipping which, he is convinced, holds the key to the mystery. This clipping announces the departure from Liverpool of the *Glendale* with \$10,000,000 in gold bullion. In obtaining the clipping, Rick was forced to take also the skipper's wallet, which held it and also a considerable sum of money. He and his friend Ban Hoag plan how best they can return the wallet and escape from the schooner. At night, Rick goes down to the skipper's room, where he returns the wallet and hides himself. Through the partition, he then hears the plotting of M'Guire, the skipper, with Manuel, his mate. They plan to meet the *Glendale* on the high seas and rob her by trickery; then slip away to South America. M'Guire comes into his stateroom, picks up his wallet where Rick has left it, and returns. Rick then hears the skipper accuse Manuel of stealing the money that was in the wallet, and realizes that no one but Ban Hoag, whom he called friend, could have done this. Creeping to the after-cabin door, Rick sees M'Guire and Manuel locked in a death-struggle. He shoots out the light with the skipper's revolver, rushes up the companionway—and finds the deck deserted and the skiff, his only avenue of escape, gone.

## CHAPTER XVII

BAN HOAG AND THE BOS'N

"Go get 'em—Rick!" Ban had said, as the boy stood still in the lamplit fore-castle, waiting a moment to make sure that Hamlin slept.

The soft padding of bare feet on boards and the ladder-rungs melted into silence. Hoag lay still for a while, thinking out his plan of action. It was now a quarter past nine. Would it be better to wake the bos'n at once, counting on the chance that Rick would get the story quickly, but risking thereby Hamlin's anger—or should he wait? Ban decided to act at once. He had much to tell the man; he could not afford to take chances.

He got up and shook the big hulk gently by one shoulder. In his sleep, Hamlin shook off the hold and turned away, muttering vaguely. Hoag tried again. A growl rewarded him:

"'T ain't time, Dutchy, ye shrimp! Don't be cuttin' corners on me."

"Bos'n—Hamlin, Gabe Hamlin! It 's me—Hoag. Wake up; I got t' talk to ye."

The man sat bolt upright and stared awkwardly about the fore-castle. He recognized the boy leaning over him, and his eyes blazed with anger.

"What d' ye mean by this? Talk t' me! What are ye—lonesome? Go talk t' the windlass, ye sculpin, an' leave me sleep."

He made as if to settle down. But Ban spoke again:

"If ye don't listen t' me now, Gabe Hamlin, I 'm thinkin' ye 'll have what they calls a

golden opportunity to hear somebody else a-talkin' to ye. How about it? *Will ye listen t' the jedge?*"

"W'a d' ye mean?"

"I means this, an' every word is solemn truth. M'Guire 's either raving crazy or a bloomin' pirate. The cabin-boy an' me, we got the dope on him this mornin'; an' if ye 're wise, ye 'll shove off with us in the skiff to-night, 'fore we all gets strung up t' some cut-ter's yard-arm or hits the brig fur life."

In the flickering light of the lamp, Ban could see the bos'n's eyes fastened on him intently, a doubting sneer twisting his gross red face. He had caught the man's attention—that was something. Could he persuade him?

"Well, what is it? Out with yer story an' let 's get it over—now ye 've got me waked!"

"D' ye mind when we talked here a while back—about the skipper and this fool cruise? Now listen. Hartley—that 's the cabin-boy—an' me, we was plumb sure M'Guire had bit off more 'n he could chew. We knowed he was after dirty work, but we was bound t' prove t' ye that, whatever he planned, he wa' n't man enough t' carry it out. We done it."

"We knows now why he 's kep' a-goin' ashore an' why he quit a sudden an' put for sea. We knows how they 's guns stowed away aft. We sees plain how 't is he 's so blame careful with his navigatin'. It 's this—he aims t' meet a ship on the high seas an' rob her."

Ban stopped a moment, with his sure sense of the dramatic, to let this sink in. The bos'n was staring at him unbelievably.

"This here Rick Hartley, he finds a little piece cut from a newspaper—finds it in the skipper's wallet. Ye mind how 's he allus brought a paper aboard from shore? Well, here 's this piece cut from the paper he bought that last stop, just before we put t' sea. An' it says they 's a big vessel bringin' ten millions o' dollars in gold over from Liverpool, an' it states when she 's due to arrive, an' all."

"What!" broke in Hamlin.

"It 's truth I 'm tellin', bos'n. Now think

"Get away with it! He ain't got the chance of a dinghy in a typhoon. I shipped once with a cargo of bullion. They was two men with loaded guns to every hold, one settin' atop the hatch an' the other down below among the cases. Night an' day they watches it, in four-hour tricks, an' a man in the radio-shack with his gear ready, an' a double watch on deck an' the bridge. The shippin' 'll be as thick as flies. An' if he got away with the stuff,—though he could n't,—they 'd send the news broadcast an' get him in a day. An' we 'd be with him. Don't fergit that part."

"The man 's plumb daft!" said Hamlin.

This was much too easy, thought Ban. He bitterly regretted the doubt that had sent Rick below; they could have been away, perhaps, by this time. But it was too late now. The game must be played out.

"Daft—that 's what we thinks. But we aims t' make sartin. If he 's daft or if he 's sane, we intends to shove off in that skiff as soon as we gets sartin proof that he 's thinkin' serious of any such a wild skyhoot of a scheme as that."

"Ye 'll oughter hurry."

"We have. Hartley 's gone aft—he 's there now, hidin'. We figgered M'Guire 'd have a talk with Manuel on the scheme. I sent the cabin-boy down t' listen, thinkin' ye 'd want t' make sure. When he comes back—"

"Ye fool!" roared Hamlin; "ye thick-skulled scatter-brains! Don't ye reckon he 'll

get cotched! An' then where 'll we be? With M'Guire wise, an' him an' Manuel holdin' guns down aft—split me if ye kids ain't—"

"I ain't thinkin' he 'll get taken," said Ban.



"HAMLIN LEANED VERY CLOSE, HIS EYES HALF SHUT"

this out careful. Put that piece o' news alongside the story we 've seen an' heard aboard this boat—an' where does it lead ye?"

"He 'd never get away with it," said Gabe, softly, almost to himself.



"SO THEY STARTED OFF, THE BOY HUDDLED OVER HIS COMPASS IN THE STERN, GABE HAMLIN ON THE AFTER THWART, DUTCHY IN THE BOW" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"He 's got his wits about him—an' he had t' go—fur the supper dishes."

A change, unnoticed by the boy, came over the bos'n's face. He thought deeply for a minute, and then a half-smile quivered at his thick lips and was gone.

"Well, we kin get the skiff ready an' hope fur the best. Are ye anyways acquainted with her position? Myself, I ain't much on reckonin' an' never was. Is they any chance of us makin' a landfall in that skiff?"

"There is. Cape Sable 's less than twenty mile—I seen it this evenin' before the mist set in. They 's a dory compass in the store-room."

"What 's the course—to Cape Sable?"

Hamlin spoke indifferently. The answer was on Ban's lips; but a startling possibility made him shut them. Then he considered, and spoke.

"Bos'n, you ain't trusted us much this trip—an' we don't much trust you. When we 're aboard that skiff, I 'll tell you the course."

Hamlin leaned very close, his thick lips smiling, his eyes half shut.

"When we 're aboard, ye says?"

"An' not before," said Hoag.

A great hairy hand closed over the back of the boy's neck like the clutch of calipers. Thumb and forefinger sank in until they touched the nerves at the base of the brain. Ban writhed in agony. A voice sounded in his ear.

"Well, then, come aboard! We ain't got a minute t' lose. Don't be makin' a whisper, or I 'll heave yer carcass over the rail. Where 's that compass?"

Never relaxing his grip, the bos'n pushed Hoag before him into the store-room. He



made the boy carry the compass, cautioning him again against any noise. They stopped at the galley while Hamlin picked up a tin of biscuit and a jug of water. Then, locked together, they climbed stumblingly to the deck.

Dutchy stared at them in terror.

"Come ahead, Dutchy, we 're a-goin' t' leave," Hamlin whispered gruffly. "Lash that there wheel just as she lays, so the old hooker 'll hang right to her course. There! Don't make no noise. I 'm cap'n; this thing 's our pilot. Quick, now, haul in that there painter. Now jump aboard—easy. Take this gear an' stow it outen the way. *Move quickly!* An' get in, ye! *No ye don't!* I 've got ye an' I means t' hold ye. Yer wise mate kin just have a little cruise with M'Guire an' Manuel alone.

"Now take them oars, Dutchy, an' row like the skipper himself was on yer bloomin' heels till we gets out of ear-shot an' I kin drop this. Easy—don't let them thole-pins grunt. Here we goes!"

The shadow of the *Laughing Lass* merged with the night.

Somewhat used, by this time, to that merciless grip behind his ears, Ban had spurred his brain to think. He sickened with shame at this desertion. His own freedom meant nothing to him now. Life had not brought him many friends; but he had said in pride that he had never double-crossed a pal. Now what? It would look as if he had deliberately sent Rick below and slipped off, *with the other sneaks*.

Yet a glimmer of hope cheered him—a wild notion, but no wilder than his desperate position warranted. He cast about for others—decided it was the only chance.

The two men, most likely, would row those twenty miles, while he sat in the stern and kept them on the course. It would take them about four hours, say until twelve-thirty. Would Hamlin care what happened when they reached the shore? Could he, Ban, not row the distance back alone and reach the ship before dawn? Could he?

It was a wild chance. But Ban Hoag, with that vise still locked around his neck, determined to take it. The boy had not the slightest inkling that he was attempting anything heroic. According to the creed he lived by, it was the only thing to do. And he thought, simply, of his chances for success.

It pleased him to imagine himself crawling aboard the schooner perhaps in the gray dawn—stealing down to Rick's bunk—finding him racked with despair—hustling him

off. It eased the shame that filled his heart. But Hamlin's voice broke in:

"Pass that compass aft! Now, you, what 's the course?"

## CHAPTER XVIII

### ABOARD THE SKIFF

"HAVE ye got any matches?"

It was Hamlin's voice and it rasped. From the arrogance of its tone, one would have supposed that Ban Hoag had been given leisure hours for outfitting and minute inspection.

"No."

"Well how in the name of Lucifer are we a-goin' t' read the compass then?"

"You launched this trip, Hamlin. I was goin' t' take a lantern."

A mutter answered him. Gabe and Dutchy searched their clothes—produced, at length, eight matches and a broken tip. These the bos'n handed to Hoag, bidding him guard them with his life. The two men took their places at the oars, and Ban struck the first match.

Shielding it tenderly with his hands, he bent over the little wooden box between his knees and directed them to the course. So they started off, the boy huddled over his compass in the stern, Gabe Hamlin facing him on the after thwart, Dutchy in the bow.

The match burned down to his fingers; Ban was forced to drop it. Doubt had assailed him at this new development. Would this mean delay? He noticed with relief, however, that there was a little wind—enough, he thought, to guide them between periods of match-striking and certainty.

But it was not long after the darkness shut them in again that Dutchy began insisting in querulous tones that they had turned. At first the bos'n silenced him with a snarl; but when the little gray man persisted, Hamlin ordered the second match struck.

It may have been pure luck, but Ban found the needle exactly on the course, west-northwest half west. That cheered them. And Gabe sneered at the man behind him.

They rowed on, then, in silence. Ban could still feel that light easterly puffing in over her starboard quarter—could still see, just beyond the gunwale, the little ranks of waves whose angle told him they were headed for the land. Otherwise, the whole world was a black, abysmal void, in which the only sound was the muffled grunt of the



oars against their pins; the only object visible, a small patch of barely discernible gray, moving toward him and away and toward him again—and that was Hamlin's face. The bos'n rowed on strongly, dourly silent.

The wind fooled them again into striking the third match; it came in briskly from the south. The skiff was still nearly on her course, but the fitful breeze blew the match

never thought for a minute how he would read the compass coming back. Instead he shifted cheerfully and took up the oars. This might just be the thing to limber him up—give him his second wind. And he whistled a blithe little air, until the bos'n told him sourly to shut up.

It came time for another match. That fluky wind was laughing at them, whispering



"THE SHIP WAS LOOMING NEAR, AND HER SPEED SLACKENED; SHE STOPPED" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

out prematurely, and Ban became the object of the bos'n's rage for three minutes of imprecation. Dutchy's whine was turned to a gasping laugh, at that.

At the fourth match they found the boat heading due north. Hamlin's wrath boiled over. He declared that the boy in the stern was falling asleep between matches, and commanded him to change places. That was a blow to Ban's hope that they would leave him fresh for the return. He had

in now on the starboard beam. When Hoag had changed places with the bos'n he had passed over the compass, but retained the remaining matches in his trousers' pocket. At Hamlin's word he drew them out and reached into the dark. Two hands fumbled and brushed against each other; the matches dropped. Gabe plunged wildly into the bottom of the boat, groping for them. He picked them up—soaking wet with bilge. Then the breeze fell flat.

There was no use in going on. They would much better wait for the daylight. Rowing without a compass, they were just as likely to head for mid-Atlantic as Cape Sable. The bos'n made this clear in his usual language and sprawled in the stern to sleep. Dutchy breathed a sigh of relief at cessation from present labor, mingled with anxiety for the future, as he curled up in the bow. And Ban Hoag was left on his after thwart facing the bleakness of absolute despair.

To them, this wait meant nothing but a passing annoyance—their ready snores showed that. They were well out of an uncomfortable situation. There was no wind to blow them out to sea. They were somewhere within twenty miles of land, which they were almost sure of reaching when day came. If it took them a day or two to make it,—say that they encountered head winds, for instance,—why, they had food and water to last them that time and longer. They could sleep with hardly a care. And they did.

But for him, for Ban Hoag, this was very bitter medicine. He knew now that something more than his shame urged him to return for Rick. From the beginning, he had felt a keen attraction in the English boy, who was so different from the wharf-rats and wastrels of his acquaintance. And he respected Rick's training, the home he himself had missed. Homeless himself, he could sympathize the more warmly with the boy who, having a white house somewhere "on High Street," and a waiting mother, was still forced by grotesque circumstance to seek refuge in the *Laughing Lass*.

And he had left Rick to his fate. That thought returned, wherever his mind wandered. He had blundered irretrievably in sending Rick to the after cabin. Rick would call him traitor—and that would be the word. If Rick went to prison,—or—worse,—he, Hoag, would be solely responsible.

The boy's frame shook suddenly with dry, racking sobs. He had not meant to double-cross a friend—Rick of all others. It was hard, this world that gave nothing but knocks and punches. It was like the farmer in Vermont: it forced you into some error that you could hardly help, and then it smashed you.

"Shut up that sniveling, ye whelp, an' go t' sleep!" said Hamlin. It smashed you—

HOURS later the boy was still sitting as the bos'n's words had found him. He was still

staring into the immensity of the night, but a sort of peace was flooding slowly into his heart. For in the hour of his blackest misery he had turned, in a paroxysm of incoherent pleading, to One who watches over sufferers. And his cry had been answered with a nameless hope, an unreasoning breath of courage.

A vague sense of grayness lay low on the black horizon, showing the limitless expanses of the sea. The stillness seemed like a soft gray blanket that shut out everything evil. Its peace was as the sacredness of a cathedral, the mystic solemnity of virgin timber. Ban Hoag shivered with a thrill of awe.

He could see Hamlin now, lying there at his feet, the heavy, beefy face of the man strangely passive, the mouth open. And out on the horizon a black smudge of smoke stood out, smeared against the dawn.

A ship—a big freighter coming from the east. Hoag delighted in the part she played in his picture; his numb senses hardly took her in beyond that fact. She had nothing to do with the peace in his soul; she was just a ship on her way from somewhere to somewhere else. He gazed at her, mildly curious, a little indifferent. She came on, a ten-thousand tonner, low in the water, but still wonderfully majestic. White foam spread away from her mighty nose; a dot of red was the Union Jack on her poop.

And then Ban Hoag was astonished. The ship was looming near, and her speed slackened; she stopped. Of course—the skiff had been seen from her bridge. They were derelicts; the ship would pick them up.

Hoag was again peaceful. He heard the clatter of boat falls, and all the confused murmur of a big vessel at sea. Again mildly curious, to see how this thing would be worked, he watched her silently.

He noticed the ship's night-lights. They looked unnatural in the dawn. The red light on her port side had been cut off when she turned. But the starboard light shone wanly, like a dying green eye. It was oddly placed. Most lights are fixed on the forward corners of the bridge. This one was aft.

## CHAPTER XIX

### IN COMMAND

THE skiff was gone!

But the perfidy of Hoag—what else could it be?—shrank momentarily before immediate and crushing danger. Behind him, Rick heard a wild stampede, the crash of

human bodies rushing nearer through the darkness, a bedlam of muffled oaths.

M'Guire and the Portuguese! They were coming—their own quarrel obliterated—coming for whoever had shot out the cabin lamp!

The flash of an idea helped Rick to do the only thing possible. He jumped forward,

he could manage the heavy sails alone; he was certain he could not in any kind of weather. He had no boat. Vaguely he knew that the coast lay off her port quarter; but in exactly which direction or how far off, he could only guess.

A steady, furious banging on the after companionway doors reminded him of his



"BEHIND HIM, THROUGH THE OPEN HATCH, A VAGUE SHADOW LIFTED ITSELF TO THE LEVEL OF THE DECK"

past the wheel, to the companionway—slammed the doors shut—shot home the bolt. He stood there, his heart racing, and heard the sudden blocking of that onrush down below, felt the tough wood give a little and sag beneath the impact.

Then desperately he looked about him. The wheel-box—it was heavy—it might help. He set upon it savagely and lifted it from the deck. By great good luck it fitted closely between the binnacle stanchion and the doors. He wedged it firmly in place, knowing its solid oak would constitute a barricade that nothing short of axes could demolish. He sat upon it and panted with exhaustion.

No need to close the forecastle hatch. There was no egress, Rick remembered, from the after cabin forward. The skipper and Manual were his prisoners.

Here was a strange turn of Fortune's wheel! In absolute command of a two-hundred-ton schooner, Rick was nearly as helpless as before. He had no crew,—a hasty trip over the decks and into the forecastle assured him of that,—and doubted whether

cargo—two desperate men intent on freedom and a brutal revenge. A strange trick indeed! And yet it stared him bleakly in the face, compelling action.

Untended now for he knew not how long, the *Laughing Lass* was behaving like a crazy ship. She had been close-hauled on the port tack, her sheets trimmed well inboard. Her wheel had been lashed on the course, apparently, for a line's end dragged from one spoke to the deck. But she had bucked and parted the hasty lashing, and her weather helm had shot her into stays, where she had quivered until, falling off, she had gone about on the other tack. But no hand held her down the wind, and she must needs repeat the performance—rushing off first to starboard then to port; swooping into the wind's eye like a soaring gull; slatting there a moment; rushing off again.

Rick broke from his thoughts as the big main boom swung slowly over his head in one of these erratic manœuvres. He slid off the box, then, and set the wheel hard up and lashed it. The schooner paid off quickly on



the wind. Rick eased her sheets in turn, snubbing each carefully on its cleat lest it run out too far and prove beyond his strength to haul in. As soon as mainsail, foresail, and jib were drawing to his satisfaction, he ran back to his wheel and eased her gently, until the *Laughing Lass* was sliding along before the wind on a westerly course. Rick lashed her wheel again.

The pounding on the companion doors had ceased. Rick saw a narrow crack of light running up between the top of the doors and the hatch cover; they had lighted a lamp again. But they were very still—talking together, probably. Little good it would do them. They were caged all right. By morning he would be right on the coast, God willing. He would pick the best spot he could, a beach if he could find one. He would wait until he felt the crunch of her timbers on the bottom; then he would jump.

But M'Guire and Manuel were not talking, down below there. If the water lapping the schooner's hull had not prevented, Rick would have heard sounds to give him pause. True, they were not startling in themselves—just little scraping noises, such as one makes with a hammer while working gently to open a wooden case of eggs or other fragile freight—just a slight straining at pliant wood and rusting nails—just a whispered word, of advice or caution. But they would have meant something to Rick, had he heard them. Meant something! He would not have wasted a second in speculation. He would have leaped—and closed that forward hatch.

But Rick could not hear, and his mind was busy with other thoughts. For the time he seemed safe; freedom, even, and the possibility of home lay just beyond him, out there somewhere in the night. But his heart did not leap at the thought. A great burden seemed pressing it down.

You see, he had believed implicitly in Ban Hoag. Had he doubted the boy at the start, he would have felt better now. But he had been taken in as easily, as completely, as you please. Gullible—that was the word. He had trusted a friend with the innocence, the pure, unreasoning confidence of a child. And this friend had made of his trust a ladder upon which he had scrambled and climbed, whistling blithely, to safety and comparative affluence. That was what made it hard. Ban Hoag's treachery had done more than shatter Rick's trust in his fellow-men; it had smashed his respect for himself.

The boy dragged himself to his feet and doggedly walked forward to note how his head-sails were drawing. These wharf-rats were all alike. They had different colored hair, they were old and young, tall and short, lean and fat; but all their souls were built in one model—shrunken, slimy, black. How enormously different were they, with their cringing meanness, from the deep-water men he had known!

Rick sat down on a fluke of the starboard anchor, lashed there to the rail, his chin in his hands. Over her bows he could almost feel the darkness slide smoothly upon him, as the schooner sailed on into the night.

Behind him, through the open hatch, a vague shadow lifted itself with a stealthy precision to the level of the deck. But Rick was staring into that black curtain ahead.

How clearly he saw the whole thing now! He remembered the strange contradiction that had suggested itself in Ban Hoag's appearance—how there seemed something of two worlds about the boy. It came to him how merrily Ban Hoag had whistled, down there in the galley, when first he had seen the money in the wallet and was considering a way out.

It was perfectly, sickeningly clear. Hoag had had a hundred opportunities to take the money unobserved. He had trumped up that trip aft. Out of thin air he had made of it a vital, tangible necessity. He had slipped the robbed wallet into his "friend's" hand. Secure in his ability to persuade the bos'n, with the money in his pocket he had sped his "friend" to certain disaster, possible death. With the contemptible hypocrisy of a Judas he had said, "Go get 'em—Rick!" and laughed, most likely, within himself.

Rick shut the memory of that falseness from his mind. He found nausea creeping upon him, and fought it down. There were better things to think of. Out ahead there lay somewhere a shore-line. Behind it there must be towns; in towns one can find work; and for work one is paid money. And for money—home!

But no man would he trust hereafter! He had learned his lesson; from now on he would remember it. He would—

Rick never completed that decision. For quite suddenly a jagged, shivering cleft of splendid lightning went ripping through his brain. He seemed to be rising swiftly into the air, rushing through unmeasured space. Then all sense of existence mercifully ceased.



# THE FIR-TREE COUSINS

By LUCRETIA D. CLAPP

PRETTY Mrs. Brewster sat in the middle of her bedroom floor surrounded by a billowy mass of tissue-paper, layers of cotton-batting, bits of ribbon, tinsel, and tags. She was tying up packages of various shapes and sizes, placing each one when finished in a heaped-up pile at one side. Her face was flushed; wisps of cotton clung to her dress and hair, and she glanced up anxiously now and then at the little clock on the desk as it ticked off the minutes of the short December afternoon.

"I 'll never be through—never!" she remarked disconsolately after one of these hurried glances. "And there 's the box for Cousin Henry's family that just *must* go to-night, and the home box Oh, Nancy Wells!" she broke off suddenly, as she caught sight of a slender little figure standing in the doorway, surveying her with merry brown eyes.

"Nancy Wells! Come right in here. You 're as welcome as—as the day after Christmas!"

"So you 've reached that stage, have you, Ann?" the visitor laughed as she picked her way carefully across the littered floor to an inviting wicker chair near the fire.

"Yes, I have. You know I always begin to feel that way just about this time, Nancy, only it seems to be a mite worse than usual this year."

Ann Brewster stretched out one cramped foot and groaned.

"Here I am just slaving, while you—well you look the very personification of elegant leisure. I suspect every single one of those forty-nine presents on your regular list is wrapped and tied and labeled—mailed, too, if mailed it has to be. Well, you can just take off your coat and hat, Nancy, fold yourself up Turk-like on the floor here, and help me out. I 've an appointment at the dressmaker's for four-thirty, and it 's nearly that now. I 'm not nearly through, but I just must finish to-day. If there 's one thing I 'm particular about, Nancy, it is that a gift shall reach the recipient on time. For my part, I don't want a Christmas present a week cold, so as to speak, nor even a day. And, somehow, I always manage to get mine off, even if I do half kill myself doing it."

"Do your Christmas shopping early,"

quoted Nancy, mischievously, as she seated herself obediently on the floor.

"Yes; and, 'only five more shopping days,'" Ann smiled ruefully. "Why don't you go on? Those well-meant little reminders I 've had flaunted in my face every time I 've stepped into a store or picked up a daily paper for the past six weeks. They have come to be as familiar as the street sign out there on that lamp-post—and receive about the same amount of attention, too."

"Well after all, Ann, it is a delightful sort of rush, now is n't it? I 'm willing to admit that I 'd miss it all dreadfully."

Nancy Wells looked about her appreciatively at the chintz-hung room glowing in the warmth of the open wood-fire, and with its pleasant disarray of snowy paper and gay ribbons, its scent of sachet and its holiday air of secrecy and festivity. And not the least of its pleasantness was Ann Brewster's trim little figure in its deep red dress, her cheeks aglow, her black eyes sparkling. A few grains of some glistening powder had sifted into her hair and shone there like dust of jewels."

"My, but that 's a lovely package!" Nancy remarked, as Ann cut a square of tissue-paper and measured off a length of silver cord. "And what a clever idea that is! I should never have thought of using cotton batting and a sprinkling of diamond-dust for the top layer."

"Well, you see this is for Cousin Harriet, Nancy. She has everything any one could possibly wish for, and she always sends me such beautiful things that I make a special effort to have my gift to her as dainty as possible and a little different."

Ann paused and glanced at the clock.

"Mercy, look what time it is! I 've got to go. I wonder if you 'd just as soon stay, Nancy, and finish up that little pile over there by the couch. They 're for the fir-tree cousins down on the farm."

"The fir-tree cousins! Whatever do you mean, Ann?"

Ann laughed gaily as she stood up and shook off the bits of tinsel and ribbon from her skirt.

"Oh, I always call them that in fun," she explained. "They 're Tom's cousins that live down in Maine. The idea struck me, I sup-

pose, because theirs is the 'Country of the Pointed Firs,' you know. I've never seen any of them, but I've always sent them a box at Christmas ever since I've been married."

"What fun!" Nancy exclaimed enthusiastically. "How many are there and what do you send them?"

"I don't know as I should call it *fun* exactly," Ann answered dubiously. "This

the others. You see, I usually know just about what I'm going to send each one. I hit on a certain thing and stick to it as nearly as possible every year. It's easier."

"Goodness, Ann, you don't give them the very same thing year after year I hope?" Nancy looked up in comical dismay.

"Well, why not?" Ann demanded a trifle sharply, turning from the mirror, where she stood pinning on her hat and veil.



"I'M NOT NEARLY THROUGH NOW, BUT I MUST FINISH TO-DAY."

buying gifts for people you've never seen and only know by hearsay is—well—not joy unalloyed. Let's see—there's Cousin Henry and Cousin Lucy, then the boys Alec and Joe and little Henry, and one girl, Louise, who is just between the two older boys. And oh yes—there's Grandma Lewis, cousin Lucy's mother."

Ann ticked off the names on her fingers.

"Yes, there are just seven of them. Tom says they have a fine farm. He used to go there summers when he was a boy. He just adores Cousin Lucy and actually wanted to take me down there on our wedding-trip. You can't accuse me of procrastination as far as they are concerned, Nancy, for I always buy their things long before any of

"Take Cousin Henry, for instance. I usually get a nice warm muffler for him, because I'm sure he can—"

"But I should think—" Nancy interrupted.

"My dear, it's just *freezing* cold there! They have terrible winters and one needs mufflers—and more mufflers! You can't have too many. Then I nearly always pick out an apron of some sort for Cousin Lucy. One can't have too many aprons, either, especially when you do all your own work. For Grandma Lewis, I choose a bag or something to put her knitting in. This year I found some sort of an affair for holding the yarn. I did n't understand it very well myself, although they told me it was perfectly simple; but I thought an experienced

knitter like Grandma Lewis would know how to use it. Louise is just sixteen, so it's easy enough to select a bit of neckwear or a handkerchief for her. As for the boys Alec and Joe, I always get them stick-pins,—they can't have too many, you know,—and for little Henry a game or toy of some sort. Then Tom adds a box of candy. Promptly one week after Christmas, I receive a perfectly proper, polite letter from Cousin Lucy thanking me in behalf of every member of the fir-tree household. It does sound a bit perfunctory, does n't it, Nancy? Sort of a cut and dried performance all around. Somehow, Christmas is getting to be more and more like that every year, don't you think so? I must confess I'm glad, positively relieved, when it's over! I'm always a wreck, mentally as well as physically."

Nancy made no comment; instead she pointed with the scissors to a heap of large and small packages over at one side.

"What do you want done with those, Ann?"

"Oh, they go in the home box. That has to go to-night, too. I was just starting to tie them up. Do you suppose you'd have time to do them too, Nancy dear? I know I'm just imposing on you. If it was n't that I have to have this dress for the Christmas dance, I should n't go a step. Just put the two piles on my bed when you've finished wrapping, will you? Then Tom can pack them after dinner. Now I'm off. Good-by and thanks awfully."

A minute later, Nancy Wells heard the front door slam, then the house settled down to an empty quiet, broken only by the rustling of tissue-paper and the click of scissors as Nancy folded and cut and measured and snipped. The fire burned to a bed of dull embers; and beyond the small square window-panes, the snow-lit landscape darkened to dusk.

"There!" said Nancy, as she gave a final pat to the last bow. "And how pretty they look, too," she added, leaning back to survey her handiwork. Then she carried them over to the bed and arranged them in two neat piles.

"Certainly looks like 'Merry Christmas,' all right." With which remark, she put on her coat and hat and went home.

It was several hours later that Ann Brewster, attired in dressing-gown and slippers and with her hair in a braid down her back, surveyed with weariness, compounded with relief, the empty spaces on bed and floor.

The last label, inscribed in Ann's square, half-childish hand, "Merry Christmas from Tom and Ann," had been pasted on while Tom stood by with hammer and nails ready to perform the final offices. And the two boxes, the one for the fir-tree cousins down on the Maine farm, the other for Ann's own family in Michigan, were now on their way to the down-town office. Ann burrowed deeper into the big wicker chair.

"And now that's over for another year at least," she sighed. "And I'm too tired to care much whether those boxes reach their destination safely or not. Twelve months from to-night in all probability, I shall be sitting in this same spot making that very same remark. And I used to just *love* Christmas, too!"

Ann Brewster (she was Ann Martin then) had been brought up in a family where much had been made of the Christmas festival. There had been little money to spare in those days; nevertheless, Mr. and Mrs. Martin had always contrived to make the day and the season itself one of happy memory to their four children. No elaborate celebration of later years ever held quite the same degree of delight and anticipation shared then by every member of the family. Ann recalled the weeks brimful of plans and mysterious secrets that preceded the day itself, with its simple gifts and its spirit of peace and good will toward all.

It was not so merry a day now, somehow, Ann reflected, staring moodily at the glowing coals in the fireplace. It seemed to have lost its savor. And to be so unreservedly glad when it was over was to admit it a burden. To be sure there was only herself and Tom to celebrate it now, and it was to be expected that much of the old merriment must be lost with the years. She had tried to keep to the letter of the day at least, and the little house had its wreaths of evergreens, its holly and scarlet ribbons. There was always a tiny tree for two, all a-glitter with candles and heaped about with parcels. And the days between Christmas and New Year's were always one round of dances and dinners and teas.

"Tired, Ann?"

A masculine voice broke in on her reverie and Tom's broad-shouldered figure filled the doorway.

"Cheer up! The boxes are on their way, or should be shortly, and a few days more will see the season's finish."

"That's just it, Tom. A few days more,



and the one day for which we 've shopped and slaved for weeks will have come and gone the way of its predecessors. And in our weariness and relief is swallowed up all the real meaning and spirit of that day whose origin was in simplicity itself."

Honestly Ann, how much intelligence or thoughtfulness goes into the average Christmas shopping? To many, it's just a regularly recurring duty. I don't mean that as a general statement by any means, but—"

Tom sat down suddenly on the edge of the bed, one shoe grasped in both hands.

"I don't believe I've ever told you, Ann, about a certain Christmas of mine, long ago. About the nicest I've ever known."

"Where was it? Do you mean at home?"

Ann looked up interested.

"No." Tom's voice changed and a shadow crossed his face.

"You know I never had much of a home, Ann. My parents both died when I was only a little chap, and I was sort of parceled out to various relatives for different seasons of the year. No, this Christmas I'm thinking of was with Cousin Henry and Cousin Lucy. Queer I have n't told you before."

"I knew you spent your summers there," Ann answered a little curiously, "but I never heard of your being there for Christmas."

"Well, I was, and I've never forgotten it. It was my first glimpse of what a real homy Christmas can be. The tree was just a

home-made affair—that is, the trimmings. We cut the tree ourselves, a beautiful slender fir, and hauled it down on a sled from the hill forest back of the house. We popped corn and made wreaths, strung cranberries, and cut stars out of colored paper. And I tell you that tree was pretty—if it *was* n't glittering with ornaments and blazing with candles or electric lights."

"Did you have presents?" asked Ann.

"Yes. I remember Cousin Henry gave me



"IT WAS NOT SO MERRY A DAY NOW"

Tom whistled thoughtfully, and when he spoke his voice had lost its merry banter.

"I guess you're right there, Ann. We're certainly a long way off from the old days of five-cent horns and candy canes. A lot of that was youth, of course, but just the same this modern deal is all wrong. It's a selfish proposition, as I look at it. We're more concerned with getting the thing off our hands and off our minds than with any real desire to add to some one else's pleasure.



a pair of home-made snow-shoes. Grandma Lewis had knit some red wristlets for me, and Cousin Lucy a cap to match. I was the happiest boy in the state of Maine!"

Tom paused a moment.

"But somehow, Ann, what I remember most was the spirit of the day itself. Cousin Lucy had worked hard, I know, and in the evening had a lot of the neighbors in; but she was the life of the crowd. Ann, I'd like you to meet and really know Cousin Lucy. I wish she'd ask us to visit them sometime."

"Somehow, I never supposed—" Ann began hesitatingly.

"Supposed what?" Tom asked.

"Well, I guess I never gave your fir-tree cousins much thought, Tom. I did n't think you cared particularly. You've never talked much about them nor made any effort to—"

"Yes, I know," Tom broke in, "and the more shame to me, too. It's queer sometimes, that, no matter how much you may think of people, you just sort of drift apart. But you'd better get to bed now, Ann; you look tired to death."

Christmas day dawned upon a clear and sparkling world. There had been a flurry of snow during the night, and in the keen morning sunlight everything shone clean and freshly garbed. Within the house, fires blazed; the tang of evergreen mingled with the odor of half-burned candles. The scarlet splash of holly berries gleamed amid their gloss of green leaves, and there was a happy confusion of torn wrappings, broken seals, and piled-up gifts. The dinner was a success, as Ann's dinners always were; but

later that evening, as Ann struggled with the fastening of her new gown, "I did n't know I was so tired," she remarked, with a little sigh of weariness.

And she repeated the words at intervals all during the week that followed. So that



"WHEN WILL YOU HAVE YOUR VACATION, TOM?" (SEE PAGE 165)

it was a rather wan little figure that faced Tom across the breakfast-table the morning after New Year's. There was a pile of letters beside her plate.

"I know exactly, Tom Brewster, what's in every one of these missives. I could read them off to you with my eyes shut. I never feel that Christmas is really over for another year," she added ironically, "until assured

that my gifts have arrived and are herewith acknowledged with due and proper gratefulness."

Tom grinned as he opened up his morning paper.

There was a silence for several minutes while Ann slowly slit the seals one by one. She picked up a square white envelop that bore her father's well-known handwriting, and a minute later a sudden exclamation made Tom look up.

"Why, Tom—Tom Brewster!"

Ann's eyes glanced down the single page; then she began to read aloud:

"My dear Ann:

"Perhaps you won't remember it, but you gave me a muffler for Christmas once long ago, when you were a very little girl. You picked it out yourself, and I'll say this—that you showed remarkably good taste. That muffler, or what's left of it, is tucked away somewhere in the attic now. The one you sent this year gives me almost as much pleasure as did that other one, although I suppose I'll have to concede that these new styles are really prettier (but not any warmer or more useful) than the old. Your mother thinks they must be coming back into favor again, but I don't care whether they are or not. They're warm and they help keep a clean collar clean. For my part, I'm glad we're getting away from the showy Christmases of the last few years and down to a simpler, saner giving and receiving.

"Lots of love and thanks to you and Tom,

"FATHER."

Ann drew forth a small folded sheet that had been tucked inside the other one. It read:

"Dear Ann:

"I'm just going to add a line to put in with your father's, for we have a house full of company and there's no time now for a real letter. Your box this year, although something of a surprise, was none the less welcome. I have thought for several years that we ought all of us to give simpler gifts. A remembrance, no matter how small, if carefully and thoughtfully chosen to meet the need or desire of the recipient, carries with it more of the real Christmas spirit than the costliest gift or one chosen at random. I don't know when I've had an apron given me before! I began to think they had gone out of fashion. I put yours right on, and your father said it made him think of when you children were little. The boys will write you yourselves, but I'll just say that Ned and Harold both remarked that it seemed fine to get a stick-pin once more. (You know we've always tried to think up something different, with the result that both are rather low on that article.) We've had lots of fun with Hugh's game. He confided to me that he'd been hoping somebody would give him one. So you see, Ann dear, we are all pleased with our things and send you our grateful thanks. Love to you both from,

"MOTHER.

"P. S. I was afraid my letter telling of your Aunt

Cordelia's arrival had not reached you in time, but I need not have worried. She was much taken with that case for holding her yarn. She'd had one and lost it. And Katy was real pleased with that pretty handkerchief."

With hands that trembled a little, and with burning cheeks, Ann drew forth the last letter in the pile. It was postmarked Maine, and contained two plain lined sheets, tablet size.

"This is from Cousin Lucy," Ann began, a queer little note creeping into her voice:

"My dear Ann:

"When we opened your box on Christmas morning, I thought I had never seen anything so attractive. Seals and ribbons and greetings may not mean so much, perhaps, to you city people; but for us isolated ones, they add a great deal to our enjoyment and appreciation. Your gifts fulfilled certain long-felt desires, one or two of which I suspect are older than you are, Ann. Perhaps you cannot understand the joy of receiving something you've always wanted, yet did not really need. The necessary things we can and do buy, as a rule, but the others—the little amenities of life—it is for these that Christmas was instituted. The wise men might have brought other and needed things to the Bethlehem manger, but they did n't. They brought gold and frankincense and myrrh! I am writing with my beautiful pin before me on the table. You see, it is the first one—the first really nice pin—I've ever owned. That is fulfilled desire number one. The second is the sight of your Cousin Henry enjoying a bit of leisure before the fire with his new book. I suppose Tom may have told you that once, as a young man, your Cousin Henry made this very trip to the headwaters' of the Peace River. So few new and worth-while books find their way to us. Louise and the boys will write later, so I'll only say that Alec actually takes his big flash-light to bed with him; Joe is inordinately proud of that safety-razor; and as for little Henry—well his father and I both feel that we ought to thank you on our own behalf, for all our efforts to make an out-of-door lad of him seem to have failed hitherto. He is the student of the family, but the new skates lure him outside and help to strike the proper balance. Louise loves her beaded bag, as, indeed, what girl would n't! And as for Grandma Lewis, she fairly flaunts that bit of rose-point. She confided to me that at eighty years she had at last given up all hope of ever possessing a piece of real lace!

"I have written a long letter, but I doubt if, after all, I've really succeeded in expressing even a small part of our appreciation to you and Tom for your carefully chosen gifts. To feel that a certain thing has been chosen especially for you,—to fit your own individuality and particular desire, if not always need,—this, it has always seemed to me, is the true spirit of Christmas. And I think you have found it, Ann. Before closing I want to ask if you and Tom can't arrange to make us a visit this summer?

"Wishing you both a Happy New Year,

"Lovingly,

"COUSIN LUCY."

Ann Brewster laid down the letter with something that was half a sob and half a laugh. "I 'm just too ashamed to live!"

"Why, what 's the matter, Ann?" Tom looked puzzled.

"Cousin Lucy speaks of my 'carefully chosen gifts.' And—and they were n't at all. They were n't even meant for any of them. You see," Ann swallowed the lump in her throat, "I 've always just chosen their things at random. Yes I have, Tom. One of those Christmas obligations you spoke of the other night, to be disposed of with as little time and effort as possible. And then last week, when I was hurrying to get everything off, Nancy Wells came over and I left a lot of things for her to finish wrapping while I dashed off to the dressmaker's. And I suppose, in some way, I got the fir-tree cousins' and the home pile mixed."

Tom pushed back his chair from the table.

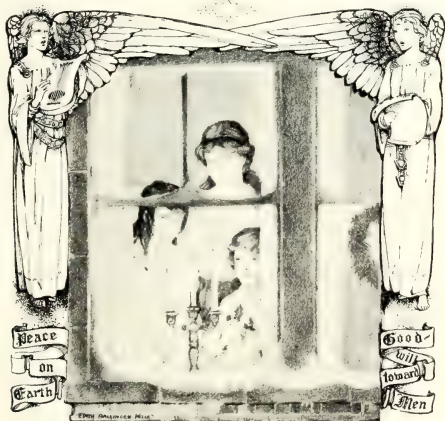
"Seems to me, Ann dear, that we 've had the answer to our query, 'What 's wrong with Christmas?' Cousin Lucy is right. To make the gift fit the person. When you go to buy a dress or I a suit of clothes, we choose the particular cut suited to our own individuality, don't we? Not to some one else's. And could n't that rule apply as well to the selecting of gifts? You 've sort of stumbled upon the truth this year, Ann, but—"

Tom stopped, whistling thoughtfully as he drew on his overcoat. There was a misty light in Ann's eyes as she stood beside him.

"When will you have your vacation, Tom?"

"August probably," Tom answered.

"Well, we 're going to spend it with our fir-tree cousins, and after that—let 's see. It will be only four months until Christmas comes again. Tom, I can hardly wait!"



## GREETING!

FROM out our house the candles' glow  
With ruddy, cheerful light,  
And may their gleam across the snow  
Reach you and yours to-night.

For we have peace and joy and health  
To bless our Christmas fire,  
And love, that is the fairest wealth  
That any can desire.

So, out across the drifting snow,  
Our Christmas song speeds true;  
Our candle-flames all bravely go  
To light our wish to you.

*Edith Ballinger Price.*

# THE TURNER TWINS

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT

NED and Laurie Turner, fifteen years of age, twins, and as like as two peas in a pod, arrive at Orstead, New York, from their home in California, to enter the Hillman School. Losing their way in the village, they make inquiries of a girl of their own age in a white middy suit. Later in the day they set out for a walk and come across a quaint little house, in a side street, whose lower floor is occupied by a store. In quest of cold drinks, the twins enter and are waited on by the girl in the white middy.

### CHAPTER III

#### CAKES AND ALE

"HELLO!" exclaimed the twins in one voice.

"Hello," replied the girl, and they suspected that she was smiling, although their eyes were still too unused to the dimness of the little store for them to be certain. She was still only a vague figure in white, with a deeper blur where her face should have been. Treading on each other's heels, Ned and Laurie followed her to the other side. The twilight brightened and objects became more distinct. They were in front of a sort of trough-like box in which, half afloat in a pool of ice-water, were bottles of tonic and soda and ginger-ale. Behind it was a counter on which reposed a modest array of pastry. "What do you want?" asked the girl in the middy.

"Ginger-ale," answered Ned. "Say, do you live here?"

"No, this is the shop," was the reply. "I live upstairs."

"Oh, well, you know what I mean," muttered Ned. "Is this your store?"

"It's my mother's. I help in it afternoons. My mother is Mrs. Deane. The boys call her the Widow. I'm Polly Deane."

"Please to know you," said Laurie. "Our name's Turner. I'm Laurie and he's Ned. Let me open that for you."

"Oh, no, thanks. I've opened hundreds of them. Oh dear! You said ginger-ale, did n't you? And I've opened a root-beer. It's so dark in here in the afternoon."

"That's all right," Ned assured her. "We like root-beer. We'd just as soon have it as ginger-ale. Would n't we, Laurie?"

"Yet bet! We're crazy about it."

"Are you sure? It's no trouble to— Well, *this* is ginger-ale, anyway. I'm awfully sorry!"

"What do we care?" asked Ned. "We don't own it."

"Don't own it?" repeated Polly, in a puzzled tone.

"That's just an expression of his," explained Laurie. "He's awfully slangy. I

try to break him of it, but it's no use. It's fierce."

"Of course *you* don't use slang?" asked Polly, demurely. "Who wants the root-beer?"

"You take it," said Laurie, hurriedly.

"No, you," said Ned. "You're fonder of it than I am, Laurie. I don't mind, really!"

Laurie managed a surreptitious kick on his brother's shin. "Tell you what," he exclaimed, "we'll mix 'em!"

Ned agreed, though not enthusiastically, and with the aid of a third glass, the deed was done. The boys tasted experimentally, each asking a question over the rim of his glass. Then looks of relief came over both faces and they sighed ecstatically.

"Corking!" they breathed in unison.

Polly laughed. "I never knew any one to do that before," she said. "I'm glad you like it. I'll tell the other boys about it."

"No, you must n't," protested Ned. "It's our invention. We'll call it—call it—"

"Call it an Accident," suggested Laurie.

"We'll call it a Polly," continued the other. "It really is bully. It's—it's different; is n't it, Laurie? Have another?"

"Who were those on?" was the suspicious reply.

"You. The next is on me. Only maybe another would n't taste as good, eh?"

"Don't you fool yourself! I'll risk that."

However, the third and fourth bottles, properly combined though they were, lacked novelty, and it was some time before the last glass was emptied. Meanwhile, of course, they talked. The boys acknowledged that, so far, they liked what they had seen of the school. Mention of the doctor and Miss Hillman brought forth warm praise from Polly. "Every one likes the doctor ever so much," she declared. "And Miss Tabitha is—"

"Miss what?" interrupted Laurie.

"Miss Tabitha. That's her name." Polly laughed softly. "They call her 'Tabby,'—the boys, I mean,—but they like her. She's a dear, even if she does look sort of—"



of cranky. She is n't, though, a bit. She makes believe she 's awfully stern, but she 's just as soft as—as—"

"As Laurie's head?" offered Ned, helpfully. "Say, you sell most everything here, don't you? Are those cream-puffs?"

Ned slipped a hand into his pocket and

account here, Laurie. Sometimes a fellow forgets to put any money in his pocket, you know. Does your mother make these?"

"Yes, the cream-cakes, and some of the others. The rest, Miss Comfort makes."

"That 's another funny name," said Laurie. "Who is Miss Comfort?"



"YOU 'D BETTER TELL ME YOUR FULL NAMES, I THINK" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Laurie coughed furiously. Ned's hand came forth empty. He turned away from temptation. "They look mighty good," he said. "If we 'd seen those before we 'd had all that ginger-ale—"

Polly spoke detachedly. "You can have credit if you like," she said, placing the empty bottles aside. "The doctor lets the boys run bills here up to a dollar. They can't go over a dollar, though."

"Personally," observed Laurie, jingling some coins in a trousers pocket, "I prefer to pay cash. Still, there are times—"

"Yes, a fellow gets short now and then," said Ned, turning for another look at the pastry counter. "Maybe, just for—for convenience, it would be a good plan to have an

"She 's—she 's just Miss Comfort, I guess," replied Polly. "She lives on the next corner, in the house with the white shutters. She 's quite old, almost seventy I suppose, and she makes the nicest cake in Orstead. Everybody goes to her for cakes. That 's the way she lives, I guess."

"Maybe we 'd ought to help her," suggested Ned, mentally choosing the largest and fattest cakes on the tray. "I guess we 'll take a couple. How much are they?"

"Six cents apiece," said Polly. "Do you want them in a bag?"

"No, thanks." Ned handed one of the cakes to Laurie; "we 'll eat them now." Then, between mouthfuls: "Maybe you 'd better charge this to us. If we 're going to

open an account, we might as well do it now, don't you think?"

Polly retired behind a counter and produced a long and narrow book, from which dangled a lead-pencil at the end of a string. She put the tip of the pencil between her lips and looked across. "You 'd better tell me your full names, I think."

"Edward Anderson Turner and—"

"I meant just your first names."

"Oh! Edward and Laurence. You can charge us each with two bottles and one cake."

"I like that!" scoffed Laurie. "Thought you were treating to cakes?"

"Huh! Don't you want to help Miss Comfort? I should think you 'd like to—to do a charitable act once in awhile."

"Don't see what difference it makes to her," grumbled Laurie, "whether you pay for both or I pay for one. She gets her money just the same."

Ned brushed a crumb from his jacket. "You don't get the idea," he replied gently. "Of course, I might pay for both, but you would n't feel right about it, Laurie."

"Would n't I? Where do you get that stuff? You try it and see." Laurie spoke grimly, but not hopelessly. Across the counter, Polly was giggling over the account-book.

"You 're the funniest boys I ever did see," she explained, in answer to their inquiring looks. "You—you say such funny things!"

Before she could elucidate, footsteps sounded in the room behind the store and a tiny white-haired woman appeared. In spite of her hair, she could n't have been very old, for her face was plump and unwrinkled and her cheeks quite rosy. Seeing the customers, she bowed prettily and said "Good afternoon" in a very sweet voice.

"Good afternoon," returned the twins.

"Mama, these are the Turner boys," said Polly. "One of them is Ned and the other is Laurie, but I don't know which, because they look just exactly alike. They—they 're twins!"

"I want to know!" said Mrs. Deane. "Is n't that nice? I 'm very pleased to meet you, young gentlemen. I hope Polly has served you with what you wanted. My stock is kind of low just now. You see, we don't have many customers in summer, and it 's very hard to get things, nowadays, even if you do pay three times what they 're worth. Polly, those ice-cream cones never did come, did they?"

"Gee, do you have ice-cream?" asked Ned, eagerly.

"Never you mind!" said Laurie, grabbing his arm. "You come on out of here before you die on my hands. I 'm sorry to tell you, ma'am, that he does n't know when to stop eating. I have to go around everywhere with him and look after him. If I did n't, he 'd be dead in no time."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the Widow Deane interestedly. "Why, it 's very fortunate for him he has you, is n't it?"

"Yes'm," answered Laurie, but he spoke doubtfully, for the little white-haired lady seemed to hide a laugh behind her words. Ned was grinning. Laurie propelled him to the door. Then, without relinquishing his grasp, he doffed his cap.

"Good afternoon," he said. "We 'll come again."

"We know not how," added Ned, "we know not when."

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Widow, as the screen door swung behind them.

Back at school, the twins found a different scene from that they had left. The grounds were populous with boys, and open windows in the two dormitory buildings showed many others. The entrances were piled with trunks and more were arriving. A rattling taxi turned in at the gate, with much blowing of a frenzied, but bronchial, horn, and added five merry youths to the population. Ned and Laurie made their way to East Hall, conscious, as they approached, of many eyes focussed on them from wide-flung windows. Remarks reached them, too.

"See who 's with us!" came from a second-floor casement above the entrance; "the two Dromios!"

"Tweedledum and Tweedledee!"

"The Siamese Twins, I 'll bet a cooky!"

"Hi, East Hall! Heads out!"

The two were glad when they reached the shelter of the doorway. "Some one 's going to get his head punched before long," growled Ned, as they started upstairs.

"What do we care? We don't own 'em. Let them have their fun, Neddie."

"I 'll let some of them have a wallop," was the answer. "You 'd think we were the first pair of twins they 'd ever seen!"

"Well, maybe we are. How do you know? Suppose those trunks have come?"

They had, and for the next hour the twins were busy unpacking and getting settled. From beyond their door came much turmoil; the noise of arriving baggage, the banging of

doors, shouts, whistling, singing; but they were otherwise undisturbed until, just when Laurie had slammed down the lid of his empty trunk, there came a knock at their portal, followed, before either one could open his mouth in response, by the appearance in the doorway of a bulky apparition in a gorgeous crimson bath-robe.

"Hello, fellows!" greeted the apparition. "Salutations and everything!"

## CHAPTER IV

### KEWPIE STARTS SOMETHING

THE twins stared silently and suspiciously for an instant. Then Ned made cautious response.

"Hello," he said, with what must have seemed to the visitor a lamentable lack of cordiality.

The latter pushed the door shut behind him by the kick of one stockinged foot and grinned jovially. "My name 's Proudtree," he announced.

"You can't blame us," replied Laurie, coldly.

Proudtree laughed amiably. "It is a rotten name, is n't it? I live across the corridor, you know. Thought I 'd drop in and get acquainted, seeing you 're new fellows; extend the hand of friendship and all that. You understand. By Jove, Pringle was right, too!"

"That 's fine," said Ned, with more than a trace of sarcasm. "What about?"

"Why," answered Proudtree, easing his generous bulk into a chair, "he said you fellows were twins."

"Not only were," said Laurie, gently, "but are. Don't mind, do you?"

"Oh, come off your horse," begged the visitor. "Don't be so cocky. Who 's said anything? I just wanted to have a look. Never saw any twins before—grown-up twins, I mean. You understand."

"Thought you said you came to extend the hand of friendship," retorted Ned, sarcastically. "Well, have a good look, partner. There 's no charge!"

Proudtree grinned and accepted the invitation. Ned fumed silently under the inspection, but Laurie's sense of humor came to his aid. Proudtree appeared to be getting a lot of entertainment from his silent comparison of his hosts, and presently, when Ned's exasperation had just about reached the explosive point, he chuckled.

"I 've got it," he said.

"Got what?" Laurie asked.

"The—the clue! I know how to tell you apart! His eyes are different from yours; more blue. Yours are sort of gray. But, geewhillikins, it must be a heap of fun! Being twins, I mean. And fooling people. You understand."

"Well, if you 're quite through," snapped Ned, "maybe you 'll call it a day. We 've got things to do."

"Meaning you 'd like me to beat it?" asked the visitor, good-temperedly.

"Just that!"

"Oh, come, Ned," Laurie protested soothingly, "he 's all right. I dare say we are sort of freakish, and—"

"Sure," agreed Proudtree, eagerly, "that 's what I meant. But say, I did n't mean to hurt any one 's feelings. Geewhillikins, if I got waxy every time the fellows josh me about being fat—" Words failed him and he sighed deeply.

Laurie laughed. "We might start a side-show, the three of us, and make a bit of money. 'Only ten cents! One dime! This way to the Siamese Twins and the Fat Boy! Walk up! Walk up!'"

Proudtree smiled wanly. "I only weigh a hundred and seventy-eight and three-quarters, too," he said dolorously. "If I was a couple of inches taller it would n't be so bad."

"I don't think it 's bad as it is," said Laurie, kindly. "You don't look really fat; you just look sort of—of—"

"Amplitudinous," supplied Ned, with evident satisfaction.

Proudtree viewed him doubtfully. Then he smiled. "Well, I 've got to get rid of nearly fifteen pounds in the next two weeks," he said, with a shake of his head, "and that 's going to take some doing."

"What for?" Laurie asked. "Why destroy your symmetry?"

"Football. I 'm trying for center. I nearly made it last year, but Wiggins beat me out. He 's gone now, though, and Mulford as good as said last spring that I could make it this fall if I could get down to a hundred and sixty-five."

"Who 's Mulford?" inquired Ned. "A fortune-teller?"

Proudtree ignored the sarcasm. "Mulford 's our coach. He 's all right, too. The trouble with me is I 'm awfully fond of sweet things, and I—I 've been eating a lot of 'em lately. But I guess I can drop fourteen pounds if I cut out pies and candy and things

Don't you think so?" Proudtree appealed to Laurie almost pathetically.

"Don't let any one tell you anything different," replied Laurie, reassuringly. Ned,

these parts. Are you fellows going out?"

"Not just yet," replied Ned.

"He means are we going to try for the football team," explained Laurie. "Yes, we are, Proudtree; at least, one of us is."

"You?"

"We have n't decided yet. You see, we've never played your kind of football. Back home, at high school, we played American Rugby, and it's quite different. But we decided that one of us had better go in for football and the other for baseball, if only to do our duty by the school."

Proudtree looked puzzled. "How are you going to decide?" he asked.

"Oh, we'll toss up or draw lots or something, I suppose. Maybe, though, Ned had better play football, because I know more baseball than he does. Still, I'm not particular."

"That's the limit!" chuckled the visitor. "Say, what are your names? I did n't see any cards on the door."

"Turner. His is Laurie and mine's Ned," answered the latter. "Do we put our names on the door?"

"It's the best way," answered Proudtree. "Well, I've got to be moving. I started to take a shower and got side-tracked. You chaps come on over and see me and I'll get

evidently recovered from his peevishness, asked:

"What sort of football do they play here?"

"Corking!" answered Proudtree.

"I mean, Rugby or the other?"

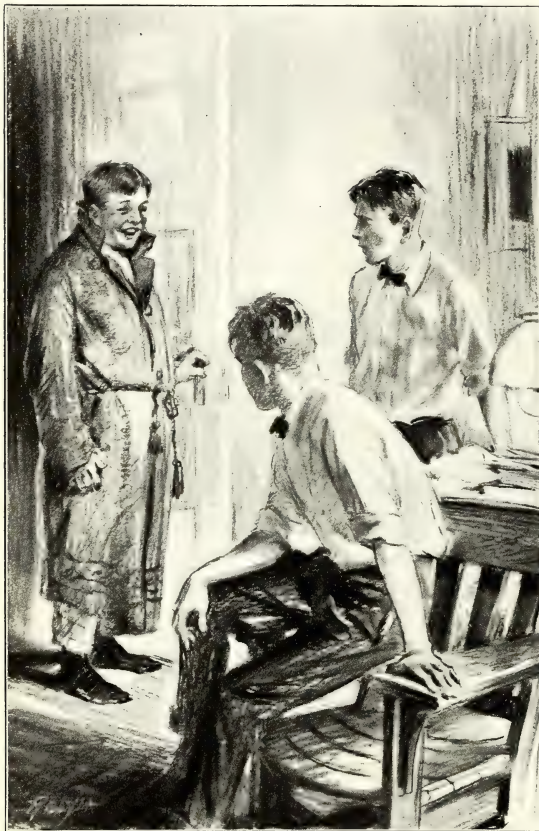
"Rugby!" exclaimed Proudtree, scornfully. "I guess not! We play regular football. Nobody plays Rugby around

some of the other fellows in. You want to meet the right sort, you know. What's your class?"

"Lower middle, I reckon," said Ned.

"That's what we expect."

"Too bad you can't make upper. That's mine. We've got a corking bunch of fellows this year. Well, see you later. Try for Mr.



"HELLO, FELLOWS! SALUTATIONS AND EVERYTHING"



Barrett's table when you go down. That 's the best. Maybe they 'll put you there if you bluff it out. You understand. So long, fellows."

Proudtree withdrew with considerable dignity in view of his bulk, waving a benedictory hand ere the door closed behind him. Ned shook his head. "Sort of a fresh hombre," he said.

"Oh, he only meant to be friendly, I reckon," said Laurie. "You understand."

Ned laughed. "I 'll bet they 've got a wonderful football team here if he plays on it! By the way, maybe we 'd better settle which of us is to be the football star. I suppose they begin to practise pretty soon. I 'll be the goat, if you like; though you had better luck with that book you bought in Chicago. I could n't make head or tail of it. I never saw so many rules for playing one game in my life!"

"It was sort of difficult," agreed Laurie. "I dare say, though, that you pick up the rules quick enough when you start to play. If you don't really mind, I think you 'd better go in for football, and I 'll do the baseball stunt. I 've played it more than you have, you know, even if I 'm no wonder."

"All right!" Ned sighed. "We 'll get a bottle of arnica to-morrow. Nothing like being prepared. How about going to see Mr. What's-his-name before supper about courses?"

"Might as well, and have it over with. I 'd like to know whether we 're going to make the lower middle."

"Don't see what else we can make. They can't stick as in the junior class. Where 's my coat? For the love of lemons, Laurie, can't you find anything else to sit on? Gosh, look at the wrinkles!"

"Those are n't wrinkles; they 're just creases. Come on!"

Half an hour later they closed the door of Mr. Cornish's study on the floor below, in a chastened mood. Each carried a little buff card whereon the instructor had tabulated an amazing number and variety of study periods. Back in Number 24, Ned cast himself into a chair, thrust his legs forth, and gazed disconsolately at the card.

"I don't see where a fellow finds time for anything but work here," he complained. "Sixteen, eighteen, twenty-one hours a week! What do you know about that?"

"Well, don't be so proud of it. I 've got the same, have n't I? I wonder how many hours he thinks there are in a day?"

"I tell you what I think," said Ned, after a moment's thought. "I think he got it into his head that we 're very ambitious and want to graduate next Spring!"

"Maybe that 's it," agreed Laurie, gravely. "Shall we go back and tell him he 's wrong?"

"N-no, let 's not. He seemed a well-meaning old codger, and I would n't want to hurt his feelings—if he has any. Let 's go down and see what they 've got for supper."

Ned's blandishments failed with the waitress, and they were established at a table presided over by a tall and very thin gentleman, whose name, as they learned presently, was Mr. Brock. There were four tables in the room, each accommodating ten boys and a member of the faculty. Diagonally across the dining-hall, the twins described the ample Mr. Proudtree. Another table was in charge of a pleasant-faced lady who proved to be the school matron, Mrs. Wyman. Mr. Cornish, the hall-master, and Mr. Barrett, sat at the heads of the remaining boards. The room was very attractive, with a fine big stone fireplace at the farther end, and broad windows on two sides. The food proved plain, but it was served in generous quantities; and notwithstanding that the twins were a bit self-conscious, they managed a very satisfactory meal. Their fellow-students seemed to be a very decent lot. Their ages appeared to average about sixteen, and they had the clean, healthy look of boys who spent much of their time outdoors. At the table at which the twins sat, four of the boys were evidently seniors, and one was as evidently a junior. The latter looked hardly more than thirteen, though he was in reality a year older than that, and had the features and expression of a cherub. The twins concluded that he was a new boy and felt a little sorry for him. He looked much too young and innocent to face the world alone.

No one made any special effort to engage either Ned or Laurie in conversation, perhaps because the returning youths had so much to talk about among themselves. Mr. Brock ate his supper in silence, save when one of the older boys addressed him, and had a far-away and abstracted air. Laurie saw him sweeten his tea three times, and then frown in annoyance when he finally tasted it. The boy who had guessed their awful secret at luncheon sat at the next table, and more than once Ned caught him looking across with a half-bewildered, half-frightened expression that somehow managed to convey

the intelligence that, in spite of temptation, he had kept the faith. Ned finally rewarded him with a significant wink, and the youth retired in confusion behind the milk pitcher.

When the meal was over the twins went outside and, following the example set by others, made themselves comfortable on the grass beyond the walk. Near by, two older boys were conversing earnestly, and Ned and Laurie, having exhausted their own subjects of conversation, found themselves listening.

"We've got to do it," the larger of the two was saying. "Dave's going to call a meeting of the school for Friday evening, and Mr. Wells is going to talk to them. I'll talk too. Maybe you'd better, Frank. You can tell them a funny story and get them feeling generous."

"Nothing doing, Joe. Leave me out of it. I never could talk from a platform. Anyway, it's the fellows' duty to provide money. If they don't, they won't have a team. They understand that—or they will when you tell them. There's another thing, though, Joe, that we've got to have besides money, and that's material. We've got to get more fellows out."

"I know. I'll tell them that, too. I'm going to put a notice up in School Hall in the morning. Mr. Cummins says there are eight new fellows entering the middle classes this year. Maybe some of them are football players."

"Bound to be. Did you see the twins?"

"No, but Billy Emerson was telling me about them. What do they look like?"

"Not bad. Rather light-weight, though, and sort of slow. They're from Arizona or somewhere out that way, I think. You can't tell them apart, Joe."

"Think they're football stuff?"

"Search me. Might be. They're light, though. Here comes Kewpie. Gosh, he's fatter than ever! Hi, Kewpie! Come over here!"

It was Proudtree who answered the hail, descended the steps and approached. "Hello, Joe! Hello, Frank! Well, here we are again, eh? Great to be back, isn't it? Have a good summer, Joe?"

"Fine! You?"

"Corking! I was on Dad's yacht all through August. Saw the races and everything. Bully eats, too. You understand."

"Yes," Joe Stevenson replied, "and I understand why you're about twenty pounds overweight, Kewpie! You ought to be

kicked around the yard, you fat loafer. Thought you wanted to play center this fall."

"I'm going to! Listen, Joe, I'm only fourteen pounds over and I'll drop that in no time. Honest, I will. You see! Besides, it is n't all fat, either. A lot of it's good, hard muscle."

"Yes, it is! I can see you getting muscle lying around on your father's yacht! I'm off you, Kewpie. You have n't acted square. You knew mighty well that you were supposed to keep yourself fit this summer, and now look at you! You're a big fat lump!"

"Aw, say, Joe! Listen, will you?" Proudtree's gaze wandered in search of inspiration and fell on the twins. His face lighted. "Hello, you chaps!" he said. Then he leaned over and spoke to Joe. "Say, have you met the Turner brothers, Joe? One of 'em's a swell player. Played out in North Dakota or somewhere."

"Which one?" asked Joe, surreptitiously eyeing the twins.

"Why, the—I forget: they look so much alike, you know. I think it's the one this way. Or maybe it's the other. Anyway, I'll fetch them over, eh?"

"All right, Kewpie."

Kewpie started away, paused, and spoke again. "They're—they're awfully modest chaps, Joe. You'd think from hearing them talk that they did n't know much about the game, but don't you be fooled. That's just their way. You understand."

"Oh, sure, Kewpie!" And when the latter had gone on his errand Joe smiled and, lowering his voice, said to Frank Brattle: "Kewpie's trying to put something over. I wonder what."

"Proudtree tells me one of you fellows plays football," said Joe, a minute later, when introductions had been performed and Ned and Laurie had seated themselves. "We need good players this fall. Of course, I hope you'll both come out."

"Ned's the football chap," said Laurie. "Baseball's my line."

"I don't know—" began Ned, but Laurie pinched him warningly and he gulped and, to Kewpie's evident relief, made a fresh start. "I'm not much of a player," he said modestly, "but I'm willing to have a try at it."

Kewpie darted an "I-told-you-so" glance at Joe and Frank.

"Where do you come from, Turner?" Joe asked politely.

"Santa Lucia, California. I was in the high school there two years. Everything's quite—quite different here." Ned spoke hurriedly, as though anxious to switch the conversation from football, and Laurie smiled in wicked enjoyment. "The climate's different, you know," Ned went on desperately, "and the country and—and everything."

"I suppose so," said Frank Brattle. "What's your position, Turner?"

"Position?"

"Yes, I mean where did you play? Behind the line, I suppose, or maybe end."

"Oh, yes, yes, behind the line. You see, I—I—"

"There are n't many fellows can play half-back the way Ned can," said Laurie, gravely. "He won't tell you so, but if you ever meet any one who saw him play against Weedon School last year—"

"Shut up!" begged Ned, almost tearfully.

Kewpie was grinning delightedly. Joe Stevenson viewed Ned with absolute affection. "Half-back, eh? Well, we can use another good half, Turner, and I hope you're the fellow. I don't know whether Kewpie told you that I'm captain this year, but I am, and I'm going to try mighty hard to captain a winning team. You look a bit light, but I dare say you're fast, and, for my part, I like them that way. Besides, we've got Mason and Boessel if we want the heavy sort. Practice starts to-morrow at four, by the way. How about your brother? Glad to have him come out, too. Even if he has n't played, he might learn the trick. And there's next year to think of, you know."

"I think not, thanks," answered Laurie.

"One football star is enough in the family."

"Well, if you change your mind, come on and have a try. Glad to have met you. See you to-morrow—er—Turner. I want to find Dave, Frank. Coming along?"

The two older boys made off toward West Hall, and as soon as they were out of hearing Ned turned indignantly on Laurie.

"You're a nice one!" he hissed. "Look at the hole you've got me in! 'Half-back!' 'Played against Weedon School!' What did you want to talk that way for? Why, those fellows think I know football!"

"Cheer up," answered his brother, grinning. "All you've got to do is bluff it through. Besides, Proudtree asked us not to let on we did n't know a football from a doughnut, and I had to say something! You acted as if you were tongue-tied!"

"Yes, that's so—you started it!" Ned turned belligerently around. "Said it would be a favor to you—" He stopped, discovering that Proudtree had silently disappeared and that he was wasting his protests on the empty air. "Huh!" he resumed after a moment of surprise, "it's a good thing he did beat it! Look here, Laurie, I'm in a beast of a mess. You know I can't face that captain chap to-morrow. Suppose he handed me a football and told me to kick it!"

"He won't. I've watched football practice back home. You'll stand around in a circle—"

"How the dickens can I stand in a circle?" objected Ned.

"And pass a football for awhile. Then you'll try starting, and maybe fall on the ball a few times, until you're nice and lame, and after that you'll run around the track half a dozen times—"

"Oh, shut up! You make me sick! I won't do it. I'm through. I'd look fine, would n't I? I guess not, partner!"

"You've got to, Ned," replied Laurie calmly. "You can't back down now. The honor of the Turners is at stake! Come on up and I'll read that rules book to you. Maybe some of it'll seep in!"

After a moment of indecision Ned arose and followed silently.

(To be continued)

## MY FAVORITE TREE

SOME people like the rugged oak,  
Which grows so straight and tall;  
Some like the maple-tree because  
It's gorgeous in the fall.

Some like the pine, and some the elm,  
And some the apple-tree;  
But just about this time each year,  
The Christmas-tree suits me!

Mary F. K. Hutchinson.

## FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

*The Tree:* WITH rustle and buoyant stir,  
"I am the monarch of trees," said the fir;  
"For when out-pealeth the bell—  
    'Noël! Noël!—'

Stanchly my bole uplifts,  
Since I am the bearer of gifts!  
Mine is that honor, that dower,  
At this glorious hour,—  
The flower of the soul of the year,—  
Hence have I never a peer!  
I am happiness' harbinger,  
I am monarch of trees!" said the fir.

*Youth's  
Credo:*

WITH shining sails my bark adorning,  
O'er waves that toss at every turn,  
I voyage across the seas of morning  
With radiant streamers blown astern.  
Though little have mine eyes beholden,  
My dreams are fair as they are fond,  
And I have many visions golden  
Of wondrous lands that lie beyond.

The pathways may be paved with peril,  
The skies may threaten, blank and blind,  
Yet, mount the billows black or beryl,  
I laugh all dangers down the wind.  
With faith upon my heart engraven,  
I face whatever fate may be,  
Hoping to find some happy haven  
En-isled in life's mysterious sea!

*Yule Song:*

AN opal sheen is on the snow.  
    (Aho! and a heigh-ho!)  
Then who would not a-footing go  
    To pluck the sprays of holly?  
Then who would not a-roving go  
    To pluck the bonnie mistletoe?  
    (Aho! and a heigh-ho!  
    Away with melancholy!)

Beneath the sun, beneath the moon  
    (O piper, play a merry tune!)  
Will lad and lass with nimble shoon  
    Seek out the sprays of holly;  
Seek out the mistletoe, a boon  
That 's sweeter than the rose in June.  
    (O piper, play this merry tune—  
    Away with melancholy!)

*Clinton Scollard.*





# The Philosopher

By Berton Braley

SOMETIMES think of this and that,  
And then of that and this;  
But what I am arriving at  
I always seem to miss.  
I muse about the why and how  
Of other facts than these,  
But it appears that up to now  
They still are mysteries.

Some things in certain lights are seen,  
And some the other way;  
But as to what they chance to mean,  
I would n't care to say.  
If others take another view  
Quite different from such,  
It 's one that they 're entitled to  
And does n't matter much.

You take it any way you like  
And study it, and yet  
You probably will never strike  
The answer that I get.  
For which is which and what is what,  
And wherefore they are so,  
Is something else again, and not  
For you and me to know.

So when I think of this and that,  
Of where and when and why,  
You don't know what I 'm driving at—  
And neither, sir, do I!

HAROLD  
SICHEL

# THE WARD OF SEVENTEEN COW-BOYS

*The story of a boy who lost Christmas and found it again*

By KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

IN the doorway of a cabin in the California foot-hills, a dark-eyed child waited for the return of the cow-boys. He had been there for almost an hour, ever since the sun, like a great blood-orange, had dropped down on the summit of Bear Mountain, flooding the uplands with saffron-colored light and stretching violet curtains across the cañons. The sunset



"HE WATCHED IN DELIGHT."

was a signal to him that the work of the range was finished for the day and that the men would be starting homeward, seventeen in all—big, stalwart fellows who spent many long, and solitary hours following the course of the cattle.

He wondered who would be first to come. It did not matter much, because they all belonged to this country, that was so different from his old home across the sea, and any one of them could tell

him what he wanted to know.

Somehow he hoped that it might be Tom Barton, the big foreman, because Barton had such a pleasant way of showing him the horses and cattle, and was always willing to sit by his bed at night and tell stories that chased away the lonely feeling that comes to little boys who are far from home and want their mothers to tuck them down under the covers.

A cloud of dust rolled southward from the mesa. That meant that somebody was riding toward the ranch-houses, and Jacques leaned forward, alert. A moment later he saw a horse come galloping toward him, and then he recognized Pluto, the pinto mustang Tom Barton always rode. His dark eyes gleamed eagerly as they watched the rider approach; and as the man rode in through the gate from the open range, he ran down to the corral to meet him.

"I 've been waiting a long, long time," he said, as he watched him unsaddle the mustang and turn him into the enclosure for the night. "I wanted to ask you about Père Noël."

Barton looked at the eager face with a puzzled expression.

"Père Noël?" he questioned. "Père Noël? Who's he?"

"Why, don't you know?" came the surprised answer. "He 's the good saint who comes on Christ's birthnight and leaves gifts for children who have been good and bundles of switches for bad ones. Always, in Belgium, he put cakes and sweetmeats in my shoe when I set it by the hearth. But when the war came, the Prussians drove him away; so after that I had nothing at all. But I thought here in America, where there had been no battles, he might come."

The cow-boy gave a whistle of surprise.

"Well, you see we never had any boys on the Rio Bravo Ranch before, so the old fellow has n't been in the habit of stopping here. But take my word for it that he 'll be around *this* year."

But even as he spoke, his eyes seemed to say, "Just how it will be managed is more than I know."

Barton went to his cabin to wash for supper, and Jacques climbed up on the corral fence to talk to the horses. Never had he seen so many in one place until he came to the Rio Bravo Ranch, and to watch the men saddling and bridling them, or a mustang that never had known a rope trying to keep a cow-boy from mounting him, was wonderfully fascinating. At first, fear lest somebody should be killed made him miserable, but he soon learned that range riders know how to meet every fractious move of their animals. So he watched in delight, so strange and exciting it all was, for Jacques Buchère had not always lived in the California foot-hills, and his life before he came to them was spent in a very different world from the cow country.

Beyond the sea, in the Belgian city of Louvain, he had opened his eyes upon the world; and there, until seven years old, he had lived with his father and mother. It was a happy life, with school during autumn and winter,

games and sports throughout the long summer-time, and sometimes a picnic in the forests beyond the town. But the war came, and Louvain went down before the German advance like wheat stalks in front of a scythe; and when the bombardment was over, he was alone in the home that had been such a pleasant one. His parents? Ah yes, he had lived with them; but if it could speak, a Prussian shell would tell their pitiful story.

At first, it seemed just a nightmare that would pass away, the loneliness, the sadness and stillness of it all. But when he looked through the broken windows into the smoke-choked street, he knew it was not dream, but reality.

Then a woman came, a good woman who wanted to help in alleviating the suffering of Louvain, and into her heart crept Jacques.



SO STRANGE AND EXCITING IT ALL WAS

She petted him and made the hard hours softer. And one day, to a ranch in the California foot-hills, went a letter with the Belgian boy's story.

"I want to find a home for him in America," wrote this nurse to her cousin William Dexter, who was owner of the Rio Bravo Ranch. "I want him to be happy after the sad things he has known."

William Dexter made a resolution as he read that letter, and very soon afterward he told his resolution to the cow-boys.

"I mean to adopt him," he said, "and you boys will have to help me make him happy."

Cow-boys are big, rough fellows, hard muscled and iron nerved. They must be, to stand the life of the range. But it does not follow that their hearts are hard too. And these riders of the Rio Bravo, when they heard their employer's words, answered with a cheer.

"We'll all adopt him," spoke Jack Rankin, who was so big and shaggy in his bearskin coat that he looked like a bear.

And sixteen lusty voices shouted in chorus, "Yes, yes!"

So Jacques came over sea and land to find a whole company of foster-fathers waiting to receive him. It was a bit bewildering at first, and he got names and faces badly mixed. But before he had been on the ranch a day, he

decided that the nicest thing that can happen to any one is to be adopted by seventeen cow-boys. He was more sure of it than ever as he sat on the fence in the twilight; for as the men rode in, each had a cheery word for him, and Bud Nelson, the fat little cow-punch who made such a funny picture riding steers, brought him a rattlesnake skin that he said would make the finest kind of a belt. And had n't Tom Barton just said that Père Noël would certainly leave gifts in his shoe this year?

Jacques went to bed early that night. The cow-boys gathered in Tom Barton's

cabin to talk over plans, for the foreman had said they must have a Christmas tree, and how it was to be managed was more than anybody knew. They were forty miles from a store. The nearest evergreen trees were in the high Sierras, several times forty miles away, and the next day would be the twenty-fourth of December.

"I tell you, it can't be done," Sid Watkins drawled, as they talked the matter over. "I'm game for anything anybody wants to do for the kid, but it would be as easy for a



Piute squaw to have a marble fountain in her tepee as for us to rig up a Christmas tree."

Tom Barton looked at him, a determined light in his eyes.

"And I tell you it's got to be done, because the boy expects it. Besides," he added, "the boss left him in our care, and if he could be here himself, he'd see to it that we made the day a real Christmas."

The men nodded as he said that, for they knew it was the truth. But William Dexter was sick in a Los Angeles hospital, and it would be many weeks before he could get back to the cattle country. If Jacques had a happy Yule-tide, they themselves would have to provide it, and loyalty to their employer and fondness for the Belgian lad decided them to attempt the impossible.

All at once a light flashed in Bud Nelson's blue eyes. "There's a young cottonwood over on the bluff above the slough," he said, "and there's mistletoe, too—lots of it."

Jack Rankin whirled and looked at him.

"Cottonwood!" he exclaimed. "Cottonwoods are bare as our bunk-house wall this time of year. Who ever heard of setting up a scarecrow and calling it a Christmas tree?"

But as Nelson explained his idea, they thought the suggestion brilliant, and began planning how to carry it out.

"Somebody'll have to go to Barstow to get presents," Tom Barton remarked. "I guess that little stunt is up to me, because Pluto is the only cayuse on the place that can make the trip there and back in a day."

So it was decided. The foreman would ride to town to make the necessary purchases, and the others were to do everything else toward preparing for the holiday.

Every one was up earlier than usual next morning, which is early indeed on a cattle-ranch. Shortly after daybreak, Rankin and Bud Nelson drove away in the wagon. The other men rode out to the range to look after the cattle, while Barton went to the corral and saddled Pluto, the fleetest, most fiery mustang in the region. "A regular terror in horse-flesh," Sid Watkins called him, because, even in a land of fractious mustangs, his feats of bucking, kicking, and striking were considered extraordinary.

The spirited animal whinnied as his owner approached him, sniffing the air impatiently while he tightened the surcingle and adjusted the saddle-bags. As the cow-boy leaped to his seat, he gave a sudden lunge into the air, then broke into a gallop toward the open range.

Jacques got up a little later and was surprised when Ah Yee, the Chinese cook, told him the men were already gone.

"Heap muchee work to-day," he said, as he set the boy's breakfast before him, "so they start long time ago. But you no care," he added, when a look of disappointment came into the dark eyes. "We have velly good time."

They did have a good time. As the Oriental cleared away the dishes and began to cook and stir with a vim, he told Jacques of his home by the Yellow River, where poppy fields were red as blood throughout the summer-time and where his brothers and sisters worked in the rice-fields. He meant to go back and see them some day; and when he came again, he would bring his little friend a pair of silk trousers and an embroidered coat and a luck good that would chase trouble out of his path as long as he lived.

They talked about Christmas and the coming of Père Noël, too; and while they talked, Ah Yee worked with the easy, quiet dexterity of his race. Jacques had never seen him fill so many pans with batter or dress so many chickens; and when he asked about it, the moon-shaped face beamed.

"You velly funny boy," he chuckled, "not to know Ah Yee make heap big pie and cake when Clismus come."

Rankin and Bud Nelson came back at sundown, the wagon filled with some curious-looking green stuff. Tied behind it was a young cottonwood, bare of leaves and the signs of life that give beauty to a tree, but straight and symmetrical as an Indian chief. Jacques knew the green stuff was mistletoe, for they had it in Belgium. But why were they bringing so much of it? In his overseas home, they had thought it enough just to have a sprig or two, or a wreath to hang in the window. He started to follow as they carried it into the house, but Bud Nelson said he must not try to find out what they were going to do, because it was a big secret. So he stayed outside, looking wistfully toward the ranch-house until Ah Yee called him in to supper. The men seemed too busy to come, so he ate alone. But it was not at all unpleasant. While he ate, the cook told him a Chinese story about a dragon. When the meal was over, he sat on a chair beside the kitchen table and begged for tale after tale; and they were such long stories and so interesting that he forgot all about what the men were doing; and when it was dark he went to bed.



Over in the ranch-house, the men talked and worked. Seventeen cow-boys make a lot of chatter even when discussing ordinary happenings on the range. But when the conversation is about anything as unusual as a Christmas tree, it sounds like the conference of a hundred. If there had been neighbors,

"She looks like a real, civilized Christmas tree," he drawled; "and just think how we've patched her together!"

And patched together that Christmas tree was, made with twine and green by the fingers of the cow-boys, as very likely a Christmas tree had never been made before.

Hoof-beats sounded beyond the windows, and a moment afterward Barton came in with a bag of gifts. There was not much of an assortment, although he had bought the best the little frontier store afforded. But they knew that what he had would please Jacques. One package held several pounds of candy. There were some neckties and a lot of gay handkerchiefs of the kind cow-boys like and of which they never can have too many. There was a watch, too, a big silver one, that Bud Nelson tied at the top of the tree.

"When I was a youngster, Mother always put a star there," he said. "This looks more like a star than anything else we have."

Then Jack Rankin unwrapped what seemed to be miles of straps.

"Shades of the Piute chiefs!" he exclaimed. "What have you got here?"

"It's a set of harness," the foreman answered; "and I'm going to give him my sorrel pony. The cart won't

be here for a week yet, because they had to send to Los Angeles for it. But he'll surely be a happy youngster when it comes."

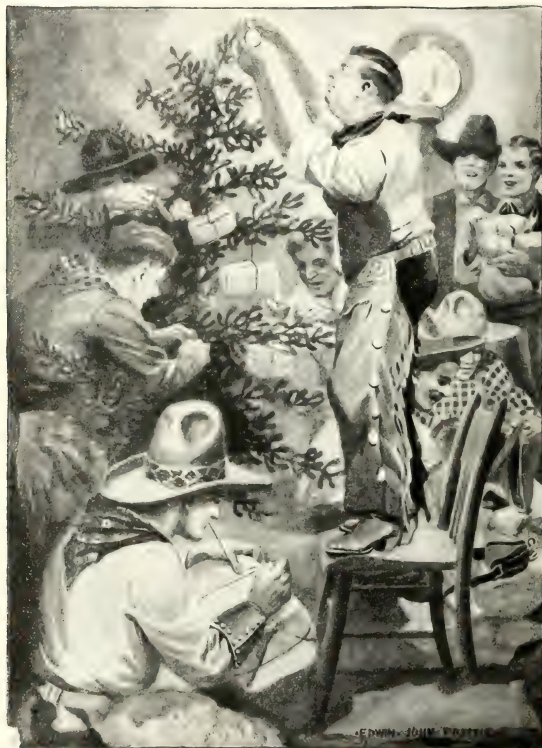
"Pile it here on the floor beside the tree?" Rankin asked, as he moved to put it in place. "No siree!" Barton objected. "This here strap arrangement is going on the tree, so he can have a lot of fun taking it off piece by piece."



"THE SPIRITED CREATURE BROKE INTO A GALLOP TOWARD THE OPEN RANGE"

they would have wondered what it was all about. But the Rio Bravo Ranch buildings were miles from any human habitation, and the only visitors who came there by night were coyotes slinking down from the hills in search of fine fat chickens or a juicy young calf. So the noise in the house went on unheeded, and, about nine o'clock, Bud Nelson gave a happy shout.

Piece by piece the harness was tied to the tree, each blinder, rein, and strap having a place of its own. Then seventeen tired cow-boys went to bed, where Jacques had long been dreaming of the good Père Noël, and when they all awoke it was Christmas morning.



"THIS WATCH LOOKS MORE LIKE A STAR THAN ANYTHING ELSE WE HAVE"

Don't you remember them yet, you boys and girls who are now almost grown, the first Christmas times when you were five or seven or nine, when it seemed as if all the good folk of the universe had united in an effort to make you happy? There was a glitter of tinsel and sparkle of gilded ornaments and the glow of many-colored candles among boughs of green. There was the laughter of merry voices and perhaps the sound of a carol

as a dispensing Santa Claus moved on his rollicking way. And if you had lived in a country that suddenly had become war torn, so war torn that the gladness of Yule-tide was not a part of life any more, and then had gone to a place where it all came back,

would n't your heart have been just as full of joy as it could hold?

And so a Belgian lad from Louvain, in a ranch-house in the Sierra foot-hills, shrieked with delight when he beheld the wonder of it all. The tree was a leafless cottonwood, but it was green from tip to base with sprigs of mistletoe tied there by the rough hands of the cow-boys. And although it was decked with no tinsel ornaments or artificial snow to bring bits of fairyland into the room, it was as redolent of real Christmas cheer as if it glittered with many-colored baubles. When Jacques saw the watch shining where Bud Nelson said his mother always hung a star, and found bags of candy with his name upon each dangling from the boughs, he gave such a happy shout that the men felt repaid a hundred times for all their work.

"*Le bon Père Noël!*" he exclaimed; then breaking from French to English, "Good, good Père Noël, that

the Prussians drove away! He has come back! I knew he would find me here in America!"

And then the sight of those straps, straps, straps! He was still what cow-boys call a tenderfoot, but he knew a set of harness when he saw one, and realized that it meant many happy rides for him.

"There's a cart coming too," Barton explained, as he watched the boy's happy

glances. "It 'll be late getting here, because Père Noël had such a load he could n't bring everything at one time. And Père Noël says to tell you that the sorrel pony goes with it."

"Did he give me all of this, every bit of it?" Jacques asked, pointing toward the tree.

smile. "He did a lot. You should go and wish him a Merry Christmas."

Jacques ran out to pay a visit to Pluto and to pat the velvet nose of the wonderful sorrel pony that was now to be his very own pet. When he came up over the porch again,



"DID HE GIVE ME ALL OF THIS, EVERY BIT OF IT?"

"Well, most of it," drawled Jack Rankin. "We helped a little, because the old fellow has so many children to look after this year it seemed we ought to take part of the load off of him."

"And Pluto, too," Barton added with a

he was singing an old French *chanson de Noël*. None of the cow-boys understood a word of the song, but they knew it breathed the spirit of Christmas, which needs no language to interpret it, because it is the same in every region of the earth.





CHRISTOPHER CRANE and Cheerful Ben  
And Hal of the Helping Hand  
Set out on a hike one Christmas Eve  
When snow lay over the land.  
"Who knows what fun we may meet,"  
said they,  
"Or who may travel along the way?"

Now, strange to say, on that selfsame day,  
Young Bob, whose manners were bad,  
And Selfish Sam, of the churlish way,  
And Larry, the lazy lad,  
They, too, set out, on a tramp intent,  
And off on the selfsame road they went.

When they came to the cross-roads, deep  
in snow,  
A shabby old man stood there.  
He shook with cold, he was bent and old,  
And as white as wool, his hair.  
And in trouble enough, poor soul, was he,  
As any one, just at a glance, could see.

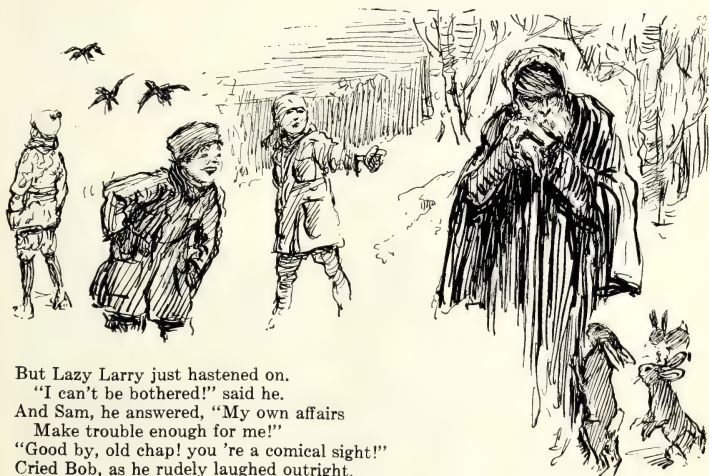


He had slipped on the ice and dropped  
his pack,  
And thick on the frosty ground  
Were bundles little and bundles big  
All scattered galore around.  
"Good day, my lads!" the traveler cries,  
"You 're a welcome sight to my poor  
old eyes!"



"Will you kindly give me a friendly lift?  
I am old and lame, you see,  
And to pick up and pack these traps again  
Is a pretty hard task for me;  
And I've many a mile to trudge to-night  
To finish my rounds by morning light."

Then up the road, with a cheerful shout,  
Came Christopher, Hal, and Ben.  
"In trouble, old friend?" they gaily cried,  
"We must tarry and help you, then!  
We'll soon put all of these bundles back,  
We'll lend a hand with your weighty pack."



But Lazy Larry just hastened on.  
"I can't be bothered!" said he.  
And Sam, he answered, "My own affairs  
Make trouble enough for me!"  
"Good by, old chap! you're a comical sight!"  
Cried Bob, as he rudely laughed outright.



The old man sighed and he shook his head  
As he watched the heedless three.  
"Tis well to be merry, and young, and strong,  
But there's something more," said he;  
"And who cares for naught but his selfish ends  
May one day find that he lacks for friends!"

But as fast as they picked the parcels up  
And stored them away, they found  
That, little and big, on every side  
More bundles covered the ground.  
Cried Hal and Ben and Christopher Crane:  
"They'll never go into that pack again!"

The stranger laughed with a knowing look  
 As he gave them each a wink;  
 Then thrice he whistled and clapped his hands.  
 And, before they had time to think,  
 A jingle of bells on the frosty air,  
 And a sleigh with a reindeer team was there!



The shabby old man was lost to sight,  
 But standing there, in his place,  
 Was good St. Nick in his big fur cap,  
 With his round and smiling face.  
 "Now, isn't this pretty good luck?" laughed he,  
 "You did n't expect to be meeting me!"

"Not often, lads, on the road of life  
 Will you get a surprise like this;  
 But, wherever you go, you may surely know  
*These* never can come amiss:  
 A friendly word and a kindly deed,  
 And a helping hand in a time of need!"



Then all of the bundles, large and small,  
Hopped merrily into the sleigh.  
A wave of the hand and jingling bells,  
And the reindeer galloped away,  
While the wondering boys, as they looked around,  
Another surprise before them found.

Three beautiful sleds, with silver bells,  
And a name on each, quite plain!  
And one said, "Hal," and one said, "Ben,"  
And one said, "Christopher Crane!"

Then hastily home the three lads sped  
To tell the tale of a Christmas sled.  
And never were boys as proud as they,  
For they 'd seen St. Nick and his reindeer sleigh.

If any one doubts these trusty scouts  
Why, all that he needs to do  
Is to see the sleds with the silver bells  
As proof that the story 's true;  
And Hal and Ben and Christopher Crane  
Will gladly tell him the tale again.





# THE HILL OF ADVENTURE

By ADAIR ALDON

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT

IN the small town of Ely, in the Rocky Mountains, Beatrice Deems, her sister Nancy, and her invalid aunt have settled down for the summer, ostensibly for Aunt Anna's health, although the girls begin to surmise that there may have been another reason for their coming. On the mountain-side above the town is a tract of land and a cabin which belong to Beatrice, given her by her father. They find the town full of foreign workmen, employed by the construction company that is completing an irrigation project for the valley. Beatrice rides up the mountain to explore her possessions. On the way back she meets and makes friends with Christina Jensen, a Finnish woman, whose brother Thorvik is an agitator among the workmen. That same night rioting breaks out among the men, buildings are set on fire, shots are heard, and soon after, there is a violent knocking at their outer door.

## CHAPTER III

### THE DEPARTURE OF JOE LING

FOR a moment, Beatrice paused on the landing to consider who it might be who knocked at the door.

"Was it Christina?" she wondered; "or had some of those shouting men—"

She was startled by a sound within the house—the noise of a door opening and closing softly. She had turned on the light above her head and could see, in the shaft of brightness which it dropped through the window, that some one had slipped out from the side entrance just below. The stealthy figure of Joe Ling, the cook, with a pole balanced over his shoulder, and at each end of it a heavy basket, was slipping away into the dark with that short-stepping trot of a hurried Chinaman. He had brought those same baskets, containing his varied possessions, to their house three days before. It was plain that he not only considered his term of employment with them at an end, but that he was about to shake the dust of Ely from his silent, Chinese-slipped feet.

"And we ought to go, too," Beatrice pondered, staring fascinated at this ominous portent; "but how?"

She called softly before she dared draw the bolt of the front door, and was inexpressibly relieved to hear the sound of a woman's voice. On the threshold stood Christina Jensen, and with her was Sam, Dan O'Leary's helper at the livery-stable.

"This boy here seemed like to wake the dead with his knocking," the woman said, "but we could n't be sure we were heard above all this noise." There was no need for explanations, with that red flare lighting the whole village. "Things have broken loose quicker than we thought; the men have set fire to one of the warehouses and have

been fighting with the irrigation company's watchmen. With this wind, the whole town may catch, and they don't care. You and your aunt must get away as quickly as you can. There is a train goes through in an hour, so you must hurry. We could n't find Dan, but Sam has hitched up and will take you down."

"We will go at once," Beatrice agreed. She turned back to the living-room to gather up such essential possessions as could be put together for hasty packing. In the midst of her wild preparations, however, Aunt Anna, with Nancy, came slowly down the stair, looking very white and frightened.

"What are you doing?" she questioned; and from the combined explanations of Christina, Sam, and her nieces, she seemed somehow to divine what had happened.

"You may take the girls to the station," she said to Sam. "They can travel back alone, but I am not going."

"But you must!" cried Nancy. "You won't be safe. You can never get well in a tumult like this."

Aunt Anna hesitated. She was growing whiter every moment.

"I did not come here to get well," she said at last. "I came for something very different. And I am not going back."

She swayed and caught at the railing, too ill to argue further. Nancy flung her arms about her while she still strove to speak. She sent Beatrice a desperate, imploring glance when no words would come.

"You must make her go," Christina insisted. "Sam can lift her on the train. She will thank you in the end."

Beatrice shook her head.

"I don't understand why she wants to stay," she said, "but stay she shall. There is only one other thing to do. We will go to the cabin up on the mountain. Sam, can



you get the keys from Dan O'Leary's house? The place has been used lately and it is safe from this fire, at least. Nancy, get Aunt Anna's things and I will pack up the rest. We can't start too soon."

Half an hour later the rickety old carriage was groaning and lurching up the mountain road. Very little was said as they climbed steadily up and up through the dark. Beatrice, looking back, could see the red flames still leaping madly, could hear, though faintly, the shouts of the men as they ran here and there to bring fresh fuel to the fire. She turned at last to Sam, beside whom she sat in the front seat, and fell to asking questions.

"Will the strike last long, do you think?" she began.

Sam chuckled. "It 's not a strike—that 's just where the pinch is. While they were holding their meeting and arguing about how soon they should quit, there comes word from the company that the work is shut down until further notice. The men had all just been paid, but something has gone wrong with the money end of the business, people say, and there 's nothing to go on with. Anyway, there 's no strike; the men higher up beat them to it, and the Bohunks are in a fine rage. Christina is right, the city of Ely, just now, is no place for ladies."

"And this Thorvik was the man who wanted the strike?" Beatrice asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Dan O'Leary used to be the one the men looked up to—he is foreman of one of the ditching gangs. Dan owns the livery-stable and one of the stores, so being a property-holder makes him more careful than the rest. He 's hot-headed enough, but things were n't so bad until this fellow out of Russia came to town. He 's an ugly customer and there 's no knowing what he won't stir up."

Beatrice's mind was going back over the help Christina had given them and the odd circumstances of that first meeting. She had one more question to ask.

"Did you know Christina Jensen's son Olaf, who went away a year ago?"

"Sure I did!" responded Sam, with enthusiasm; "he was the best friend I ever had. I 'm wishing," he added with a sigh, "that things were so he could come home again."

"But why can't he?"

"There 's Thorvik, that he hates; and besides, Olaf got into a— a little trouble down in the construction camp before he went away." Sam began somewhat cautiously,

but warmed to his narrative as he went on. "We were both working with the ditching gang, out along the river. We liked Dan O'Leary, but we did n't much fancy the Bohunks that we had to work with. Olaf was always telling them that they would do anything for money and nothing without it, and he was about right. I had gone to town this day, but Dan told me afterward what happened. It was a hot, clear morning, and Olaf suddenly straightened up and pointed over to a high rock beyond the river, Mason's Bluff, a place well known to be dangerous. There seemed to be a man hanging by a rope half-way down the face of the cliff, not able, so it looked like, to get up or down. The laborers did n't take much interest; said any one was a fool to tackle such a climb, and they would n't, one of them, budge an inch to go and help him. Then Olaf said, just kind of casual, 'it must be that scientist fellow that was in the camp yesterday. Do you remember that rich tenderfoot that went around spending money and tapping rocks?' Every man dropped his tools at that, for if there is a chance for a reward, these fellows are on the job at once. They all went scurrying down to the river, getting across any way they could, and running like rabbits through the brush, each one bound to be first on the spot."

"And did they save him?" Nancy, who was listening from behind, leaned over to put the breathless question.

"The first ones were within a hundred yards when the man fell."

The two girls gasped, but Sam went on with a dry chuckle: "They went nearer to pick him up and found he was a dummy man, stuffed with straw. Then they remembered how Olaf had been laughing at them for wanting money for whatever they did, and they came back in a pretty ugly temper, but Olaf was gone. Probably he meant to go anyway, and wanted to have a last fling."

Sam drew up his horses, for they had come into the shadow of the pines and had reached the gate. In the stillness, following the uproar below, they could hear the weird yapping of a coyote somewhere in the hills.

## CHAPTER IV

### NEIGHBORS

"Do you remember," said Nancy, as she and Beatrice viewed each other across a wilderness of overflowing trunks, half-unpacked boxes of bedding, baskets of china, and

packages of groceries, "do you remember how that Englishman at your sorority dance talked about an affair like this as 'settling in'? Settling would n't be so hard, but settling *in*— Will all this stuff ever get put away in this little house?"

"I don't know," replied Beatrice. "It will have to go in somehow. Surely we need everything that is here."

She spoke absently, for the mention of the dance had brought a sudden flood of memories and of odd fancies. It had been the last one she had attended before the doctor's verdict concerning Aunt Anna's health had upset all their plans and had driven them West. It must have been in another world, she thought, that evening at the country club, with the moonlight coming in on the polished floor, with the whirling maze of colored dresses, the swinging music, and the soft sound of many sliding feet. She had been manager of the affair, and she recollected now, with curious clearness, how full the evening had been of congratulations on the success of her arrangements, but how, in the midst of it all, she had felt a vague discontent, a sudden wonder whether this were all the pleasure that life had to offer. Now, with a strange exhilaration born, perhaps, of the clearness of the thin air and the brilliance of the morning sunshine, she realized that life was offering her a new adventure, that she was embarking on a period of more intense living than she had ever known before.

Nancy, quite untroubled by any doubts or fancies, was plodding steadily ahead at the task in hand. It had been no hardship for her to rise early, explore the possibilities of the kitchen, concoct a breakfast out of such supplies as they had brought with them, and with a beaming and triumphant smile, carry it in on a tray.

Aunt Anna seemed to have suffered little harm from the midnight flitting and was sleeping late after the excitements of the night before. She had been made comfortable at once in the one room that was in tolerable order, for the girls had only to make up the couch with the bedding they had brought and build a fire out of the pine-cones that lay so thickly under the trees, when the apartment was ready for the invalid. Christina had taken charge of the place for the former occupants and had left it very clean and in order. In the dry Montana air, no house, even when closed for months, grows damp, nor, in the clean pine woods, even very

dusty. Aunt Anna had remained long awake, however, for two hours later, when it was almost dawn, Beatrice had stolen in and found her staring wide-eyed at the fire.

"Can I do anything for you? Are n't you very tired?" the girl had asked, but her aunt only smiled and shook her head.

"I am very comfortable," she said. "I think we are going to be happy in this strange little house. I am glad you had the courage to bring me here, my child."

Beatrice stood beside the bed and straightened the coverlid.

"Won't you tell me why you wanted so much to stay?" she begged. "I wish I might know."

Her aunt did not answer for a moment.

"I used to think," she said at last, "that you might never know; but since last night, I have changed my mind. Yes, whatever happens, I believe I will tell you, but not just now, for I am too weary to go through with such a thing. Move my pillow a little, my dear; I am going to sleep. The music of that waterfall would make anybody drowsy."

Before they had finished breakfast, Christina had appeared, with a heavy-laden Sam following her, bringing more of their things from the village.

"I just packed up everything that I thought you would need and had Sam fetch it up here," said Christina. "No, you can't go down to the town until things have quieted a little. There was fighting last night and Dan O'Leary has been shot."

"Just through the leg," Sam reassured them, seeing Nancy's horrified face. Then he carried in the boxes and went down the path for more.

"There 's room in the shed for your horse, Miss Beatrice," he announced, when he had made his last trip. "I can bring him up, if you like, only you would have to take care of him yourself. We can haul up enough feed to keep him, and there 's some grazing-land higher up the hill."

So it was settled that Buck, also, was to be a part of their establishment, although Beatrice felt a little appalled at the prospect of taking care of a horse single-handed.

"Bless you, he's that wise he can almost take care of himself," Sam reassured her. "He 's a little light on his feet when you go to saddle him, but beyond that he has n't a fault. It will be a good thing to have a horse on the place."

Toward noon the two girls, with Christina's assistance, began to bring some order out of



"THINGS HAVE BROKEN LOOSE QUICKER THAN WE THOUGHT"



the confusion. The cabin possessed four rooms downstairs, the large living-room into which the front door opened, the bedroom off it, the lean-to kitchen and, wonder of wonders, a tiny bathroom with a shining white porcelain tub.

"Those engineers that used the place just settled down to make themselves comfortable," Christina explained. "They put in the water-pipes themselves, and I'll never forget the day they brought up that tub, packed on a mule. He bucked it off once, and it slid down the hill until it caught between two pine-trees."

The enterprising former tenants had also introduced electricity from the power-plant of the nearest mine, so that the two most difficult housekeeping problems of water and light were thus already solved.

"Now," said Nancy, at last, "we have everything we need except milk and eggs."

"I believe," said Christina, who was scrubbing the big table, "that over at John Herrick's—he's your nearest neighbor—they could spare you what milk and eggs you want. I know they have a cow, and that his girl, Hester, makes a great deal of her chickens."

Neighbors! Beatrice had forgotten that house, nearly hidden by the shoulder of the mountain, but visible from the trail below. There was a girl there, too, perhaps of nearly their own age. She was eager to go and investigate at once and scarcely waited to hear how to find the way.

It was a long walk down to the road beyond the bars and then up the hill to the next house. Beatrice realized, as she tramped along, that distances are deceitful in high altitudes, and that the presence of Buck would be a great convenience. The house, when she reached it, was even larger than she had thought—a long, low dwelling, with a row of sheds and stables and an enclosed corral. She had just reached the front steps when she saw the door fly open and a brown-haired girl, with very bright, dancing eyes, come running out in a flutter of dark curls and flying blue-and-white skirts.

"Oh, oh!" cried Hester Herrick, grasping Beatrice's hand in her cordial brown one, "I thought there was smoke in your chimney, and I could n't wait to know who was living in the cabin. To have neighbors—you can't think what it means on this mountain! Come in, come in."

To Beatrice, who had observed with some distaste the flimsy houses of the village, the

sagging board-walks, and streets full of ruts and boulders, this place was a delightful surprise, with its air of spruce neatness and picturesque charm. She liked the outside of the building, the pointed gables and wide eaves; but as Hester conducted her within, she gave a little gasp of wonder, for the interior of the house was really beautiful. Beauty in a house, to her, had always meant shining white woodwork, softly colored rugs, and polished mahogany, but there was nothing of all that here. The low room, with its windows opening toward the distant mountains, was full of rich colors, the dull red of the unceiled pine walls and bookcases, the odd browns and yellows in the bear-skin rugs, the clear flame-color of the bowl of wild lilies that stood on the broad windowsill. Hester seated her guest in the corner of a huge comfortable couch and sat down beside her with a smile of broad satisfaction.

It was difficult to bring up such a prosaic subject as milk and eggs in such pleasant surroundings, but that having been disposed of, the two were soon chattering away as though they had known each other for years.

"Yes," commented Hester, nodding sagely, as she heard the tale of their departure for the cabin on the hill, "there is going to be real trouble in Ely, so Roddy says, and he won't let me go down there just now. How glad I am that you did n't go away!"

Beatrice's eyes had been roving about the room, observing the white-birch log on the hearth, the tawny-orange shade of the homespun curtains, and the pictures on the wall.

"Why," she exclaimed, her glance arrested by a photograph hanging near the window, "we have that same picture at home in my father's study! It is of the school where he used to go."

Hester looked up at the vine-covered archway, showing a tree-lined walk beyond.

"I don't know where Roddy got it," she said. "It has always been there, over his desk, for as long as I can remember."

"Who is Roddy—your brother?" Beatrice asked.

"No, he is my—my sort of father, but not really. He is too young to be my father, I suppose. He adopted me when I was little. His name is John Rodman Herrick, so, as he's only fifteen years older, I call him Roddy. I can hardly remember when I did n't live in this house with him, and with old Julia and her husband Tim to do the work for us. There is Roddy now."

The stride of heavy boots sounded along



the veranda, and a man came in, a handsome, vigorous person who, as Hester had said, was evidently far too young to be her father. Nor were they in the least alike in appearance, since he was very fair, with thick light hair and blue eyes that contrasted oddly with his very sunburned skin. He wore ordinary riding-clothes, but seemed to carry an air of distinction in his clear-cut profile and straight shoulders.

He listened to Hester's rather confused account of the visitor's arrival, and gravely shook hands with Beatrice.

"Are you going to be comfortable in the cabin?" he asked. "Who is helping you to get settled?"

Beatrice began to tell him in what good hands they were, and the three stood talking until, glancing at the clock, she was horrified to see how long she had stayed, and quickly turned to go. Both her new friends came to the door with her.

"By the way," said John Herrick, as Beatrice stood on the step below, "my Hester is too informal a person for introductions, and she has not even told me your name. Indeed, I doubt if she has asked it herself. Won't you tell us who you are and who is at the cabin with you?"

What a cordial, friendly smile he had, Beatrice thought, as she looked up at him, and how it lighted his brown face!

"My Aunt Anna and my sister Nancy are at the cottage with me," she said. "The place is mine—my father gave it to me. My name is Beatrice Deems."

Never had she seen a face change so abruptly as did John Herrick's, and he turned suddenly and went into the house, leaving Hester to say her good-bys alone.

It was at the end of a very laborious, but satisfactory, day that Nancy came up to her sister's room to find Beatrice writing at the rough pine table.

"We have everything in order, and Christina and Sam are just gone," said Nancy. "There was n't anything more you wanted them to do, was there?"

"Oh, I wanted them to mail my letters!" exclaimed Beatrice, sealing her envelop and jumping up. "It took me so long to write everything to Dad that I only just finished this one that I promised Christina for her boy Olaf. Perhaps I can catch Sam at the gate."

She sped down the path through the pines and was able to overtake Sam and Christina where they had lingered to put up the bars.

She was just explaining to the Finnish woman what she had written when a heavy, slouching figure came up the road through the shadows, and Thorvik, in his broken English, spoke roughly to his sister.

"You spend the whole day here—spend the night too? I have not yet my supper."

It was evident that he wished Beatrice, also, to know of his displeasure, or he would have spoken in his own tongue. He grasped Christina angrily by the arm and shot the girl a scowl of such fierce enmity that involuntarily she shrank back behind the gate. It was difficult, under that frowning scrutiny, to hand the two letters to Sam, the more so since Christina eyed one of the envelops with such nervous apprehension. Even a duller eye than Thorvik's might have noted that the letter was of special importance to her.

The sullen animosity deepen on Thorvik's face.

"You make nothing more with my sister—see?" he said fiercely to Beatrice as he led Christina away.

Sam nodded a subdued good-night, clucked low-spiritedly to his horses, and drove slowly after them.

Beatrice stood looking down between the giant red trunks of the pines—down upon the gray thread of road winding to the valley, upon the huddle of boxlike houses below, with the slow smoke still rising from the ruins in the midst. What strange place was this to which they had come, the place where she had decided that they must stay? For the responsibility of the choice had, in the end, rested upon her. It would be her part to make life possible in the mountain cabin, to hold her own in this new world of rugged, lonely peaks, pine-forested mountain-sides, and narrow valleys filled with hostile, rioting men. The depths below her grew darker, the lights of Herrick's house shone out—friendly, but distant—at the summit of the road.

There, holding to the rough bars of the gate and staring across at the great yellow moon rising through the twilight above the mountains opposite, Beatrice vowed to herself that she would see this adventure through, no matter what happened. But what would happen? It was the unknown future that filled her with apprehension. Through all her life she had known, at least vaguely, what she would probably be doing the next week, the next month, the next year. And now she had not the ghost of an idea of what even the next day might bring forth.

## A-BERRYING

By EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES

One day we went a-berrying,  
For spring at last was here.  
Deep in the meadow-grass of May  
Lay strawberries along our way;  
We picked a few, then stopped to play;  
For oh, how fine it was to stay  
Out in the sunshine bright all day,  
Till supper-time was near!

Again we went a-berrying,  
For summer had begun.  
Across the sandy hills we 'd go,  
Where luscious huckleberries grow;  
It was such fun to pick them, though  
The task of filling pails was slow,  
For mouths must first be filled, you know—  
That 's really half the fun!

Once more we went a-berrying—  
The first cool day of fall.  
The forest said, "Jack Frost 's gone by,  
For see our leaves that bear his dye,  
And mark the chill blue of the sky;  
But under glossy leaves, your eye  
Will wintergreen's red berry spy."  
And oh, that 's best of all!

To-day we go a-berrying,  
Still sounds our happy call!  
Now winter rules us like a king;  
The soft snow covers everything;  
And while our sleigh-bells joyous ring,  
Bright holly-berries home we bring.  
Hurrah, for Yule-tide's berrying!  
And Merry Christmas all!





BOYS AND GIRLS ENJOY SKIING IN THIS ALPINE PLAYGROUND

## CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN SWITZERLAND

By MARIE WIDMER

It is on the day before Christmas, and the dear little mountain village is almost buried in sparkling, pure-driven snow—a marvelous vision in white, with its fleckless beauty still accentuated by the sapphire blue of the sky, the healthy sepia-tan of the chalets, and the somber green of the stately pines.

That indescribably sweet perfume of the Christmas season floats through the air, and every bush and tree wears proudly the dazzling decorations which nature has so lavishly provided in her own artistic designs. We behold a new world, gloriously beautiful and humble in spirit at the same time; a world full of mystic charm, as it appears now in the delicate illumination of a crescent moon and its endless company of stars.

Here and there a merry tinkling of bells! Sleigh-riders homeward bound, eager to reach a friendly hearth in time for the celebration of the gladdest and greatest festival of the year—Christmas, when the *Christkindli*—the Christ-child—walks on earth.

And lo, as we look pensively down the narrow village street, there approaches a sleigh, drawn by six magnificent reindeer. Its occupant, a radiant angel—the Christ-

kindli—is the poetic successor of jolly old Santa Claus, who in many parts of Switzerland, and not so long ago, used to be hailed as the generous donor of all Yule-tide gifts. On Christkindli's sleigh, there are Christmas trees of every size, decorated with the many glittering things which are so fascinating to young hearts, and heavily laden with rosy apples, oranges, nuts, and fragrant cookies. A truly appetizing and sensible array! There are packages, too, of tantalizing shape; and with the aid of her helpers, Christkindli distributes trees and gifts.

Christmas trees everywhere—not a house is forgotten! And before the youngsters are allowed to play with their toys, the whole family gathers around the tree and sings some carols—heartfelt, joyous offerings to God for his sublime gift to humans. In many a home the story of the Nativity is read from the voluminous old family Bible, and the actual origin of the Christmas tree may even be brought up for discussion by some college-bred member, for no matter how isolated a Swiss village is, there is not one inhabitant who does not regard education as the greatest asset in modern life.

History indicates that it was only in the year 354 A.D. that the Roman Bishop Liberius designated December twenty-fifth as the birthday of Christ. On this day was observed the Roman feast of Saturn, when

were gathered round a huge oak to offer a human sacrifice, according to the Druid rites; but St. Winfried hewed down the great tree, and, as it fell, there appeared in its place a tall young fir. When St. Winfried saw it, he said to the people:

"Here is a new tree, unstained by blood. See how it points to the sky! Call it the tree of the Christ-child. Take it up now, and carry it to the castle of your chief. Henceforth you shall not go into the shadows of the forest to hold your feasts with secret and wicked rites. You shall hold them within the walls of your own home, with ceremonies that speak the message of peace and good will to all. A day is coming when there shall not be a home in the north wherein, on the birthday of Christ, the whole family will not gather around the fir-tree in memory of this day and to the glory of God."

Since the passing of those days, the custom of the Christmas tree has found its way into the remotest corners of the earth. Its significance and purpose have been crystallized in Christian minds and hearts, and yet there remains here and there the observance of certain quaint customs at Christmas-tide.



A LEAP OF THREE AT THE DAVOS SKI-JUMPS

candles were not only used for illumination purposes, but they were also exchanged as gifts in token of cheerfulness and good will. The Jews, too, were accustomed to burn candles at that time, which happened to be their Feast of Dedication, and it is thus not improbable that thousands of candles were burning throughout Palestine when Christ was born. Our present-day custom of burning candles on the Christmas trees is therefore of very ancient origin, and members of the Greek church actually call Christmas "The Feast of Lights."

There is a pretty legend which relates that the history of the Christmas tree dates back to the ninth century, when a certain Saint Winfried went to preach Christianity to the people in Scandinavia and Northern Germany. One Christmas eve these people



ON THE VILLAGE RUN AT ST. MORITZ

It is Christmas eve, and after the last candle has flickered out on the tree, some of the simple peasant folk in the sequestered





A BOYS' SKIING CONTEST AT CHATEAU D'OEX

Swiss mountain vales begin their observance of some of the odd customs which have been handed down to them by many generations of ancestors. Grandmother hastens to the cellar for the most perfect specimen of an

onion. This she cuts into half, peels off twelve layers, one for each month of the year to come, and in due rotation she fills each one with salt. On the following morning the family is able to prepare an advance



A JOLLY TAILING-PARTY ENJOYING THE SEASON OF WHITE IN THE UPPER ENGADINE (SEE PAGE 197)

weather-chart of the year, for the peelings which contain damp salt indicate the rainy months, and the peelings with dry salt stand, of course, for the fair months.

And if any member of the family is courageous enough to consult the oracle as to the length of time which is yet allotted to him on



THE EARL OF LYTTON'S NIECE ON A SNOW-BICYCLE

earth, he will presently take the Bible, and the first Psalm which strikes his eye contains in stanzas the number of years which he is yet given to live.

If Mother wishes to safeguard her chickens from all beasts of prey, she will now proceed to the chicken-coop and clip the wings of the fowls before midnight, but she must be careful not to go within hearing distance of the stable where the cattle are housed, for the hour from eleven to midnight on Christmas eve is the sacred time when the dumb beasts are able to converse together—and disaster is predicted for the inquisitive who takes it upon himself to listen.

The head of the house, too, has his duties. All day he has been busy shoveling snow and tying bands of straw around the trunks of the trees in the orchard; with lantern in hand, he now makes a last round of inspection, for the trees thus equipped in Christmas week are supposed to yield an unusually plentiful crop in the coming year.

Christmas eve is, moreover, that time of the year when romance reigns on earth, and while the older members of the family are busily occupied in their own way, an unmarried son or daughter of the house will probably slip out into the clear winter's night, and, while the church-bells are calling to midnight mass, she or he will drink three sips from each of nine different fountains—an easy task in this land of numerous public springs. After completing this curious rite, the supreme moment in the life of the young person concerned is at hand, for, if the spell works, the future mate will surely be standing at the church door, and a regular courtship is usually begun. With the majority of the younger contingent of the congregation attending this nocturnal mass, it is, of course, quite likely that the truly chosen one just "happens" to stand at the door. As everybody of the village is acquainted with the custom, it is readily surmised by those waiting for the service to begin that their



MAKING SNOW FIGURES AN AGREEABLE PASTIME

still missing unmarried friends must be "visiting the fountains" prior to their arrival at church.

And is not the Swiss winter season an ideal time? Follow that tailing-party! An end-

less row of sleds zigzagging their way to some point where one of those typically good Swiss inns will provide a tempting dinner and dance music as well! Either can be enjoyed outdoors, for the season of white in the mountains is one long period of sunny days, where the noon temperature, in spite of ice and snow, lures to open-air picnics, and the carefully maintained Swiss rinks are more and more hailed as nature's own unparalleled ball-rooms.

While the foreign winter guests are the chief figures in Switzerland's winter frolics, many experts in the manifold varieties of winter sport are recruited from the natives, for they, of course, learn skating, skiing, and tobogganing when mere babies.

The week between Christmas and New Year is visiting week among the peasants of the mountain regions. Card-parties are arranged almost daily, for the Swiss are enthusiastic players of their national card game, "Jass," and it is not an uncommon sight to see three generations emerge from the same home, all equipped with skis, all bound on the same errand—a *Kaffeeklatsch* and Jass at some neighboring house. In justice to the hard-working Swiss peasant women be it said, however, that after the holidays the card-parties are replaced by knitting- and spinning-bees.

A special kind of bread is also baked at this time of the year, known as "New Year's bread," and its extra ingredients include milk, butter, eggs, and raisins. That every housewife is ambitious to excel her neighbor in the quality of her product is only natural and human!

Almost every community has now its own amateur theatrical guild, which presents plays both tragic and comic with an earnestness which never fails to impress the audience. On New Year's day is given their gala performance, and they do not have to invent any advertising schemes to fill the house!

New Year's eve here, as all over the world, is given to general merrymaking and when the multitude of wondrously tuneful church-bells announce the beginning of a new year in glorious, soul-stirring chorus, resounding throughout the land, bonfires will flare up on the mountain heights and young men will start threshing on some specially constructed



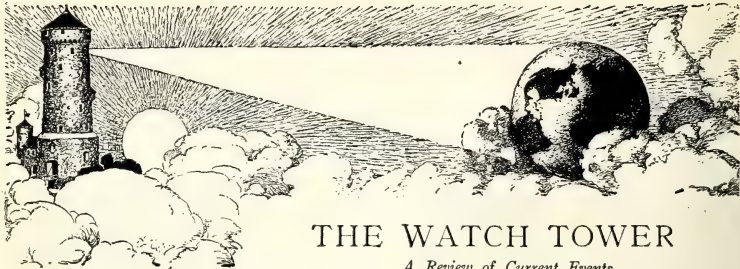
PLAYTIME FOR EVERYBODY—SON ON SKIS, MOTHER ON A TOBOGGAN

wooden platforms above their village—a strange invocation for a good harvest to come. Members of the local singing society, and there is one to be found in the tiniest village, will now go from house to house "caroling" and offering New Year's wishes.

On the first day of the year, many a farmer will first of all consult the sky; should it be red, it is considered an omen of storms, fires, and even war. For mere good luck, too, many a person will avoid encountering a woman on New Year's morning; to meet men or children, however, is considered very fortunate.

Why do such ancient and curious customs still linger in our enlightened age, one wonders, and then remembers that they are undoubtedly relics of beliefs dating back to times when ignorance fostered superstition. And, while some people may regard the observance of such customs as "rather foolish," others find them "interesting and picturesque," and hope that they may never die out entirely.





## THE WATCH TOWER

*A Review of Current Events*

By EDWARD N. TEALL

### THE CHRISTMAS MONTH

"PEACE on earth" is still something to hope and strive for, rather than to greet and enjoy. But "good will among men" begins to look more like a fact than it has for several years.

As the year went into its last quarter, millions of men were still engaged in warfare. If the number seems placed too high, remember that during the autumn there was fighting in China; Greece and Turkey had large armies in the field; Spain was waging war on the Moors; and the Balkan States were in anything but a peaceful mood. Jugoslavia was jealous of Italy; Bulgaria was watching Greece like a hawk ready to swoop. The Allies had troops in Silesia. Uncle Sam's boys were still keeping the "Watch on the Rhine." And England and Ireland were in a state of truce.

On the other side of the account, these facts had to be placed: England and Ireland were trying to find a way to end the oldest quarrel in the world; the League of Nations was offering its suggestion for the establishment of peaceful relations between Poland and Germany in Silesia; England, France, and Italy, China and Japan, were planning their policies for the great international conference at Washington—and in all the lands, millions of people were longing for the success of all endeavors to hasten the world's recovery from the consequences of the war "made in Germany."

This Christmas season has one advantage over last Christmas: it sees us one year nearer to the good times that are coming.

### THE EMPLOYMENT CONFERENCE

IT was generally spoken of as the Unemployment Conference, because its purpose was to find ways to check the increase of that unpleasant condition; but to us that seems a very

good reason to change the name as we have done in the head-line. The way to fight unemployment is to increase the number of persons who are employed, and the positive word is stronger than the negative. The convention that held sessions at Washington in October, under the presidency of Mr. Hoover, was a conference to devise ways to increase employment.

It was a successful conference. That does not mean that when it broke up there were no men without jobs; that would have been too much to expect. It does mean that representatives of different occupations and students of social conditions had got together and exchanged experiences and ideas, so that each went back to his—or her—own work with a broader outlook, a better knowledge of what others were doing, and a more complete understanding of conditions and the best methods to meet them. From the members of the conference, that broadened understanding spread through the various occupations they represented; it was something like a conference of school superintendents, whose members would carry back the new ideas to the school principals, so that they in their turn might pass them on to the teachers. In this way a unity of purpose is obtained that could not be brought about in any other way.

The conference found that the problem of unemployment is one that can best be dealt with by communities. The manufacturers and dealers in a city, for example, can get together and map out a campaign that will distribute the work so that the greatest possible number of persons may profit by it all the time, instead of having some overworked while others are idle, or driven hard part of the time and unengaged the rest of it. It was urged that those who were planning new building and other enterprises should start at once,



instead of waiting for more favorable conditions; in this way the improvement would be hastened.

The Employment Conference showed what can be done by study and coöperation—and also, what perhaps was even more needed, what can not be expected from it. Strength and system are the gains, doing away with waste effort and criss-cross activities. But

All that THE WATCH-TOWER man had to do was to write about the causes and the effects of such a strike.

The railroads are the arteries of the country. When we passed out of the age in which communities produced pretty nearly everything they needed, and different regions began to specialize on certain products, trade began to grow, and the great American transportation

the law of supply and demand can not be wiped out by a law of man's making.

### THE RAILROAD STRIKE

PERHAPS, THE WATCH-TOWER man thought as he began to write this article, perhaps the story to write for December would be "The Strike That Did n't Happen." As prophecy is not one of his "accomplishments," he was in a quandary: should he write about the strike as though it had been certain to come about, or should he take a chance on its being forestalled? And then he saw that there was no need for either kind of article; the threat to strike had been made, some of the railroad unions had actually been ordered to stop work November 1—and in December all the boys and girls who read THE WATCH TOWER would know the whole history of the fight between the railroad managements and the men who work for them.

system developed. Now, with one region given up to farming and another to manufacturing, the railroads, carrying raw materials to the factories and finished goods to the markets, are indispensable to the life of the nation.

If the railroads were to stop running, trade would be paralyzed, the cities would be like ports blockaded in war time; the wheels of industry would stop turning, the mills would be idle, millions of workers would lose their employment, and there would be country-wide suffering. A natural disaster that put the railroads out of commission—if you can imagine such a thing—would be worse than fire and flood and earthquake; it would seem like hopeless ruin and the end of civilization. But the railroad men proposed to inflict upon the country just such a disaster.

When the strike was ordered, late in October, people acknowledged that the railroad

workers might have a reasonable grievance; they felt also that the railroad managements were not entirely blameless. Furthermore, the Government at Washington had made concessions in war time, when it was running the railroads, that had perhaps led the men of the railroad unions to think their power greater than it really is. But this one thing was made clear in every newspaper in the land: that the

the military authorities were making plans for the use of troops, if that should become necessary for keeping order. Civil authorities of the cities and States were arranging for special means of transportation to keep food supplies moving. Some governors announced that if the strike order should be executed, their States would be put under martial law.

It was a most amazing situation for Amer-

The Railroad Board had made one reduction in wages. The railroad executives wanted another and rejected a suggestion that wages be left as they were and rates reduced; they said the roads could not be kept going if they reduced their income without reducing their operating expenses. They have to earn money before they can spend it.

The matter of rates is under control of the Interstate Commerce Commission; that of wages is supervised by the Labor Board. The Government at once started trying to get the two bodies together, to see what arrangement might be made as to rates and wages, and the heads of the unions were summoned to attend a conference at Chicago to discuss ways and means. And there the matter stood when this WATCH TOWER was written.

Except for one thing: all over the country

scare" into the rest of the country. By the time this number reaches you, you will know the facts.

What we have tried to do here is simply to review the situation so that THE WATCH-TOWER family would have a better idea of what the facts mean. They mean that America must be governed for all the people all the time, and that no minority can rule the nation.

#### CROWN PRINCE HIROHITO

THAT picture of the Japanese crown prince with his three brothers, Sumi-No-Miya, Takamatsu-No-Miya and Atsu-No-Miya (will some of THE WATCH-TOWER young folks who have been in Japan tell us what that "No-Miya means?"), is attractive and interesting. It shows that the royal family of Japan is in no great danger of dying out.

Hirohito's European trip probably gave him some new ideas about foreign lands and what the Western nations think of Japan. When he comes to the throne he will have more personal knowledge of the rest of the world, no doubt, than his predecessors in the emperorship have had.

In October, the Japanese delegates to the Armament Conference were on the sea, on their way to Washington. Japan had expressed its approval, or at least acceptance, of the program submitted by Secretary Hughes. It was a fascinating thing to look forward to, this visit from representatives of the Japanese Govern-

friendship of the two great English-speaking powers, the British Empire and the United States. And the picture of General Pershing fastening the medal on the cushion at the foot

Boy Scouts were interested also, because of their plans to contribute to the Roosevelt Memorial Park a reproduction of Mr. Roosevelt's ranch-house in North Dakota, where he

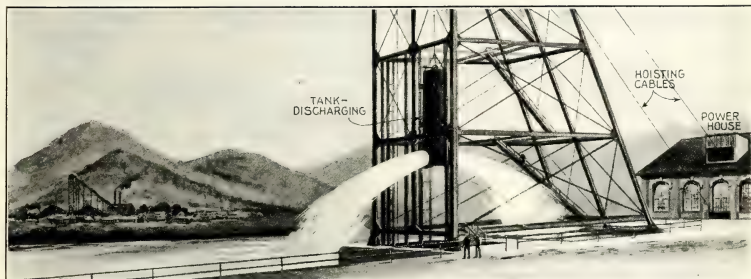
are in line with our own, and that the treaty does not bind Great Britain to take sides with Japan against us if there should ever be a war between the United States and Japan. Vis-

not see any reason why  
such a war—and he is an  
ident of such matters.

in this paragraph was writ-  
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thly. They had not yet  
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## NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK



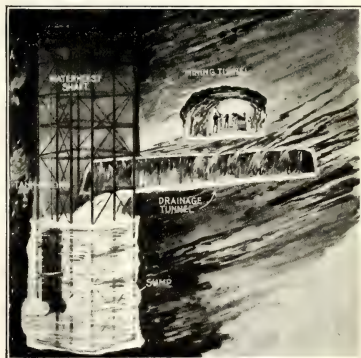
ADAPTING THE "OLD OAKEN BUCKET" FOR USE IN BAILING OUT COAL-MINES

### BAILING OUT A COAL-MINE

ONE of the great bugbears of the coal-miner is water. In fact, it was the crying need of some means of ridding collieries of water that inspired Newcomen to build the first steam-engine in 1705; and forty years later, when James Watt turned his attention to steam power, he had the pumping-out of mines as his first object. The British coal-mines are for the most part located below sea-level, and some of them extend far out under the very bed of the ocean. In these mines, there is a continuous battle with water, and were not the pumps worked constantly day and night, the mines would soon be drowned out.

Fortunately, in the United States the coal-mines are far removed from the sea-coast, and the coal-beds, in most cases, are not far below the surface, so that we are not bothered with water to the same extent as are our British cousins. However, there are some mines in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania that run down to a considerable depth and encounter a great deal of water. Strange as it may seem, the water in these mines is not pumped out. Raising water five hundred to a thousand feet with a pump is not so simple as it sounds. A suction-pump will raise water only a little over thirty feet. For greater heights of lift, a force-pump may be used, or an air-lift. In the latter case, compressed air is let into the bottom of the water-pipe, and the air bubbles carry the water up with them. But instead of using any such systems in deep mines, the simple expedient is used of bailing out the mine with buckets. The mine

shaft is really a giant well, and the buckets—or "tanks," as they are called—are arranged in pairs, so that as one of them is going down the other is coming up, thus one partly counter-balances the weight of the other. The tanks are provided with spouts at the bottom, which are closed by means of valves that open inward, so that when they are lowered into the water they are opened by the pressure of the



THE BUCKET BEING FILLED WITH WATER

water outside, but when they are drawn up the pressure of the water inside keeps them closed. When the tanks are brought up to the top of the mine shaft an automatic trip opens the valves and the water pours out into a reservoir.

These tanks are enormous. Some of them are nearly six feet in diameter and almost thirty feet high over all, about ten feet of which is taken up by the spouts. Such a tank will hold about fifteen tons of water, and the tank itself will weigh eight or nine tons more. The hoisting-cable will weigh some three tons per thousand feet, so that, as it starts up from the bottom of the shaft, there is a load of between twenty-six and twenty-seven tons to be hoisted. The empty bucket running down reduces the load to about eighteen tons. A special shaft is excavated for the water-hoist, and this runs down below the mine level to form a sump. Here the water collects from a special drainage-tunnel.

Above the shaft a tall tower is built to support the pulleys over which the hoisting-cables run. The cables run back into a power-plant, where they are driven either by steam or electric power. Such is the latest adaptation of "The Old Oaken Bucket," a water-raising contrivance that dates back to the very earliest dawn of civilization.

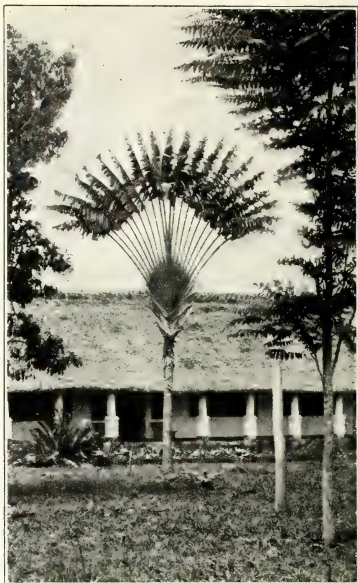
A. RUSSELL BOND.

### THE TRAVELER'S TREE

IN front of the "Direction" at the Botanical Garden of Eala (Belgian Congo) stands a beautiful sample of *Revanella madagascariensis*, which, in the warm lands, is called the traveler's tree.

As its botanical name suggests, its country of origin is Madagascar, but it may be grown anywhere under the tropics, provided the atmosphere be not too dry. Yet it is not frequently found, consequently its most uncommon and highly interesting particularities are but little known.

The bearing of the tree is very elegant; its leaves are disposed all in a row bending gracefully outward; and when it is planted a little sideways on the edge of a vista, where all the movements of its leaves can be observed, it looks the marvel it really is. Its appearance of a half-opened fan is quite unique and so striking that it is sufficient to see it only once in order never to forget it. To produce this fanlike appearance, at least twenty good leaves are required, so that young plants are not nearly so handsome. But twenty leaves are about as much as a tree will carry, because older ones disappear as new ones are formed. These new leaves are produced from the center of the fan, one to the right and one to the left, alternately; they are disposed face to face and grow right up, but are gradually pushed to the side by newer leaves that come up. The



THE TRAVELER'S TREE AT THE BOTANICAL GARDEN OF EALA IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

whole fabric is not as fragile as it appears, for it will stand strong winds and even hurricanes very well, thanks to the semi-solid, fibrous material of which the stem is composed, and to the marvelous elasticity of the leaf stems. The limbs naturally get torn in time, as banana leaves do, the new ones being still nearly intact while the older ones are completely cut to fringes, but they last sufficiently long to perform their duty.

The limb of the leaves closely resembles that of the Chinese banana-plant, but the whole differs from it in this respect, that here it is borne on a stem which is longer than the limb itself, while the limb of the banana leaf starts straight away from the stem of the plant.

The leaf stems end in a curved, much-widened-out part, the borders of which are packed so tightly together that from the outside they seem to form a diamond-shaped, solid mass from which the leaf stems spring. This, however, is not so, for each leaf extends to the tree stem, which it embraces completely, so that it is very securely inserted.

As these enlarged parts are curved, there remains a space between each two leaves. This may hold so much water that when one of the lower leaves is cut from a big tree, nearly a pint of it may be found there, with which an exhausted traveler may quench his thirst. From this fact, the tree derives its name. There is no other tree which stores water like this, which makes it one of the marvels of the vegetable kingdom.

The traveler's tree, however, possesses another property which, not unfrequently, causes its doom. It attracts lightning more than other trees do. This must probably be ascribed to the special bearing of the tree, which has no side branches, but whose leaves are all pointed the same way, in one line. And as it hardly ever survives the stroke, it is



TRAVELER'S TREE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

well to plant it close to a big tree that will protect it, while, in the open, it is advisable to plant several specimens at some distance apart so that one should not be deprived suddenly of a much valued sight.

HENRY VENDELMAN.

### THE CONSTELLATIONS FOR DECEMBER

THE eastern half of the sky in early December evenings is adorned with some of the finest star-groups in the heavens; but as we are considering for each month only the constellations that lie on or near the meridian in the early evening hours, we must turn our eyes for the present from the sparkling brilliants in the east to the stars in the less conspicuous groups of Aries, The Ram, and Cetus, The Whale. We will also become

acquainted this month with the beautiful and more interesting constellation of Perseus, the hero of mythical fame to whom we referred last month in connection with the legend concerning Cepheus and Cassiopeia, the king and queen, Andromeda their daughter, chained to the rocks to be devoured by the sea-monster, and Pegasus the winged horse that bore Perseus to the rescue. Cetus, you will recall, represents the approaching monster of the deep. We have included the constellation of Andromeda in our diagram for this month, since it is so closely associated in legend with the constellations of Perseus and Cetus, though we also showed it last month in connection with Pegasus.

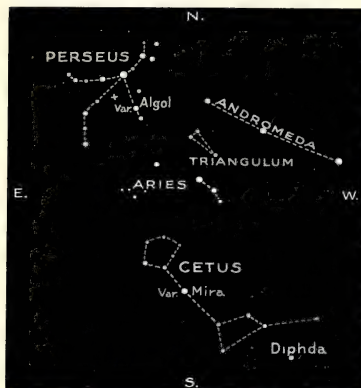
The brightest star in Perseus, known as Alpha Persei, is at the center of a curved line of stars that is concave or hollow toward the northeast. This line of stars is called the Segment of Perseus, and it lies along the path of the Milky Way, which passes from this point in a northwesterly direction into Cassiopeia. According to the legend, Perseus, in his great haste to rescue the maiden from Cetus, the monster, stirred up a great dust, which is represented by the numberless faint stars in the Milky Way at this point. This star Alpha is, by the way, in the midst of one of the finest regions of the heavens for the possessor of a good field-glass or small telescope.

A short distance to the southwest of Alpha is one of the most interesting objects in the heavens. To the ancients, it represented the baleful, winking demon-eye in the head of the snaky-locked Gorgon, Medusa, whom Perseus vanquished in one of his earliest exploits and whose head he carried in his hand at the time of the rescue of Andromeda. To the astronomers, however, Algol is known as Beta Persei, a star that they have found consists of two stars revolving about each other and separated by a distance not much greater than their own diameters. One of the stars is so faint that we speak of it as a dark star, though it does emit a faint light. Once in every revolution the faint star passes directly between us and the bright star and partly eclipses it, shutting off five sixths of its light. This happens with great regularity once in a little less than three days. It is for this reason that Algol varies in brightness in this period. There are a number of stars that vary in brightness for the same reason. Their periods of light-change are all very short, and the astronomers call them eclipsing variables. We can observe for ourselves



this variation in the brightness of Algol by observing it on successive evenings. At its brightest, Algol is slightly brighter than the star nearest to it in Andromeda, which is a good star with which to compare it.

Perseus is another one of the constellations in the Milky Way in which temporary stars or Novas have suddenly flashed forth. At the point indicated by a cross in the diagram, Dr. Anderson, an amateur astronomer of Scotland, found on February 21, 1901, a



CONSTELLATIONS OF THE DECEMBER HEAVENS

new star as brilliant as the pole-star. On the following day it became a magnificent star of the first magnitude. A day later it had lost a third of its light, and in a few weeks it was invisible without the aid of a telescope. In a year it was invisible in all except the most powerful telescopes. With such telescopes, it may still be seen as a very faint star surrounded by a faint, nebulous light.

Triangulum and Aries are two rather inconspicuous constellations that lie on, or close to, the meridian at this time. There is nothing remarkable about either of these groups, except that Aries is one of the twelve zodiacal constellations, so called because they lie in that belt of the heavens known as the zodiac, in which the sun, moon, and planets are always to be found. Some centuries ago, the sun was always to be found in Aries at the beginning of spring when it crossed the equator going north, and the position it occupied in the sky at that time was called the First Point in Aries. This

point is gradually shifting westward, however, at a very slow rate, and now at the beginning of spring the sun is to be found in Pisces instead of Aries, and it does not enter Aries until later in the spring. Pisces, you will recall, was one of our constellations for last month, and we showed in that constellation the present position of the sun at the beginning of spring.

Two stars in Aries, Alpha and Beta, are fairly bright, Alpha being fully as bright as the brightest star in Andromeda. Beta lies a short distance to the southwest of Alpha, and a little to the southwest of Beta is Gamma, the three stars forming a short curved line of stars that distinguishes this constellation from other groups. The remaining stars in Aries are all faint.

Just south of Aries lies the head of Cetus, The Whale. This is an enormous constellation that extends far to the southwest, below a part of Pisces which runs in between Andromeda and Cetus. Its brightest star, Beta, Diphda, or Deneb Kaitos, as it is severally called, stands quite alone not far above the southwestern horizon. It is almost due south of the star in Andromeda that is farthest to the west, which it exactly equals in brightness. The head is marked by a five-sided figure composed of stars that are all faint with the single exception of Alpha, which is fairly bright, though inferior to Beta in brightness.

Cetus, though made up chiefly of faint stars, and on the whole uninteresting, contains one of the most remarkable objects in the heavens, the star known as *Ō'micrōn Ceti* or *Mi'ra* (The Wonderful). This star suddenly rises from invisibility nearly to the brightness of a first-magnitude star for a short period once every eleven months. *Mira* was the first-known variable star. Its remarkable periodic change in brightness was discovered by Fabricius in the year 1596, so its peculiar behavior has been under observation for three hundred and twenty-five years. It is called a long-period variable star, because its variations of light take place in a period of months instead of a few hours or days, as is the case with such stars as Algol. *Mira* is not only a wonderful star, it is a mysterious star as well, for the cause of its light changes are not known, as in the case of Algol where the loss of light is due to a dark star passing in front of a brighter star. *Mira* is a deep-red star, as are all long-period variable stars that vary somewhat irregularly in brightness. It is visible without a tele-



scope for only one month or six weeks out of the eleven months. During the remainder of the eleven months, it sometimes loses so much of its light that it can not be found with telescopes of considerable size. Its periods of light-change are quite variable at times, as is also the amount of light it gains at different appearances.

It is believed that the cause of light changes of Mira is to be found within the star itself. It has been thought that dense clouds of vapors may surround these comparatively cool, red stars and that the imprisoned heat finally bursts through these vapors and we see for a short time the glowing gases below; and then the vapors once more collect for a long period, which is followed again by another sudden outburst of heat and light.

It is interesting to remember in this connection that our own sun has been found to be slightly variable in the amount of light and heat that it gives forth at different times, and the cause of its changes in light and heat are also believed to lie within the sun itself.

As in the past few months, no planets are to be seen in the evening skies.

ISABEL M. LEWIS.

### THE WONDER OF THE WATCH

HAVE you ever thought what a marvelous little machine you have in your watch? There are at least one hundred and seventy-five different parts in the make-up of the watch. No less than two thousand and four hundred distinct operations have to be gone through during the process of manufacture. But even more wonderful are these few astonishing facts about it.

Have you ever watched a blacksmith at work and wondered how many blows he strikes on his anvil in the course of the day? On a very busy day, the number will only be several hundred. Compare this performance with what the watch does. Each day the roller-jewel of the watch makes 432,000 blows against the fork, or 157,680,000 in the course of a year. This goes on without a single rest if the watch is in good order. If a watch were to go for twenty years, it would give some 3,153,600,000 blows during that period.

It has been reckoned that the power that moves the watch is only four times the force used in a flea's jump. We might therefore say that one watch-power is equivalent to four flea-power. How small is the power will be gathered when it is realized that one horse-power would be sufficient to operate 270,000,000 watches.

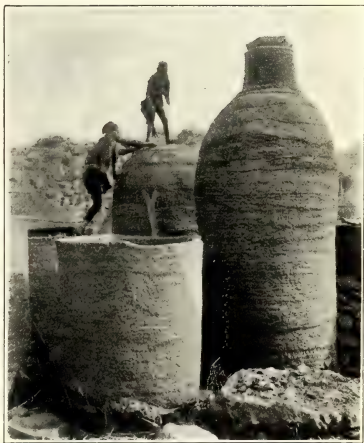
The balance-wheel of a watch is moved by the four flea-power one and forty-three one hundredths of an inch with every vibration. This amounts to 3558 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles in a year.

It takes only a tenth of a drop of oil to lubricate the whole of the machinery throughout an entire year. These facts make one feel a great deal of respect for the little machine that works so patiently and is always ready to tell the time.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

### GRAIN ELEVATORS OF THE CAMEROONS

WE are wont to think of the natives of Africa as a shiftless lot of individuals, who take no thought of the morrow because they can get all the food they want off the trees and bushes around them. But many of the African peoples are far more civilized than most of us realize. The Cameroons, who dwell in a region which was formerly under German dominion, are very industrious and excel in

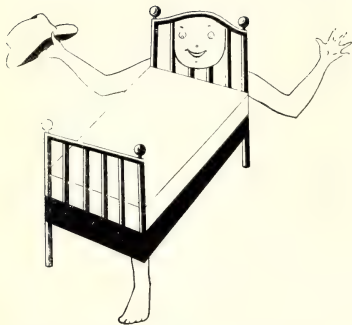


GRAIN ELEVATOR IN THE CAMEROONS

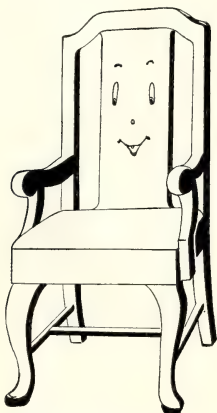
needlework, weaving, basket-making and pottery. Perhaps the most remarkable products of their industry are the enormous jars and bottles they build out of clay. These are sometimes as much as fifteen feet in height. They serve as primitive "grain elevators," for in these giant bottles the grain may be stored safely, out of reach of marauding bands of insects. As much as ten tons of wheat may be stored in a single large bottle.

# IN BEDROOM LAND

By MABEL H. ANDREWS

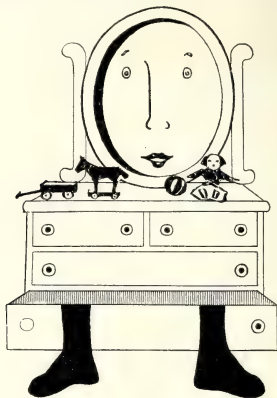


I HAVE four legs, one head, one foot—  
A funny combination;  
Yet I am loved and used by all,  
In homes of every station.



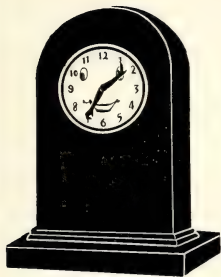
Some members of our family  
Have arms, and some have not;  
Some have straight legs and can not move,  
While others move a lot.  
We're big and little, hard and soft,  
But always have a lap  
For you to crawl up on and rest,  
And sometimes take a nap.

When you look in my head, yourself you'll see  
Sad or happy, just as you be.  
Pull open my body, and you will find  
Piles of your clothes of every kind;  
Between the two, there's a nice broad top,  
A splendid place for treasures to stop.



Just a top and little legs,  
Is all there is of me,  
But when it comes to holding things,  
I'm useful as can be.  
The people gather round me,  
Their merry games to play,  
To read their books and eat their food—  
In fact, both night and day.





I 'm sometimes  
little, some-  
times big;  
My face is al-  
ways round;  
I hang on wall  
or stand on  
shelf,  
But seldom on  
the ground.  
Two hands have  
I, one short,  
one long,  
Which travel  
round my  
face;

They chase each other just as though  
It were a merry race.  
I tell the people when it 's time  
The little ones were fed,  
When it is time for getting up,  
And when to go to bed.  
The little wheels that are in me  
And pendulum so long,  
Sing "Tick, tick, tick," to you all day—  
It is my jolly song.



I have no top or bottom,  
I 'm just a nice soft place,  
Where you can rest your tired  
head—

I will not hurt your face.  
I 'm full of down and feathers  
From little ducks and  
chicks,

So you can punch me all you  
want

And play all sorts of tricks.

My head is a hook like a  
shepherd's crook,  
On a body long and thin.  
If you put me around the  
shoe-button's neck,  
I will help you pull it in.



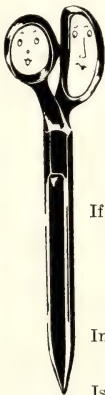
I 'm the funniest friend of all your friends,  
Because I have to be  
Just the way you look and feel,  
Whenever you look at me.

If you are cross,  
and grumpy,  
and sad,

I 'm sad and  
grumpy, too;  
And no matter  
how much I  
want to smile,  
I can not smile  
at you.

So please be very  
careful

Whenever you  
look my way,  
Because I hate to  
make scowls  
and tears,  
And like to look  
merry and  
gay.



Mr. Snip and Mrs. Snap  
Always together go;  
Because, if they should sepa-  
rate,

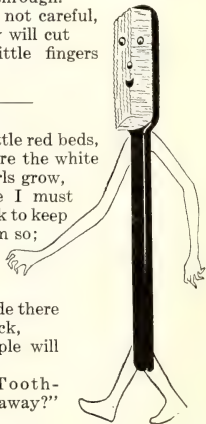
They 'd be no use, you know.  
They have long edges—oh, so  
sharp!—

To cut things through and  
through.

If we 're not careful,  
they will cut  
Our little fingers  
too.

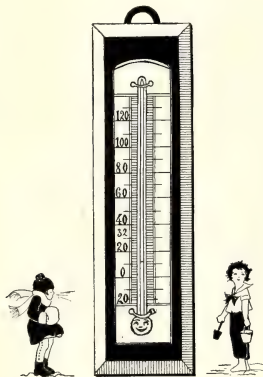
In the little red beds,  
where the white  
pearls grow,  
Is where I must  
work to keep  
them so;

I must go into  
every corner  
and crack,  
Or the food will hide there  
and closely pack,  
And then the people will  
nod and say,  
"Where 's Mr. Tooth-  
brush? Gone away?"





I live on the bureau, or else in a case,  
And am used to put stray locks and mussed  
hair in place,  
I have dozens of teeth, all straight in a row,  
To eat snarls and tangles, wherever they grow.



In a wee little house,—but oh, so tall,—  
Little Man Mercury lives on the wall.  
Up and down, down and up  
His big ladder he goes,  
To tell us the weather,  
Which only he knows.  
When it's hot he climbs up  
To the very tip top,  
But the cold makes him shiver,  
And down he will drop.

I am made all of bristles, just rows and rows,  
As close as they can pack.  
And where do you think my bristle grows?  
Right on piggy-wig's back.



My work is to travel through your hair,  
And chase out the tangles hiding there;  
Sometimes when they stick very tight,  
I have to pull with all my might,  
And then the children  
cry out "Oh!"  
But I don't mean to  
hurt, you know.

Why they call me a  
horn, I do not  
know!  
I certainly never was  
meant to blow.  
I am here to help  
people put on  
their shoes,  
But my smooth hard  
head they often  
use,  
In a way I do not like  
at all,  
To hammer a tack  
right into the wall!





## FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

### THE CHRISTMAS RUNAWAYS

By JANE E. LYMAN

It was Christmas Eve, but there was trouble in the little red house under the hill where Mark and the colonel and the best little old woman in the world had been living happily together for a long time.

"I 'm tired of this!" said Mark, the big gray cat, who had one side of the fireplace to himself. "I 'm tired of milk, and I 'm tired of my red cushion, and I 'm tired of an old woman who always wears purple ribbons in her cap. I want a green cushion for Christmas, and salmon for my Christmas dinner, and I 'm going to run away and seek my fortune! I shall look for some other old woman, who will wear *pink* ribbons!"

"All right!" said the colonel, "I 'll go with you. I need a nice new brass cage, and I have n't had a piece of banana in a long time—I feel neglected! Let us start right away."

The colonel's real name was Colonel Mulberry Sellers, but that was too long for everyday use. He was a fine parrot, in a green coat, with a topknot of lovely yellow feathers, and he lived on the other side of the fireplace in a big cage, the door of which was always open so he could go in and out as he pleased.

The old woman's chair stood right in front of the fire, and she was very apt to be in it taking a comfortable nap while the kettle was waiting on the hob to make her cup of tea. So, as she happened to be asleep just then, Mark and the colonel stole softly out of the half-open door and started for town to seek their fortunes.

After they had gone a mile or two, Mark running, and the colonel hopping along beside him, for he could fly but very little, the parrot grew pretty tired, and the cat said "just jump right up on my back and we shall get on much faster, but be sure not to hold on too tight!"

So up jumped the colonel, and Mark trotted along at a fine pace, and all went well until, just as they got into town, the parrot forgot the cat's warning and, trying to hold on tighter, stuck his sharp claws into Mark's neck.

Mark gave a great jump, which shook the colonel off and scared him so badly that he

immediately shouted "Fire! Fire!" as that was what he always thought the best thing to do when he was frightened.

In less than a minute it seemed as if all the boys in town were there; people were putting their heads out of windows to see what was the matter; two or three policemen rushed up; and then the fire-engine came tearing



"'I 'M AFRAID I DON'T REMEMBER ANY,' ANSWERED THE POLICEMAN" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

down the street and every one was shouting, "Where is the fire?"

Of course, they could n't find any, and then they were all much disappointed and the firemen were very cross.

"I wish we could get hold of the rascal who shouted 'Fire!'" said several; and a policeman answered, "Yes, indeed! he deserves to be put in jail for making us all this trouble for nothing!"

"Dear me!" whispered Mark to the colonel, "we 'd better get away from here as quickly as possible! You must fly from tree to tree, and I 'll run as fast as I can and wait for you at the market."

So away they both went and soon met again in the market square.

"Now," said Mark, "what shall we do to get some one to help us find a new old woman?"

"Let 's ask a policeman," said the colonel; "I 've heard that was always the proper thing to do if you were in trouble. Perhaps I 'd



"HAVE A BITE WITH ME BEFORE YOU GO FARTHER"

better do the talking, for my voice is clearer than yours."

"All right," answered Mark; and so they found a policeman. Then the colonel said politely, "Would you please tell us if you know of a nice, kind old woman who needs a cat and a parrot?"

"I 'm afraid I don't remember any," answered the policeman, after thinking a while; "but perhaps the apple-woman at the next corner can tell you of one—she knows everybody."

They thanked him warmly and hurried across the market to the apple-woman's stall. She was very busy polishing apples, but kindly stopped to hear what the travelers wanted.

"I 'm very sorry," said she, "but I don't know any old woman but myself, and I 'm sure I 've no time to visit with a cat and a parrot; but I think the old umbrella-man in the next street may be able to help you—he 's terribly wise! But have a bite with me before you go farther—you both look tired." So

saying, she gave Mark a large sandwich, and the colonel a handful of peanuts, which they were only too glad to get, for they were very hungry after their long trip.

Then they thanked her most politely and started for the shop of the old umbrella-man, going up one street two squares, and down the next street three squares, and turning four corners, just as she had directed them.

The umbrella-man was sitting in a corner of his little shop, so busily at work that he did n't see them come in and jumped nearly out of his seat when he heard the colonel's voice.

"I 'm terribly busy to-day," said he, gruffly; "I 'm mending the queen's green umbrella and it must be done by afternoon, as she needs it. I don't like to be interrupted!"

"Oh, please excuse us," said the colonel, in haste; "we 're very sorry to worry you, but your friend, the apple-woman, said you were very wise and would surely be able to help us."

"Did she, indeed?" said the umbrella-man, much pleased; "that was very good of her—just tell me what you want."



"WE 'RE LOOKING FOR A GOOD HOME, PLEASE, SIR," SAID THE COLONEL

"We 're looking for a good home, please, sir," said the colonel, "with the kindest old woman you can think of who is in need of a cat and a parrot."

"Certainly! certainly!" answered the umbrella-man, "I see you need a home badly, and I know the very one for you and will tell you where it is—it's very easy to find the way. Just go right down this street till you come to the post-office; then turn the corner and keep on till you see the court-house; then turn another corner and keep straight on till you reach the jail; then turn that corner and go right ahead till you get on a country road. Follow that road till you come to a school-house; then at the cross-roads, just beyond, you must turn to the left, and by and by you will come to a little red house under a hill where lives the kindest little old woman in the world. If once you get under her roof, you will be happy for the rest of your lives."

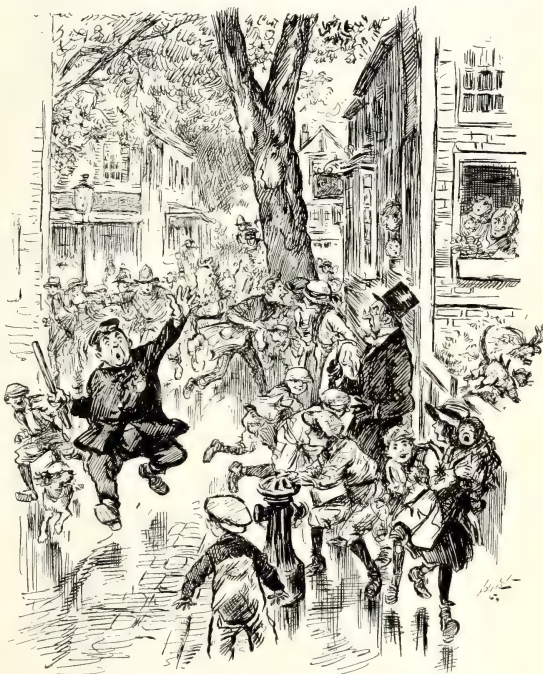
"Oh, thank you! thank you!" cried they both; "what should we ever have done without your wise advice! Now, we'll hurry away and try to find the little red house before night."

So off again went the cat and the parrot, down this street, and up that one, and around ever so many corners; past the post-office, the court-house, the jail, and the school-house, till at last they came out on the country road. It was nearly dark, and it was snowing fast, and they were dreadfully tired, but they had to go a long way farther before they came to the little red house under a hill.

A light was shining in the window, and they went up and knocked softly at a door which stood ajar. There was no answer, so they stole in. A bright fire was burning, and a kettle sang cheerfully on the hob. On one side of the fireplace lay a soft green cushion with a plate of salmon beside it; on the other

side, stood a fine new brass cage with a whole banana stuck between the wires. In front of the fire, fast asleep and nodding in her easy-chair, was the best little old woman in the world, and she had pink ribbons in her cap—exactly as they had wished for!

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

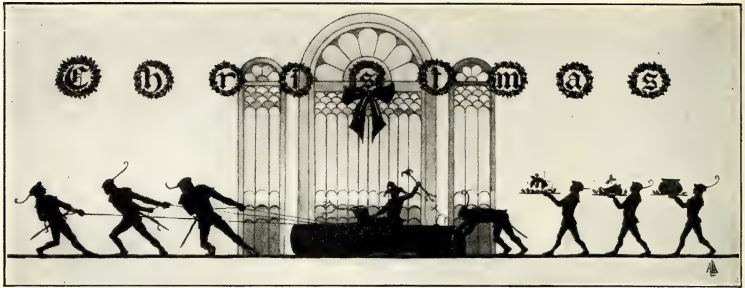


"EVERY ONE WAS SHOUTING, 'WHERE IS THE FIRE?'"

screamed the colonel, as he hopped into the cage and seized the banana.

The old woman woke with a jump and rubbed her eyes. "Bless me!" cried she, "if it is n't my own precious pets back again! and won't we have a beautiful Christmas all together!" But Mark was too busy eating salmon to answer—all he could do was to give his loudest possible purr, but it meant, "A Merry Christmas to us all!"





"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY AMIE LLOYD BASINGER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOVEMBER 1919)

ONCE more returns the joyous season when everybody, old or young, is busied with the happy self-forgetfulness of finding, and bestowing broadcast, tokens of affection and good will; and when the family life is in the thick of plots and counterplots, not "against the peace and comfort of the state," but designed to ferret out secretly for each just what every other member of the household most needs or covets. It is upon this altogether delightful preoccupation that the thoughts of our readers are likely to be focussed when these LEAGUE pages overtake them, whether in crowded shops and streets or in the glow of the ingle-nook at home. By every right, however, this magazine can assert its claim to special attention from everybody in December, for is n't ST. NICHOLAS but another name for Santa Claus? And have n't the magazine and its patron saint, in their long and cheery

history, enlivened so many heart-warmings that each stands for all that is best and happiest in the beautiful Yule-tide festival—not forgetting its central, wonderful, and ever-sacred lesson that it is more blessed to give than to receive?

All this, at any rate, is familiar enough to the young folk of the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE; and they themselves paid remarkable tribute to the Beautiful Day and to the magazine in their offerings for the December subjects for prose, verse and drawings. As usual, these were vastly more in number than could possibly be printed; and so, with gratitude to the LEAGUE members who have loyally advanced its banner year by year, and congratulations upon the fine achievements that have crowned their efforts this month and every month, we wish them one and all, a Very Merry Christmas and a truly happy 1922!

#### PRIZE COMPETITION No. 261

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

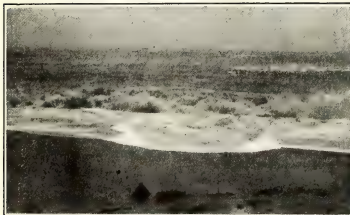
**PROSE.** Gold Badge, **Helen Nelson** (age 16), Colorado. Silver Badges, **Rauha Laulainen** (age 15), Minnesota; **Helen Rauney** (age 15), Ohio; **Marian Seeds** (age 12), Indiana; **Charlotte Churchill** (age 14), Arizona; **Margaret E. Robinson** (age 14), New York.

**VERSE.** Gold Badge, **Margaret Marian McHugh** (age 15), Iowa. Silver Badges, **Camilla Leonard Edwards** (age 16), New York; **Mary Arrington** (age 13), Massachusetts.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold Badge, **Amie Lloyd Basinger** (age 13), New York. Silver Badges, **Dora Cooke** (age 13), Hawaii; **John Welker** (age 16), Ohio; **Janet Atwater** (age 15), New York; **Marjorie E. Root** (age 15), Massachusetts.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold Badge, **Rafael A. Peyrè** (age 15), Central America. Silver Badges, **Madeleine Curtis** (age 14), Switzerland; **Ottmar Attebery** (age 12), Missouri; **Margaret May** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Ruth Patterson** (age 12), California; **Lois Mills** (age 13), Connecticut.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver Badges, **Christine Hammond** (age 13), Connecticut; **Mildred Catharine Ball** (age 11), Vermont.



BY KATHARINE MATTHIES, AGE 17



BY HARRIET DOW, AGE 13

#### "THE FINISH"



## LONG AGO

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER (AGE 16)

*(Honor Member)*

ONE Christmas eve, long, long ago,

When all the earth was still and sweet,

I saw the little Christ-child pass

With soft and saintly feet.

A brooding hush hung over all;

Bright stars illumed the purple sky.

The Child paused at each lighted house,

Nor passed the poorest by.

He bent above each baby's crib,

And kissed the little rosebud cheek.

The tiny candles guided him

From drifts of snow so bleak.

One Christmas eve, long, long ago,

Below me in the snowy street,

I saw the little Christ-child pass

With soft and saintly feet.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY HELEN NELSON (AGE 16)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1921)*

ON a rocky hillside in Palestine, shepherds were drowsily watching their sheep. It was on a warm, velvety night. The stars glowed with a lustrous radiance, when suddenly, out of the East, a light appeared, which shone with such brilliancy that the shepherds covered their faces and bowed to the ground, for they were frightened and blinded. Then an angel of the Lord comforted them, saying, "Fear not, for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." Immediately out of the whispering night came the voice of a host of angels, singing, "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." So charmed were the shepherds with the sweetness of the song and the magic of the scene that they rose forthwith, took up their staffs, and followed the star to Bethlehem.

There in the manger lay the wee babe, with the mother and father leaning over it in rapt adoration, and the three wise men of the East, robed in cloth of gold, kneeling in humble worship, with their rich gifts before them. The only light in the place was the Glory of the Lord which shone with a veiled and shimmering softness.

As the shepherds hastened to the door of the stable they stopped for a moment in surprise; then they, too, fell down in worship, and all was still, while angels hovered outside guarding the babe who was to be the Savior of Men.

## LONG AGO

BY CAMILLA LEONARD EDWARDS (AGE 16)

*(Silver Badge)*

SOMETIMES I wander to a garden wall

And through a gateway low;

Above curves gracefully an arbor tall

Thatched thick with roses, whose white petals fall

And softly cover all the path below.

I stand beneath the arbor watching there

The rosy sunset sky—

Faint smell of lavender is in the air,

Blown from the bed beyond the pathway, where  
A tiny brown-eyed child goes wandering by.

And now from out the corner by the wall,

Light stepping o'er the grass,

There come fair maids and many a gallant tall

Moving along the rose-strewn path, while all

The flowers bow before them as they pass.

Out through the gate they slide and leave me there.

The sun drops low;

Faint breath of lavender blows through the air,

And I, awakening, find my visions fair

Were but quaint shadows of the Long Ago.



"THE FINISH." BY OTTMAR ATTEBERG, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY MINNIE PFEBERBERG (AGE 16)

*(Honor Member)*

"HO-HUM," remarked Grandfather Burns, momentarily removing his pipe. "Christmas day always recalls one Christmas of long ago."

It was after the big Christmas dinner, and the Burns children, with their grandfather, were seated before the living-room fire. As was their wont, they burst out with, "Oh, grandpa, tell us!"

"Well," he began, the misty, far-away look coming into his eyes, "it was Christmas day, many, many years ago. We children were seated before a roaring fire, just as you are now, roasting our after-dinner chestnuts. It was a wild day without. The windows rattled loudly as a sharp wind whistled and moaned about the old house. Little feathery flakes were falling silently, blanketing the bare bleakness of the earth below with a thick, white coverlet.

"Suddenly a sharp rap was heard at the door, and a gust of wind swept in with a wintry chill as Mother admitted a tall, snow-covered man.

"His horse had gone lame, he said, and he politely asked if we could find shelter for the animal and himself until the storm had abated.

"The stranger proved to have a very pleasant and affable personality. He had a great faculty for telling stories, especially humorous tales. In fact, he proved so charming a guest that it was with a very genuine regret that we saw him depart.

"We never saw him again, unfortunately. But five years later, half the country was hailing him as the Great Emancipator, the President of the United States! Yes, sir," Grandfather ended solemnly, "it was our great honor to entertain Abraham Lincoln as a Christmas-day guest in our home!"

## LONG AGO

BY MARGARET MARIAN MCHUGH (AGE 15)  
*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1920)*

WHEN the sun half curtained in fleecy mist  
 Rose o'er the hills of Jebél,  
 A stranger rode through the drifting sand  
 From the land where his people dwell.  
 And under his silken garments were  
 Caskets containing the richest myrrh.

Within his eyes gleamed a mystical light,  
 And his face was young and fair;  
 But his jaw was set as he turned his gaze  
 To the desert white and bare.  
 For days he had traveled 'neath the sun,  
 Passing the pyramids, one by one.

And lo! o'er the face of the desert came  
 A figure out of the east;  
 And as if by magic, a speck appeared  
 From the south, where the sky-line ceased.  
 And one was dark and the other fair.—  
 Both were laden with gold and incense rare.

And they met, these three, 'neath the olive-trees,  
 Just as the day was done,  
 And they joined their quest and their fortunes  
 there,

Long ago, 'neath the dying sun.  
 And then they lifted their eyes to pray,  
 And slowly and softly moved away.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY LINDA E. MITCHELL, JR. (AGE 13)

THE first snow had fallen and the ground was transformed by its beautiful white coverlet. The mesquites and tree-cactus in the valley were laden with their icy burden. On the side of the mesa, the rocks and piñon trees, the blue and green cedars, all were covered with snow and ice. Long thin icicles hung from the roof. The covey

of quail that had spent the night, during the storm, under the tamarisk came slowly out single file, to hunt for an early breakfast. The coyote which had been asleep in the shelter of the creek bank stretched itself and trotted off, hoping that a rabbit or two would be out and could be caught off guard. The English sparrows awoke and twittered cheerlessly in the stable. And then the long howl of a hungry wolf out for a kill echoed through the valley, and was echoed and reëchoed along the mesa. The coyotes caught the refrain and howled in answer. This was the scene the sun looked down on as it rose above the snow-covered mesa a minute later to shine on a new Christmas day.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

*(Told as a true story by a British Colonel)*

BY MARGARET E. ROBINSON (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

*Little Jack Horner sat in a corner  
 Eating a Christmas pie  
 He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum  
 And said, "What a good boy am I."*

IN the time of Henry VIII of England, there lived the Bishop of Bath and Wells. The king and the bishop quarreled many times. At last the bishop determined to end these quarrels and to live in peace. For a long time he thought, and at last came to the decision that he would send his Majesty a Christmas present.

In those days, everything had to be sent by coach. He appointed John Horner to carry the gift, which was in the form of eleven deeds to estates. These deeds were placed in a Christmas pie, in order to conceal them from bandits and highwaymen.

John Horner, in some way, learned what the gift was to be. So he, on the way, literally "put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum," and the plum was the deed to Mels Manor.



"THE FINISH": BY MARGARET MAY  
 AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)



BY RAFAEL A. PEYRÉ, AGE 15. (GOLD  
 BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON AUGUST, 1921)



BY MARION L. SMITH, AGE 14



BY MADELEINE CURTIS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)



BY E. K. GRAVES, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER)

### "THE FINISH"

The king was so delighted to receive the deeds to ten estates that he made John Horner a baronet. And there has always been, since that time, a Sir John Horner at Mels Manor.

### LONG AGO

BY MARY ARRINGTON (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

IN the soft warm glow of the summer days,  
When horizons are hid by a mystic haze,  
I lie on the glistening golden sands,  
A-resting my head on my sunburned hands,  
And watch the gulls go to and fro  
As I dream I lived in the Long Ago.

Then over a sea of silver waves  
And up from the depths of the coral caves,  
A ghostly ship goes sailing by  
And is silhouetted against the sky.  
Her phantom men stand row on row;  
'T is a pirate craft of the Long Ago.

'T is a grim, foreboding crew of yore  
That pilots the boat up to the shore;  
And each man buries a bag of gold  
From a treasure-chest within the hold,  
And they leave no trace by which to know  
Where the hoard was hidden Long Ago.

Then over a shimmering, silver sheet  
Sails back that ship of a bygone fleet;  
And I find myself, where before I lay,  
Gazing wistfully over the bay;  
And again the gulls go to and fro—  
'T was but a dream of the Long Ago.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY RAUHA LAULAINEN (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE country of Finland was in its winter glory that Christmas afternoon. The trees were heavily laden with snow, and the pale winter sunbeams changed the snowflakes into innumerable gems.

Aino placed her skis in the sleigh with the utmost care, for she prized them because they were a Christmas gift from her father, who wished to have her compete for the silver cup in skiing.

The ten-mile ride was very lovely. The way Aino's face beamed with excitement, and the

music of the silver sleigh-bells, which kept a rhythmical time as the horse lightly trotted along, added to the pleasantness of the drive.

As the sleigh approached the skiing grounds, a crowded grand stand, bedecked with gay banners, could be seen. The music of the band was heard, and the skiers were rapidly forming at the top of the slope.

"In fifteen minutes the race will start; get ready, Aino," said her father, as the horse stopped.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MARY RAMSAY PALMATEER  
AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER)

Aino hurriedly reached for her skis, but the happy expression on her face disappeared and she exclaimed: "The other ski is gone! Olaf, hurry, find it! It has fallen on the road!"

Her brother immediately drove away. In less than ten minutes, Aino was among the contestants, for her brother had found the ski near the grand stand.

The signal was given, a hushed silence fell upon the crowd, and the skiers were off. Aino came down the slope at a terrific speed until she reached the raised platform, and from there she leaped





"A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE." BY DOROTHY C. MILLER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY JANET ATWATER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY EDITH REID, AGE 16

into the air, with body erect, and hands outstretched in an attitude of balance.

Aino was the winner, the proud possessor of the silver cup! And as she was going home she said to herself, "What a wonderful Christmas day this has been!"

#### LONG AGO

BY MARGARET W. HALL (AGE 14)  
(Honor Member)

WHEN I was just a little girl,  
A long, long time ago,  
I'd sit in the chimney-corner,  
And watch the shadows go.  
I'd see great fairy castles,  
And ships on the deep, deep sea,  
Bright birds, and the trees in winter,  
And clouds sailing high and free.

But that was a long, long time ago;  
And now I sit in the chair,

And little brother has the place  
In the chimney-corner there.

He says he sees big horses,  
An' tigers, an' lions, an' bears,  
An' battles, an' guns, an' pirates,  
An' circuses, an' fairs.

An' grandma tells us stories  
From the pictures that we see;  
Oh, she tells the grandest stories  
To brother an' baby an' me!  
And she says she, too, saw pictures  
Where the wood fires gleam and glow  
By the hearth in the old log-cabin  
A long, long time ago.

#### A CHRISTMAS STORY

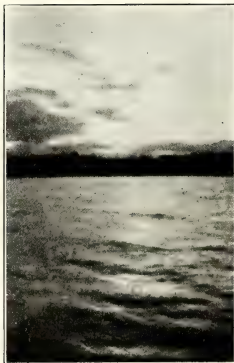
BY HELEN RAUNEY (AGE 15)  
(Silver Badge)

"Oh, Hulda, think you that my lord will be home from the wars for the Yule-tide? The children cry for him; he has been away this twelvemonth."

"Methinks, my lady, that he will come if he



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MARJORIE E. ROOT, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



"THE FINISH" BY MARGARET DAVENPORT, AGE 12



"THE FINISH" BY ELLEN DAY, AGE 11



finds it possible in any way," replied the faithful tire-woman to the Lady Dorinda. "But," she added, "we must remember that his enemies have well nigh surrounded the castle, hoping, doubtless, to waylay him as he returns.

"My Lady Joyce and my young Lord Roderick, no doubt, miss their father, but they should have a merry Yule-season despite it, what with young Master John come to visit, and their beautiful new ponies. Methinks—" The kind-hearted creature would no doubt have continued in her vain effort to cheer her mistress, had not Anne, the children's nurse, burst suddenly into the room.

"Oh, my lady! pardon, but a peddler, huge and black, has come into the nursery through the little secret passage. He—he embraces the children!"

Lady Dorinda rose, a tall, beautiful figure. "Call the guards thither," she commanded. Then, followed by the cringing Hulda, she walked to the nursery. A tall man, raggedly clothed, towered motionless above the children; little Lady Joyce clung, weeping, to her brother, who was bravely endeavoring to shield her; Master John cowered behind a chair. As the door opened, the man turned about. At sight of Lady Dorinda, he put his hand to his beard.

"What means this, Sir Ped—Hugh!" And as the peddler removed his beard, my lady delightfully embraced her husband, the good Sir Hugh, who had crept among his enemies as a peddler, his bag full of toys for his children, and gowns and jewels for his wife.

### LONG AGO

BY VIRGINIA E. FOLLIN (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

IN the heavens stars were gleaming  
Long ago,  
O'er a manger where, a-dreaming,  
Far below,  
Sweetly cradled slept the Christ-child  
To and fro.

Angel hosts were anthems singing  
Long ago;  
Shepherds, little lambs were bringing,  
White as snow,  
Which they offered at His cradle,  
Bending low.

Guided by the strange star's glory  
Long ago,  
From the East to hear that story,  
Welcomed so,



BY RUTH PATTERSON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

Came three kings and on the Baby  
Gems bestow.

And this Christmas-time recalling,  
Long ago,  
Come the carols, rising, falling,  
Sweet and low;  
Come the chimes, that tale-repeating  
That we know—that we know!

### A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY MARIAN SEEDS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

MARY MARTIN was twelve years old when the war began. She was a light-hearted girl who always laughed.

Her father, Joseph Martin, was a learned linguist, but he was his daughter's companion first.

They were both in Serbia in August, 1914. Mary's Aunt Caroline was with them. Mr. Martin enlisted, while Mary, her aunt, and an old serving-woman fled to a deserted hut high up in the mountains.

There they existed. Their nearest neighbor was twenty miles away. Once the old woman had gone down into the foot-hills, but brought back such tales of the suffering there, that all thought of leaving the hut was forgotten.

On Christmas Day in 1918, the three had seen no other human being in fourteen months. Mary was no longer gay. Her brown eyes were sad and she had not laughed for years.

About noon, a peasant stopped at the cabin with a letter for Mary! It read:

Epinal, France.

Dearest Mary:

I was an Austrian prisoner; but through a lucky exchange, I am free. All fighting stopped yesterday. I am rather weak from prison life. It will be best for you to make your way down to Ragusa, on the Adriatic, where I will meet you. Carry no money with you; work or beg your way to the coast.

This may not reach you for months or years, but I will spend the rest of my life in Ragusa, always waiting, always hoping, until you come.

With all the love in this world, DAD.

They all slipped to their knees as Mary finished, and offered a prayer. The next day they left, bestowing everything upon the bewildered peasant.

Six months later they were all safely home, and Mary still says that letter made for her the happiest Christmas she ever will have.



BY LOIS MILLS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

"THE FINISH"



"THE FINISH." BY VIRGINIA MICHAELIS, AGE 14

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY CHARLOTTE CHURCHILL (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

"I 'LL get even with them!" growled Mr. Bear, as he walked along through the snow.

"Just because I stole the bee's honey, and the squirrel's nuts, and pushed the hare into the water, is no reason why I should not be invited to the animals' Christmas tree.

"There goes Mr. Dog, now, with a sled full of packages for the tree. Mr. Dog is to be their Santa Claus. Ah, I have an idea!"

With that, Mr. Bear dashed out, pushed Mr. Dog into the snow, and made off with the sled full of "eats" and other presents.

When he got out of the snow-drift Mr. Dog ran through the woods howling: "Help, help! Mr. Bear has carried off all our presents, and my son, Tipp, who was asleep on the sled under a blanket."

He was soon joined by many of his friends, and they set out to overtake the bear.

Meanwhile, the thief hurried on. The jolting of the sled soon awoke Tipp. He might easily have escaped, but he wanted to save the presents.

Suddenly a bright idea struck him. Cautiously he threw out a package, then another and another, until all were gone.

"How invigorating this air is!" said Mr. Bear, "this load seems to get lighter as I go along."

When he reached home, Mr. Bear went into the house, calling to his wife to come and see what he had brought for Christmas.

Then Tipp slid from the sled and ran away.

Very soon he came upon his father and a large party of friends who were following the trail of packages, and Tipp was considered a great hero for having saved the animals' Christmas presents.

As for Mr. Bear, he never did know just what became of those presents.



"THE FINISH." BY ALMA M. HOPKINS, AGE 16

## LONG AGO

BY ERMINIE HUNTRESS (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

As we hold our Christmas revels  
And enjoy our Christmas fun,  
And we laugh, in gay remembrance  
Of the merry frolics done,  
As the Christmas tree is glittering  
And glad conversations flow,  
Let us think, in quiet gladness,  
Of a Christmas long ago.

When a Baby in a manger  
Rested on a bed of hay  
With His happy parents near Him  
Watching Him as there He lay;  
While a star above the stable  
Shone upon the world below;  
And both kings and shepherds worshipped  
Him, together, long ago.

Yet so many do not know it,  
Or reject that glorious tale,  
It sometimes seems that even  
That great influence will fail;  
Then from all our Christmas revels  
Let us go, resolved to show  
To humanity, the glory  
Of that life lived long ago.

## SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

### PROSE

Elizabeth E. Hughes  
Charlotte S. Salmon  
Patsy Woodhull  
Lillian E. Simrell  
Janet Forbes  
William Schaw  
Dorothy Bladin  
Helen B. Buehner  
Dre Morrison  
Margaret E. Clifford  
Isabelle T. Ellis  
Katharine M. Pinchard  
Eleanor E. Ashley  
Margaret Buddy  
Frances A. McCarthy  
Winifred Dysart  
Charlotte E. Farquhar  
Margaret White  
Dorothy Foz  
Marcella McGrane  
Elizabeth McLaren  
Margaret Thomas  
Jane B. Bradley  
Nancy W. Parker  
Alice Winston  
Virginia H. Chapman  
Catherine Denning  
Madelyn Kennedy  
Emily A. Smith  
Eleanor Scott  
Ena L. Hourwich  
Dorothy R. Burnett  
Virginia Seton  
Rachel L. Bent  
Angelica Gibbs

Dorothy Chadwell  
Frances T. Kahle  
Esther Laughton  
Bessie Koplin  
Mildred S. Gleason  
Diane Marks  
Ruth H. Thorp  
Frances E. Gore

### VERSE

Rae Verrill  
Margaret Humphrey  
Helen G. Davis  
Marion W. Smith  
Mavis K. Lyman  
Katharine M. Born  
Natalie C. Hall  
Helen W. Stanford  
Priscilla Fitzell  
Helen H. Meyer  
Roberta Shannon  
A. V. Pugliesi  
Helen Rodney  
Dorothy Pond  
Tirza Walker  
Helen C. Clarke  
Ruth E. Campbell  
Margaret Bent  
Dolores Gibbon  
Charlotte L. Groom  
Anne H. Fish  
Florence U. Shepherd  
Loet Tucker  
Miriam R. Ramer  
Polly Vilas  
Charlotte Reynolds  
Helen L. Rummons  
Elizabeth Cleveland  
Mary J. Lawrence

Jeanne Brun  
Florence Jackson  
Rudolph Cook  
Edna C. Dodge

### DRAWINGS

Marjorie Bly  
Maz Goodley  
Selma Morse  
Joyce C. B. Carr  
Janet S. Lippincott  
Jane Gaston  
Dorothy Darrow  
Mary S. Brewster  
Mary Duncan  
Miriam Serber  
Faustina Munroe  
Lucille Murphy  
Elease Weiss  
Marjorie I. Miller  
Marguerite C. Detweiler  
Dorothy E. Cornell  
Howard B. French

### PHOTOGRAPHS

Eleanor D. Reed  
Virginia Synnestrvedt  
Margaret Scoggin  
Barbara Mettler  
Emily Hutson  
Alice McNeal  
Ida Miller  
Catharine Dawson  
Howard Gallraid  
L. O. Field  
Dorothy D. Talman  
Mary Hadden  
Eyle Westergren  
Jean Paterson

## ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

### PROSE

Cornelia Szechenvi  
Celeste K. Proctor  
Elise Kupferschmid  
Helen H. Raab

Winston Ashby  
Jane Himmel  
Annie Rivers  
Alice Getschow  
Beth Danziger

Eleanor Marsh  
Lucile Rosenbaum  
Florence E. Clark  
Wilhelmina Rankin  
Harriet Sumner

Thirza Metzner  
Gertrude Lewis  
Frances D. Cole  
Irne Dickinson  
Gertrude Green  
Darline M. Brown  
Marie Tricou  
Anna Bruce  
Eleanor Tyler  
Maude A. Thayer  
Annis Doane  
Louise E. Baldwin  
Gretchen Bickel  
Dorothy Thomson  
Ane B. Porter  
Elizabeth B. Seegar  
Leah M. Reed  
Helen Shaw  
Leah Gordon  
Ruth S. Wheeler  
Ruth Addicks  
Reed Harwood  
Patsy Conway  
Marion E.  
Neahouse  
Emily W. Smith  
Marie Brady  
Mary G. Wight  
Eleanor A. Coleman  
Katherine Cowin  
Virginia McVay  
Frances Michelson  
Mary Zacharias  
Ruth Wilkinson  
Sylvia D. Kieve  
Julia C. Esty  
Kimi Tamura  
Kathleen B. Smyth  
Margaret A. Nichols  
Ruth Brock  
Bettina Inskeep  
Margaret K. Bull  
Alice Van Schagen  
Sarah Jane Taylor  
Alice Bragdon  
Katharine Kimball  
Ella F. VonKrug  
Ethel Harmon  
Mary L. Schindler  
Edith H. Winkler  
La Tourrette  
Stockwell  
Katharine P.  
Johnson  
Elizabeth Lumsden  
Jean Lawyer  
Horace Mann  
Snyder, Jr.

Gladys Phillips  
Jean Cameron  
Fred M. Roberts  
Julia F. Van der Veer  
Valerie Van Noe  
Johanna Hein  
Martha McCowen  
Helen L. Walker  
Samuel Cramer  
Katharine  
Rathbone  
Eleanor McGrane

## DRAWINGS

Jessica G. Abel  
Phyllis Dohm  
Frances Badger  
Kathleen Murray  
Mary Merrill  
Adriana Vidal  
Margaret L. Milne  
William  
Shoemaker  
Gwynneth Walker



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY  
DORA COOKE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

Doris Burke  
Maria Fletcher  
Francesca Dekum  
Frances S. Miller  
Shirley Woehler  
Mary F. Spalding  
Elva Van Winkle  
Frances Luce  
Dorothy Trautwein  
Fred Schulman  
Ethel Cohen  
Regina Wiley  
Marcia Masters  
Mary Koch  
Sophia  
Diamondstone  
Elizabeth R. Muir  
Anna Blanton  
Elmira Horning  
Mary D. Hatch

Dorothy A.  
Stephenson  
Virginia H. Milley  
Fritzi  
Mohrenstecher  
Alice R. Bennett  
Marie Peyré  
Elizabeth  
McCadden  
Elsaine M. Koster  
Lilla A. Roberts  
Marjorie W. Smith  
Ippocrates  
Papoutsakis  
Joseph A. Gaudioso  
Luis Gilbert  
Norman Hallock  
Marie C. Horst  
Marquis Lewis  
Theodore Hall, Jr.  
Nancy Wright  
Dorothy  
Kaufmann  
Nina Alrecht  
Katharine Wolfe  
Ellen L. Carpenter  
Florence H. Noll  
Albert J. Leonard  
Elizabeth Stein

## PHOTOGRAPHS

Bertha S. Winstel  
E. Veronica Purden  
Barbara Young  
Katharine Jennings  
Muriel Craig  
Eleanor G. Hayes  
Margaret Barrett  
Shirley Scott  
Gladys M. Hurd  
Dunbar Holmes  
Katharine L.  
Woodworth

## PUZZLES, I

Elsa M. Meder  
Rosalind Howe  
Jeanette Nathan  
Marion Stowell  
Jeanne A. Goodman  
Helen Steele  
Ruth S. Hopkins  
Elizabeth Hollis  
Evelyn Gillis  
Frances Jones  
Dorothy Schupp  
Nancy Day  
Mary H. Bush  
Elizabeth Bundy

## WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

## PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 265

**Competition No. 265** will close January 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for April. Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "**On Tireless Wings.**"

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "**When We Won.**"

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "**A Holiday Scene.**"

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "**Left Behind**" or "**A Heading for April.**"

**Puzzle.** Must be accompanied by answer in full.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
The Century Co.

353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



"A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE." BY JOHN  
WELKER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

My Hamp  
Dorothy Beck  
Mary Churchill

## VERSE

Birkbeck Wilson  
Elizabeth Brooks  
Elizabeth Dow  
Henry B. Hartman  
Hannah Hornbrook  
Helen M. Keene  
Lillian E. Drescher  
Margaret Leopold

Rosemary W. Ball  
Jane Lee  
Margaret B. Oleson  
Elizabeth B. Fuller  
Ruth Fowler  
Catherine Shedd  
Carolyn Moser  
Katherine Foss  
Helen L.  
Whitehouse  
Ellen Forsyth  
Florence  
Hendrickson



# THE LETTER-BOX

LIVE OAK, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read a lot of interesting magazines, but none of them were as nice as you. I have only taken you for a little over a year; but I have grown to love you, and watch for you every month. Daddy said he took you when he was my age, and he, like many others, loved to read you, and enjoyed you as he never had any other magazine before. I think many people are the same way. In fact, I know they are.

We live only eight miles from the famous Suwannee River. It is a black, black river, about forty feet deep, though in very rainy weather, it swells to about twice that depth. All along the banks of the river grow many kinds of trees, as cypress, cedar, pine, and oak. The trees are really the only things that make the river pretty, except the springs; and there are not many of them.

One of your loving readers,  
MARION ELLIS (AGE 12).

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICK: I have enjoyed you so much that I consider it my duty to write and tell you.

I just got back from France two months ago and am reading all the back numbers of ST. NICK, which a friend of mine kindly saved for me.

My brother Jack and I have read you since we were very little. We are twins. I have twin brothers of eighteen, Harry and Bruce. They still like to read you. Daddy and Mother took you when they were little. Mother died when Jack and I were born, but Daddy and the big twins tell us about her.

We were in Paris when the big Bertha was being sent over. We tried to get home, but it was impossible. We were visiting my *grandmère*. We were in Italy part of the time, trying to escape the war. Daddy was a soldier, and the big twins took care of us. Jack wanted to fight, too; he was just twelve. One night he ran away to join the war. Harry found him the next day and tried to explain to him why he could n't fight. Now he is reading "The Boy Vigilantes of Belgium," and says he could have been one too.

Jack says to send his love to you and that he knows Harry and Bruce would, too, if they knew I was writing.

Your devoted reader,  
JACQUILINE DU BOIS.

BERLIN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl, though I am now in Germany. This is my first trip abroad, and I am enjoying it very much. We sailed from New York June 1st and landed at Antwerp, Belgium, June 11th. Four days later we were in Berlin, and we have been here ever since.

I think you and your readers would like to hear about my trip to Potsdam and back. We started by stage, and were driven to the station, where we took a train to Wildpark, a tiny place near Potsdam. Here a stage met us, and we were driven to a beautiful palace, the home of the last kaiser, and very, very beautiful. We were taken all through it. I never saw such beautiful furniture—gold and silver beds, tables and chairs, and

tables of inlaid marble, etc.! The walls of many of the rooms were covered with beautiful tapestry, and the ceilings are quite indescribable. We were allowed to sit in the same chairs the emperors and empresses had sat in, and to touch the keys of the old-fashioned spinets. One room, especially, was most magnificent! It is called the Shell Room, and was used only on Christmas eves, and each member of the royal family had a tree. The walls are made up entirely of shells (some with large pearls in) and precious stones and metals, for example, gold, silver, quartz, marble, lapis-lazuli, malachite, crystal, and countless others. Just imagine the sight it must present at night, when the many chandeliers of mountain crystal are lighted, and the walls sparkle! We went through three palaces and a church, and came back in a yacht. I forgot to say that there were six of us Americans on the ride. My! but we were glad to see them!!

Although I like Berlin very much, and as much of Europe as I have seen so far, I have yet to see any country which is in any way equal to "America, the Beautiful."

I am greatly interested in the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE and hope to win a badge some day. I am also interested in all your stories, especially "The Dragon's Secret," "The Luck of Denewood," and "Kit, Pat, and a Few Boys." I always look forward to your coming with a great deal of pleasure, and (I must confess) sometimes, impatience.

With best wishes for the greatest success and prosperity imaginable, which, I am sure, you will always have, I am,

Your admiring reader,  
ANNE C. TERWILLIGER (AGE 14).

COLFAX, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly three years now, and I could never do without you. For two of these years I was ill, and you were always my companion.

My brother and I think you are the best magazine published. We have taken all sorts of girls' and boys' magazines, so we know.

I always read the LEAGUE first. I am interested in the STAMP PAGE, THE RIDDLE-BOX, THE WATCH TOWER, the poems—in fact, I am interested in everything. I read every number from cover to cover. I like "The Luck of Denewood," "Phantom Gold," and "Kit, Pat, and a Few Boys." Since I started taking you I have become interested in so many things that I was never interested in before—drawing, writing, photography, and stamp-collecting. I don't think life is worth while unless you have some hobby—so I have several.

I intend to take you until I'm an old, old lady.

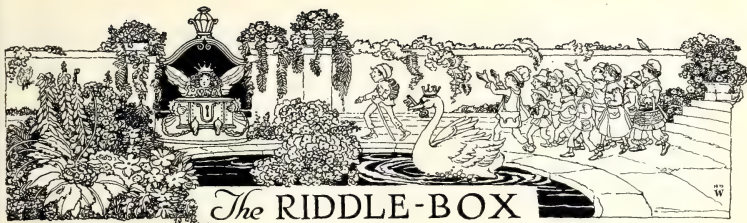
Whenever any of my friends come to visit me and I ask them what they want to do, they always say: "Let's read ST. NICHOLAS!" Some of them borrow you to read.

When school starts I'm going to ask my teacher to read you to my class every month, and maybe start a LEAGUE club. I hope she will.

Wishing you many years of prosperity, and many, many readers, I am

Your devoted reader,  
ENID CORPE (AGE 13).





## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

AN AUTUMN PUZZLE. Initials, Armistice Day. Cross-words: 1. Agape. 2. Rajah. 3. Merge. 4. Idiot. 5. Shark. 6. Tansy. 7. Imbed. 8. Chain. 9. Event. 10. Diver. 11. Agent. 12. Young. From 1 to 12, Thanksgiving; 13 to 24, John Pershing; 25 to 32, November.

TRIANGLE. 1. Trade. 2. Reno. 3. And. 4. Do. 5. E. NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Armistice Day. Cross-words: 1. Alibi. 2. Rebec. 3. Maize. 4. Imbed. 5. Siena. 6. Taffy.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Stevenson. 1. Spoon. 2. Steam. 3. Bread. 4. Glove. 5. Stove. 6. Pound. 7. Roses. 8. House. 9. Niche.

A MILITARY ACROSTIC. Initials, The World War. Cross-words: 1. Tabriz. 2. Halter. 3. Eyelet. 4. Within. 5.

Oneida. 6. Rugged. 7. Lovely. 8. Drowse. 9. Wrench. 10. Armory. 11. Rumble. From 1 to 11, Belleau Wood; 12 to 19, The Marne; 20 to 24, Ypres; 25 to 30, Verdun.

LETTER REMAINDERS. The Summer Vacation. 1. Cur-tail. 2. All-hail. 3. Ben-e-fit. 4. Air-s-hip. 5. Ass-u-red. 6. Rum-m-age. 7. Cat-m-int. 8. Off-e-red. 9. Moo-r-age. 10. Can-v-ass. 11. She-a-the. 12. Kit-c-hen. 13. Car-a-van. 14. Pan-b-her. 15. Aspi-red. 16. Arm-o-ire. 17. Ton-n-age. 6. AN ALPHABET PUZZLE. 1. T. 2. O. 3. L. 4. A. 5. C. 6. T. Aleott. (Louisa May Aleott and A. Bronson Aleott.)

CHARADE. Corn-wall-is. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, S: finals, Mark Twain. Cross-words: 1. Spasm. 2. Samoa. 3. Satyr. 4. Shark. 5. Scout. 6. Shrew. 7. Syria. 8. Sinai. 9. Sheen.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than December 28, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 221) and give answers in full, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Ruth Tangier Smith—John F. Davis—Helen H. McIver—Miriam J. Stewart—Allil and Adi—"Oolong"—"The Three R's"—Margaret Day.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were duly received from Elizabeth Stickney, 10—Esther Laughton, 10—Vera A. Skillman, 10—"Kemper Hall Chapter," 10—Elizabeth Tong, 9—Rossald Howe, 9—Dorothy Shears, 7—Virginia and Henry Jones, 6—Nancy S. Seely, 6—"St. Anna's Girls," 5—Ena L. Hourwich, 3—Mary Scattergood, 3—H. Westerman, 1—N. Day, 1—H. Selig, 1—C. Seiberling, 1—M. Cundiff, 1—"Passy," 1—E. A. Titus, 1—E. Keedwell, 1—M. R. Ramer, 1.

### "OUR OWN" ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

* .	35	20	.	CROSS - WORDS: 1. To
* .	2	.	.	color the flesh indelibly. 2.
* .	36	.	8	Altitude. 3. To come forth
* .	9	33	7	from concealment. 4. A
* .	10	.	.	seat for a rider. 5. A fowl
* .	.	31	1	6. According to established
* .	.	21	34	rule. 7. To practise tricks
* .	6	11	3	or deception. 8. To carry.
* .	.	.	5	9. A defensive covering for
* .	17	19	25	the head. 10. A fruit. 11.
* .	40	.	.	To give heed. 12. To vindicate
* .	24	13	.	a person by inflicting
* .	12	18	14	pain on the wrong-doer. 13.
* .	23	.	.	Holy. 14. To loiter. 15. To
* .	32	.	15	register. 16. Receive. 17.
* .	.	16	38	An ancient vessel propelled
* .	28	22	39	by oars. 18. Extreme. 19.
* .	.	30	27	More comfortable.
* .	26	37	29	When these words have

been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell something on which your eyes have recently rested. The letters indicated by the numbers from 1 to 25 will spell some familiar words; and from 26 to 40, a familiar emblem.

MILDRED CATHERINE BALL (age 11).

### GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter) will spell the range of mountains having the highest peaks in the world.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A large lake. 2. A city of Italy. 3. A city of Florida. 4. An eastern country. 5. A country of Asia. 6. One of the United States. 7. A river of Scotland. 8. One of the United States. 9. The capital of Bulgaria.

ANGELICA GIBBS (age 13), League Member.

### ADDITIONS AND SUBTRACTIONS

(Silver Badge, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

EXAMPLE: Wheel—heel+age=e+on. ANSWER: Wagon.

1. Gray—ay+each—ch+tooth—ooth=?  
 2. Out—ut+ache—che+key—ey+son—on=?  
 3. Fry—y+only—nly+men—en=?  
 4. Light—ght+tea—ea+tee—ee+lean—an=?  
 5. And—nd+corps—ps+need—eed+sign—ign=?  
 6. Gross—oss+off—ff+wet—et=?

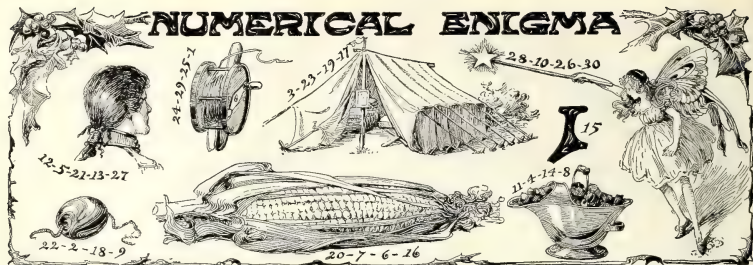
What do the six resulting words spell?

CHRISTINE HAMMOND (age 13).

### SOME SIMILAR SOUNDS

1. What three words pronounced alike may be defined as atmosphere, before, and an inheritor?  
 2. What three words pronounced alike may be defined as a coin, dispatched, and odor?  
 3. What three words pronounced alike may be defined as gladly, a temple, and to pretend?  
 4. What three words pronounced alike may be defined as flesh, to unite, and to measure?  
 5. What three words pronounced alike may be defined as to build, to destroy, and beams?  
 6. What three words pronounced alike may be defined as in place of, at the head, and a number?

RUTH CONIS (age 14), League Member.



In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty letters, is a quotation from Shakespeare, well suited to the Christmas season.

### A FAMOUS ARCH

- |     |  |
|-----|--|
| 1   | CROSS-WORDS: 1. A                              |
| 2   | heroine of France. 2. A                        |
| 3   | festival. 3. The title of                      |
| 4   | a famous poem by Long-                         |
| 5   | fellow. 4. A day of the                        |
| 6   | week. 5. A famous con-                         |
| 7   | queror. 6. A famous lit-                       |
| 8   | tle town associated with                       |
| 9   | the second cross-word.                         |
| 10  | 17. (Three letter words.)                      |
| 11  | 18. A common object. 8. A                      |
| 12  | 19. A kind of snow-shoe. 9. A                  |
| 13  | 20. A number. 10. A masculine                  |
|     | nickname. 11. A chart.                         |
| 12. | A tree. 13. A pronoun. 14. An insect. 15.      |
|     | A bird. 16. An extinct bird. 17. A fish. 18.   |
|     | Useful on the breakfast-table. 19. A "rare old |
|     | plant." 20. A number.                          |

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 13 will spell a famous arch; from 14 to 20, the birthplace of the man who built the arch.

ALMA MILLER (age 16), *Honor Member*.

### DIAGONAL WORDS

- |    |                                 |
|----|---------------------------------|
| 1. | In diagonal. 2. A tavern.       |
| 3. | Wrath. 4. At no time and on     |
| 5. | no occasion. 5. Pertaining to a |
| 6. | monarch. 6. Uncooked. 7. In     |
| 7. | diagonal.                       |

ALONZO CHURCH (age 14),  
*League Member*.

### PRIMAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell an honored group of persons.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. One who supports a cause or an institution. 2. Interior. 3. Affectionate. 4. A game bird. 5. Agitated. 6. Strictly attentive. 7. Tiny. 8. Useful to an equestrian.

NORMA V. STEMM (age 13), *League Member*.

### TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose crippled, and make flour. ANSWER: Lame, meal.

1. Transpose a tropical tree, and make a light-producing vessel.

2. Transpose confident, and make one who uses.
3. Transpose a fish, and make a sudden rush.
4. Transpose hedges, and make to cleanse.
5. Transpose part of the face, and make a measure of length.
6. Transpose a serving boy, and make to yawn.
7. Transpose to bathe, and make a dale.
8. Transpose to thrash, and make to incite.
9. Transpose a square piece of glass, and make the lowest tides.
10. Transpose a young animal, and make an aromatic plant.
11. Transpose repose, and make previously.
12. Transpose part of a sofa, and make a point of the compass.
13. Transpose a feminine name, and make to capture.
14. Transpose a pronoun, and make an interjection urging silence.
15. Transpose an entrance way, and make aroma.
16. Transpose vital, and make mean.
17. Transpose actual, and make a nobleman.
18. Transpose completed, and make a knob.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and transposed, the initials of the new words will spell the name of a famous musician who was born in December, more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

ALBERTA MOONEY (age 13), *League Member*.

### CHARADE

My *whole* was loved of all the gods;  
He charmed the flowers and trees;  
Without a *two*, one wish for gain  
He played; and round his knees  
There gathered nymphs and satyrs  
And every living thing;  
To *three* poor mortals 't would be bliss  
To hear his sweet voice ring.

ALICE EMERY.

### METAMORPHOSES

THE problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. EXAMPLE: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. ANSWER: Wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *beach* to *place* in three moves.
2. Change *place* to *stale* in four moves.
3. Change *stale* to *score* in three moves.
4. Change *score* to *scale* in two moves.

VIRGINIA MILLER (age 12), *League Member*.

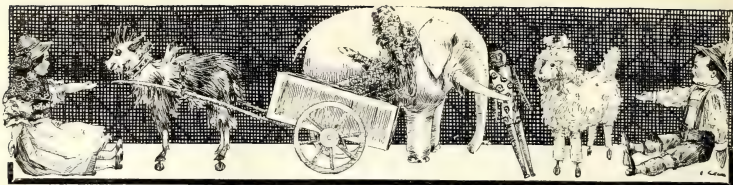


*Let your Kodak  
keep the Christmas Story*

Eastman Kodak Company

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*





# T O Y S

## Boys and Girls!

THINK  
OF IT!

A Genuine  
DEAGAN



Easy to  
Learn

## XYLOPHONE

A real professional instrument, complete with mallets, floor-rack, fibre carrying case and a full Course of Instruction for playing—all for

Write to-day for full information regarding this fascinating instrument—there is pleasure and profit in it for you.

**\$25.00**

**J. C. DEAGAN, Inc.**

Largest Xylophone Manufacturers  
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## The True Spirit of Christmas

To Give Pleasure to those we Love  
or whose friendship we appreciate



Let us help you to carry out the  
idea by acting as your messenger  
with just the right things to make  
Christmas time really joyful.

Hockey Skates  
Toboggans  
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Racing Skates  
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**A. G. SPALDING & BROS.**

New York Chicago San Francisco

AND ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

A DELIGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT—Distinctive, Unique, Pleasing



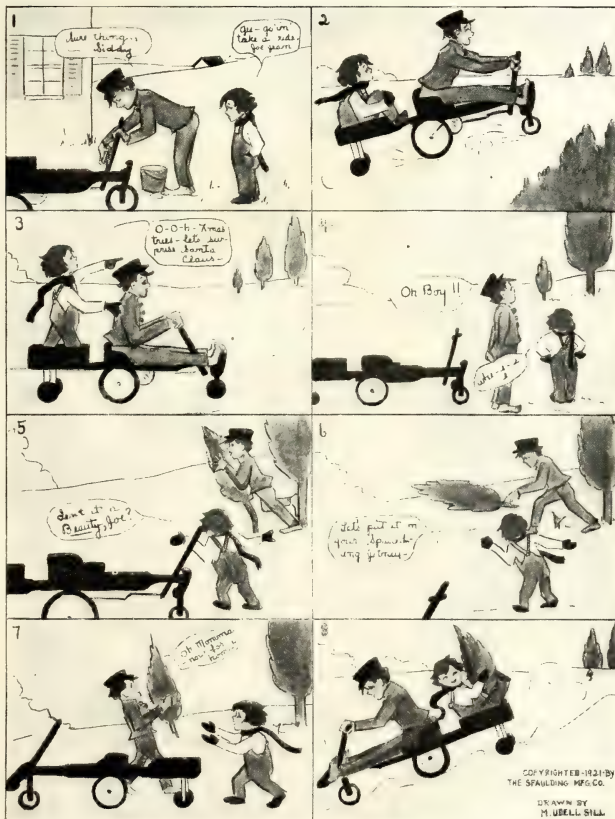
**THREE PENCILS** in beautiful embossed genuine leather case with your name engraved in 18-karat Gold on pencils and case. Stamps accepted. **60 cents**  
**THE IMPRINT PENCIL COMPANY, 530 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**



# ADVENTURE No. 1

## OF

### JOE JEAN, HIS JITNEY, AND SISTER SIDDY



"Christmas is almost here!" said Joe Jean one Saturday morning. "And we haven't got our tree yet," finished Sidly. "What a wonderful day to go get it ourselves. Come along, Sidly, let's go find one," laughed Joe Jean, as he ran out the door.

"I don't know what I'd ever do without this wonderful Jitney that father bought for my birthday. There never was a finer car made for children. It rides almost like an automobile. It looks

great, too. And as for fun, why, you can do all sorts of things with it. You love it as much as I do, don't you Sidly?"

The pictures above show the fun of bringing home the Christmas tree. Throughout 1922 Joe Jean and Sidly are going to do a lot of things with Joe Jean's Jitney. You will surely enjoy their experiences. Look for them. If your dealer does not sell Joe Jean Jitneys, write to us for information.

Factory and Office:  
1912 E Street, N. W.

**THE SPAULDING MFG. CO.**

Washington, D. C.



# "WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"



To fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, distant relatives, neighbors, Santa Claus, and *all* other good friends. I have written down below a list of the Christmas gifts that would make me happiest. Of course I won't be disappointed if I don't get them *all*. I just thought it would be easier for you if I told you what I should *like* to have.

Signed.....

First of all I Want ST. NICHOLAS  
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

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(Advertised on page.....of the..... St. Nicholas)

Signed.....

First of all I Want ST. NICHOLAS  
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page..... of the..... St. Nicholas)

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## *What to do with this page*

To ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls—First look through your copies of ST. NICHOLAS and decide what things you would most like to find in your stocking on Christmas morning. Then write your name and copy your "wishes" in the spaces reserved above, putting in the exact page and issue of ST. NICHOLAS on which the gift is advertised so that "Santa Claus" will make no mistake. Then leave your ST. NICHOLAS in a conspicuous place with this page turned down at the corner or something to attract attention.

# Flexible Flyer

*The original steering sled that made coasting popular and safe*

WHIZZING ahead of everybody else, coasting down the snow-clad hill at marvelous speed, with never a hitch or pull-back—that's Flexible Flyer, the sled boys and girls want for Christmas.

Flexible Flyer is the strongest, smoothest-running sled made. Its patented grooved steel, non-skid runners make steering easy, coasting safe, comfortable and speedy. The new all-steel front acts as shock absorber and strengthens the sled. Flexible Flyer is built like an airplane—strong and sturdy, and *will outlast three ordinary sleds.*

*Make sure and ask for and receive a Flexible Flyer. Look for the eagle trade mark on the sled.*

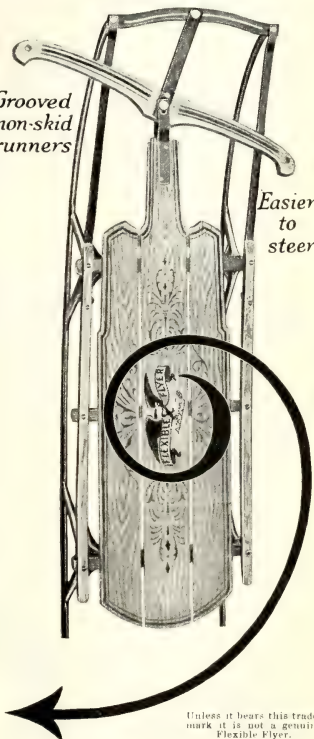
S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.  
5th and Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia  
Box 1101 V



*All steel front  
acts as shock  
absorber*

*Grooved  
non-skid  
runners*

*Easier  
to  
steer*



*Unless it bears this trade-  
mark it is not a genuine  
Flexible Flyer.*

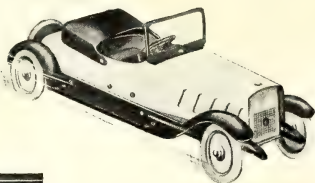
**FREE** cardboard model showing how Flexible Flyer steers. Write for it



# STRUCTO

MAKE MEN

**Build Structo Autos  
that Look and  
Run Like  
Real Cars!**



**B**UILDING a STRUCTO Automobile, Truck or Tractor is the next best thing to building a real one. STRUCTO TOYS are realistic toy reproductions of real automotive machines. They

have parts like real cars. You assemble the parts and build your own Auto, Truck, or Tractor. You can build a fast, sporty, Racing Car; a classy Roadster; a big Dump Truck or a sturdy Tractor.

STRUCTO models run fine, too. Strong, powerful motors drive them straight ahead, around in a circle, up grade or on the level. Some have sliding gear transmission and regular "big car" differential; others have direct shaft drive with die-cast gears on the rear axle, while the Tractors have directly connected gears that give great pulling power. They are all handsome, strong, sturdy machines you can have a lot of fun with, indoors or outdoors.

Six dandy Auto-BUILDER models to choose from; Nos. 8, 10, 11, 12, 14 and 16; all pictured here. Any boy can build one; just put the parts together and you'll have an Automobile, Truck or Tractor that looks and runs just like a real one! Look over these models; read the specifications and decide which you're going to get. Any fellow's Dad will be glad to see him build a STRUCTO Auto because it helps him understand real cars.



**ANY** boy can build a STRUCTO TOY. The Nos. 8, 10, 11, 12, 14 and 16 shown here come complete in STRUCTO Auto-Builder Outfits like the one shown above. Everything is complete, even a screw driver and wrench. Building these toys is great fun and shows the principles of automobile engineering.



**Structo DeLuxe Auto;** Auto-Builder Outfit No. 12. Just like a real car! 16 in. long. Triple-unit motor. "Big car" transmission and differential. Two speeds forward and one reverse. Disc wheels, low body and other regular car features.  
Orange color.....\$10.50



**Structo Racing Auto;** Auto-Builder Outfit No. 8. A fast, speedy racer. 16 in. long. Powerful motor; direct shaft drive. Artillery type wheels. Green color and rakish lines...\$5.50



**Structo Dump Truck;** Truck-BUILDER Outfit No. 14. Triple-unit motor; sliding gear transmission; forward and reverse speeds. 18 in. long. Has dumping attachment.  
Red color.....\$12.00

**MADE BY STRUCTO**



# TOYS

## OF BOYS



### Here's Fine Fun For All Boys!

THERE are also four fine Ready-Built STRUCTO models; Nos. 40, 42, 44 and 48; also shown at right. These are Ready-Built for you and ready to run when you get them. They're wonderful machines and have strong motors that keep them going a long time. Finished in colors and very realistic in appearance and action. Each one comes in its own box. Look for these, too, when you go Christmas shopping.

Ask for **STRUCTO TOYS** in the Toy Department, Hardware Store, Toy Store, or any store that sells good toys. Be sure you see the name, **STRUCTO TOYS**, on the box because then you'll have the best ones. If you cannot find the one you want we will send it to you direct upon receipt of price printed here. West of Denver, Colo., and in Canada, these prices are a little higher on account of extra transportation charges.



**Roadster Auto:** Ready-Built model No. 40. A strong, speedy car, 10½ in. long. Will run a long time with one winding. Red with black trimming... \$3.50



**Caterpillar Tractor:** Ready-Built model No. 44. 11½ in. long. Very realistic in action. Disc harrow included. Green with black trimming... \$5.00



**Contractor's Dump Truck:** Ready-Built model No. 42. 12 in. long. Body dumping attachment. Orange with black trimming... \$4.25



**Caterpillar Whippet Tank:** Ready-Built model No. 48. 12 in. long. Gun mounted in turret. Gray with red trimming... \$5.00



**Yuba Tractor:** Tractor-Builder Outfit No. 16. A perfect reproduction of this well-known tractor. Double-unit motor, control handle and stop and start lever. One trailer included. 20 in. long over all. Blue and red color... \$8.50



**Structo Bear Cat Auto:** Auto-Builder Outfit No. 10. A sturdy, powerful roadster, 16 in. long. Single-unit motor; direct shaft drive. Start and stop lever. Red color... \$7.50



**Structo High Wheel Tractor:** Tractor-Builder Outfit No. 11. Triple-unit motor. Start and stop lever. Most powerful tractor of its size. Can be steered with wheel or strings attached to steering bar. Green color. One trailer included... \$7.50 Extra Trailers... \$1.00 each

**MFG. CO., FREEPORT, ILL.**



## This Christmas —an Iver Johnson

Just what you've always wanted. Tell dad of the fun you could have, all the places you could go to—if you had an Iver Johnson Bicycle.

Tell mother, too, how useful you'd be to her. You could do the errands in a jiffy. It's the best Christmas present a fellow could receive.

But be sure to ask for an Iver Johnson, the bicycle that gives years of service and real satisfaction.

Iver Johnson Juvenile Bicycles embody Iver Johnson adult construction throughout. Seamless steel tubing; drop-forged parts; two-piece crank set; perfect two-point bearings, both cones on one axle, always in alignment; superb enamel and nickel finish; and the best equipment—all make Iver Johnson the King of Bicycles. Unbeatable for looks, easy riding, speed, strength and durability.

The least expensive Juvenile Bicycles because they outlast all others. Made in both boys' and girls' models. Write today for free bicycle catalog "B"



IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS  
358 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

99 Chambers St., New York 717 Market St., San Francisco

# IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

**Up Hill and Down Dale** — in woods and fields, over sand, rocks, or snow, on glorious hiking parties, camping or canoeing, for races, golf, basket ball, outdoor and indoor sports — with a pair of

## SPORTMOX

**Made for Boys and Girls who Love the Great Outdoors**

—you're in for happy days the year 'round. Styles for Mother and Father too. Of all Christmas presents what can give greater pleasure than SPORTMOX? ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls will have a real Merry Christmas with SPORTMOX — built like Indian moccasins, with soles.



"Cheyenne"

**\$6.25** In Chocolate Elk Leather with Neolin Soles; Black Elk with Chrome Leather Soles.

Factory price of "Cheyenne," sizes 2 to 5, \$6.25 prepaid; sizes 6-11, \$6.95 prepaid.

Send shoe size with Post Office order today. Our illustrated Broadside, "Sportmox for All the Family" (including "Tecumseh" Snowshoe Sportmox) sent you on request.

Splendid for all-the-year hiking. Boys', Girls', and Sportsmen's styles. Comfort, protection, service. Waterproof chrome leather, rawhide laces, extra strong stitching. Made also in brown. 8 inches high. Factory price, prepaid, **\$9.95**

16 inches high. Factory price prepaid, \$15.00.

DEPT. SN, THE SPORTMOX CO., 364 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON, MASS.



**Boys and Girls, Listen!**

How would you like to make a great many dandy wooden toys and novelties?

Just Think Of It!

Heaps of toys for your own fun and pleasure. Toy Gifts for your brothers, sisters and friends; and even start a toy manufacturing business making toys for sale.

**You Can Begin at Once!** The famous **Boy Toy-maker Outfits** are at hand in this very delightful sport. These toymaking sets contain materials, tools and instructions, including a stock of fine, soft wood, a set of full size toy designs, coloring materials, a dandy set of toymaking tools and in fact everything you will need to start right in.

**You Have a Choice of 4 Boy Toymaker Sizes:**  
**Outfit No. 0, \$1.00** We pay postage. **Outfit No. 2, \$2.00**  
**Outfit No. 1, 1.50** **Outfit No. 3, 3.50**  
 Send us your order now, enclosing your remittance and join the many thousands of happy boys who are already enjoying this wonderful sport. Be sure to send for our booklet on "Toymaking." **FREE!**  
**M. CARLTON DANK & CO., Dept. N, 2738 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

## LIVE OUTDOORS!

WE believe so thoroughly in the great tonic of sunshine and fresh air, that we take this opportunity to urge upon parents the use of St. Nicholas Camp Department—the Gateway to a summer in the open for boys and girls.

Inquiries receive our most careful attention. We try to fit camps to your individual requirements.

Address

ST. NICHOLAS CAMP SERVICE DEPARTMENT  
 St. Nicholas Magazine  
 353 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

## MONDAY



Ferris Wheel

## TUESDAY

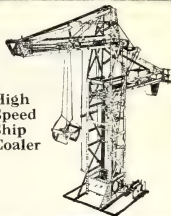
Traveling  
Jib Crane



with Electric  
Lifting Magnets

## WEDNESDAY

High  
Speed  
Ship  
Coaler



# A New Toy Every Day with **MECCANO**

Any boy can make a new toy for himself every day with Meccano—a fascinating, worthwhile toy

There is simply no end to the fun you can have—fun building Cranes, Bridges, Airplanes, and all kinds of machines, fun making them work, fun taking them to pieces and building something else—all with the same Meccano parts. The Big Book of Instructions in each outfit makes everything clear even to the youngest boy.



### Send for This New Meccano Book

This beautiful new book shows boys how to enjoy every minute of their play hours with Meccano. Every page is brimful of boy fun and happiness. Sent free if you send us

the names and addresses of three chums.  
Put No. 42 after your own name for reference.

**Free  
to  
Boys**

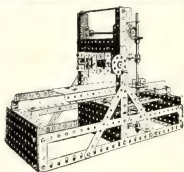
## MECCANO COMPANY INCORPORATED

Div. Y, 71 West 23rd Street, New York City



Complete  
Outfits from  
\$1.50 to \$40  
Sent prepaid  
on receipt of  
price if not at  
your dealers.

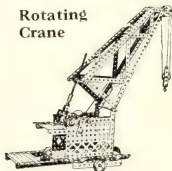
## THURSDAY



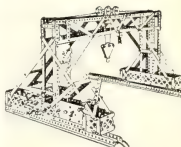
Planing Machine

## FRIDAY

Rotating  
Crane



## SATURDAY



Gantry Crane





## This Train Is Powered With That FAMOUS TWIN-MOTOR LOCOMOTIVE

**T**WO high-powered motors instead of one are built into this great locomotive. At a throw of the electric switch, it can pull 20 big freight cars around a 12-foot track! No other make can equal its wonderful hauling power. Lionel Railway Systems, not only the cars, but everything from switches to bridges, are patterned like real railway equipment. They give you all the thrills of real railroading. That's why they have been **STANDARD OF THE WORLD FOR 21 YEARS!**

**Send for Handsome Xmas Catalog in Colors**

—showing the complete Lionel line of Locomotives, with single or twin-motors, Coaches, Freight Cars, Stations, Bridges, Semaphores, etc., in full colors — over 150 items. Then buy from your dealer, or write us. Prices from \$6.25 up.

**THE LIONEL CORPORATION, 50-E, East 21st St., New York City**



**Be Sure  
You Get a  
"LIONEL"  
for Xmas!**

# LIONEL ELECTRIC TOY TRAINS

*& Multivolt Transformers*

## Give "Crayolas" for Christmas

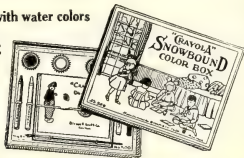
The special Christmas "Crayola" Sets will make dandy presents for a lot of your chums. All have the famous "Crayola" Crayons, some have water-colors, drawing sets, etc. Ask your dealer to show them to you—you will want a set *yourself*, too.

*"Gold Medal Crayons for every use"*

**BINNEY & SMITH COMPANY**  
81-83 Fulton St., New York

This set with water colors

**50c**



## OORANG AIREDALES

*The 20th Century  
All-round Dogs*



Oorang Airedales are loyal pals for man, woman and child; faithful watch-dogs for automobile, camp, home and estate; ideal dogs for farm and ranch; careful drivers of cattle and sheep; excellent ratters, water-dogs, retrievers and hunters. Choice stock for sale. Also Fox-Hounds, Coon-Hounds and Big Game Hounds. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Descriptive booklet mailed for 10c.

**OORANG KENNELS**

**The Largest Breeders of Airedales in the World**  
Dept. 16, LARUE, OHIO





A page  
from the  
Animal  
Bubble Book

The Elephant blew as hard as he could,  
And there in a bubble the Kittens stood,  
The Elephant blew as hard as he durst,  
And out they jumped when the bubble  
burst.

Then paw to paw they marched along,  
While one of the Kittens sang this song:

## for Christmas BUBBLE BOOKS "that Sing"

**O**F course you're going to have Bubble Books for Christmas—because they're the books that have real Columbia phonograph records in them—besides the story, colored pictures and rhymes. When you tumble out of bed Christmas morning to go and see what *someone* left for you during the night (probably old Santa Claus) and you find Bubble Books, you can take a record out of one of the pockets in the book, put it on the phonograph, and hear a song, music, and lots of funny noises.

There is nothing quite so nice and so much fun as Bubble Books. You can play the records over and over, and you won't get tired of them, either. But best of all you don't have to bother mother, or big sister, or *anyone*. Tell them they can get Bubble

Books at toy, phonograph, book and department stores—everywhere.

There are twelve different ones from which to choose and others will be ready soon. When you get one Bubble Book you will want them all—everybody else does! Ask for Bubble Books that sing by Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson. Pictures by Rhoda Chase. Price \$1.25 each

*A word to parents, aunts, uncles and other grown-ups:* Infinite care is exercised in the preparation of Bubble Books—so they are *correct*. They solve the problem of teaching children nursery rhymes, including all the old favorites, Mary and her Little Lamb, Tom the Piper's Son, Little Bo Peep, Simple Simon, are in the books and on the records. *You* will love Bubble Books, too!

Harper & Brothers Est. 1817 Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.



Wizard

# A Gift Set For the Whole Family

*Joy In Every Package*



Annette

**C**HILDREN, let the Fulton Gift Package answer your question of what to give the family for Christmas. It will save you time and money and give certain pleasure in every case.

**FOR DAD**—One handy Fulton Date Stamp and Ink Pad.  
Price, separately, 50c.

**FOR MOTHER**—One Linen Marking Outfit. Tube of indelible ink, stamp pad and monogram letter in tin box. Be sure to send with order the initial desired.  
Price, separately, 50c. per set.

**FOR BROTHER**—A Fulton Junior Sign Marker with movable rubber stamps, ruler and arithmetical signs. An ideal printing set. Price, separately, 50c.

**FOR SISTER**—The Wonderful Wizard—the new game of mystery. Answers questions and never makes mistakes.  
Price, separately, 50c.

**FOR BABY**—Pollywog and Annette, comical bath tub toys that swim. Never fail to please.  
Price, separately, Pollywog, 25c. Annette, 50c.

**FOR YOUR BEST FRIEND**—A Mayflower Stamping and Painting Set. Makes any boy or girl an artist, painting pretty scenes of early Pilgrim days. Bully outfit for parties for competitive pictures.  
Price, separately, 50c.

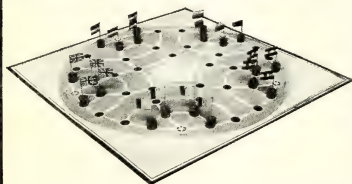
*This splendid Christmas Package can be bought from your dealer, or will be sent postpaid for \$2.75*

Any of the above items may be bought separately in any number desired at the prices given. Christmas is just around the corner. Lose no time.

**FULTON SPECIALTY CO.,**

**Elizabeth, N. J.**

## DO YOU LIKE A BRAINY GAME?



**"MILTRY" is the Greatest Ever!**

**IT'S A MINATURE BATTLE-FIELD  
EACH PLAYER IS A GENERAL**

This great game is so simple that even young children can play it and so interesting that grown-ups insist on joining in the fun. Twenty armies with their national flags, handsome board (see picture), rules and suggestions for strategic moves, sent postpaid for \$1.00.



**THE VERY THING  
FOR CHRISTMAS!**

Send for "MILTRY" to

**PLAYWELL GAME COMPANY**  
110 Nassau St. New York City

## SCHOOL SERVICE FOR ST. NICHOLAS READERS

This department is maintained for the benefit of our readers. It helps parents in the selection of the proper schools for their sons and daughters, always remaining conscious of the particular needs of each pupil.

There are a number of excellent schools advertising in these columns, but if you are perplexed and do not know which to choose, we will gladly advise you without charge.

Give as much information as possible when writing. Address

**SCHOOL SERVICE DEPARTMENT**

**ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE**

353 Fourth Avenue

New York City

**FILMS** standard size for toy moving picture machines. In rolls of 10, 15, 20, 25, 50, 75, 100 ft., 1c a foot. Toy tickets, Film cement and reels. Toy moving picture machines and outfits.  
**FEDERAL FILM CO., - - - WEST PARK, OHIO**

## 30 Days' Free Trial

Select from 44 Styles, colors and sizes, famous Ranger bicycles. Delivered free on approval, from maker-direct-to-rider, at Factory Prices. Save \$10 to \$25 on your bicycle. **12 Months to Pay** Immediate possession on our liberal Easy Payment plan. Parents often advance first deposit. Energetic boys earn the small monthly payments thereafter.

**TIRES** Horns, wheels, lamps, parts and equipment at half usual prices. **SEND NO MONEY**—Ask for big free Ranger Catalog, marvelous prices and terms.

**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY**  
Dept. S 15, Chicago, Ill.



Special offer to Rider Agents

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

# CHEMCRAFT

THE CHEMICAL OUTFIT



**These Amateur Chemists tell how they have Real Sport and Learn Chemistry the easy way.**

YOU can be an Amateur Chemist, too, and work hundreds of interesting, amusing and instructive chemical experiments with your own chemical laboratory, just like these boys of The Bellevue Chemcraft Chemist Club. Chemical experimenting is great fun. It will keep you interested and fascinated and teach you useful facts.

A CHEMCRAFT outfit will make you an Amateur Chemist. You can join the Chemcraft Chemist Club; be the Chief Chemist of your own Local Chapter and get other boys in with you, just like Chief Chemist Nichols did. You'll get the Club Magazine, too. Write CHEMCRAFT on your Christmas list and tell everybody that's what you want. There are

**Read this Letter from the Secretary of the Bellevue Chemcraft Chemist Club**

"I am sending you two pictures of our Chemcraft Chemist Club. The group shows eight members; the other our laboratory. Chief Chemist Nichols is a live wire. He stands in the center with the bottle in his hands. We have regular meetings and perform many experiments. Chief Chemist Nichols assigns experiments to all members to be performed by them at the next meeting, with the chemical explanation. We have prize contests and all the members get a lot of fun out of them. We all enjoy the Club magazine you send us."

"We publish a Club paper, too, with the news of our Club; and also sheets with new experiments. Our Club was started by Chief Chemist Nichols and nearly every member has his own CHEMCRAFT outfit. We are all learning a lot about chemistry and it's a mighty fine thing to know. The fun we have beats anything we ever did before. Any boy who wants interesting fun should join the Club and start his own Local Chapter. Any Club member wishing to correspond with our Local Chapter may do so by addressing me."

DAVID S. NORTON, Secretary  
The Bellevue Chemcraft Chemist Club,  
1017 Bellevue Ave., Syracuse, New York

## Five Fine CHEMCRAFT Outfits

### Which One Will You Have?

No. 0, 75c      No. 1, \$1.50      No. 2, \$2.50  
No. 3, \$5.00      and No. 4, \$10.00

Each outfit contains an assortment of harmless chemicals, all necessary laboratory apparatus and a Manual of Instruction. CHEMCRAFT is the original and best chemistry outfit, used in schools and colleges and endorsed by teachers and professors. Ask for CHEMCRAFT at any store where toys are sold. But be sure you get CHEMCRAFT! Then you'll have the best outfit.

### Three New Science Outfits for Boys and Girls!

**CharacterCraft**—"The Character Analysis Game"—shows you how to read a person's character. Based on Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford's science of character analysis. Complete outfit, \$3.00.

**StarCraft** enables you to know the stars and learn their names and locations. It's fun and gives you useful information. Six Star Maps and a Star Guide, \$3.00.

**SachetCraft**—"The Girl's Sachet Outfit." A dandy present for any girl. Makes daintily perfumed sachets. Each outfit contains all necessary materials. Two sizes: No. 1—\$1.00 No. 2—\$2.00

These outfits are sold wherever good toys are found. Ask for them by their names at your store. If you cannot find what you want, we will fill your order direct, postpaid, upon receipt of the above prices. West of Denver, Colo., and in Canada, all prices are 10% higher to cover additional cost of transportation.

### Free to Boys and Girls!

Sample Copy of Club Magazine  
and Our Interesting Book

Find out more about the interesting fun you can have with CHEMCRAFT. Write for our illustrated book. If you write at once we will send free a copy of the Club magazine containing experiments, stories and news. But you must write for them at once.

## THE PORTER CHEMICAL COMPANY

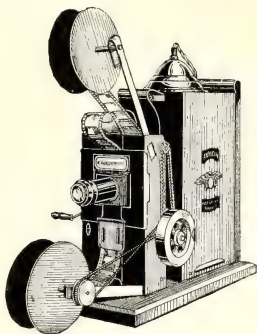
Porter Products Put Science at Your Service

22-28 Washington Building

Hagerstown, Maryland

# Real Movies At Home

*The KINOGRAPH*  
*is the Only Perfect Miniature*  
*Moving Picture Machine*



The KINOGRAPH is the finest Christmas gift and all-the-year-round amusement for the whole family. Not a mere toy, because it is strongly and scientifically constructed, and projects clear, life-size pictures.

A wonderful medium for pleasure and education for everybody. Takes films of standard size and of any length up to 500 feet.

Can be operated easily by anyone, wherever an electric light socket is available.

KINOGRAPHS come in four models, ranging from \$10.00 to \$25.00. Its smaller brother, the Pictograph, has three models, from \$5.00 to \$8.00.

KINOGRAPHS are sold by Department and other stores. If your dealer cannot supply you write direct to us. Catalogue on request.

**American Pictograph Company**

505 Beacon Building Manchester, N. H.

## BOUNCE YOUR WAY IN Everybody's Playing It



STRAIGHT FROM SANTA CLAUS

DESCRIPTION—15 inches high, 10 inches wide. Colored red, white and blue. Six marbles inflated, balanced rubber balls, each with a number, are placed in the pockets. The play is to bounce the balls from the table to the pockets, and when a player pockets a ball, the number on the cap counts him. Full directions in English and Spanish. Packed in a carton.

### "BOUNCE"

Fascinating—Exciting For the Holidays  
Delicious Fun for Boys, Girls and Adults. Be the first to give a "Bounce" Party for prizes. Ideal entertainment. Bouncing balls into numbered pockets. A game of skill.

**American Games Company**  
BECKLEY BLDG. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SENT  
ANYWHERE  
FOR  
PRICE

**\$2<sup>00</sup>**

## ADVERTISEMENTS

— IN —

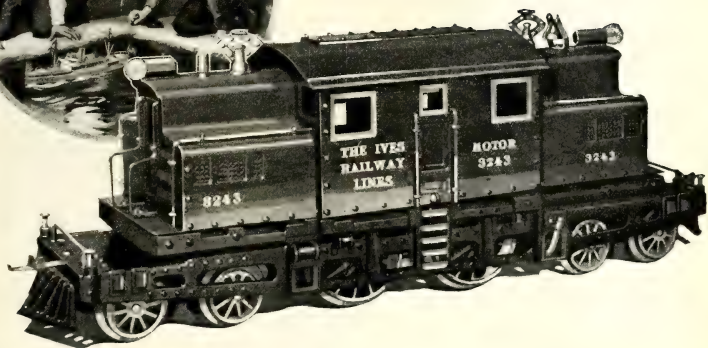
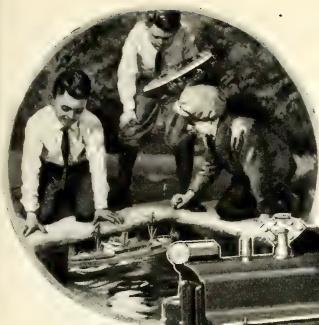
## ST. NICHOLAS

ALWAYS INDICATE

Quality

NO man is going to place his name or his trademark on the product he manufactures unless he has reason to know that his goods are just a little better than unidentified products. You can depend on the *quality* of the goods advertised in these pages.





# Every boy loves boats and trains

**I**VES Toys look just like original models—perfect even in small details. These sturdy American Toys will last for years.

The Locomotives run by electricity or springs, with stations, switches, sidings, tunnels, bridges, crossing gates and signal lights, and a wonderful assortment of passenger cars, freight cars, flat cars, lumber cars, oil cars and cabooses. A boy can have a complete railroad system that will be the best fun in the world.

Ives Boats like Ives Trains are miniature copies of original models. They are built of steel, handsomely painted, and are operated by long-running spring mechanisms. There are wonderful submarines that dive, ocean liners, freighters, motor boats and destroyers.

A fleet of Ives Ships or an Ives Railroad System will make all other toys neglected. They are just what every boy wants.

*Send 10c for Ives Booklet of Trains and Boats*

**THE IVES MANUFACTURING CORPORATION**

196 Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

# Ives Toys

**Make Happy Boys**





## Stanley Tool Chests for Boys No. 888

**T**HE day that any boy becomes the owner of a set of real tools, something happens. The boy becomes more of a man.

### "Master Carpenter" Tools

This Stanley Tool Chest is no toy — it contains the same famous Stanley Tools which Master Carpenters have used for two generations. And the chest itself, with its Steel Handle and Brass-Plated Hinges, is a strongly made permanent container which any grown-up would be proud to own.

Stanley Tool Chest No. 888 is sold with three different assortments of Stanley Tools.

"A" Assortment (32 tools) \$35.00

"B" Assortment (18 tools) \$25.00

"C" Assortment (12 tools) \$15.00

Go to your dealer to-day and see this Stanley Chest. Then ask "dad" to size it up for himself. He will like it.

Boy Scouts will find these chests listed in the Equipment Number of Scouting.

### To the Parent

Your boy will make it up to you many times over for your handsome gift of a No. 888 Stanley Tool Chest. Not a day will pass but you can be glad you started him on the road of *helpful service in the home!*

Send for folders illustrating the line — ask for 21L.

**THE STANLEY RULE & LEVEL PLANT.**  
THE STANLEY WORKS  
NEW BRITAIN, CONN. U.S.A.

## OH, BOY! Don't Miss This—A GENUINE Moving Picture Machine

that anyone can  
operate any-  
where.

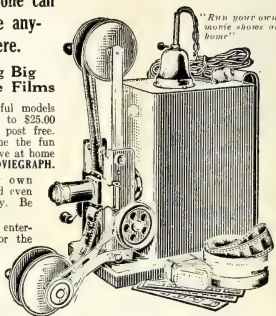
Using Big  
Theatre Films

Six wonderful models from \$3.00 to \$25.00 with films, post free. Just imagine the fun you can have at home with a MOVIEGRAPH.

Run your own shows and even make money. Be up to date!

Wholesome entertainment for the entire family. A most appreciated gift.

We also sell films of best subjects, as CHARLIE CHAPLIN, MARY PICKFORD, etc., etc. Write to-day for big, free illustrated catalogue and film price list.



**THE MOVIEGRAPH**

(Patented.) Model 260—Weight 8½ pounds.

Write to-day for big, free illustrated catalogue and film price list.

PARAMOUNT MFG. CO., Dept. S. P. O. Box 1371, BOSTON, MASS.

## CLASS PINS



FREE CATALOG GIVE NAME OF SCHOOL, OR CLUB AND NUMBER OF CLASSES

Either pin illustrated made with any equal amount of lettering, one or two colors enamel. Silver plate, 20¢ ea., \$2.00 doz. Sterling silver, 40¢ ea., \$4.00 doz. Write to-day for catalog.

BASTIAN BRUS. CO.  
385 Bastian Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.



TRADE MARK

**STRAND SKI**

ESTABLISHED 1896

*Most exhilarating of all out-door sports*

**46 SIZES, WOODS and STYLES**

The STRAND SKI was the pioneer of America's winter ski-sport.

Recognized Leader for 25 Years

STRAND SKIS FOR EXPERT JUMPERS USED ALL OVER THE WORLD

Special Model for U. S. Army Service in National Parks and elsewhere

Now, however, we cater mainly to American Boys and Girls.

**MARTIN A. STRAND**  
NEW RICHMOND, WISCONSIN

STRAND ADULT and "KID" STRAND PADDLES TOBAGGANS FOR CANOEING

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE IT SNOWS OR WRITE

# FEDERAL BICYCLE TIRES

THE boy or girl mounted on Federal bicycle tires can always look back with confidence as being ahead on any ride.

The strong and speedy tread of any of the Federal's "Big Six" family of bicycle tires makes the going not only easier but better. Federals are not only free-running but they are long-wearing. They are built to resist oil and skids and punctures.

Specify Federals when you buy your next wheel or when you re-tire the old one.




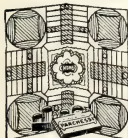
**The Federal Rubber Co.  
of Illinois**

Factories: Cudahy, Wisc.



**Moore Push-Pins**  
*Glass Heads - Steel Points*  
**Moore Push-less Hangers**  
To hang up things  
*Ask your dealer to show them*  
Sold Everywhere **10¢** per packet  
**Moore Push-Pin Co.**  
Wayne Junction Philadelphia





Everybody  
knows  
**PARCHEESI**

Everybody  
will want  
**MIRACULUM**



For 50 years Parcheesi has been the family game. Sold by Toy, Stationery & Department Stores.

## MIRACULUM

THE GAME SENSATION OF THE SEASON asks questions and answers correctly every time. Having a phenomenal sale. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't them order of us direct.

Parcheesi sent postpaid . . . . . \$1.00  
Miraculum " " " " " 50c  
**SELCHOW & RIGHTER CO., NEW YORK**

"YOU WANT THEM FOR CHRISTMAS"



*Jimmie Thomson, the plucky 11-year-old marvel, who toured the East as a member of the Chicago Schools' team, and was presented to President Harding as "the greatest skater of his age." On NESTOR-JOHNSON'S "Soft" course.*

## Show 'em up on the ice

You'll skate rings 'round the bunch this winter if you get a pair of NESTOR JOHNSON North Star Racers. You go twice as fast—like lightning, because these are the skates champion speedsters use. Easiest to learn on, too—because the thin, sharp runners grip the ice. For little fellows as well as big. Come with warm, snug shoe—no straps needed. In racer or hockey style at your dealers. Tell Dad you must have them Christmas.

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1231 North California Ave.

## NESTOR JOHNSON

**NORTH STAR  
TUBULAR  
SKATES**

Used by Champions  
for 30 years

Secure the name NESTOR JOHNSON is on the skate you buy.



Unless stamped  
like this it is not  
an Educator.

## Shoes that Dad Likes

HE has seen a lot of shoes in his day. He knows that narrow, pointed shoes bend and twist growing foot bones all out of shape, and he naturally doesn't want his children's feet deformed by so-called "fancy" shoes.

That's why he gives his children Educator Shoes for Christmas. Because Educators are built in the shape of a natural foot, and prevent corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, and fallen arches. They simply "let the feet grow as they should."

Dad will probably get Educators for Mother too—because they have such a restful way of helping nature correct foot troubles.

Write for a free book—"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet." It tells more about the shoes Dad likes.

Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

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**EDUCATOR  
SHOE**   
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN



Winter winds  
robbed of their sting!

NO matter how sharp the winter winds, how biting the frosty air, "Vaseline" Camphor Ice will keep your skin and lips from chapping.

Apply it after any exposure to wind or air and keep your skin soft and smooth.

**Vaseline**  
Reg U.S. Pat Off  
**CAMPHOR ICE**



In metal boxes and  
tubes at all druggists.  
Get the genuine.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.  
State Street (Consolidated) New York



**Atta Boy! No Sprains  
or Strains HERE!**

"I use Sloan's every time I come out of a hard game. It takes the pain out of sprains, strains and bruises. I never get up the next morning, all lamed up and stiff.

"Sloan's is what the big fellows use. It keeps them fit, too!" All druggists, 35c, 70c, \$1.40.

Keep it handy  
**Sloan's**  
**Liniment** 



# Better Games for Children



## UNCLE WIGGILY GAME

EVERY child in the land knows Howard R. Garis' Happy Rabbit, "Uncle Wiggily." And in his game, adapted from his stories, the little folks will feel they are actually taking part in these adventures of Bunnyland. It is one of the most healthfully exciting games for children made. And like all of the Bradley Better Games for Children teaches worth-while lessons.

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**Pirate and Traveler**—the world of travel that makes names of places and their location as well known as the streets of your own town.

**Spoof**—in which Dad can join. To make him the "Spoof" would be rich indeed.

**Rumme**—is another popular Bradley game to ask for.

**Logomachy**—the play way of spelling.

Bradley games are obtainable at Department, Toy, Novelty and Stationery stores everywhere. Should you forget the names of the games, just ask to see "The World's Best Games" and you will be shown Bradley's.

MILTON BRADLEY CO., Springfield, Mass.

"Makers of the World's Best Games"

Not how much but how good for the money



# Bradley's

THE WORLD'S BEST  
GAMES

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

## CHRISTMAS

FOR many years at this time we have taken occasion to call the attention of parents to the opportunity which the season offers for helping out such children as are already stamp-collectors, as well as for supplying the needs of those who are desirous of beginning the fascinating game. The Editor has never forgotten his own first stamp-album. He never will. Its green-and-gold cover—its many pages partially filled with pictures of the stamps which should go into certain spaces; it was and still is a joy to him. On each and every Christmas may there be many a boy and many a girl who for the first time becomes the possessor of a new stamp-album. And may each one enjoy it as the Editor did his. More he could not wish them.

But what does the beginner need? We have so many letters about how "to collect," that a few words upon the needs of a beginner may be welcome—welcome at this time of the year not only by the younger generation, but perhaps by the parents also; and maybe here and there by an aunt who is considering the delightful subject of Christmas gifts. The first requisite for a beginner, of course, is an album—a home for his stamps. Of these there are many kinds at varying prices. But it must surely be a "Scott's," "Ask Dad." He had a Scott. But since his day there has come upon the market an edition published especially for the younger collector and fitted for his needs. Sufficient spaces are given to whet his appetite, to warm and stimulate his enthusiasm. But the spaces formerly dedicated to the great varieties are missing; stamps which the beginner can not hope to acquire are not mentioned. This edition is called the Junior International. It is less expensive than the more complete International, yet will please every young collector. Having an album, the next great need of the beginner is to have something to put into it. Here we turn to the stamp-dealer, and the pages of Stamp Directory. There are several ways of purchasing stamps; by sets, by packets, from so-called approval-sheets. Now of course the beginner has to consider how to get the most stamps for his money. This unquestionably can best be done by purchasing a packet. Here the possibilities of choice are almost unlimited. It is the part of wisdom, however, to decide upon as expensive a packet as the purse permits. In that way, one gets the best value. The Editor would suggest, however, that in giving a large packet to a beginner, say one containing from 1000 to 5000 varieties, it is not well to let him have them all at once, as such a course will almost inevitably lead to a case of stamp indigestion. The youngster would be overwhelmed with too many stamps that puzzled him, in trying to place them in his album. Better far to play that the packet is a "grab-bag," and take out twenty-five at a time; then no more until these are put correctly and satisfactorily in their home in the new album. This brings up for consideration two important things: how can he know where to put them in his book, and how must he properly fasten them into position? The first of these problems calls

for a catalogue, perhaps the most useful aid for any collector, young or old, novice or expert. This book describes all stamps, and illustrates all foreign ones. Moreover, it gives a quotation of value for each stamp, either canceled or uncanceled. No collector can go far without a copy of this catalogue, which may be purchased from any stamp-dealer. The second problem, how to attach the stamps in the album, calls for a package of "stickers" or "hinges." These are little bits of gummed paper, especially prepared for the purpose. Get the best grade of *peelable* hinges. They cost a little more, but they keep the stamps better. It is best to fold them with the gummed side out, about one third of their length, slightly moisten the shorter end and attach that to the stamp—the longer end to the album. We have now covered the real wants of the beginner. Those of a collector who is not a novice are different and vary with the progress he has made. They need not be discussed at length here. And he himself knows best what he really wants. Yet for the information of parents, of aunts, of teachers, we would say that a collector has one overwhelming, importunate need—that is, more stamps, and still more stamps. The wisest way to help him is to find out the name and address of his favorite dealer, and from that dealer purchase a "credit slip." With this, the lad may from time to time purchase from approval-sheets such stamps as he especially desires. Many dealers have prepared in advance an ornamented colored "credit slip" for the Christmas gift. There is nothing better than this for the more advanced collector.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶ One of our readers has a rather novel idea: to have a collection of stamps which picture scenes from cities or places which were prominently mentioned during the late war. He wants as many stamps as possible, even if two stamps should show the same place, or different views of the same city. And of course he wants as many different places as he can find. We do not know of any one else who is collecting stamps in just this way. He writes to know if we can help him. One idea of his is to arrange the stamps not entirely by countries, but partially in chronological order. For instance, he wants to have a stamp of Ypres. Under it, he intends to write the date it was captured by the Germans, the date of its recapture by the English, and such other intermediate dates as seem to him to be of sufficient interest to warrant notation. Such a collection would have a great deal of collateral interest. Belgium has issued several commemorative stamps which would be helpful to our young friend. But here is a suggestion for him: the incident which was given as the cause for the outbreak of the war was the tragedy of Sarajevo. How would it do to make this the first stamp in the collection? If he will look in his catalogue under Bosnia, he will find that there was issued in 1906-7 a very interesting series of pictorial stamps. Of these the 25- and 45-heller and the 1-krona depict scenes from the town of Sarajevo. He could make use of any or all of them.

## THE ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and as reference the name of your parent, or teacher, or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.



**WE WILL SEND** Abyssinian Stamp.

Scarce Guatemala Parrot Stamp, Packet 30 var. British Colonies, 250 hinges, large mm. scale and Perf. gauge, price list and finest 50% approvals. **WE BUY STAMPS.**

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contains 250 choice, all different, foreign Postage Stamps, catalogue value over \$8.00. Price \$1.00

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(Continued on next page)

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Join the **ST. NICHOLAS STAMP CLUB** and enjoy its benefits with them. We will send you a membership blank, if you ask for it.





# WHAT FATHER AND MOTHER WANT FOR CHRISTMAS



In a good many homes Father and Mother are sort of forgotten at Christmas. But everybody knows it ought not to be so. This page has been set aside especially for them. They should write down what they think "some one" would get for them if "some one" only knew what would please them.

Name..... Name.....

(Advertised on page.....of the.....St. Nicholas) (Advertised on page.....of the.....St. Nicholas)

(Advertised on page.....of the.....St. Nicholas) (Advertised on page.....of the.....St. Nicholas)

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(Advertised on page.....of the.....St. Nicholas) (Advertised on page.....of the.....St. Nicholas)

Of course if Father and Mother want to share their page with any one older or younger, they may do so by drawing a heavy horizontal line in place of one of the dotted lines half-way down the Column. Then all above that line will be Father's or Mother's "wishes," and all below it Grandfather's or Grandmother's, or whoever else lives at your house.

# Holeproof Hosiery



© H. H. Co.

## Of Course He's Hard On Stockings

What boy wouldn't be with so strenuous and exacting a play-fellow? But if he wears sturdy Holeproofs, the weekly darned need cause no anxiety to even the busiest of mothers.

For stockings of super-strong yarn, woven by the exclusive Holeproof method, will stand the roughest wear. And always look well—shapely, smooth and snug.

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**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.**

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of ST. NICHOLAS

published monthly at Concord, N. H.,

For October 1st, 1921

COUNTY OF NEW YORK  
STATE OF NEW YORK

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared W. MORGAN SHUSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of The Century Co., publisher of ST. NICHOLAS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of	Post-Office Address
Publisher, THE CENTURY CO.	353 Fourth Avenue New York, N. Y.
Editor, WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE,	Scarsdale, N. Y.
Managing Editor, NONE	
Business Managers, NONE	

2. That the owners are: (Give name and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Owners, THE CENTURY CO.,  
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THE CENTURY CO.

(Signed) W. MORGAN SHUSTER, President,

(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1921.

MARY E. TAYLOR,

Notary Public, residing in Queens County, N. Y.,  
Queens County Register's No. 1032, New York  
County Clerk's No. 246, New York County Register's No. 2178.

(Seal)

(My commission expires March 30, 1922.)

# Do It for Dad—

Have you decided just what you are going to give Dear Old Dad for Christmas?

Sometimes it is really quite puzzling to know just what to give. He may not like the cigars you select, or the tie, or other little remembrance.

Under these circumstances, here is a little suggestion. Why not give him a year's subscription to

## The American Golfer, The Sport Pictorial?

Published every other Saturday under the editorship of Grantland Rice, this magazine will be a bi-weekly reminder of your thoughtfulness, and is sure to prove a most acceptable gift.

Every issue contains instructive articles, reports of big tournaments in season, interesting pictures of various sports, and numerous good stories, fiction and others, of Dad's favorite game.

*Just fill in the attached coupon, and state that the subscription is to be a Christmas present, and we will do the rest.*

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353 Fourth Avenue  
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The American  
**Golfer**

1921

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# ST. NICHOLAS SERIALS

Barbour, Scoville, and Kempton, among year's authors

ST. NICHOLAS serial stories rank **S** in first place. They are interesting stories well told, and ably illustrated by the best artists in the country.

In October we announced the two new continued stories which began in



AN ILLUSTRATION FOR "IN THE BLOOD"

the November number. They are "The Turner Twins," by Ralph Henry Barbour, and "The Hill of Adventure," by Adair Aldon. Don't miss a single chapter! Also in this same magazine is the fifth instalment of that fascinating tale, "Phantom Gold." If you have missed the first of this stirring sea story, the synopsis will give you the thread of the "yarn." You'll call it good news and fortune when we tell you that we shall follow "Phantom Gold" with a two-part story by Mr. Kempton, "In the Blood," which shows that the call of the sea was as

strong in the author as when he penned his longer story.

With the January number we shall begin publication of Samuel Scoville, Jr.'s "The Inca Emerald," a story of adventure in Peru and the Amazon region. Those of you who have followed the fortunes of *Will Bright*, *Joe Couteau*, and *Fred Perkins* in "The Blue Pearl" and "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness," will certainly wish to make this trip of exploration and treasure-hunting in South America with Mr. Scoville's trio, their old partner *Jed*, and *Professor Ditson*. The illustrations for the story are to be made by Charles Livingston Bull.

For those who like stories of cold climes, Roy Snell's "The Blue Envelop" will satisfy. The contents of this particular envelop cause several people to cross the ice of Bering Strait in the dead of the arctic winter—and the events occur with such speed there is not time for your interest to cool.

An interesting series of article-stories will be contributed by Hallam Hawksworth under the general title, "The Workshop of the Mind." You will doubtless remember his excellent descriptive stories, "The Machinery of the Sea" and "The Busy Fingers of the Roots." Some of the angles treated in this coming series will be, "Story of the Magic Penny," "Story of the Magic Pencil," "Speech, Speech," and "Who's Afraid." Each instalment will be as fascinating as a fiction serial.

These continued stories alone, in book form, would cost twice the amount of a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS.



# ST. NICHOLAS SHORT STORIES

Many well-told tales for 1922

THE spice of life is what we like — the variety pleases. So it is with the short story. It has action and a plot quickly told. ST. NICHOLAS short stories for boys and girls are so well told that hundreds of mothers and fathers find them the best fiction that comes into the home. We cannot in this space begin to enumerate the stories we are to publish in the next twelve numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, but the following titles will suggest the quality and interest of the whole list:

## THE TRUCE OF THE RAPIDS

*T. Morris Longstreth*

Prunier, marooned on an isle with a young bear, uses his knife in an unusual way, and brings about his rescue.

## IN THE KNOB MOUNTAIN TOWER

*Merritt P. Allen*

The way this boy outwits three bank robbers is as good as if he were *Sherlock Holmes* himself. This story will be followed by "The Master of the Hounds," in which horse thieves are brought to bay by a boy and his faithful pack of dogs.

## DUCKING FOR PIRATES

*Nelson Robins*

Sea-robbers sometimes seek other valuables than gold. They are on the verge of getting away with their ill-gotten gains in this story when the *put-put* of a motor boat is heard. Then there's a running fight that is as thrilling as a submarine encounter in the war.

## THE KANGAROO

*Florence Kerigan*

An American boy, born abroad, comes home to school. His attempts at becoming acclimated to boarding-school ways are as awkward as the animal for whom he was nicknamed, but he comes out on top in an unusual fashion.

## THE KEY

*Beth B. Gilchrist*

Those who have enjoyed "Kit, Pat, and a Few Boys" this year, will be glad to read this charming short story by the same author.



AN ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE KANGAROO"

## THE HIPPO AND THE HUMMING-BIRD

*Brewer Corcoran*

Two room-mates are as far apart in size and temperament as the poles, yet together in this incident of school-life. Loyalty to friend and alma mater brings its reward to both. A good story with an exciting finish in a closely-won hockey game.

Titles of some other stories are: "Dayton's Waffles," "The King of Mt. Baldy," "The Ride of Deborah Lee," "The Frost Whistle," and "The Thring, The Borough President and The Butcher's Boy." And you might say in the language of the times—this is only a "patch" on what is to come.

# ST. NICHOLAS SKETCHES

Informing articles for all the family

MANY fathers and mothers read ST. NICHOLAS to keep up with their boys and girls. They don't want their children to "stump" them. And school-teachers are often "enlightened" on subjects of general or



PHOTOGRAPH FOR  
"DYNAMITE JOE"

specific interest, and when they ask, "Wheredid you read that?" the answer is, "In ST. NICHOLAS, of course."

Chief among the articles this year will be a series, "Uncle Sam's Adventurers," by Robert Forrest Wilson. These are stories of daring displayed by special agents of the Govern-

ment sent out on dangerous quests. They are as thrilling as fiction, yet every word is fact. Among the titles are: "A Pathfinder of the Yukon," "The Cruise of the *Bear*," and "W. J. and the Brobdignagians." These sketches of Mr. Wilson's will awaken your respect for our public servants and your appreciation of the work they do for the common good.

Hildegarde Hawthorne, for years a favorite with ST. NICHOLAS readers, will favor us with more of her inspiring

papers. "Success and Failure," and "Saving Time," and others will appear in early numbers.

George B. Duren writes interestingly, and we have three articles from him on unusual subjects. "Smoke Chasers" tells of the work forest rangers do; "Dynamite Joe" pays a tribute to the road-maker; and "Sunnybank Colliers" is the story of a visit to the famous kennels of Albert Payson Terhune, who has told about some of them in ST. NICHOLAS.

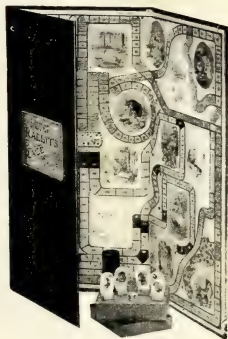
Paul Kearney has written a series of sketches for us on "The Boyhoods of Our Presidents," intimate glimpses into their early days, which are as interesting as they are unusual.

And some titles of other sketches are: "Our Friend the Dust," "How We Got Our Alphabet," "The Destroyers," and "What About Glass?"

In our NATURE AND SCIENCE pages each month, there are descriptions of the latest strides taken by science, —and inventors seem to walk in seven-league boots these days, — also interesting close-ups of nature in her unusual poses, and she's ever changing. Just some titles to whet your interest: "The Deer as a Jumper," "The Columbine's Joke," "Neptune the Thief," and "An Unpinelike Pine."

THE WATCH TOWER, too, must be mentioned on this page which deals with ST. NICHOLAS's penchant for informing while entertaining. In these five pages each month the WATCH TOWER editor gives a brief résumé of the important news, illustrated with the most interesting current views.

# Peter Rabbit's Race Game



Style 2

*To Fathers, Mothers and Others puzzling over what to give the child this season:*

Do you remember the raptures of the Little Ones when first they read the famous Peter Rabbit Books? Now they are a little older, they can revel again in the adventures of their favorites in this new and fascinating game.

Disobedient little Peter, Jemima Puddleduck and her fortunes, Squirrel Nutkin and Old Brown, and Jeremy Fisher, the fat old frog, all are woven into this game, which will provide hours of innocent amusement to children of all ages.

In two styles, No. 2, as illustrated, at \$2.50

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**W**E wonder what camp looks like now. There is probably ice all over the lake, and the bungalows would no doubt make good winter quarters for an Eskimo family. But it was n't that way last summer, was it? And it is not going to be like that when we get there next summer.

Once again there'll be two months of ideal summer—swimming, fishing, sleeping under clear skies, after suppers cooked in the open when we've hiked all day, games and play—for two whole months.

You've never been to camp? Well, that is a treat that can't be surpassed. A glorious time of healthful recreation, indeed! And your fellow campers, you will find just exactly the sort of folks you have always wanted to know. As for councillors, they are the men and women, whose splendid characters, their keen insight into the young folks' view point make us glad to have come into their companionship. For you who have been there before there is keen anticipation for next season, as you think back over the joy of last year. We, here in ST. NICHOLAS, wish we could come along with you. There is no finer vacation we know of than just that wonderful life at camp.

When planning which camp to select for the summer, let ST. NICHOLAS come into the family discussion and help you make a happy choice. The ST. NICHOLAS CAMP BUREAU with its store of information is ready to assist you when you want us to help.

ST. NICHOLAS CAMP EDITOR

333 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Please have information about camps sent to me.

My age is..... Location desired.....

Large or small camp.....

Name of camp I have attended.....

Name.....

Address.....

Parent's Signature.....



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V-shaped  
tread that  
means more  
miles for  
your money

Write now for  
this new book-  
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## ~it's got Vitalics!

**T**HAT'S the thing that makes you sure of the high quality of your Christmas bicycle—the best-loved gift of all.

Because sturdy Vitalics, with their famous V-shaped non-skid treads, mean that the maker of your wheel has supplied the greatest wear-resisting tires which money can buy.

If you have been hinting for a bicycle for Christmas, suggest to Dad that the makers of such good bicycles as Black Beauty, Columbia, Dayton, Emblem, Excelsior, Indian, Iver-Johnson, Pierce and Yale, all use Vitalics on their better grade wheels. One thing is certain—you will never think of trouble when you have easy-riding Vitalics between you and the road.

The rubber is extra strong, lively, pure rubber—and the inside fabric is a special, closely-woven, heavy 14½-ounce motorcycle fabric. Of course, Vitalics are guaranteed!

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# Bicycle Tires



TRADE MARK

"Tougher than  
elephant hide"



### Hanes Guarantee

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- 1 Hanes Tailored Collarette won't gap or roll.
- 2 Staunch, Elastic Shoulders made with service-doubling lap seam.
- 3 Hanes Closed Crotch is cut to stay closed.



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**Y**OU get the comfort, the warmth, and the thoroughbred quality that a man demands when you wear Hanes Union Suits! That's the Hanes idea—to make boys' underwear on man-lines. And it's why thousands of boys prefer Hanes to any other underwear.

You only have to get the "feel" of Hanes Union Suits to know what a heap of comfort and wear they'll hand you. They're so smooth and fleecy, so strong and elastic. And the seams are unbreakable and the buttons stay on.

Tell your mother that the prices of Hanes Union Suits are a whole lot lower than *last* year and that Hanes value and quality can't be beat. Ask her to buy Hanes Union Suits for you.

*If your dealer can't supply  
you write us immediately.*

**P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY**

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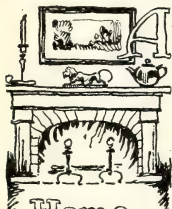
*Made in two weights, medium and extra heavy, in sizes 2 to 16 years. Also knee length and short sleeves. Two to 4 year sizes have drop seat.*

*Next Summer—you'll want to wear Hanes Nainsook Union Suits!*



“AD”  
VENTURES of the

# IVORY HEROES



## Home Chapter XIII

“HOY,” said Gnif, “We’re going home! The best part of a year we’ve spent in IVORY-fying things in every hemisphere. We’ve polished, scrubbed, and scoured well, each den, and hall, and cave, and made a lot of spotless friends—how well they now behave! Ho, Bobbie, would your mother mind, or worry in the least, if we should take them home with us to have a Christmas feast?”

“Why, no,” said Bobby, “Mother would just hug them, one by one. We’ll have a monstrous Christmas tree, and lots of Christmas fun!” So all the forty children hopped upon the Dragon’s back. You’d think with such a burden that old Dragon’s spine would crack! But no! Said he to Robber Man, “I still have room for you. A Dragon beast can always stretch his tail a foot or two.”

shyly tripped  
aboard.



Our heroes, mounting their good ‘plane, then hurried to invite the Baron bold to join them with the Lady Tidybright. The Baron bowed and said to her, “You shall not come to harm.” And so she shyly tripped aboard upon the Baron’s arm. Then through the crisp December air that ‘plane and Dragon

sped, but Gnif, urged on by barking Snip, kept well a mile ahead. Just as he turned his steering wheel to miss a tall church steeple, on gazing down upon the town, they saw a crowd of people. For they had had a wireless that our heroes were expected, and so for staring at the sky, their work was all neglected.



Our Bob and Betty’s mother was as pleased as she could be to have her children home again with their brave company. They used a ton of IVORY SOAP to make a dining table, and then sat down in hungry rows as fast as they were able. Old Dragon ate his dinner with his face thrust through the door, the while his tail in graceful curves, stretched for a block and more. When they had finished, Baron rose from his high IVORY seat and said,

“Fine as this banquet is, it is not quite complete. I rise to call a health to Gnif, our friends, and IVORY SOAP, through which have come to scores of us, new life, and fun, and hope. So, now hurrah for IVORY SOAP! Hurrah for work and play! Let troubles be but bubbles light on this good CHRISTMAS DAY!”

So then, ‘mid joy and all good will this tale of wonder ends,  
And we send MERRY CHRISTMAS thoughts to all our little friends.

But here’s a secret I may tell.

To make your NEW YEAR merry—  
More big adventures will begin  
For you in JANUARY!



IVORY  
IT FLOATS



SOAP  
99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE



# Playing at Housekeeping.



**D**o you see the little hostess  
With the comb high in her hair?  
That is Mother, and the other  
Is Aunt Susan, passing fair.

Mother says, when they were little,  
Visiting they loved to play,  
And they served each other Jell-O  
Just as mothers do to-day.

**W**HERE is the woman  
who doesn't recall the  
times when she and  
Belle or Marjorie or Nell  
dressed up in Mother's gowns  
and played housekeeping? Women who are  
young mothers now will remember serving  
Jell-O with all the dressed-up grace displayed  
by Nan, to a guest with the style put on by  
Susan.

## JELL-O

In the years since Mother's childhood,  
Jell-O always has been used  
For desserts that can't be equaled,  
(Substitutes must be refused).

Come 'most any day to see me,  
We will play at having tea.  
You will like desserts I serve you,  
Jell-O makes so easily.

It would be Jell-O, of course,  
to be the right thing. There  
are six pure fruit flavors of  
Jell-O: Strawberry, Rasp-  
berry, Lemon, Orange,  
Cherry, Chocolate. The new Jell-O Book,  
just out, is more beautiful and complete  
than any other issued, and it will be sent  
free to any woman furnishing her name and  
address.

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HERE'S usefulness — and yet so pleasant that every boy and every girl appreciates a tube at Christmas time, and all through the year.

No present you can give will do more good now or in later life.

The habit of caring for the teeth is easily acquired with Colgate's, for its flavor is delicious.

Giving a tube of Colgate's is a gift of Good Teeth—Good Health, and it makes a Happy New Year—happy.

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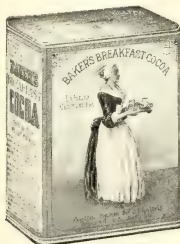
AND ST. NICHOLAS



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 With the Late Supper

As cocoa and chocolate are stimulating, only in the sense that pure food is stimulating, they do not cause nervousness, or sleeplessness, but, on the contrary, are conducive to sound and restful sleep.

**Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate** are of delicious flavor, delightful aroma, of great nutritive value, and are absolutely pure.



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 with the girl on the package.*

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**N**OT the average compiled book of this kind, but a living, glowing, enthusiastic yet well-balanced account of important inventions which have changed man's material environment by adding to his resources in food, clothing and machine energy; to his range of activity, in the air and under the water; to his ability to communicate quickly and across great distances, etc. It is extremely readable and worth reading. Numerous review-

ers have remarked that it should interest both young folk and their elders.

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By BETH B. GILCHRIST

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**T**HE sophisticated daughter of a family whose relations to each other were just remotely and conventionally affectionate is not conscious of being wistful. But when she is plunged, by chance, into the midst of a frank, hearty, openly loving, companionable family group, she awakens to certain things she has been missing. A wonderful summer in camp leaves her with more than memories of lakes, pines, and sunsets.

*Illustrated. Price \$1.75*

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VOL. XLIX.

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No. 3

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Mellin's Food Company,

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# ST. NICHOLAS

## NEXT MONTH AND TO COME

**F**EBRUARY, the month of Washington and Lincoln, finds St. Nicholas paying tribute, as is its usual custom, to these great Americans. "A Little Journey to Mt. Vernon;" "A True Story of Mount Vernon;" "Master Hobby's School;" "The Youthful Lincoln;" and "The Monument," are the titles of some of the patriotic verse and story to be found in next month's number.

### The Hippo and the Humming-Bird

**BREWER CORCORAN**

Two room-mates who are as far apart, in size and temperament, as the poles, are together in this incident of school-life. Loyalty to friend and alma mater brings its reward to both. A good story with an exciting finish in a closely won hockey game.

### The Workshop of the Mind

**HALLAM HAWKSWORTH**

Which shoe did you put on first this morning? Did you forget to mail the letter entrusted to you? In the second paper of this interesting series Mr. Hawksworth explores, with you, some of the wonderlands of the memory.

### Winter at Wildyrie

**T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH**

Forty-five below zero! It makes one shiver just to think of it; but it is not as bad as it sounds. In fact, at Wildyrie, it is considered the best time of the year when the thermometer strikes bottom. This sketch, which is profusely illustrated with photographs of winter sports, also contains advice on "Skiing, or How on Earth to Fly."

### The King of Mt. Baldy

**CLAUDE T. BARNES**

The sportsmanship of two hunters bent on getting the prize deer of the range is unique as well as admirable.

### A Pathfinder of the Yukon

**ROBERT F. WILSON**

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# Looking Forward

**J**ANUARY, with all its snow and ice, may seem a strange time to start talking about next summer's camping season, but spring will be with us again in a few months, and the



wise boys and girls will want to make their plans early for the coming season.

Those who were lucky enough to enjoy the privilege of a summer in the woods last year do not have to be told of all the glorious times — swimming, canoeing, fishing (remember that four pound bass you almost caught); hikes, overnight trips, sleeping under the pine trees and waking in the morning to a fine breakfast of fried eggs and bacon. Did anything ever taste so good?

To go on and enumerate the sports and good times to be enjoyed at camp would fill pages, but we are sure that all the camping veterans will agree with us that they never had more real, genuine fun than they had at Camp — last summer.

To you who have not had the experience of such a summer, a treat indeed is in store. You cannot know what it means really to enjoy life till

you get out in the open and live as Nature originally intended you to live. Whether you are a country boy or a city boy, it makes no difference. In our present state of civilization we are so hedged in with customs and conventions that many of us are in danger of losing our own personalities, of becoming mere reflections of the people and conditions around us.

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My age.....

Location of camp.....

Large or small camp.....

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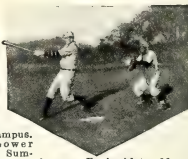


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"THERE ON THE TERRACE A TALL KNIGHT STOOD; OF BIRCHEN GREEN WAS  
HIS PLUME; HIS CLOAK WAS AS GRAY AS THE SILVER MIST,  
AND HIS FACE WAS DARK WITH GLOOM"



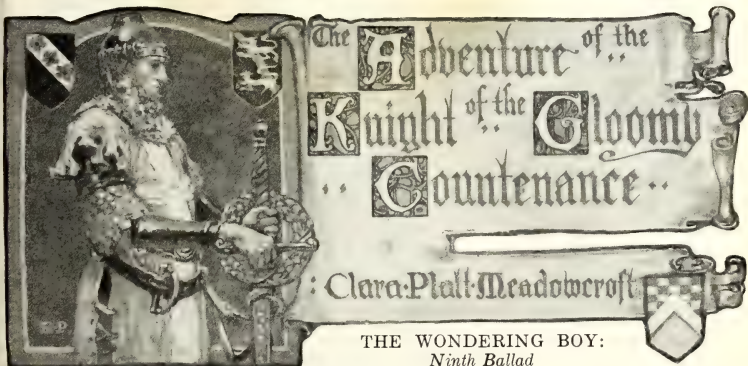
# ST. NICHOLAS

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## THE WONDERING BOY: *Ninth Ballad*

*Huarwar, the son of Aflawn: . . . None could get a smile from him but when he was satisfied.*  
*The Tale of Kihwch and Olwen*

A-SWING in their tall and windy towers, where the meadows meet the sea,  
The bells rang out in the Land of Bells and jangled silverly:  
Peal and ripple and carillon, tinkle and trill and chime,  
Telling the white-capped folk below of the passing of happy time.

All in a night the deed was done  
And the flowering fields laid bare:  
The Wizard passed in a thunder-cloud,  
With the lightning in his hair.

The white-capped people were snatched away in the dread Lost Lands to roam  
Till every child should at last forget, nor seek for the pathway home.

Far over the sea where the white cliffs rose, where the Sea-girt Green Space lay,  
A shadow fell on the Wondering Boy and he paused in his lonely play:  
"Oh, why do the bells no longer ring? Oh, where can the people be?  
Will any good Knight from the High King's court seek the Country of Bells with me?"

There on the terrace a tall Knight stood;  
Of birchen green was his plume;  
His cloak was as gray as the silver mist,  
And his face was dark with gloom;

But his eyes were filled with a faery light, and he reached a friendly hand;  
Then on, and the High Hall left behind; and on to the white sea strand.

A tall ship lifted her wings to the wind and flew with them fast and far,  
 Till the Sea-girt Green Space sank from sight like a faint and a failing star.  
 The white foam flowered along their path to fade on the distant swells,  
 Till the ship came fluttering down to rest on the shores of the Land of Bells.

There was the little shining town,  
 And there was the market-place;  
 But never a footfall in the streets,  
 In the windows, never a face;  
 There were the little homes left wide,  
 Where no more the masters come;  
 There were the towers and sweet-tongued bells,  
 But every belfry dumb.

Gay little land, so still! so still!—They stood in the hollow street  
 And feared to step lest the silence wake at the sound of their stranger feet.  
 The Boy looked up at the Gloomy Knight and forgot his hidden fears,  
 For the faery light was a moment dimmed and his eyes were filled with tears.

Then: "Ring!" cried the Knight, "Ring! Ring the bells,  
 That the lost folk hear and find  
 The homeward path, tho' their ears be dulled  
 And their eyes with weeping blind."  
 Swift up to the belfry towers they sped  
 And smote every bell to song.  
 The faery winds blew out of the west  
 And carried the sounds along.

Far in the dread Lost Lands they toiled  
 At the Wizard's dark behest,  
 The white-capped folk of the Land of Bells,  
 And they knew no night of rest,  
 Sowing the seed in the wide Waste Lands,  
 Ploughing the alien loam;  
 When faintly, faintly, as in a dream,  
 Came calling the bells of home.

The Wizard twisted and blocked their ways,  
 And covered the roads from sight:  
 They closed their eyes to the mazy paths  
 And followed the bells aright.  
 The Wizard hurtled his thunder-balls;  
 But their hearts heard, clear and low,  
 The call of the bells o'er those darkened lands  
 Where nothing again shall grow.

Oh, wild rang the bells in the Land of Bells when the streets were thronged once more!  
 When the white-capped neighbors smiled through the pane or called from the open door!  
 Peal and ripple and carillon, tinkle and trill and chime,  
 Ringing the whole green world around to tell of that happy time!

The mother turned to her pleasant task,  
 The little son at her gown;  
 The grandsire out on the garden bench  
 Peacefully sat him down.  
 Peal and ripple and carillon,  
 The bells went ringing wild.

The Knight of the Gloomy Countenance looked down at the Boy and smiled.



"SWIFT UP TO THE BELFRY TOWERS THEY SPED AND SMOTE EVERY BELL TO SONG.  
THE FAERY WINDS BLEW OUT OF THE WEST AND CARRIED THE SOUNDS ALONG"

# THE TRUCE OF THE RAPIDS

(*Prunier Tells Another Story*)

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

WE were indisputably off on our long-considered journey, Essex Lad, Prunier, and I. Indeed, this was the third night since we had shut the shutters of Wilderness House a bit sadly, and without any gaiety whatever turned our backs on the blue and tranquil June of Wildyrie's ranges. It's a long, long way to Peribonka from Placid; and no wonder, when you consider that from the back-door step of the last house in Peribonka, there is no habitation between you and the arctic circle except a Hudson Bay post, a scattering of wigwams and tents, and perhaps an igloo or two. Peribonka was the tiny village where Prunier had been born, and the three of us had set out to visit his old home.

We were in the smoke-and-wash room of the sleeping-car, we and Prunier's old pipe, which made a lusty fourth, and it was nearly bedtime. *Rrrumpety-bumpy-bumpy-bump* went the irregular song and chorus of the equally irregular wheels on the medieval train. *Clickety-click-click-click* chirruped the glass in the nickel holder by the spigot as it, and we, spun around the curves. *Rrrumpety-bumpy-clickety-click-clangle-clank*. The train was very loose-jointed. I remember that Prunier had rolled up his sleeves to wash his hands as clean of railroad as was possible, and I remember noticing the long scar down his arm about which he had always hinted a story, but had never told it, when *Bangety-gathump-boom-boom!* and the so-called express crawled, stalled, and, with a last shiver, halted.

As was our custom, E. L. and I leaned from the sooty platform and gazed out over the usual wilderness which crowds close to Canadian railroads and consists of blackened stumps and stunted second growths. A half-moon threw pale chills of homesickness over the waste. If it was this lonely to look at, how lonely must it be to live in! And our thoughts flew, simultaneously, back to Prunier's youth.

"Let's make him tell us a story," said E. L.

"About that scar on his arm," I added. "We may be here for hours."

We went back to him. "You can't get out of it, now, Prunier. We're caught in

your bush and you've got to tell us a story about it." The bush, I ought to say, is the Canadian habitant's word for forest. No matter if you're lost in a wilderness of woods as large as Texas, it is only the bush.

"A story of when you were young," added E. L.

"There was no such time," said Prunier, a bit sadly. And to look at his dry-tanned face, the wrinkles about his eyes, you might have believed it for the instant. But the moment the eyes twinkled, the moment he spoke with a voice that fifty winters had not made harsh, you knew better.

"All right," said Prunier, "about a hundred years ago when I was young." And he resolved into silence and a cloud of smoke.

"Is it going to be true?" asked E. L.

"*Certainement.*"

"And exciting?"

"The truth is always exciting to those who can listen," he said. "I will tell you about the time when I learned nearly how to swim."

Another silence; another cloud of smoke. "Don't you really know yet, Prunier?"

He shook his head, adding: "But I almost learned once. It was up the Tail-o'-Rat Rivière."

Here E. L. snickered out, "What a name! Rat-tail River!"

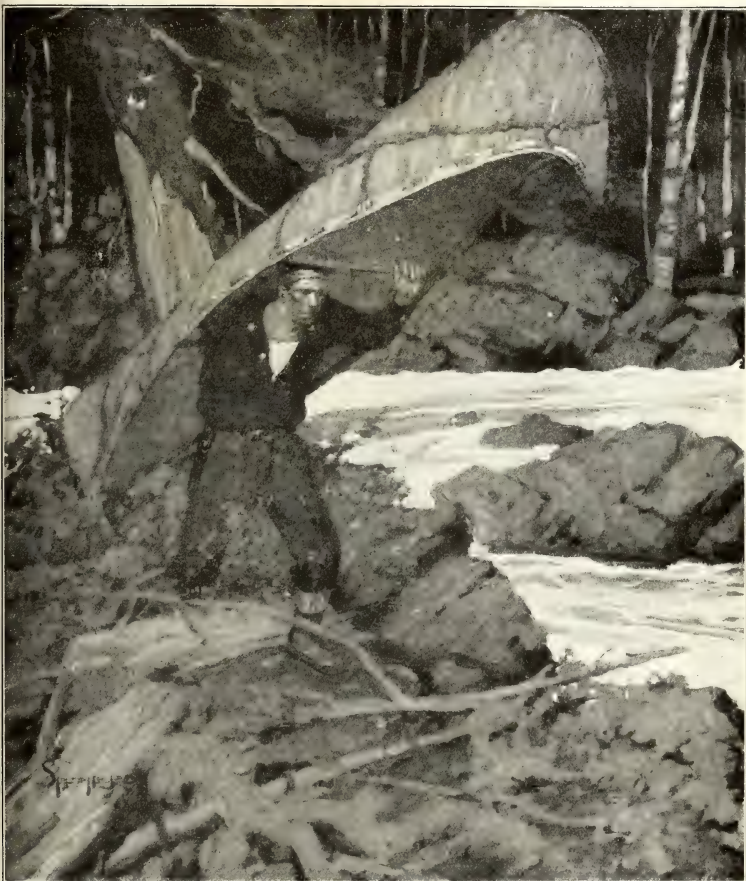
"A good name," continued Prunier, "for the river was not too wide, and it marched along—how do you say it?—winding. And it ended in a rat!"

At this I laughed; the name did seem reasonable, now.

"*C'est vrai.* The *rivière* ends in *Lac aux Rats*, which is a large lake up the Mistassini, where there were many *castor*—beavair you call them. And *mon frère* and I had gone there with a canoe-load of traps while yet there was no ice, because it was an easy trip by canoe. Later we would go with all our stores on our shoulders, which we could do easily without the traps.

"The afternoon on the which I was so nearly learned to swim was hot for September, and *mon frère* stayed down by the *Lac aux Rats* to put a finish to some things, while I took the canoe up the little Tail-o'-Rat, looking for beavair sign. I had had one grand portage about a long rapid which I call





"I HAD ONE GRAND PORTAGE ABOUT A LONG RAPID WHICH I CALL JUMPING RAT"

Jumping Rat. Above it was an island about the length of five canoes, with little rapids on each side, which I call *Les Bébés*; and above that, many miles of still water, with the shores close together and trees leaning out and much place for the little fur-bearers. I see that *mon frère* and I have good trapping all the winter.

"I go up far, because I see no beavair, and

am disappointed and turn back late. But I had told *mon frère* not to expect me till after he see me and there was no hurry. It is nice not to be in a hurry."

"Especially on this railroad," said E. L., "*Continuez, Monsieur.*"

"Well, I had to turn my voyage sometime, so I turned and began to put some strength into going down. There was a current, too,

and I flew along without effort. All of an instant, I see myself approaching a great dead birch hanging over the river, and on the birch, a bear. He was a little bear, but big for a cub. He must have been born early in the spring and grown fast, with much care. He was of a size remarkable and of an energy also, for he was tearing off the bark of the birch and licking up the ants, I suppose, with all vivacity. And it was so funny that I do not shoot from far. But all at once I remember my good gun. I have to leap up far in the canoe to get it, and must do so quietly so that I do not scare my prey. I get very close before I fire.

"I fire. Perhaps I do not hit, perhaps so—anyway, not badly. But the bear is so frightened that he upsets a moment, catches, slips, clutches at the shiny bark. It tears with him, he loses his balance, and, as evil chance has it, falls at the moment that I pass underneath. He falls on my canoe!

"I was young, you know. I had only eighteen years. I would never have done so foolish a thing now. But then I was excited, for a bear was good to begin the season of hunting, and I had not thought to have a bear sitting for a moment of surprise in the bow of my canoe. But I should have thought of that. For the next moment it enters his head that it is not a very good place for him.

"It enters his head, I say, and there is room only for one thing in a bear's head. He determines to quit the boat. And with one roll, we are all in the water. I could not help it, though it is shame to a *voyageur* to be upset from his canoe.

"There we were; a grown cub of a bear hanging to the bow of a canoe, and a grown fool of a man hanging to the stern, and both afraid to let go. Bears can swim—the lumpier and more wallopier they are, the better. But this one did not like the *idée*. Perhaps, like me and *mon frère* and all the men I know, he had n't made good use for his opportunities. Anyway, the current was going fast, and I heard his claws going *swish-tear* through the bark of the canoe—we had birch-bark canoes in those days, just like the Indians—and *immédiatement* there strikes upon my ear a new sound, the sound of rapids. I remember *Les Bébés*, and I raise myself upon the stern and look over; and believe me, as E. L. says, they do not look like *bébés* now. *Au contraire*, in three minutes, at the rate we were going, these *bébés* would have swallowed us down their white throats and

gone on laughing, the way a hen laughs when she gulps down a fly.

"Friend Bear hears the rapids, too, and whines. We are a minute nearer. I push with my feet frantically, for I hope that the canoe will seek the border of the river. But some current swings us out. So I make for the island that is between *Les Bébés* and ply my legs to propel the canoe there. It is a pleasure to see us approach; it is not a pleasure to hear *Les Bébés* roaring in our ears, and Friend Bear claws more than frantically on the rending canoe. We near, and I prepare to leave Friend Bear.

"It is a shame to think he is going to be drowned, but I have just a moment, as my end of the canoe swings toward the island, to leap for a big rock. I leap, I clutch it, I hold, I scramble ashore, I look. I had forgotten. Of course, when I let go, the end of the canoe shoots up and Friend Bear goes to the bottom *énergiquement*. The next I see is a dripping bear crawling up on my island with me, and a tattered canoe flying down *Les Bébés* toward the Jumping Rat.

"*'Au revoir, mon canot,'* I think; *'au revoir, mon frère.'* There is but one future for me—life on this island shared *mutuellement* with a bear, until one eats the other of us up. I regretted that I had not told *mon frère* to expect me until afterward, for when would he now make a search? And when would the bear's appetite begin? These were not useless questions.

"Nature, or *le bon Dieu*, had indeed placed upon our island a few bushes for blueberries, and these I allowed the bear to have. He was, I hated to learn, a very hungry bear; and not minding his wet fur so much as did I my wet clothes, he began to dine at once, gathering in not only the berries, but the bushes as well in gulfuls *prodigieuses*. As he advanced along the slender island I retreated to the end, in order to think, and to count my weapons. I found that one pocket-knife and two fish-hooks in my hatband were the only implements of sharpness on my personage. And of what use were they? I did not need to fish for the bear; I had already caught him too securely; and I could not carve him until he was dead, and there was no way of deadening him with just a knife. My thoughts were not very expeditious.

"However, despair never hatched eggs, as we habitants say, and while the bear was devouring all his fare at one meal, with incessant gruntings, I cut one of the tiny birch saplings and began to whittle with my knife.



"HE SAT DOWN AT HIS END OF THE ISLAND. DROPPED HIS PAW BESIDE A ROCK AND WAITED PATIENTLY UNTIL—WHIPPP, WHISH!" (SEE NEXT PAGE)



Whittling is a great avenue to thought, particularly when one's *tabac* has got wet. And I sat there at my end of the island making long white slivers of birch and watching them fall into the current, eddy around once or twice, then sweep out into the stream like a vessel setting out for sea and not knowing the rough passage before it. I whittled and whittled until I had used up a little tree and my *tabac* had got dried on a stone, along with my matches.

"Occasionally I looked at Friend Bear. But he was, as you say, still bearable. He was at his end of the island, making no offer to eat me, but also not offering to swim home and let me sleep. Instead he reclined on his haunches, panting like a dog, never taking his eyes, which were all of a reddishness, from me.

"So I found a smooth stone and began to sharpen my knife, as a lesson to him. And thus the twilight came. A cool wind blew down river, and the stars peeked over the trees on one side of the river of sky above, and jumped the river, and disappeared over the trees on the other side, one after another. And the hours passed, one after another. But Friend Bear and I, we did not go, one after another.

"If I could have talked bear to him, like Indians, I would have said: 'Friend Bear, let us have truce till morning, and let me cuddle close to your warm fur. I promise not to stick knife between your ribs.' But I had only eighteen years then and had not learned bear."

"Have you learned it now?" asked E. L., half in earnest.

"*Oui, certainement. Eh bien*—the dawn came. But *mon frère* did not. And why should he! He thought I had gone on, perhaps, a day's trip after the beavair. Neither did anything come for breakfast. Friend Bear noticed this, and looked with a hunger at me. I began to wonder how many hours, how many days it would be till one of us was driven crazy enough to attack the other. For there was no other thing to do. On either side of us *Les Bébés* laughed and reached out their white hands for us. They were hungry, too, like everything else in nature.

"But everything else in nature seemed to know how to get its breakfast—even Friend Bear. No, I do not mean that he began on me—that was later. He sat him down at his end of the island, where the water whirled around and around in a little still pool, and

dropped his paw beside a rock and waited patiently until—*whipp, whish!*—he pulled his paw up with a jerk, and a trout or a *doré* would be flopping on the beach. Quick as a mouse-cat he fell upon that fish, and it advanced into his mouth with much swiftness.

"And this reminded me of the hooks in my hatband. If Friend Bear would but give me one piece of fish for bait, I would have a success too, though the good waters were at his end of the island. But I could not use my fingers for bait. I did not get any fish. He would not give me any bait.

"Noon approached. I found another stick to whittle, and amused myself with making numerous wriggly snakes by carving the whittlings from around the stick. It made the time pass and did not anger Friend Bear. But the roar of *Les Bébés* sounded louder in my ears, the hours till *mon frère* might come seemed far beyond hope, and my hunger did not diminish because I could see the bear eat. I was glad that he was content with fish; but I was afraid that his taste would turn; that he would seek another diet.

"It was mid-afternoon, and we had just completed our first day on the island, when I thought I heard a voice calling. But it was only *Les Bébés*. Any stream talks to itself in a so lonely wilderness as that, and the rapids were calling, calling down to the big Jumping Rat that they were coming. It made me very sad to think that I had not heard that which I thought to hear. It made me very sad, also, to see the sun creep from our island, first from the far shore, then from the near. Evening, in which I could not sleep to forget my hunger, was coming. And now I discovered a new misery. Friend Bear would be a friend no longer. The fish would come no longer to his quiet fishing-pool. All the afternoon he had not caught one, and he began looking hungrily at me. My matches were all gone but one. That I was saving, though I did not know why. Something in my breast, said 'Save it!' and I was saving it. But the bear for the first time began to walk beyond his part of the island, looking at me.

"'Impossible, Monsieur!' said I to him; 'it is unworthy of you to eat a friend.'

"But just the same, I could imagine what he would say to his mother when she found him, as she was bound to do. 'It hurt me, *ma mère*,' he would say, 'almost as much as it hurt him; but I was very hungry.'

"And I almost began to excuse him for eating me, in my thoughts. He was a growing



bear, you see. Besides, I had only to close my eyes to imagine a pretty little fire of coals, some neat bear steaks roasting above them, *mon frère* sitting beside me saying how favorable it was to begin the winter's catch with a pretty bearskin, and all that. Yet when I opened my eyes, the bear steaks were still inside the skin, there was no fire, no *frère* and only the roar of those tiresome *bébés* in my ears. *Malheur!* They make me ennuyé.

"Friend Bear trotted up to my end of the island, not bothering about me at all, and began to cry out to his mother how glad he was to see her, and possibly some remarks about myself. She flung herself into the stream and swam mightily for us, hauling her huge brown dripping flanks from the river in less time than I would have drowned in. They sniffed at each other, until I had almost envy of their gladness.



"I AM READY TO STAB WITH MY KNIFE. SHE TAKES ONE LAST STEP AND—"

"All of an instant my heart jumped for joy. For there was a rustle in the bushes, a dark form—*mon frère!* Friend Bear pricked up his ears and began to sniff, to cry low. 'Ah! Friend Bear!' cry I, 'who is the gourmand now!' And I look a look of exultation at him. But only for the once, because, when I signal to my brother, I find I am waving at a gigantic bear standing on the shore. I make the great eyes at it in my astonishment. My hairs I could feel standing feebly up in horror. For now it was all over! I was still a tender age. I was probably the first of the season for both of them. They would have the honor of dining on the son of Jean-Baptiste Prunier de Peribonka in about five minutes.

"As for me, myself, I had retreated to Friend Bear's end of the island, and was lamenting that I had whittled up all the trees on the island. It is a bad habit, whittling. If I had left myself one strong birch pole, perhaps I could have rendered a better account of myself. But we never know what *le bon Dieu* has in mind. That whittling was very lucky."

"I don't see how," said E. L.

"You will see," said Prunier, continuing. "Well, now the old bear had got done licking her whimpering son and began to plan for his next meal, which was me. She stood up on her hind feet and looked like a locomotive reared on its hind wheels, very black, very snuffy, and her eyes very small, but wicked

looking. I made one glance at the boiling rapids below me, and began to wonder which was the better—to be swept into them, or into the bear's stomach. But the water looked very uncomfortable; and as she began to advance I lost my fear. 'Come, Monsieur Prunier,' I said to myself, 'be not weak and throw your life away. Sell it like a Frenchman, like Napoleon, the gallant, the brave.' And this thought gave me any quantity of courage. I picked up some stones.

"They had got done talking over their plans, those two, and licking their chops, and were coming toward me, one down each side of the island. I waited. Finally I threw a round stone which hit Friend Bear on the end of his nose. He gave a great squeal and began to rub it. '*Voilà, mon ami*' I said, 'it is necessary to be so *brusque*.'

"*La mère* was now angry, and I know I have only two or three minutes to live. I have a big stone ready for her nose, and a jack-knife and a good pair of legs, and just once I look around me at the rapids. But I like not to drown.

"And now she raises herself on her haunches and looks high like a step-ladder, it was frightful!—and with such small eyes that had a reddishness in them. It would have been sweet to live, for I had only eighteen years. It would have been pleasant to see *mon frère* again, for I love him. But *le bon Dieu* has our way marked out and we must not depart from it. My way was down her red throat, *malheureusement*. But I said a little prayer for courage. She takes a step; I take a step. The water sucks at my legs and I resolve not to give myself to it. She makes a horrible growl and stretches up to give a great prize-fighting blow at me. She towers. I am ready to jump sideways, to stab with my knife, to run, to repeat. With courage I may win. She takes one last step and—

"*Tenez!*" [Hold!] *Bang-whizzzzzzzz!*

"*Mon frère!*" I cry.

"The bullet plumps into her skull. She roars and lunges. I leap sideways. She falls with a terrific splash, head into the stream. I fall with weakness beside, and her last dying kick gives me the bad arm, as you have seen." Prunier paused.

"It was your brother, of course?" I asked.

"*Oui, mon bon frère.*"

"But how?" demanded both E. L. and I together; "how did he get there?"

"That is the way *le bon Dieu* works when He wants His way," said Prunier, reverently. "You see, the *canot* had gone down the Jump-

ing Rat and had come into the whirlpool at the bottom. Everything that goes down those rapids collects there, goes sailing around for two, three days, and then is pushed into the lower stream and out into the *Lac aux Rats*.

"Well, that first afternoon, *mon frère* had gone up to fish at the foot of the rapids for the trouts. It is the best place. One bait, one throw, one jerk, two trouts!

"He was just arriving when he saw the *canot*. It makes him sigh. He sees the scratches of the bear and it makes him think. *Mon frère*, he is a great one to think. He sits down on a stone and thinks and thinks, first of bear, then of me, then bear, then me. It is a good place to think, for the water goes round and round and brings your thoughts back to you. And all the time he thinks, he gets sadder. It is certain that I have been drowned in the Jumping Rat, and he even pokes under the foams for my body. It is n't there, though. So he must think some more.

"Well, he prepares to go back to tent, for he can not think anything else but that I am drowned, when all of an instant his eye sees something! It is a quick eye, my brother's, and it sees something that should n't be there—a long, white, fresh, birch whittling come sailing around and around in the pool. Perhaps your eye, Monsieur Lucky, perhaps yours, E. L., would not have seen that, but *mon frère* is used to seeing things that can not be well seen. And it say something to him. It say, 'Look at me, a nice new whittling. I did not make myself. *Ton frère*, he has made me. Go hunt him, quick!'

"That's what the other whittlings say, too, as they come sailing around and around in the pool, 'Go hunt him, quick!'

"*Mon frère*, he gave a great shout and started off. He hunted carefully, and I don't see how he happened yet to pass me and Friend Bear and the island. It was the roar of *Les Bébés* that hindered him; or maybe the mist that comes from the river; or maybe he think we must be farther along. Anyway, he keeps on from early dawn, calling, calling. But every time he calls, *Les Bébés*, they must have called louder. And so he never found us. Then he turned sadly home. And this time he was very sad indeed, because he had just been so glad. And he almost gives up searching, when all of an instant he looks up, sees *la mère* bear risen so high above me to bring that last claw down upon her supper. He shouts '*Tenez!*'

and raises his rifle, and *erracks!* You know the end."

Prunier rose, saying, "Let us couch ourselves; it is late."

But E. L. put a determined hand on his arm. "You can't go before the end of the story, Prunier. For we want to know how you got off the island and what happened to the other bear."

"Oh, *mon frère* had shot him, of course," said Prunier. "It was a fine begin for the season, two robes."

"It sounds easy," said E. L., "but how did you get off the island? That was hard."

Prunier gave his little smile and the twinkle in his eye. "How would you have got off?" he asked.

"How would you, Lucky?" E. L. asked me.

"I suppose I should have brought up an ax and rope, if there were any, and have made a raft that would have stood the rapids."

Prunier shook his head. "No raft ride the Jumping Rat."

"Well, how would you, E. L.?"

"I suppose I would have hunted out a very tall tree and felled that so that there was a

foot-bridge over to the island. Was the river too wide, Prunier?"

"Too wide," said Prunier, his grin increasing.

"Well, at any rate you got away and did n't learn to swim. How did you do it, Prunier?"

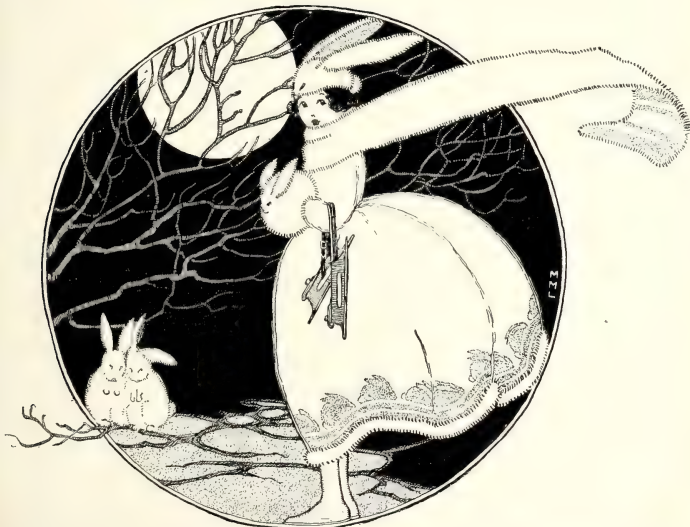
"It was very difficult," said the guide, with an open laugh at us. "*Mon frère*, he brought the *canot* and we paddle upstream, two, three minutes."

"Oh! Of course! I forgot the canoe," we both said, looking rather shamefacedly at each other. "But it was torn by the bear, Prunier."

"That make no difference; new bark, new spruce gum, new *canot*, two-three hours. You had better go to bed, too; you sleepy, I think." And he laughed again, delighted.

We went, and despite the boundings of the train, I was almost asleep when I heard E. L. call down from his upper to the story-teller, saying, "Prunier, you had better learn to swim, I think."

"I will one day when the water he get a little drier," said Prunier.



SAID ONE BUNNY TO THE OTHER: "SO THAT 'S WHAT BECAME OF PINKY! HE ALWAYS WAS A LUCKY CHAP!"

# THE WORKSHOP OF THE MIND

By HALLAM HAWKSWORTH

*Author of "The Machinery of the Sea," "The Busy Fingers of the Roots," etc.*

## THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MIND

YOU know what a big thing a dictionary is, don't you? Even an elementary-school dictionary has 45,000 words or so, while a high-school dictionary has 100,000; and the Century Dictionary has over 500,000 and it takes 12 thick volumes of the size of a school geography and 24 times as many pages to hold them all.

And yet they say the whole twelve volumes could be tucked away in a certain little package or compartment made for the purpose that 's no bigger than a hazelnut. Yes, and leave plenty of room for more!

Shakespeare, it seems, carried all his works about with him in this way, just above his left eye. Gibbon's famous story of the Roman Empire declined and fell and tucked itself away, ready to hand, in the same kind of a little package; and in similar packages, Scott carried about all his stories, and Dickens, his—whole libraries in themselves.

But it seems—and this may appear to be the strangest part of it all to you, as it is certainly the most important—we all do this, more or less. And so with musicians and their music, and artists and their works of art, not only those they have already produced, but the material for others; and so with wonder-working machinery and devices like Stephenson's locomotive and Edison's phonograph. So with the chef's best dishes,—the best part of them I mean, the taste and the smell,—all are tucked away in these little compartments, packages, libraries, cabinets. It does n't matter what you call them. The important fact is that we all have them and do similar things with them ourselves. As I said, we do these things "more or less"; and because it is a question of "more or less," according to our own efforts, I want to make these little visits to the workshop of the mind not only as entertaining as possible, but useful to you. "Know thyself," said the Greeks; that is the most important of all things to know. And don't you think that was why the Greeks made the most remarkable record of any people who ever lived, and had such a jolly good time doing it? I do. Stevenson said it is more fun to write stories, even, than to read them.

Suppose you wanted to be a writer of stories, would n't it be interesting to know how these story wizards—Stevenson and others—did their work? And so with the work and methods of eminent men in all lines,—inventors, artists, merchants, doctors, lawyers, men of affairs,—they had ways of doing things which it is very profitable as well as very interesting to know. Such facts, I think, are the very quintessence of biography. And that 's what I'm going to tell you about in this series of articles.

## I. THE LONG SEARCH FOR THE LAND OF MIND

WELL, to start with, before we begin to talk about how these minds of ours can be used to the best advantage, would n't it be a good thing to have a look through and get the run of the place, as the saying goes?

Of course, I won't be so foolish as to waste your time by asking you where are the headquarters of the mind. Everybody knows they're in the head. But I want to ask you another question that may not be so easy to answer. Suppose you just forget what your physiology has told you about the head and its business, and carry yourself back in imagination a few thousand years or so to the days of old Rameses of Egypt and Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon and Hippocrates of Greece and such ancient worthies. I'll warrant that you and I would argue much as did the wise men of their days. The earliest attempt to determine the location of the mind was made by the priests of Babylon, and they concluded that it was in the liver. As many at this day know only too well,—and as must have been known to the high livers of those days,—the state of this organ has a lot to do with the state of the mind. As one unfortunate of our own day expressed it, when one is bilious and depressed, "the grass does n't look green any more." When, on the other hand, the liver is doing its duty, the world looks bright, ideas flow, and ambition mounts. Because, no doubt, of this evident relation between mental states and the state of the liver,—and so of men's good or bad fortunes,—omens were based on the appearance of the livers of sacrificed animals. I can show you in the British Museum a



Babylonian diviner's model of a sheep's liver that was used along in 2100 B. C. to predict the future. It is all divided into sections, and on each section is a lot of lettering. They did n't tell the future from the model itself, but used it as a guide for reading the signs in real livers. The Babylonians thought these markings were a kind of sign language placed there by the god at the time the sheep was sacrificed, and the reading in the different sections of the model told what these signs meant; much as the arrows in the different parts of the weather-man's map guide him in figuring out what kind of a day it's going to be.

But even after men began to know something more of human anatomy and to look into the purpose of the brain, they did n't at first suspect that it was the seat of the mind. Aristotle, the great philosopher, naturalist, literary critic, and I don't know what all—one of the greatest minds the world has ever seen—does n't seem even to have suspected where his own mind was. He dissected the body, as students of medicine do now,—his own father was a physician,—and came to the conclusion that the function of the brain was to cool the blood. The brain apparently did n't get excited—it was the heart that was always set to beating faster when any one was worked up over anything. The various appetites and emotions—love, hate, fear, joy, depression—were looked upon as *things*, and they were thought to be manufactured by different organs of the body out of the blood. One emotion—let us say hunger—was made out of blood by the stomach; and all sorts of things came from the spleen—anger, malice, melancholy, freakish whims of all sorts. Some of these ideas were held pretty well up into modern times. As when Shakespere says, "A thousand spleens bear him a thousand ways." That courage was one of the attributes of the mind and therefore located in the liver, we see from the tradition that cowards have "white livers."

Alcmæon, another Greek who had made a study of anatomy, gave it out as his opinion—this was along about 500 B.C.—that the brain was the seat of mind and the source of feeling and movement and that all sensations came to the brain by means of nerves. This, as you can see, was coming exceedingly close to the facts in the case, but not so close as it looks on the surface, for a part of this theory was that the brain secreted thoughts, sensations, and emotions and sent them out over the body—the old liver idea, in another

form, don't you see? Yet of course it was a very important advance to transfer the headquarters of the mind from the liver—which seems always to have enough to do, and often more than enough to do, in minding its own business. "Animal spirits" was one of the supposed brain secretions. As late as 1824, a medical writer of standing taught that the brain secreted energy and nervous power, which was distributed by the nerves. And does n't it really seem so, when you remember how fine you feel after a good night's sleep—how ready to tackle the new day?

## II. THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE LAND OF MIND

BUT to go on with the story. When in course of time it was all settled beyond a doubt that the brain is the headquarters of the mind, along came the phrenologists and undertook to show in just what part of the brain different "faculties" had their offices. A little above the temple, for example, and northeast of the ear was "constructiveness," the faculty that renders you able to make things with your hands, or design things for other people to make; or, in the world of ideas, to put two and two together and plan a railroad system, say, or a selling campaign to put a new kind of breakfast-food on the market. This faculty of constructiveness had for a neighbor to the southwest, and extending clear up to the ear, the faculty that boys find particularly useful at Christmas dinners—"alimentiveness," the love of good things to eat. Away to the northwest of the ear and clear up on the northern frontier of the skull, was a spot that made you sorry when you did something you ought n't to—invaded somebody's orchard without permission, or told a fib. Another place in the head, if you had a good bump of it, made you eager to beard all sorts of the very hardest examples in arithmetic in their dens; and where a boy without this bump would have an awful time, the properly "bumped" lad would find them "as easy as pie!" Another bump, if properly represented at the top of your forehead straight above the eye, kept you saying funny things all the time, and you were always the life of the evening party and much sought for socially; for this bump was devoted to wit. And so on and so on!

Men went round the country lecturing on this elaborate philosophy of the wonder-world of mind, and telling people what they were best fitted to do in life, by feeling the shape of their heads and selling them charts

in which the geography of their brains was all mapped out and explained on an ideal head, such as you can see, with the numbers of all the thirty-four faculties indicated, in the dictionary under the word "Phrenology."

The idea that you could have your future read in this way was very popular, but the theory would n't work out because, as the dictionary definition of phrenology tells you, "it was based on the erroneous supposition that the brain exactly conforms to the shape of the skull." And for another equally good reason which the dictionary does n't tell you, namely, that the brain is n't parceled out in these faculty sections. So the shape of the skull could n't show any such regions, even if it fitted the brain like a glove. And I'm mighty glad of it, for one; and so will you be before we reach the last page of this article or I'll miss my guess! For, let me tell you something: *We build our brains ourselves*, in the sense that we determine what goes into them and what comes out of them and what they become capable of.

And I say all this without meaning to imply that everyone can become what he pleases. It's everybody's business to please to do whatever he can do best; and that is as it should be, for you know it takes all kinds of people to make a world. Neither do I want you to understand me as saying that the pioneer phrenologists did no good; even though in their enthusiasm they went so far that Gall, the brilliant Frenchman who organized the science, found *la bosse de l'orgueil* (French for "bump of pride") in goats, and one of his disciples traced the organ of "veneration" in the sheep! They did a great deal of good, these phrenologists, by setting science to investigating, with the result that we now know a great deal about this mysterious thing called mind that is not only of the most curious interest but of the greatest practical value. Suppose they thought wrong. That does n't matter so very much; the great thing is that they *thought*. And the same kind of credit should be given to those old Babylon priests and the rest. You know, when you're looking for anything in a room, say in some hiding game, nine tenths of the work consists in finding where it is n't! The ancients not only did that in the case of the location of the mind, but they came very close, as we said, to some of the great truths about it that we know to-day.

It was because men were set to thinking, and because these conundrums about the

mind,—where and what it is and how it works,—having been started, were passed down the generations from age to age, that finally an eminent French surgeon named Broca—this was in 1861—said in a paper that he read before a learned society in Paris that he had discovered the location of the word-compartment in the brain—that little lobe no bigger than a hazelnut just over the left eye.

But now notice how important nature must consider words in the business of life, if rightly chosen, rightly used, and kept so that you can lay your hands on them when wanted; for she not only has a shelf in this incredibly little compartment of the brain for keeping words, but several such shelves; and, as in a well-arranged library, each shelf is devoted to a particular class of words—or word "books," let us say. The shelf which has immortalized itself and its discoverer by being named "Broca's convolution," is devoted exclusively to words as spoken—what Homer calls "winged words."

So when I said that Shakespere carried his works in this hazelnut library over his left eye, I meant his plays as they would sound when given on the stage—a kind of talking book. Emerson says it is a rule of etiquette among books that they only speak when spoken to; meaning that it's of no use owning books if you don't make friends with them. And it's the same way with these books in the land of mind. They speak when spoken to; when you ask them, "What's the word I want?" or "How shall I say it?"—things like that.

But these little mind-books actually do speak, although they use your tongue for the purpose. That is, they'll speak for you if you are neat and industrious in putting things to rights and keeping things in order in your brain library, as Mother Nature does her best to have you do by setting you a good example. For just notice again: not only is there a place for these words that wing their way to other people's ears,—the words you speak, the "pieces" you learn to say on Friday afternoons,—but there is another separate place for other people's winged words that fly into your brain to roost, the words spoken to you or in your hearing and which you understand and are interested in. Then there is still another place for words received through the eye—the words that come to you from the printed pages of St. NICHOLAS, for example.

Yet even this is by no means all of this dividing and sub-dividing, this classifying

and organizing. Why, it reminds one of the mastery of detail in a great business organization; like that of a certain huge oil corporation, for instance, where if a single oil-can cork or barrel bung is missing from the total

words that are spoken in your hearing, and still another for words received from the printed page, but different sections for different languages, just as on the "open shelves" of a public library. Furthermore, on these

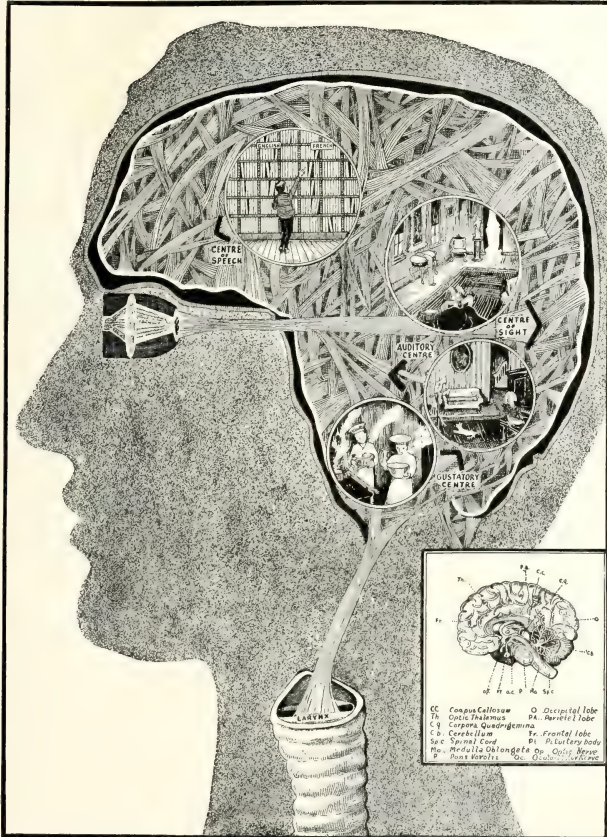


DIAGRAM SHOWING SOME OF THE DEPARTMENTS OF THE WORKSHOP

tale of corks and bungs supposed to be in existence in their great establishments, it must be accounted for on the books! Not only is there a separate section—the sectional system of book-shelves will best illustrate the facts, perhaps—for words that you use in speaking, and another section for

shelves all the different parts of speech are kept together, like the animals in Noah's ark, "each after its own kind"—the verbs by themselves, the pronouns by themselves, and so on. The verbs, we might say, are nearest your hand when you go into this library for a word; next come the pronouns, next the



propositions and adverbs, and, last of all, the nouns. And although nobody ever saw these "word-books" on their little shelves, and it's safe to say nobody ever will, no matter how powerful a microscope he may use, for there are, of course, no real books there and no shelves, it is known that the words are there in some mysterious form, in the order stated! I'll tell you how they know this later on in the series.

And don't suppose that all sounds—spoken words and music and the bark of dogs—are mixed up together on the shelves devoted to the books of sound. There is a place for music records as well as for records of other sounds, and if the screaming of the parrot disturbs you when you want to play on the "mind-piano," by running over to yourself how a tune goes, or the dog rushes in and begins barking at the parrot, that's because you *will* hang the parrot in the wrong place, and have n't taught the dog and his bark to stay out of the music-room of the brain.

So picture-books, engravings, and paintings are kept in the art gallery of the mind, separate from the books of printed words, and there is classification and reclassification of these, just as you find in big city art galleries, where there's one room devoted to one class of painting, or collection of paintings, and another room to another, others to works of sculpture, others to pottery and jewelry.

By 1870, within ten years after Broca's great discovery, it was shown that each separate sense—seeing, touch, taste, hearing, and smelling—has a compartment in the brain. But from the standpoint of the advance of science, the later discoveries were relatively unimportant. The key is the main thing when you want to get into a place; finding the various things that are there is comparatively easy after that. Broca supplied the key.

### III. THE BUILDING OF THE BRAIN

How we can help in building the brain and in keeping it in order, we shall see more fully in the article in the series on "Sending the Mind to School," but I want to tell you a little something about it here. As to the advantage of keeping the mind neat and in order, is n't it obvious that you can thus more easily find things when you want them, and that the mind will contain more in proportion as its contents are properly arranged? Don't you know how it is when you are packing your bag or your trunk to go somewhere—

say on your Christmas vacation—and you want to take so many things and you wonder at first how you're ever going to get them in? By packing in a careful, orderly way, it turns out there is plenty of room and you can find just what you want in your bag or your trunk without trouble when you have occasion to get into it. The same principle applies in putting things away in the mind.

What an important part the brain is intended to play in our lives is evident from the amount of space Mother Nature has set apart for it in the body in which the mind is to live and the rapid rate at which she enlarges its headquarters. Every mother notices, and you notice and tell the other boys and girls about it, how fast baby brother grows, but probably you never have noticed how fast his head grows. Baby's head is actually bigger when he wakes on this wonderful new world in the morning than it was when he went to sleep the night before! During the greater part of the first year, the growth of his brain averages a cubic centimeter—or three fiftieths of a cubic inch—every day. During the second and third years, the growth slows up, although it goes on pretty fast until he is about seven. Then, between seven and fourteen, growth is slower. Then, between fourteen and eighteen, the brain begins growing rapidly again, although never so fast as in infancy and childhood. After, say, the eighteenth year, this rate of growth slows down again and increase in size is slow until about thirty, when the average man or woman has a full-grown brain.

But Mother Nature does n't stop simply with this building of a home for the mind; she proceeds to furnish it. Never in after life do we learn so much and so fast in proportion to what we already know as during the years when Nature does most of the teaching.

When the baby cuts his first tooth, it's a great event in the household, but it's a much greater event when he says his first word; for that is the beginning of his knowledge of his mother tongue, of furnishing with words, and the ideas for which they stand, that compartment of the brain in which are kept the words we learn through the ear. It's an old and true proverb that "little pitchers have big ears." How they do take things in! At first, the little child gets comparatively few words from the printed page, of course; but in the compartment where the speaking words are kept, what a busy fluttering of



those little wings! What a play of little tongues! It's, "How is this?" "Why is that?" "What makes this do that?" all day long.

After the period of babyhood and early childhood, the growth of our minds—the increase of information, the development of the powers of memory, imagination, invention, reasoning, and so on—is left largely in our hands. Nature, having given us such a good start, seems to say:

"Now my son, my daughter, I have endowed you with a fortune and shown you how to use it—you must do the rest."

Not even the schools, nor our fathers and mothers, nor anybody, can help us much after that unless we help ourselves. The very using of our brains keeps them young, while the rest of the body may be showing the advance of age. People who don't use their brains become "set in their ways," to use a common expression, and they grow old before their time. But the brains of people who go on thinking, learning—always remaining alive and interested in the living world—remain young. "Interest," says an eminent physician, "has a remarkable power of resisting bodily exhaustion." You know what a big day's work you can put in on the football or baseball field and still feel fresh after a little rest and a bath—all because you're intensely interested. It's so in the game of life. Of Gladstone it was said that to the last his mind was twenty years younger than his body. And so with all such men. Their interest in life and life's duties and privileges instead of decreasing, increases with the years.

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made.

That's the way Browning puts it. There is the biggest difference in the world between working because you have to and working because you want to. It's not only a thousand times more agreeable to be interested in your work in school, or in the larger school we call life, but interest increases efficiency, and increases it enormously. You can not only do twice as much if you put enthusiasm—"pep"—into what you are doing, but you can do things you could not otherwise do at all. This principle seems to run through inanimate as well as animate nature. As the men of science put it, "The transportation power of a stream varies as the sixth power of its velocity." In other words, when the velocity of a stream is doubled, its power is sixty-four times as

great as it was before—two multiplied by itself five times!

"Work," I know, is n't a very popular word with many who think of it as "the daily grind"; but whether it's pleasant or not depends on whether it's work of your own choosing, work really suited to your tastes and talent—so many drop into this or that from mere accident or whim. But assuming that you have chosen wisely, or, in your school-days, have the proper attitude toward your studies,—for these are a general preparation for whatever you do in life,—you're sure of a good time with yourself if you put interest into what you are doing.

The Greeks, great people that they were, were so impressed with the wonder, the delight, or the thing we call "enthusiasm" that they thought it was caused by the spirit of some god entering into your body along with your "every-day" spirit. Indeed, our word "enthusiasm" is from the Greek "*enthusiasmos*," which means, "possessed by a god."

Stevenson, speaking of his own work, said that writing is poorly paid, as compared with the money rewards of industry in commercial pursuits. "But," he added, "any one who has experienced its delights might well wonder why it is paid at all. Fortunes are daily spent for less."

So much as to keeping the mind young and growing, in the sense of developing, all our lives, and our big mistake if we think we can have half as much fun doing anything else.

As to the relation between the size of the brain and the character of the mind, there is a popular notion that big brains and big minds go together, but the size does not seem to matter. It's only necessary that you have a good healthy place for the mind to live in and that you do your part. Then Nature will do the rest. While large brains and mental power go together to some extent "the exceptions," as a great English judge once said of the cases bearing on a certain point of law, "well nigh eat up the rule." Wagner, the great composer, had an immense head—600 millimeters in circumference. Napoleon, who almost overturned the world, had a head of only 564. Darwin, who actually did turn the world upside down, so far as the scientific views of it were concerned, had only a 563 millimeter brain.

When Lincoln was asked how long a man's legs ought to be, in proportion to his body, he replied dryly:

"Oh, I should say they ought always to be long enough to reach the ground."



**"DAY-DREAMS"**

A PORTRAIT BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET

## "THE KANGAROO"

By FLORENCE KERIGAN

"AND yet—" Pud Randall's voice expressed the disgust he felt,—“and yet, fellows, they don't permit hazing!” The others nodded, sympathetically. “They let a thing like that come in, and then absolutely refuse to let us show him his place!”

“It is tough,” agreed Paddy Dugan. “But what are we going to do? If they did n't put us on our honor—dog-gone it! If we just knew we'd get a whaling if we did, it would be worth it to take him down a peg or two.” He broke off and for a few minutes remained deep in thought, his lips twitching with fun. The others waited hopefully.

The three friends were gathered in the room shared by Pud and Paddy. Bob Randall, known as Pud, was sunk deep into his Morris chair by the window; Paddy Dugan, so nicknamed because of the nationality of the last half of his name, leaned against the wall by the window. The third, Bert Evans, for some unknown reason called Scratchy, was stretched out on the window-seat. They were a good-looking crowd, all about seventeen, all lively and full of fun, fond of sport, with all a boy's contempt for a boy that was inclined to be a student rather than an athlete.

And that is just what the new boy seemed to be. The fact that he was named Wilberforce Winters and was the only son of a missionary in Japan filled the boys with a mixture of curiosity and contempt. However, they were prepared to like him if he was their type, Pud having remarked wisely that he knew a minister's son that was the leader of the worst gang of boys in his home town. But the new-comer was worse than their worst dreams had painted him.

He was tall and slender, with delicate features as clean-cut and fine as a girl's, and he had a peculiar, dog-trot of a walk that made his legs appear even longer than they were, while his arms hung loosely from the shoulders like those of a jointed doll. Add to that a pair of big tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses and a soft voice that spoke precise English and you can understand why three ordinary, regular fellows should dislike him on sight.

Paddy shook his head dolefully, after a time. “No, fellows, it can't be done. I

don't pretend to be goody-goody, but when I'm asked, in the nice way Mr. Granger has, not to do a thing, and then he does n't watch to see if I do it or not, but takes it for granted that I won't—why—why—I just can't do it, that's all!”

They agreed again. Still, their thoughts went back to the way Wilberforce had impressed them as he met them at the station and asked them if they could “direct him to the Mill Brook School or advise him if there was some conveyance that would transport him to that place.”

“The poor stew!” murmured Pud. “Do you know, Paddy, when I saw him I thought, does n't he look just like a kangaroo?”

“A kangaroo?” laughed Paddy. “Why a kangaroo, and where have you seen one?”

“A kangaroo, my son, because he is so tall and loose jointed, and because of the way his arms flop when he walks. And I have seen a kangaroo in the zoo. Not living in the backwoods—” Paddy came from Montana and Pud from Philadelphia, so that the remark might be considered a good-natured slam for the former,—“not living in the backwoods, I do meet other animals besides those that are natives of this country.”

Scratchy chuckled. “Don't compare your friends to animals, Pud. I know three myself that have general outlines resembling yours.—If you throw that cushion and it goes out the window, you'll go out after it.”

“If I were n't so comfortable,” threatened Pud, “I'd throw it if I wanted to, and we'd see who'd go after it. Wonder if he's coming out for football?”

“No,” said Scratchy, “he says he does n't understand the game. I think he must be some kind of a nut—”

Paddy interrupted with a shout of laughter. “Excuse my unseemly mirth,” he gasped; “I thought of something.”

“Think outside if that's the way it affects you,” suggested Pud, sweetly.

Paddy fixed him with his eye. “As we were coming in yesterday from the pond,—Phil and Jack and a lot of us, including the Kangaroo,—we stopped to take breath at the top of the hill. Of course, our friend had to look around him, and the first thing he saw was Woodleigh, and he wanted to know what that edifice was erected for—”

"Only he had the 'for' first, I 'll bet," broke in Pud.

"Who 's telling this?" indignantly.

"That 's all right, Paddy. Keep still, Pud. Fire away. As you were saying—"

"Absolutely not! Ask any of the fellows."

"It might be," said Scratchy, lazily. "Look at what he said to Gene—I mean, think of it."

"What?" from both.

"Did n't you hear?"

Why, Gene was telling us a yarn about a woman and a lot of children—only he called them a raft of kids—who hurried up to the ticket-office at the last minute. It was screamingly funny the way he told it, and after we had stopped howling about it, Friend Wilberforce pipes up, 'Have they water around railway-stations?' I was going to tell him to snow again, that I did n't get his drift. Then I thought maybe he would n't get mine, so I said, 'Beg pardon?' and he said it over again. I said 'Why?' and he said, 'Because the young gentleman just said the lady had a raft of children.'

"And yet," said Pud, thoughtfully, "he 's a bright fellow—quick to learn. And you've got to hand it to him—he can talk straight English. If he'd just be like other fellows, he'd be pretty decent."

They were not the only ones that held such consultations about the kangaroo's oddities. His ignorance of American



"'IT IS TOUGH,' AGREED PADDY. 'BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?'"

"So I told him it was the booby-hatch. He looked at me as if he did n't know what on earth I was talking about. 'Booby-hatch!' I saw he did n't get me, so I explained. 'Where they keep bugs.' Then he grinned all over his face, and what do you think he said? 'Oh, a biological museum!'"

Pud looked at his friend searchingly. "Did you make that up?"

slang amused the school and even the faculty, and there was something irritating about his faultless English.

Being naturally sensitive, he was aware of the fact that the boys laughed at him, and he felt rather surprised that his not playing football and not understanding modern slang could have such weight. He was proud, too; and although he never let them



see that he was hurt, he kept a little aloof from them, mixing with them in their trips to the athletic-field to watch practice, and on their afternoon hikes, but never presuming to begin a conversation with any one.

Toward the middle of December, after the school had settled down following the Thanksgiving vacation and the end of the football season, a letter came for Wilberforce which changed his whole outlook on the school. Perhaps his father had an idea that he would meet with just such treatment, for his letter stiffened the boy's backbone and made him sit thoughtfully for a few moments, staring into space.

Suddenly he sat up and looked around him at the boys who were busily preparing the next day's lessons in the big old library. Over in one corner, Pud Randall was having his daily tussle with Cicero, tugging at his hair with both hands as though by pulling some of it out by the roots he would let some light in.

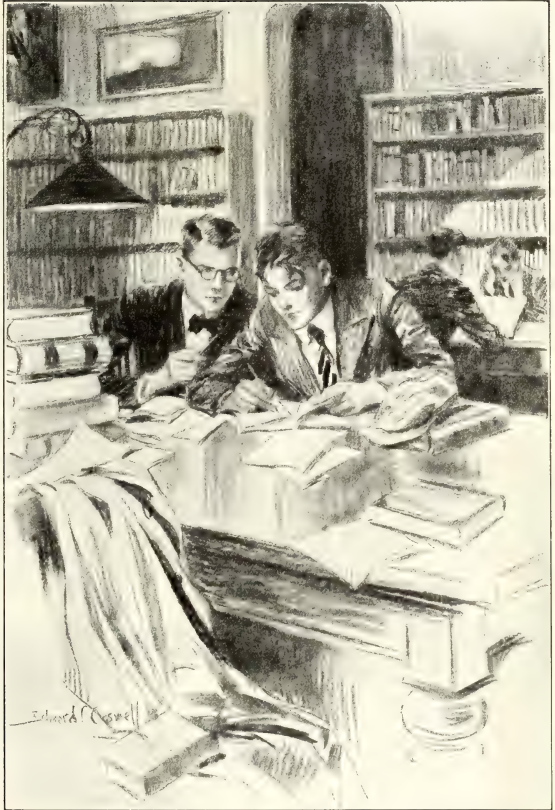
The kangaroo rose and went to him, dropping into a vacant chair by his side. "Don't do that," he laughed. "You'll want that hair when you grow old! Can I help you?"

Pud looked up, and his face flushed a dull red. He hesitated.

"Hang it all!" he burst out. "If I don't pass this test to-morrow, I fail for the quarter; and I can't do the stuff. I don't even know what the guy's talking about; and I have a suspicion that he does n't know himself."

"Maybe not. I have n't done mine yet. Let's do it together?"

Pud assented, and before long they were going ahead at a great rate. The kangaroo had a droll sort of humor, and Pud was noted for his strikingly original translations, so that they were soon chuckling together,



"BEFORE LONG THEY WERE GOING AHEAD AT A GREAT RATE"

and Pud decided he was n't such a bad fellow after all.

As they were going upstairs that night, the kangaroo stopped Pud. "If you'd care to come up to my room some time, I'd be glad to help you prepare for that test—if I can—"

Pud was silent a minute. "Listen," he said at last. "I would like to do it, but I can't let you take all that trouble for me. I've been rotten to you—I—I was responsible for that nickname—"

The kangaroo flushed. "I know. I'm right above you on the third floor, and I heard you talking one day in the autumn."

"Then all I can say is that you've been pretty white about the whole thing—and—and I'm sorry—"

The kangaroo laughed. "Don't worry about that. If there is anything I can do to help you with that Cicero, I'd be glad to. And—will you talk just the way the boys do and let me learn it?"

Pud stared at him. "Corrupt your English?"

"No. I don't mean that. I don't admire slang, but I do admire the free and easy way you boys talk together. You see, I've never met any except the Japanese boys, and so—"

"Oh, I see what you mean. You want to be a regular fellow? Well, if it can be done, we'll do it. But don't you try to write any slang for Gilbert in English class or he'll throw you out. Slang's just about as popular with him as the Allies are with the ex-kaiser."

Somewhere downstairs a clock struck, and the last few boys came slowly up the stairs. The kangaroo turned. "Well, I'm keeping you from retiring."

"You talk like a tire company's ad." Pud grinned. "Regular fellows don't retire, they 'hit the hay,' or simply go to bed."

Pud went to the kangaroo's room the next morning between classes and put in a solid hour at his Cicero. Then he came up in the afternoon and never opened a book, but was content to listen to the kangaroo tell about this curio and that as they happened to catch his guest's eye. Many and strange were the tales he told, so that the time passed quickly. That evening, Pud called him down to his room, invited Paddy and Scratchy in, and had him tell some of them over again.

After that, the four were always together. While the kangaroo made little progress in learning slang, and was a failure as far as football and basket-ball went, the boys discovered that he had a lot of useful information on other things. For instance, he was the originator of the sport of ice-boating on the pond, he and the other three having made a yacht on the pattern of one that he

had seen in a magazine. He was also partly responsible for the success of the school play in February. Then, one never-to-be-forgotten day, he threw Pud in a rough-and-tumble in the gym, much to the surprise of the coach, and found himself made an instructor of the Japanese art of self-defense, jiu-jitsu.

By the middle of March he was as well liked as any fellow in the school—and yet he had changed very little. He was looked upon as a fine fellow who was willing to help any one in any way he could. He had never been known to refuse to do a boy a favor. His room was open to all who cared to drop in, and he was always ready to stop whatever he might be doing and explain something or tell one of his fascinating tales about Japan.

When the track team was ready for work, even his most intimate friends were surprised to hear that he was out for practice and that he surpassed any of the Millbrook athletes in the high jump and pole-vault, and was also a good runner.

They were overjoyed at the news, for every year Millbrook and Woodmont Schools held a dual track-meet at which the winner at three consecutive meets would hold a silver cup. Woodmont had held it twice, and before the kangaroo appeared, it seemed that the chances of winning that season were very slim. But as the new-comer trained harder under the coach's guidance and perfected the skill he already had, the prospects seemed brighter.

The interest spread even to the visitors on the day of the meet, and they were all talking of the sensational records he had made. He lived up to their expectations, too, not only winning the high jumps, pole-vault, and broad jumps, but shattering all records. His pole-vaulting was nothing short of sensational, from the moment his figure left the earth and flung itself over the bar until it landed in a heap in the dust. The crowd went wild. He heard the cheering as he scrambled to his feet, and he felt a little tingle of pleasure at the sound. Then he heard his schoolmates yelling the words that had started as a taunt and had never failed to call the hot blood to his cheeks and that had always brought a feeling of resentment. "Yoo-hoo! Kangaroo-hoo!" He stiffened and felt a little thrill of pleasure. The shout was different. It was no longer a yell of derision—they were backing him as they backed the star football player whom

he had envied so much in the autumn. They were cheering him as they had cheered Stevens.

As he went off the field for a brief rest before the race, he encountered friendly eyes

was apparently as full of pep as ever, starting out with a long, free stride that brought him just a short distance behind Jerrold and kept him there. Sometimes Jerrold would make a spurt and then drop back again, showing

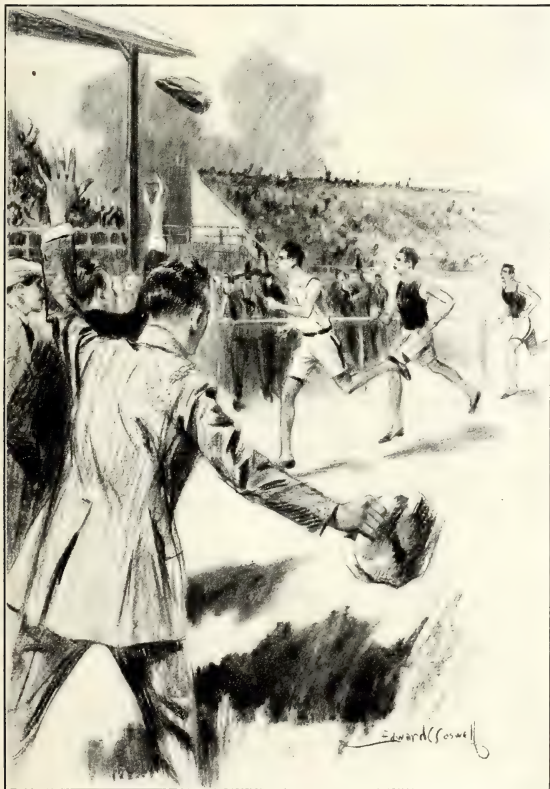
that he was using every ounce of his strength. On the other hand, the kangaroo was running easily—in fact, to look at him one would think he was running just for pleasure and not with any object in view. But on the last lap, he gradually lessened the distance between him and Jerrold, drawing closer and closer, and even as his rival made a desperate rush with his last remaining strength, he passed him, several feet from the finish.

Every one knew the real race was between those two,—that the other members of the track team were of little consequence,—and when the crowd saw that the Woodmont runner could barely keep going, while the kangaroo seemed good for another lap, they broke into enthusiastic cheers. Pud caught the kangaroo as he broke the tape, and flung his sweater around his shoulders, noting, as he did so, the breathless exhaustion of Jerrold.

"Oh, boy!" he whispered. "You showed some speed!"

"It was n't speed," smiled the kangaroo, "it was endurance. As soon as he started out I saw that he was good for just so much, and that if I could keep him at that, I could tire him out. If it had been a shorter race, I could n't have done it. You notice I'm not in the dashes. Think we've got the cup, Pud?"

"Don't know, yet."



"EVEN AS HIS RIVAL MADE A DESPERATE RUSH, HE PASSED HIM"

everywhere. Hands clapped him on the back, and strange voices called to him: "Go to it, old kid! We're with you!"

The contest was not an easy one by any means. There was still a chance that Woodmont would win again. If the kangaroo was too tired to run his best, Jerrold of Woodmont was completely fresh and had a very good chance. However, the kangaroo

But they had, and the kangaroo was the hero of the day.

In the evening, Pud was up in his room with him when he suddenly said, "Pud, Father was right, after all."

Pud looked up. "Why?"

"You remember that day when I came and asked if I could help you with your Cicero? Well, that day I had the blues. It seemed that football heroes were the only fellows that any one liked, and I just decided that I was n't going to try and be friendly with any one any more. Then I got this letter and I decided to try once more." He rummaged around in his desk and brought out a much folded letter, which, pointing to a paragraph, he passed to Pud, who read:

"Son, you 'll meet men that have things you don't have,—money, family, influence, maybe,—and it may seem to you that a certain fellow is succeeding because of something you lack. Don't you believe it. There 's a particular niche in this world for every one of us. No matter what we have, the world can use it—don't think of what the other man has. Take stock of what you have to give the other man. No matter how little you have, he may be able to use it. If you have nothing but love to give him, give that."

Pud re-folded the paper and passed it back.

For a short time he was silent, then he drew a long breath. "Once," he murmured, "once, you asked me to teach you how to be a regular fellow!—Teach *you* to be a regular fellow!—You old kangaroo!"

## WIND, WIND, UP IN MY TREE

WIND, wind, up in my tree,  
Thank you for bringing the winter to me.

Thank you, for I can remember when spring  
Rode with you here—the delightfulest thing!

Once while I slept you did leave at my door  
Sunshiny summer, so thank you, once more.

Then came your bravest of riders, the fall,  
Swift-flying wind, and I thank you for all.

Wind, wind, up in my tree,  
Thank you for bringing the winter to me.

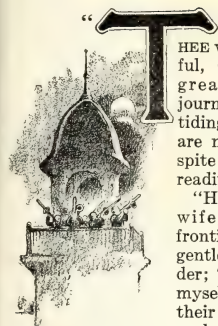
*Josephine Van Dolzen Pease.*





# THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

By R. R. HILLMAN



THEE will be very watchful, Osias? I have a great dread of this journey, and the daily tidings of the red men are not reassuring, despite confidence in thy readiness with them."

"Have no fear, Rachel wife," returned the frontiersman, with a gentle pat of her shoulder; "both the lad and myself are well used to their ways and have no lack of faith in our-

selves, nor yet want of trust in Him who watches over all journeys. But see to it—thou and the little one—that ye hide near the settlement, and harbor no stragglers whilst we are gone."

The little group stood in the doorway of the cabin,—the furthestmost from the center of the small settlement of Bethlehem, then less than a score of years in existence,—and straight up over the tree-tops below them, the smoke from several chimneys rose into the crisp December air. Near by flowed the Monocacy Creek, and but a stone's throw away stood the grist-mill of the community and the smithy, where daily the anvil resounded and the sparks flew from the lusty blows of Osias Ware.

The smith—strong, lithe, and well over six feet—was not only expert at his trade, but was also an adept in all matters pertaining to woodcraft. He was likewise reckoned a man of keen intelligence in the community and was well versed in books, sufficiently so to join in discussion with the learned fathers of the colony. His son Elisha, a youth of eighteen, bid fair to equal his father in all these qualities, and had already acquired that maturity of expression which the heavy responsibilities of pioneer life early set upon the face of young manhood.

In quick sympathy with his mother's fears, he now gave her a hearty kiss and gaily assured her that they would be back before she had had time to miss them. Little Prudence, with a fast hold of her mother's skirt, experienced with some wonder the first family parting that she had known.

"Wilt return by the Christmas day, Father?" she asked, half shyly, in the quaint speech of her mother, who had been a member of the Quaker faith; "remember, 't is but the fourth day hence."

"Aye, little one, God willing," replied the smith, catching her up and kissing her on both rosy cheeks; "and thou must have thy candle burning for me, if it chance that we be delayed past sundown."

"That I will," replied the child, earnestly; "mayhap thou and Elisha canst see it from yon far hill, if thou 'rt delayed till it be very dark"; and she pointed with a chubby finger to the distant Blue Ridge, far to the northwest.

"That were a goodly distance for so small a beam," the father answered smilingly.

Putting the child down, he gave a final adieu to his wife, and these brief farewells over, the two strode swiftly down the hill. Rachel Ware stood watching them, with a troubled look upon her face, until they disappeared in the woodland trail which led to the Lehigh and up into the wilderness beyond.

During the whole day, Osias Ware and Elisha traveled steadily up the valley. No snow had yet fallen, and they made fair progress, though taking care frequently to change their course and constantly watchful on all sides for any indication of the savages, who had, since the French and Indian outbreak, greatly harassed the entire eastern part of the Commonwealth with small marauding parties. It was, in fact, on account of these depredations that the present journey had been undertaken. A missionary from the Bethlehem settlement to Wyoming Valley had not been heard from for so long a time that the community had decided to send messengers and obtain reliable tidings of him, in the face of many rumors that the Shawanos of Wyoming had done him a mischief. Osias Ware and his son, the most reliable woodsmen in the district, had been selected for this dangerous service and had gladly accepted the responsibility.

That night the travelers rested at the small settlement on the Mahoning Creek; and pressing on in the early morning, they journeyed without incident all day and arrived toward nightfall on the "prospect rock" above Wyoming Valley. From this emi-

nence the whole valley lay in view, and this charming scene of miles of unbroken forest-land, parted by the quiet Susquehanna, made so peaceful an impression that it was difficult to believe that beneath those tree-tops there lurked ferocity and destruction.

waters of the Lehigh before nightfall. Both experienced woodsmen and versed in the ways of the savage, they doubled back on their trail several times at favorable spots. These precautions seriously delayed their progress, and the short December day



"RACHEL WARE STOOD WATCHING THEM UNTIL THEY DISAPPEARED IN THE WOODLAND TRAIL"

Not daring to venture farther, except in the most cautious manner, they sheltered themselves as comfortably as they could in a deep crevice below the rock, known to Osias, and next morning worked their way carefully down to the cabin of the missionary. They found it a ruin, evidently despoiled by the savages some time since, with no trace left of the former inhabitant, and, knowing the futility and danger of attempting a search, with the red men in their present temper, they sadly began the return journey to Bethlehem.

They purposely avoided the usual trails out of the valley, and took a route through ravines where the traveling was so round-about and so difficult that they were not likely to meet rovers. Toward the middle of the afternoon, they were traversing the Nescopeck ridges, hoping to reach the head-

was rapidly waning when they caught the first glimpse of the river, still many miles away.

Several times, during the last couple of hours, Osias Ware had glanced uneasily backward and around him, when he thought that Elisha would not notice. He had an undefinable impression of being stealthily followed, and some subtle sixth sense gave him warning to be exceedingly watchful. When they had first gained the ridge, early in the afternoon, his keen eye had instantly caught a thin thread of smoke rising far across the valley; and though the opposite ridges seemed miles away, in the dim grayness of the winter day, still Osias felt these unknown neighbors to be unpleasantly near. It was well that the snows had been delayed that season, for had the ground been covered never so lightly, it would have been utterly

useless to have attempted any obliteration of their trail, which would have at once been picked up by the unerring eye of any savage who might have crossed it.

Elisha, however, needed no particular consideration from his father when it came to a point of woodcraft, and although he had spoken but little as they pressed forward, his trained faculties had fully grasped all that had impressed the older man. He was leading the way boldly, in the gathering darkness of the afternoon, when he suddenly stopped short and raised a warning hand. Far off, down the gentle slope of the valley to the right, came the sharp howl of a wolf, and immediately, from some distance to their rear, came a faint echoing howl. A slight nod from Osias to the lad showed their mutual understanding. Clever imitations though they were, those howls came from the throats of no wolves—no four-legged ones, at least they well knew.

Bending quickly to the left, the two travelers made what speed they could, in the now uncertain light, directly toward the river, their only hope of baffling any pursuers; for it was plain that their trail had been noticed in some way, and the direction of their journey could be only too readily surmised.

Night had fallen when they arrived at the river-bank. The stream was found to be running full and too swift to risk crossing in the dark. They moved along with great caution, but it was impossible to avoid some slight noises, and the brushing of a bush or the snapping of a branch made an appallingly loud sound in the dead silence around them.

They had worked along down the river until they had reached the mouth of the narrow valley through which the stream ran for a long distance, and judged that they were still some ten miles from the settlement on the Mahoning, when they stopped for a short breathing-spell. It had been slow and exhausting travel, but the lad would have pressed on, in his excitement, had it not been for the restraining hand of his father. As they sat on a boulder by the side of the river, nothing could be heard but the rush of the water before them.

They had rested but a few minutes and had risen to resume their journey, when, with a suddenness that seemed impossible, they were surrounded in a moment by dark forms, and a wild, triumphant, savage yell arose above the roar of the river. They were in the hands of the red men, who had trailed

them so swiftly and so silently that they might have been shadows of the night.

MEANWHILE, all had gone as peacefully as usual at the Bethlehem settlement, and little Prue marked with impatience the slow passage of time until the Christmas eve should arrive. No child in the whole community could sing more heartily the beautiful chorals of the Holy Eve vigils, and this year in addition she joyfully anticipated the treat of being allowed to stay up until the hour when the newly formed trombone choir should send forth for the first time its impressive and touching strains from the little belfry over the settlement. Young as she was, she treasured the mind pictures of that joyous season: the whole community singing together, the childish voices by no means least; the distribution of the lighted beeswax candles during the singing of the last choral, the beautiful significance of which even her youthful mind could appreciate; the careful guarding of the Light all the way home; the transferring of it to the Christmas candle in the window; to say nothing of the little spruce-tree on its stand in the corner of the room, which would show bravely a dozen lights on the holy morrow. These simple joys of the Christmas-tide were held very dear in her stanch little heart, and so supreme was her confidence in the Light, that no slightest doubt entered her mind but that her father and Elisha would surely find their way home before it waned.

But no such assurance was in the heart of the mother. Only to-day,—the day before Christmas,—the friendly Shawano Paxinosa, passing through the settlement, bound toward the north, had given warning that several large parties of Delawares and Shawanos were known to be somewhere in the region above Mahoning Creek, though what their purpose was he was not able to say. Rachel Ware did not dare to dwell upon the possibilities which lay in this information. Toward evening, when no sign of the travelers had yet appeared, she had even gone so far as to hint of savage dangers and to suggest barring fast the windows, but she was somewhat abashed at the instant expression of absolute faith on the part of her little Prudence.

"Wouldst thou bar in the Light, Mother—the guiding Light of the Christmas Eve? And the father looking to my promise?"

"Thou 'rt right, little one. Let it shine," said the mother, with a prayer in her heart





"TRULY, THY CHRISTMAS CANDLE HAS CARRIED THE LIGHT TO THIS HOUSE, LITTLE ONE!"

When daylight broke on that day before Christmas, Osias Ware and Elisha soon saw that escape from their captors was an impossibility. Reinforcements had gathered in the early hours, and as nearly as they could reckon, they were in the hands of a band of at least eighty savages. It had also begun to snow, in that steady fashion which betokens no light fall, and as the first soft flakes touched his face, Osias was obliged to admit to himself that there was almost no chance of successfully breaking away. He was fairly acquainted with the native tongues, and it was not long before he realized that an attack was to be made shortly on one of the Lehigh settlements, though for what reason was not apparent. These communities were well known for their efforts in converting the red man, and for their doctrine of brotherhood and peace. Yet the smith could not help reflecting, with some bitterness, on the rapacity of many of the whites, whose dealings with these simple people had,

in many instances, been such as to instill revengeful feelings in their wild hearts. His own safety, and even that of Elisha, concerned him not so much as the thought of the fate that might possibly await Rachel and little Prue and the other gentle souls of that blameless community, should the present expedition be directed against Bethlehem.

Late in the morning, the band took up its march down the valley, with the captives closely guarded on all sides, and when a wide detour was made around the settlement on the Mahoning, it became evident that the Bethlehem community was the objective point. This was soon confirmed by the extra caution used in travel, and the number of scouts sent forward.

At nightfall the party was still about five miles above Bethlehem, and, after a short halt, proceeded very carefully in the darkness and drifting snow, finally reaching a lurking-place on the foot of Calypso Island, from which the few scattered lights of the



little village were plainly visible through the trees. Deep silence reigned everywhere, and Osias Ware pictured to himself the innocent homes in which, even now, the Christmas candles had been placed in the window, breathing the spirit of peace and good will and sending forth the Light in confidence and without fear. He had calmly thought on the possibility of giving the alarm by one wild cry, though knowing it would be his last, but he feared that he might only precipitate matters, and he was likewise well aware that no hand would be raised in hostility to the red men. And now there came suddenly to him an inspiration, born of his sad reflections on the simple and beautiful customs of the Holy Eve, and he resolved to make at least one attempt to save his family and his neighbors, by strategy if not by force.

Solemnly addressing the silent band of savages who listened in low, but expressive, voice, he said:

"Brethren, why will ye bring down the wrath of the Great Spirit upon yourselves by doing mischief unto them who have ever been at peace with their red brothers and mindful only of their good? Ye will not listen to *me*? Then the Great Spirit will Himself bid ye go hence and do no harm."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when there floated down over the woodland and river the solemn and impressive tones of a voice new to those savage men of the forest—a Christmas choral from the trombone choir in the little belfry on the hill. As the soft notes were borne to them in the darkness, the savages stood silent and in awe, listening intently to the strange voice of the Great Spirit; and when the tones finally died away, a brief conference was held. Then, following their leader, they made the sign of peace to Osias and Elisha and withdrew into the night.

With deep thankfulness in their hearts, the father and son made their way to the ford, and then toward home with all possible speed. As they took their way up the Monocacy, they saw straight ahead through the still falling snowflakes a little twinkling light, as a guiding outpost in the darkness; and joyful was the reunion a few minutes later when Rachel had clasped Elisha to her heart and little Prue was caught up in her father's arms.

"Truly, thy Christmas candle has carried the Light to this house, little one!" cried the father, devoutly, as he once again kissed her on both rosy cheeks.



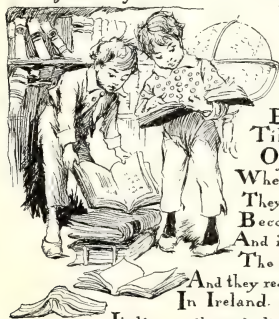
OLD BELL-HOUSE FROM WHOSE BALCONY THE TROMBONE CHOIR SENT ITS MUSICAL MESSAGE

# A BALLAD OF MONEY

By  
Florence Boyce Davis.

with Pictures by  
Wm. Berger.

SAID Timothy Tubbs: "It is certainly funny  
Whatever folks did when they didn't have money:  
To-day on my way to the school-house, said I,  
That ball in the window I'm going to buy";  
But I hadn't the money to do as I planned;  
Lanky Hopkins came in with a coin in his hand  
And bought it. Gee! didn't he think he was grand!  
Before they made dollars and quarters and dimes,  
They must have had very embarrassing times."  
"They must, that's a fact!" agreed Oliver Grimes.  
They took down some books from the library shelves;  
Said Timothy Tubbs: "We will look for ourselves  
And find, if we can, what the world was about

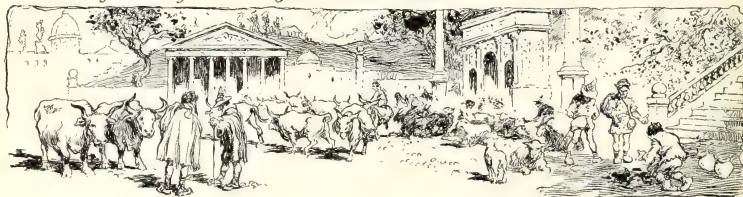


When there was n't a cent  
To be taken or spent."

"Quite right," agreed Oliver; "let us find out."  
They delved in the past many centuries back—  
So far back, indeed, that statistics we lack;  
But they turned page by page  
Till they came to the stage

Of hunting, where currency really begins,  
When savages traded with animal skins.  
They followed it down to the pastoral stage;  
Becoming domestic were beasts of that age;  
And instead of the skin alone serving for pelf;  
The currency then was the creature itself.  
And they read that this practice quite common became  
In Ireland and Iceland; in Rome 'twas the same;

Italian tribes dealt not in money or stocks,  
But they valued ten sheep at the price of one ox;  
And Zulus and Kafirs were happy or sad  
According to how many oxen they had.  
Said Timothy Tubbs, "Those were very strange times."  
"I should say that they were!" agreed Oliver Grimes.



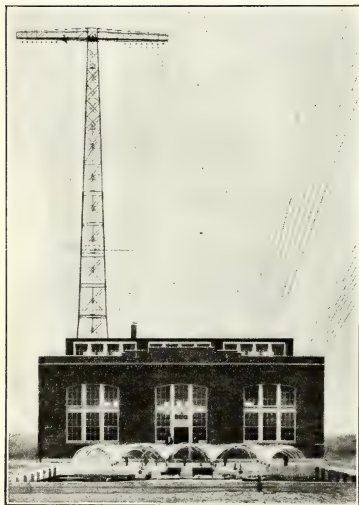




# TALKING TO THE WHOLE WORLD

By M. TEVIS

ONE by one the marvels of our fairy-tales materialize into actual facts. Do you remember *Fine Ear*, the faithful servant of the persecuted prince, who had only to lay his ear to the ground to detect the approach of the hostile pursuers miles and miles away? The teller of that tale little dreamed that centuries later a prince of invention would make it possible for a mechanical "Fine-Ear" to report to its master words from all parts of our great round globe. But on November 5, 1921, President Harding flashed a message to all the peoples of the earth by means of the world's greatest wireless plant, newly erected on a tract of land covering ten square miles on the north-



POWER-HOUSE WITH COOLING-POND, WHICH PERMITS CONSTANT MECHANICAL OPERATION, IN FOREGROUND

eastern shore of Long Island, about seventy miles from New York City.

This great station, by means of which simultaneous wireless communication can be held with the entire world, is known as Radio Central. This is the transmitting-station, so planned as to have a number of

separate antenna systems, each communicating with a different country. Sixteen miles away, at Riverhead, Long Island, is a multiplex receiving-station, so arranged as to receive simultaneously all radiograms coming to the United States from the foreign countries embraced in the system. But strange to say, there are no radio operators at either of these stations! The operators are conveniently situated in the Central Traffic Office, which is located in the busiest part of busy New York City.

The actual transmission takes place by what is known as "remote control," directed from the central office. In the same way, the distant signals pouring in by radio from all quarters at the receiving-station are automatically transferred to wire lines and received in audible tones at the central office. The action is simultaneous, from the time the signals are transmitted from some foreign point and picked up by the aerial, to the moment when the receiving operator in New York transcribes them.

We can realize the significance of this when we remember that in the early days of the art each station functioned alternately as a transmitter, a receiver, and a telegraph-office, which, of course, involved a great loss of time and a consequent reduction of possible business, since the station had to stop sending while receiving, and vice versa. When the signals reach the central office they are interpreted and typed off by skilled operators, or else received automatically at high speed by ink recorders. Lastly, they are handed to messenger-boys, who bear them to all parts of the city.

The great towers which fling themselves into the air with such gossamer lightness of appearance are really tremendously strong. No less than 1800 tons of structural steel were used to erect the first twelve—about 150 tons apiece. Each tower is 410 feet in over-all height, and the cross-arm at the top which supports the antennae is 150 feet long.

To support this great height and weight, they must rest, of course, on a very solid foundation. The base is made of solid concrete, 8200 tons of which were needed for the first twelve towers; each tower leg is sunk nine feet below the surface of the ground, and there is a total base area of 360



square feet. The towers are nearly a quarter of a mile apart, so that it is almost three miles from the first to the twelfth. Eventually, there will be seventy-two towers supporting twelve antenna units.

Each antenna unit might be said to represent the spoke of a giant wheel three miles or so in diameter. The wires, or antennae, which they bear aloft so proudly and sustain so securely, stretch horizontally from tower to tower. Each antenna consists of sixteen silicon-bronze cables three eighths of an inch in diameter. For the first two antenna systems,—those already erected,—fifty miles of cable were needed. The ground system for these consists of 450 miles of copper wire, which is buried in the ground in "starfish" and in "gridiron" fashion.

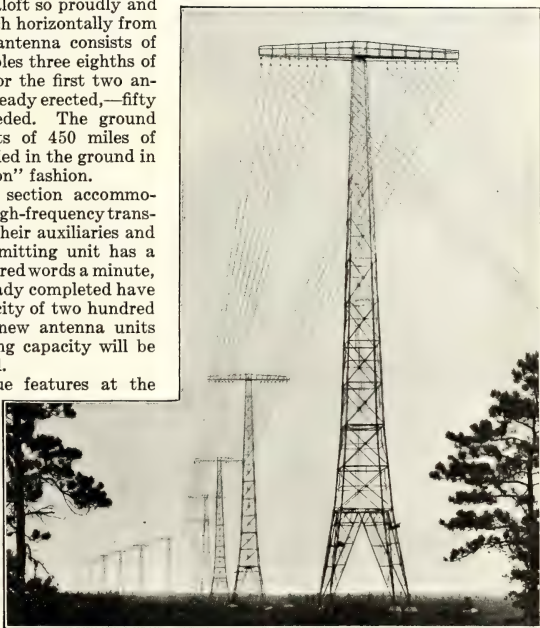
The first power-house section accommodates two 200-Kilowatt high-frequency transmitting alternators with their auxiliaries and equipment. Each transmitting unit has a sending speed of one hundred words a minute, so that the two units already completed have a combined sending capacity of two hundred words per minute. As new antenna units are added the transmitting capacity will be correspondingly increased.

One of the picturesque features at the great transmitting-station is the cooling-pond, where the water which circulates through the high-speed alternators is cooled. This pond is seven feet deep and 64 by 42 feet in area. It is provided with four spray-heads, which send graceful and ornamental jets of water into the air. The 23,000-volt transmission-line which supplies the station runs from Port Jefferson, seven miles away.

This stupendous plant is a growth from a tiny seed dropped into the fertile mind of a genius, within the brief space of our own generation. In 1887, Professor Hertz observed that electro-magnetic waves are radiated into space with enormous speed by the electrical discharge passing between the electrodes of the spark-gap of an induction-coil or static machine. Eight years later, Guglielmo Marconi discovered that electrical force can be transmitted through earth, air, or water by means of high-frequency oscillations. A year later he proved that tele-

graph signals could be sent and received for a distance of several miles by such waves, named Hertzian waves after their discoverer.

But even Marconi did not then realize the ultimate possibilities of this—at any rate, when he was asked in an interview the following year how far such a despatch could be sent, he cautiously replied, "Twenty miles."



THREE-MILE LINE OF THE FIRST TWELVE TOWERS, EACH 410 FEET HIGH WITH CROSS-ARMS, WHICH SUPPORT THE ANTENNAE, 150 FEET LONG

The interviewer inquired why he set this limit, and he answered with a succinct statement which may serve to close this article, since it shows at once the essential principle involved and that true spirit of scientific research embodied in the Latin proverb, "*Festina lente*," "Make haste slowly." This was his reply: "I am speaking within practical limits, and thinking of the transmitter and receiver as thus far calculated. The distance depends simply upon the amount of the exciting energy and the dimensions of the two conductors from which the wave proceeds."

# THE TURNER TWINS

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

NED and Laurie Turner, twins, arrive at Hillman's School at Orstead, N. Y., from their home in California. They consider that, although inexperienced, they owe it to the school to go in for sports, and it is decided that Ned shall take up football, and Laurie, baseball. Their first acquaintance among their fellows is a neighbor on their floor named "Kewpie" Proudtree. Kewpie, a candidate for center on the football team, has, contrary to orders, taken on flesh in the course of a lazy summer and seeks to placate the captain by introducing Ned as a star player. Laurie aids in the hoax, and Ned, whose ignorance of football is colossal, is welcomed as a valuable addition to the squad. He threatens mutiny, but Laurie convinces him that the honor of the Turners is at stake and that he must go on with it.

## CHAPTER V

### IN THE PERFORMANCE OF DUTY

SCHOOL began in earnest the next morning. Ned and Laurie were awakened from a deep slumber by the imperative clanging of a gong. There were hurried trips to the bath-room, and finally a descent to the recreation room and morning prayers. Breakfast followed in the pleasant, sunlit dining-hall, and at half-past eight the twins went to their first class. There was n't much real work performed that morning, however. Books were bought and, being again in possession of funds, Ned purchased lavishly of stationery and supplies. He had a veritable passion for patent binders, scratch-pads, blank-books and pencils, and Laurie viewed the result of a half-hour's mad career with unconcealed concern.

"You're all wrong, Ned," he said earnestly. "We are n't opening a stationery emporium. Besides, we can't begin to compete with the office. They buy at wholesale, and—"

"Never mind the comedy. You'll be helping yourself to these things soon enough, and then you won't be so funny."

"That's the only way they'll ever get used up! Why, you've got enough truck there to last three years!"

There was one interesting annual observance that morning that the twins witnessed inadvertently. At a little after eight, the fellows began to assemble in front of School Hall. Ned and Laurie, joining the throng, supposed that it was merely awaiting the half-hour, until presently there appeared at the gate a solitary youth of some fourteen years, who came up the circling drive about as joyfully as a French Royalist approaching the guillotine. Deep silence prevailed until the embarrassed and unhappy youth had conquered half of the interminable distance. Then a loud "*Hep!*" was heard, and the throng broke into a measured refrain:

"*Hep!—Hep!—Hep!—Hep!*"

This was in time to the boy's dogged steps. A look of consternation came into his face and he faltered. Then, however, he set his jaw, looked straight ahead, and came on determinedly.

"*Hep!—Hep!—*"

Up the steps he passed, a disk of color in each cheek, looking neither to right nor left, and passed from sight. As he did so, the chorus changed to a good-humored laugh of approval. Ned made inquiry of a youth beside him.

"Day boy," was the explanation. "There are ten of them, you know: fellows who live in town. We always give them a welcome. That chap had spunk, but you wait and see some of them!"

Two more followed together, and, each upheld in that moment of trial by the presence of the other, passed through the ordeal with flying colors. But the twins noted that the laughing applause was lacking. After that, the remaining seven arrived almost on each other's heels and the air was filled with "*Heps!*" Some looked only surprised, others angry, but most of them grinned in a sickly, embarrassed way and went by with hanging heads.

"Sort of tough," was Ned's verdict, and Laurie agreed as they followed the last victim inside.

"It looks as though day students were n't popular," he added.

Later, though, he found that he was wrong. The boys who lived in the village were accepted without reservation, but, naturally enough, seldom attained to a full degree of intimacy with those who lived in the dormitories.

By afternoon, the twins had become quite well shaken down into the new life, had made several superficial acquaintances, and had begun to feel at home. Of Kewpie

Proudtree they had caught but fleeting glimpses, for that youth displayed a tendency to keep at a distance. As the hour of four o'clock approached, Ned became more and more worried, and his normally sunny countenance took on an expression of deep gloom. Laurie kept close at his side, fearing that courage would fail and Ned would bring disgrace to the tribe of Turner. But Laurie ought to have known better, for Ned was never what his fellows would have called a "quitter." Ned meant to see it through. His mind had retained very little of the football lore that his brother had poured into it the night before, but he had, at least, a somewhat clearer idea of the general principles of the game. He knew, for instance, that a team comprised eleven players instead of the twelve he had supposed, and that certain restrictions governed the methods by which you might wrest the ball from an opponent. Thus, you could not legally snatch it out of his arms, nor trip him up in the hope that he would drop it. Ned thought the restrictions rather silly, but accepted them.

The athletic field, in school parlance the play-field, was even larger than it had looked from their windows. It held two gridirons and three baseball diamonds, as well as a quarter-mile track and ten tennis courts. There was also a picturesque and well-appointed field-house and a fairly large grand stand. To Ned's relief, most of the ninety students were in attendance, though only about forty of the number were in playing togs. Ned's idea was that among so many he might escape close observation.

He had, of course, handled a football more or less, and he was possessed of his full share of common sense. Besides, he had perhaps rather more than his share of assurance. To his own surprise, if not to Laurie's, he got through the hour and a half of practice very creditably. Seasoned candidates and novices were on the same plane to-day. There was, first of all, a talk by the coach. Mr. Mulford was a short, broad, good-humored man of about thirty, with a round and florid countenance, which possibly accounted for the nickname of "Pinky" that the school had affectionately awarded him. His real name was Stephen, and he had played guard, and played it well, for several years with Trinity College. This was his fourth season as football coach at Hillman's and his third as baseball coach. So far he had been fairly successful in both sports. His talk was brief and earnest, although he smiled through it

all. He wanted lots of material, but he did n't want any fellow to report for practice who did n't mean to do his level best and stick it out. Those who were afraid of either hard work or hard knocks had better save their time and his. Those who did report would get a fair trial and no favor. He meant to see the best team this fall that Hillman's School had ever turned out, one that would start with a rush and finish with a bang, like a rocket!

"And," he went on, "I want this team made up the way a rocket is. A rocket is filled with stars, fellows, but you don't realize it until the final burst. So we're going to put the soft pedal on individual brilliancy this year. It almost had us licked last fall, as you'll remember. This year we're going to try hard for a well-rounded team of hard workers, fellows who will interlock and gear together. It's the machine that wins, the machine of eleven parts that work all together in oil. We're going to find the eleven parts first, and after that we're going to do the oiling. All right now! Ten men to a squad. Get balls and pass in circles. Learn to hold the ball when you catch it. Glue right to it. And when you pass, put it where you want it to go. Don't think that the work is silly and unnecessary, because it is n't. A fellow who can't hold a ball when it comes to him is of no use on this team. So keep your minds right on the job and your eyes right on the ball. All right, Captain Stevenson."

At least, Ned could, to quote Laurie, "stand in a circle" and pass a football, and he did, and did it better than several others in his squad. In the same way, he could go after a trickling pigskin and catch it up without falling over himself, though it is possible that his 'form' was less graceful than that of one or two of his fellows. When, later, they were formed in a line and started off by the snapping of the ball in the hands of a world-weary youth in a faded blue sweater bearing a white H on its breast, Ned did n't show up so well, for he was almost invariably one of the last to plunge forward. The blue-sweatered youth called his attention to the fact finally in a few well-chosen words.

"You guy in the brown bloomers!" he bellowed. (Of course they were n't bloomers, but a pair of somewhat expansive golf breeches that Ned, lacking proper attire, had donned, not without misgivings, on Laurie's advice.) "Are you asleep? Put some life into it! Watch this ball, and when you see



it roll, jump! You don't look like a cripple, but you surely act like one!"

Toward the end a half-dozen last-year fellows took to punting, but, to Ned's relief, no one suggested that he take a hand at it, and at half-past five or thereabouts his trials came to an end. He went out of his way, dodging behind a group on the side-line, to escape Joe Stevenson, but ran plump into Frank Brattle instead.

"Hello, Turner," Frank greeted. "How did it go?"

"All right," replied Ned, with elaborate carelessness. "Fine."

"Rather a nuisance having to go through the kindergarten stunts, is n't it?" continued the other, sympathetically. "Mulford's a great hand at what he calls the fundamentals, though. I dare say he's right, too. It's funny how easy it is to get out of the hang of things during the summer. I'm as stiff as a broom!"

"So am I," answered Ned, earnestly and truthfully. Frank smiled, nodded, and wandered on, and Ned, sighting Laurie hunched up in the grand stand, joined him. "It's a bully game, football," he sighed, as he lowered himself cautiously to a seat and listened to hear his muscles creak. "Full of beneficial effects and all that." Laurie grinned in silence. Ned felt experimentally of his back, frowned, rocked himself backward and forward twice and looked relieved. "I guess there's nothing actually broken," he murmured. "I dare say it'll be all right soon."

"They say the first two months are the hardest," responded Laurie, comfortingly. "After that there's no sensation."

Ned nodded. "I believe it," he said feelingly. He fixed his gaze on the farther goal-post and after a minute of silence remarked:

"I'd like to catch the man who invented football!"

He turned a challenging look on his brother. Laurie blinked and for several seconds his lips moved noiselessly and there was a haunted look in his gray eyes. Then, triumphantly, he completed the couplet: "It may suit some, but it does n't suit all!"

"Rotten!" said Ned.

"I'd like to see you do any better," answered Laurie, aggrievedly. "There is n't any proper rhyme for 'football,' anyway."

"Nor any reason for it, either. Of all—"

"Hi, you fellow!" interrupted a scandalized voice. "What are you doing up there? Have you done your two laps?"

The speaker was a lanky, red-haired man who bristled with authority and outrage.

"Two laps?" stammered Ned. "No, sir."

"Get at it, then. And beat it in when you have. Want to catch cold, do you? Sitting around without a blanket or anything like that!" The trainer shot a final disgusted look at the offender and went on.

"Gee," murmured Ned, "I thought I was done! Two laps, he said! I'll never be able to, Laurie!"

"Oh, yes, you will," was the cheerful response. "And while you're doing them you can think up a better rhyme for 'football' than I did!"

Ned looked back reproachfully as he limped to the ground and, having gained the running-track, set off at a stiff-kneed jog. Laurie's expression relented as he watched.

"Sort of tough on the kid," he muttered sympathetically. Then his face hardened again and he shook his head. "I've got to be stern with him, though!"

## CHAPTER VI

### NED IS FIRM

KEWPIE PROUDTREE obeyed the shouted invitation to enter Number 16 and appeared with a countenance as innocent as that of an infant. "Hello, fellows," he said cordially, dropping into a chair with indications of exhaustion. "How do you like it as far as you've gone?"

Ned shifted in his seat at the study-table, choking back a groan, and fixed Kewpie with a baleful look. "Listen, Proudtree," he said sternly. "I've got a bone to pick with you!"

"With me?" Kewpie stared in amazement. "What have I done?"

"You've got me into a fix, that's what you've done! Did n't you ask me—us—last night not to let on to Stevenson that we—I—could n't play football? Did n't you say it would be a favor to you? Did n't you say it would be all right and—and everything?"

"Sure! What of it?"

"Why, you crazy galoot, you must have told him that I knew all about the game! And you knew mighty well I did n't! Stevenson thinks I'm a wonder, and I don't know a touchdown from a—a forward kick!"

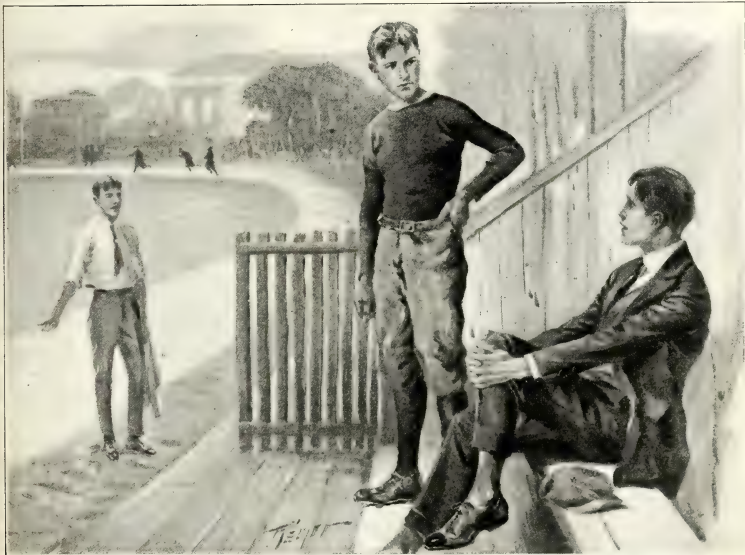
"Pass, not kick," corrected Kewpie, patiently. "Look here, Turner—Say, are you Ned or Laurie? Blessed if I can tell!"

"Ned," replied that youth, with much dignity.



"Guess I'll have to call you Ned, then. Can't call you both Turner. You understand. It was like this, Ned. You see, I want to stand in with Joe Stevenson. It—

But Laurie looked as unsympathetic as Ned. Kewpie sighed dolefully. "I—I suppose it was," he acknowledged. "I did n't think about that. I'm sorry, Ned, honest! I did n't



"HI, YOU FELLOW! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE? HAVE YOU DONE YOUR TWO LAPS?"

it's for the good of the school. If they don't play me at center this fall, who are they going to play? Well, Joe thought I—well, he seemed to think I had n't acted just right about keeping my weight down. He—he was sort of peeved with me. So I wanted to smooth him down a bit. You understand. That's why I told him what I did."

"Well, what *did* you tell him?"

"Why, I sort of—well, it was n't what I said exactly; it was what he thought I meant!"

"Proudtree, you're telling a whopper," said Ned, sternly. "And you told one to Stevenson, too, or I miss my guess."

"I only said that you were a swell football player."

"For the love of lemons! What do you call that but a whopper?"

Kewpie looked both ashamed and distressed. He swallowed hard and glanced furtively at Laurie as though hoping for aid.

mean to tell what was n't so. I just wanted to get Joe's mind off his troubles. You understand."

"Well, you got me in a mess," grumbled Ned. "I got by all right to-day, I suppose, but what's going to happen to-morrow?"

Kewpie evidently did n't know, for he stared morosely at the floor for a long minute. Finally, "I'll go to Joe and fess up if—if you say so," he gulped.

"I think you ought to," responded Ned.

"Where's the sense in that?" demanded Laurie. "What good would it do? Proudtree did fib, but he did n't mean to. I mean he did n't do it for harm. If he goes and tells Stevenson that he fibbed, Stevenson will have it in for him harder than ever; and he will have it in for you, too, Ned. Maybe he will think it was a scheme that you and Proudtree hatched together. That's a punk idea, I say. Best thing to do is prove that Proudtree did n't fib."

"How?" asked Ned.

"Why, Proudtree—"

"There 's an awful lot of that 'Proud-tree' stuff," complained the visitor. "Would you mind calling me Kewpie?"

"All right. Well, Kewpie told Captain Stevenson that you are a swell player. Go ahead and be one."

"Huh, sounds easy the way you say it," scoffed Ned; "but how can I, when I don't know anything about the silly game? I wish to goodness you 'd taken up football instead of me!"

"You got through to-day all right, did n't you?" asked Laurie. "Well, keep it up. Keep your eyes open and learn. You can do it. You 're no fool, even if you have n't my intellect. Besides, you 're the best little fakir that ever came over the range."

"You can't fake kicking a football," said Ned, scathingly.

"Look here!" exclaimed Kewpie, his round face illumined by a great idea. "Tell you what, Ned! I 'll show you how to kick!"

The silence that greeted the offer might have offended a more sensitive youth, but Kewpie went on with enthusiasm. "Of course, I 'm no wonder at it. I 'm a little too short in the leg and, right now, I—I 'm a bit heavy; but I used to kick and I know how it ought to be done. Say we have a half-hour or so at it every morning for awhile?"

"Would n't Stevenson know what was up?" asked Ned, dubiously.

"He need n't know. We 'll go over to the lot behind the grammar school. Even if he saw us, he 'd think we were having some fun."

"He must have a strange idea of fun," sighed Ned. "Still, if you want to take the trouble—"

"Glad to! Besides, I owe you something for—for getting you in wrong. And I can put you wise to a lot of little things about handling a ball. We could do some passing, for instance. Wonder who 's got a ball we could borrow. I 'll find one somewhere. You understand. Now, what hour have you got free in the mornings?"

A comparison of schedules showed that on two mornings a week the boys could meet at ten, and, on two other mornings, at ten-thirty. The remaining days were not accommodating, however.

"Well, even four times a week will show results," said Kewpie, cheerfully. "This is Thursday. We 'll have the first lesson Saturday at ten."

"I hope they don't ask me to do any kicking before then," said Ned.

"Not likely. You 'll get about the same stuff to-morrow as you had to-day. You 'll get by, take my word for it. That 's settled then." Kewpie referred to an ornate gold wrist-watch. "It 's after eight. You 're going over to Johnny's, are n't you?"

"Johnny's?" repeated Laurie. "Oh, Doctor Hillman's! I suppose so. What 's it like?"

"Oh, it is n't bad. The eats are pretty fair. Anyway, he sort of likes the fellows to go, and he 's a good sort. You 'll be introduced to the faculty and their wives, if they have any, and meet a lot of fellows whose names you 'll forget the next minute. Take my advice and sort of work in toward the dining-room. Last year, the harlequin ice-cream gave out before I could get to the table." Kewpie sighed. "Tabby has bully cake, too, and I 'm off of cake. Is n't that rotten luck?"

"Awful!" laughed Ned. "You going over now?"

"Yes. Come on and I 'll introduce you to some of the fellows you ought to know. I 'll wash my dirty paws and meet you in two minutes."

The principal's reception proved rather enjoyable. The "eats" were excellent and, under Kewpie's guidance, the twins reached the long table in the dining-room well in advance of the crowd. As Laurie remarked afterward, it was worth the amount of trouble involved just to watch Kewpie's mouth water as he gazed soulfully at the chocolate layer-cake. To his credit, be it narrated that he manfully resisted it. Besides consuming much delectable food, the twins were impressively introduced by their guide to a number of their fellow-students, the introduction being prefaced in each case by a sort of biographical note, as: "There 's Dan Whipple. The tall fellow with the trick collar talking to Mrs. Wells. Rows stroke on the crew. Senior class president. Honor man last year. President of Attic, too. Good chap to know. Come on." In such manner they met at least a half-dozen school notables, most of whom were extremely affable to the new boys. Sometimes, to be sure, the twins had a suspicion that Kewpie was pretending a closer intimacy with a notable than in fact existed, but he always "got away with it." The only fly in the ointment of the evening's enjoyment occurred when Kewpie mischievously introduced them to Mrs. Pennington,

the wife of the Greek and Latin instructor, and sneaked away. Mrs. Pennington was tall and extremely thin, and viewed the world through a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles. She had a high voice and what Ned

them at last and they scurried away, neglecting, in their hurried departure, to say good night either to the doctor or Miss Tabitha, a breach of etiquette which probably passed unnoted by the hosts. Back in East Hall,

the twins hammered loudly at Number 15, but Kewpie was either absent or discreet. At any rate, there was no response, and revenge had to be postponed.

To Laurie's surprise, a notice on the bulletin-board in the corridor of School Hall the following morning announced that autumn baseball practice would begin that afternoon. He had supposed that his hour to offer himself on the altar of school-patriotism would not arrive until the next spring; and later, when he strode down Walnut Street with Ned, in search of football togs for the latter, he broached the subject diplomatically.

"Funny idea to have baseball practice this time of year, I think," he remarked carelessly. "Not much good in it. A fellow would forget anything he learned by next April."

"Did n't know they did," replied Ned,

uninterestedly. "Who told you that?"

"Oh, there was a notice on the board in School Hall. Don't believe many fellows go out in the fall."

"Thought baseball was a spring and summer game. Still, I dare say you can play it just as well now. Seems to me I've heard of having spring football practice, have n't you?"

"I dare say. Crazy scheme, though, playing games out of season."

"Ye-es." Ned went on thoughtfully a moment. Then he shot a suspicious glance at his brother. "You going out?" he demanded.



"KEWPIE INTRODUCED THEM TO MRS. PENNINGTON, AND SNEAKED AWAY"

termed a "very Lake Superior" manner, and, since she confined her conversation to the benefits to be derived from an earnest study of the Latin poets, philosophers, and historians, the twins were not happy. Fortunately, very little was demanded from them conversationally, Mrs. Pennington being quite competent to do all the talking. But unfortunately, she gave them no chance to get away. Ned descried Kewpie grinning heartlessly from the doorway and rewarded him with a terrific and threatening scowl. Kewpie, however, but waved blandly and faded into the night. Release came to



"N-no, I don't think so," answered Laurie, lightly. "There 's that building we had the bet on the other day. We never did find out—"

"Never you mind about that building," interrupted Ned, severely. "I 'm onto you, partner. You 're trying to renege on baseball. Well, it does n't go! You 're a baseball hero and you 've got to get busy!"

"Aw, Ned, have a heart! There 's plenty of time—"

"No, sir, by jiminy! You got me slaving for the dear old school, now you do your bit!"

"Yes, but it's n't fair to start the baseball season in September. You know it is n't."

(To be continued)

"Cut out the alibis! You can get some baseball togs right now. Good thing you spoke of it. What 'll you need?"

"All I need is kindness," wailed Laurie. "Ned, I don't want to be a hero! I don't want to save the dear old school from defeat in the ninth inning! I—I—"

"You 're going to do as you agreed to," answered Ned, grimly. "Remember that the honor of the Turners is at stake!"

Laurie sighed deeply. Then, "You speak of honor! Say no more. I yield," he declared dramatically.

"You bet you do," answered Ned, unhesitatingly. "You for the baseball field!"

## SAVING TIME

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

STRANGE thing, this Time, of which we speak so lightly, which we take so for granted, and that we imagine we can waste or save according to our will. Yet here it is, all of it the world can hold, all the time. On it goes steadily, yet it remains. How can we waste or save anything that exists constantly? There is, as Arnold Bennett remarked years ago, a day of twenty-four hours for each of us, no more, no less. All we do or think is accomplished inside of time, and we can not lose a single second or increase the measure one iota.

Of course, we don't really save or lose time; it is ourselves we save or lose, waste or gain. It is n't what we are doing with our twenty-four hours a day, but with ourselves, that is the important business. We don't alter Time, don't improve or spoil the day. Always it is our own being that we make or spoil. Everything changes, except Time. Time is even outside what looks like time—outside the rising and sinking suns and the marching of the universes.

Nevertheless, it is convenient to speak of time as something we own, to do what we like with, to spend as we choose. The twenty-four hours a day that we receive are our own, to make or mar. We can save or waste our time, according as we employ ourselves during each passing day.

And since there is just so much time allotted us, it is better to spend it in the best

way, to get the very most possible out of it, for there won't be any more. When we have used up our share, it's done with. Not a second more remains.

This being so, it is worth while thinking a bit over what things save time for us, and what waste it.

Here comes a certain hour, let us call it four o'clock in the afternoon. During that hour you are going to read. It is, of course, an hour that will never come again.

Now, you can give that hour of reading to a cheap and silly book or paper, or to a fine and true one. You can finish with that hour having spent it in the company of splendid thoughts and characters; you can have learned during that time a little of the wonderful story of this world in nature or in human life; you can have been made to feel the beauty of words and the moving force of a great mind, or have been charmed with tenderness or amused with real wit and humor; or you can have crammed it with false, affected, untrue material. There are more good books in the world than you will ever have the time to read, but you have given your hour to the reading of a poor one. Wasted time, since wasted time means wasted you!

It is the same, let us say, with a moving picture. Here you have your precious hour to spend. You buy with it a poor motion picture in a stuffy room. Nothing worth



thinking about or looking at has happened. All the best of you is bored or inattentive. You might have spent that hour for something worth while.

You might have bought an hour of healthy exercise in the open air, or in joyous play with your friends. You might have given it to one of a thousand vital interests, whether work or play or thought or talk. In a richer world, full of marvels to be had for the choosing, you have wasted that hour on something badly made, stupid, vulgar perhaps. More than that, you have helped to make such a poor and vulgar thing popular, have made it more likely that it will succeed in crowding out a better and nobler picture, which might make you a full and interesting hour instead of a wasted one. For, as I said before, it is you who make this world, all of you together, deciding what it shall be like, what ideals and aims shall prevail in it.

Many people have a notion that idle time is wasted time. But this is not so. Idleness is of many sorts, and some of it is glorious idleness. An hour or two spent lying on your back of a spring day under a blossoming apple-tree, thinking your own thoughts, might be the best and wisest expenditure of the whole twenty-four. The only sound reason for being alive is in becoming the most complete expression of a human creature you possibly can become. It has always seemed to me that what many call idle hours do more to accomplish this result than hours of hardest work—if that work is a thing of dull routine, certainly. Work of the right sort is a first-rate developer, surely. But unfortunately, we have managed to get this world of ours into a state where much of the work done is of little or no use in the making of a real human being. It makes other things, but other things are far less important. The hours you give to work you delight in, work that trains your mind and body to fine result, work that can be done by you as a man or a woman, not as a machine, those are splendid hours. But we have so filled our life with useless things, so crowded it with material that we do not need, that many of us have to be busy most of the time making all this stuff, cluttering up our hours with labor that does not use our mind or spirit or imagination, and that leaves us weary. Time is more likely to be wasted, from this point of view, in the school or the workshop than in blessed idleness. The idleness that leads you to the woods and fields, to study the natural things that exist

there, to find the simple delight of sunshine and the beauty of flower, tree, bird, and butterfly, is idleness that pays. The idleness that dreams over a great poem, or ponders the action and the life of some great man, the idleness that plans, through a day-dream, something fine, such idleness is blessed. We all need those hours in our life, need them desperately. We need the beautiful sense of leisure, which is born in such hours, the release of soul that comes in them.

There is no more decided waste of time than the moments given over to fretting and stewing. I have known children who will sulk or whine a whole hour because of being denied some wish or request. Sheer wasted time. Think of spending one of those precious twenty-four hours that way! A few minutes of lively rage will come to us all under disappointment or injustice or cantankerousness of any sort. That can't be helped, and is probably rather useful. But to whine and grouch for sixty minutes or more over anything at all is too ridiculous. There are too many much better things to be done. Up and at them, and let the sulks go to limbo. It is n't only children who waste hours that way, either. All of us do it, some very little, some more. Think of spending a good dollar on some ugly, tiresome thing you hated, when all around were nice, attractive things you wanted. Yet that is just like spending an hour in the dumps, buying a sour and unhappy thing when there were good and jolly ones to be had.

Wasted hours are hours spent in mean, wrong, unhappy ways. Time gone that way is loss indeed. Unhappiness comes to us, of course, unhappiness that has its own great building qualities. But we bring another sort of unhappiness upon us by our own will, and sink into it weakly because we allow our hours to go in silly jealousies and envies, in fretting for what we can not have or do, in thinking ourselves put upon, in bewailing the customary disappointments of the day, that every one meets, as though it were we alone who had to bear them. Good, unreturning hours gone on that sort of thing!

The secret of the careless way we have with time is the fact that there seems to be such a lot of it; and not only seems to be, but is. Only, once we get the notion into our heads that it is ourselves and not time, which we are flinging away so easily, and that, after all, there is only just so much of our-

selves, that we have only so many possibilities, that we can not do two things at one time, and can only do a very circumscribed number of things before the end, once we grasp that idea we may consider a little more carefully this business of wasting time.

You see, we build our lives with time. To build them of waste time is a foolish business. What worth-while thing can be built out of waste? Good sound stone or wood or steel or concrete we use to build our houses with. Building a life out of hours spent on cheap, stupid, selfish, mean things is hardly worth while. Not when the good stuff is here, to be had for the choosing. A healthy, happy, active day is a wonderful chunk of building material in this affair of making life. Shutting up your mind inside an hour filled with anything less than the best you can possibly get is bad building, shoddy work.

All that goes for your growth, for the enrichment of your mind and spirit, for the sound development of muscle, for sympathy and understanding; all that helps you to know more of this marvelous world into which we are born, whose tiniest happenings are so full of a mysterious power, where the very movements of the clouds across the sky and the curve of an incoming wave are worthy of profound thought and capable of giving great joy; all that opens your heart to your comrades, that makes friendship worthy and love real and deep; all that trains you to do work that shall be sound and true;

all that trains you to think straight thoughts and do straight deeds—all these are to be made out of the hours that go to you, your very own. A certain amount of waste there will always be; it is one of the laws of nature, though even for that waste some ultimate use is found, perhaps, since nature moves inside a smaller circle than is ours. For us, we can not be sure of redeeming the waste we have created; at the best, the matter will be long and unsatisfactory. It is wiser to use our hours when we have them, knowing that they at least pass to come no more.

But don't feel hurried about these hours of yours. You have all there are during the period in which you have any use for hours, and all there are is enough. You can waste one by rushing and banging through it, feeling it is altogether too short for your needs, quite as easily as by dawdling. A life that is always on the jump, that keeps a wild eye on the clock and crowds detail enough for three hours into one, is wasting time because it is wasting and exhausting itself. I know persons who never have time to see a good picture, to hear good music, to take a leisurely stroll, to sit in cheerful talk over a cup of tea. They have made such a mess of their hours that they might almost as well not live them at all. Time does not hurry, it is ample and serene. Take time to live, for that is what time is for. If you do not live in your hours, you might as well not have any. They are waste indeed.



# THE HILL OF ADVENTURE

By ADAIR ALDON

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

IN the small town of Ely, in the Rocky Mountains, Beatrice Deems, her sister Nancy, and their Aunt Anna settle down for the summer, ostensibly for their aunt's health, although the girls begin to surmise that there may be other reasons for their coming. They find the town full of foreign laborers, employed by the company that is constructing an irrigation system for this valley. On the mountain-side above is a tract of land and a cabin which belong to Beatrice, given to her by her father. A Finnish-Russian agitator, Thorvik, is the leader of the workmen, who begin rioting when the irrigation work is closed down for lack of funds. Christina Jensen, Thorvik's sister, is friendly to the girls, and warns them of the danger in the lawless town. They go with their aunt to the cabin where, as they settle down, they find that their nearest neighbors are a girl named Hester and her father by adoption, John Herrick, who seems unpleasantly surprised at learning who Beatrice is. Beatrice writes a letter for Christina to her son Olaf, who has slipped away and gone to sea. Thorvik discovers what she has done for his sister and, in an ugly mood, forbids further intercourse between them.

## CHAPTER V

### A MYSTERY AND A DETECTIVE

It was a week later, and Beatrice, with a shining landscape of blue mountains and green forest showing beyond her through the open door, was standing on the threshold in her riding clothes.

"I've finished my share of the housework and I'm off for a ride," she said to Nancy.

Her sister smiled broadly over her dusting. "I would never have thought," she declared, "that you could curry a horse and split the kindling before breakfast and that I could scrub floors and wash dishes every day and that we both of us would like it. There must be something strange in this mountain air."

They had begun to feel as settled as though they had been at their housekeeping in the cabin for months. The cottage itself was a different place, an entrancingly pleasant and comfortable one. Hester Herrick, with whom they were now great friends, was always bringing them things—big black and-irons for the great fireplace, a collection of soft pine-pillows and the thick bearskin rug that lay before the hearth.

"Roddy said you were to have it. He shot the bear himself last winter," she said, when the girls protested that this last gift was too valuable.

Sam also had brought a bashfully presented offering—the pelt of a mountain-lion, which now served as Aunt Anna's bedside rug. Nancy had put up white blue-bordered curtains at the little square windows, and had set on the wide sills pots of red berries, boxes of ferns, and bowls of bright-faced pansies. With the fresh wind fluttering the curtains and the sunshine lying in patches on

the white scrubbed floor, the little cabin was as gay and homelike a place as heart could desire.

Christina, in spite of Thorvik's interdiction, still came every day. This morning she arrived earlier than usual, with their marketing in a big basket, and the mail, for it was not wise, even yet, for the girls to go often to the village. She took some letters in to their Aunt Anna and remained for some time, since Miss Deems appeared to be asking her questions.

"No," the girls overheard her say, "there is no one of your name hereabouts. But Olaf and I have only lived in this valley ten years, so it might have been before."

Beatrice looked up, startled. What had her aunt been asking and why should there be any one of their name living in this far-off place? She remembered her former wonder concerning that brother of whom they never heard anything at home. But Christina came out, closed the door, and went away down the path. The bright morning was calling and Beatrice forgot her curiosity in looking forward to her ride.

"Don't you want to go, Nancy?" she said as she went through the kitchen.

"No," returned Nancy, briskly, "I don't care for riding as you do, and this morning I would not go for anything. I am going to try making bread." The exploration of strange forests and dizzy mountain-sides was nothing to Beatrice compared with the excitement of cooking something new.

Beatrice's ride was doomed to delay, however, for as she was leading her pony around the corner of the house, she came upon a visitor, a total stranger, standing on the doorstep. He was apparently annoyed at finding no door-bell and having his knock go



unheard. He shuffled his feet, coughed, and rapped smartly on the door again and again, as though he were a person of such importance that he must not be kept waiting. Beatrice realized suddenly how used she had

has sent me here, or, rather, I volunteered to come, to investigate this unfortunate affair going on in Broken Bow Valley."

"Oh, you mean the strike?" Beatrice asked, rather bewildered and not knowing why the overdressed Mr. Mills should have sought out their remote cabin.

He made a movement as though to go in; but since Beatrice seemed not at all inclined to open the door, he sat down on the step with easy assurance, laid his hat on the stone, and took out a notebook.

"The affair is more like a lockout than a strike, but not exactly that, either," he continued, with that irresistible fluency of speech adopted by people who talk a great deal to unwilling listeners. "As I understand it, the situation is this: the Broken Bow Irrigation Company undertakes to construct the necessary dams, ditches, and sluice-gates to water this dry valley, a big project in which a certain John Herrick, resident of these parts, has large interests."

"I did not know about John Herrick's share in it," Beatrice said. She was beginning, already, to catch the Western habit of dropping the title Mr. except in direct address. Since she was unwilling that the



"'NO, THERE'S NO ONE OF YOUR NAME HEREABOUTS'"

become to Ely's conventional costume of flannel shirt and high boots, since this dapper new-comer, with his pointed shoes and tight, high-waisted coat, looked not only uncomfortable, but absurd.

"Good morning, Miss Deems, beautiful day, is it not?" began the stranger, easily. "Mills is my name, Dabney Mills of the Brownsville 'Evening Star.' My paper

stranger should come in, for fear he would disturb and annoy Aunt Anna, and since he made no move to go away, she finally sat down upon the step.

"The money for this affair," Mills went on, "was raised in part, as is usual, by owners of the land which is to be irrigated, but the greater amount was to be subscribed by capitalists outside the valley, John Herrick



pledging himself to see that the necessary sum was forthcoming. So far, so good." He tapped the note-book with a stubby forefinger and went on with significant emphasis. "Now, it is known that just before this outbreak the finances of the company were in good condition, and that there was no talk of funds giving out before the work was completed. Yet when the men held a meeting to debate whether they should go on strike for increased wages,—they had already had one increase, but Thorvik insisted it was not enough,—they were served with a notice that the capital was exhausted and that construction was shut down. That is what all the trouble is about."

He looked at Beatrice very wisely, but she said nothing. She was aware of Nancy standing in the door and looking at Dabney Mills's back in round-eyed astonishment. She finally called her out, stiffly introduced the new-comer, and motioned Nancy to sit beside her.

"Yes, sir, the money was gone!" The polished manner of Mills's narrative dropped suddenly into the colloquial, as though the effort had been too much for him. "The men mobbed the office building, demanding to know what had happened, and the officers of the unions were allowed to examine the books and even to look into the safe; but it was plain to them all that the company could n't turn up a red cent. Been stolen, so people begin to say, but no one knows who did it. Now the men are lounging around town, idle, quarreling, and looking for trouble. Not a wheel can turn until the money is found."

Nancy looked at him with inquisitive interest.

"And did you come to Ely to find it?" she asked.

"Well—why, if you put it that way, I guess I did," he answered, reddening a little, but seeming flattered, on the whole, by the bluntness of her question. "I told the editor of my paper that it would make a big story if any one could find out just who made way with that money. He did n't think a cub reporter could do much, but I offered to come up here on my own responsibility and get to the bottom of the whole affair. It will be a smashing big hit for me if I make good."

He opened his note-book and fluttered over the leaves.

"Of course, the sheriff is working on the job; but these country officials are no sleuths.

It will take a smarter man than he is to get anywhere. I'm on my way up to interview John Herrick—he's the big man of the company and he ought to be able to give me something. But in case he won't talk, I thought I would stop and learn what I could from his neighbors, I understand you know Miss Herrick well. Now anything you can tell me will be useful. What do you know of John Herrick or his habits or his business?"

He waited, with pencil poised.

"We don't know anything, and we would n't tell you if we did!" cried Nancy, indignantly.

"It is n't hard, usually, to find out about people from their neighbors," Dabney Mills declared, quite unabashed. "You are staying with your aunt, I understand. Perhaps if I went in and spoke to her—"

"You will do nothing of the sort!" Beatrice had found the voice of which astonishment and anger had robbed her. "My aunt is not to be disturbed, and there is not the least use in asking us any more questions."

"Oh well, of course if you are going to take it like that—" Dabney Mills rose and pocketed his note-book. He seemed quite unfazed and not convinced, even yet, that his quest was fruitless. "I'll drop in again in a day or two."

Beatrice walked with great dignity into the house, followed by Nancy, who could not help turning to look after the reporter as he trudged away through the pines, the cock of his hat and the swagger of his shoulders showing that he did not even yet acknowledge defeat.

"I do hope Aunt Anna was n't bothered," said Beatrice, as she tiptoed into the inner room, to discover her aunt propped up in the invalid chair and rocked by a gale of laughter.

"You did very well, my dears," Aunt Anna said. "Even his back is bristling with indignation as he marches away. I could not help overhearing, with the door open, and you were both well equal to the situation. What a strange, impertinent man, or boy, rather, for he is scarcely grown up! I wonder that any reputable newspaper employs him!"

"He said he was doing this on his own responsibility and was going to sell the news to a paper later," explained Beatrice. "He thinks he is going to make some startling discovery."

"I believe," asserted Nancy, wagging her head sagely, "that when he was young and his character was forming, his mother let him read too many detective stories and they did n't agree with him. He thinks he is *Sherlock Holmes* and *Craig Kennedy* and all the others rolled into one. That is what is the matter with him."

"You take a charitable view, Nancy," returned her aunt, "and I rather think your diagnosis is right. But insistent, foolish people of his kind can often do a great deal of harm without intending it."

Beatrice returned, finally, to the impatient Buck and rode down the path toward the gate. It was her intention to explore some of the upper trails of the mountain-side today, for she had no desire to ride in the direction of the village. Once only had she been forced to go to town, and she had felt very uneasy under the sullen, unfriendly stare of the idle foreigners lounging about the doorways or sitting in rows at the edge of the board sidewalks.

She was to be delayed once more, however, by another visitor, one even more unwelcome than the first. She had dismounted to give a final jerk to the cinch of the girth and was about to swing into the saddle again to ride through the gate when she saw Thorvik come striding across the lowered bars. His face was red with the heat of his steep climb, and the veins stood out on his forehead below his bristling tow-colored hair. Such a face she had never seen before, distorted with anger and flushed with hate. He pulled a letter from his pocket as he came near and held it up. Thinking that it was for her, she stretched out her hand to take it, but he snatched it back beyond her reach.

"You are to look, not to have it," he said in a voice thick with rage.

She saw that it was addressed in a plain, school-boy hand to "Mrs. Christina Jensen, Ely, Montana."

"Why," she cried, "it must be from—"

"From that Olaf," snarled Thorvik. "And why should he be writing, if not because he has had an answer to his letter of long ago. I told her there should be no answer. Who wrote for her?"

"I did," returned Beatrice, steadily, although her hot temper was beginning to rise within her.

She made a move to remount her horse, but the man stepped forward and seized the bridle. Buck, nervous and startled, wheeled and reared, but could not jerk free from the

iron grip on his bit. Thorvik moved up the path and put himself between Beatrice and the house. Terror, as well as anger, was beginning to take possession of her, but she faced him without flinching.

"You wrote it—after I forbid?" His voice shook with fury. "Then this is what I do with the answer." He slipped the rein over his arm and with his two great hard hands tore the letter into shreds that went whirling and scattering in the wind all across the side of the hill.

"Had Christina read it?" cried Beatrice, in dismay.

"No, Christina can not read, nor I. She is crying at home. I told her I would bring the letter to you and tear it up before your face, to show you how much use is it to meddle with the business of other people."

"And she will never know what he said?" Beatrice exclaimed. "You took it from her before she could hear? You coward—you—"

"Steady, my dear."

A man's quiet voice sounded at her elbow, and she turned suddenly to see John Herrick.

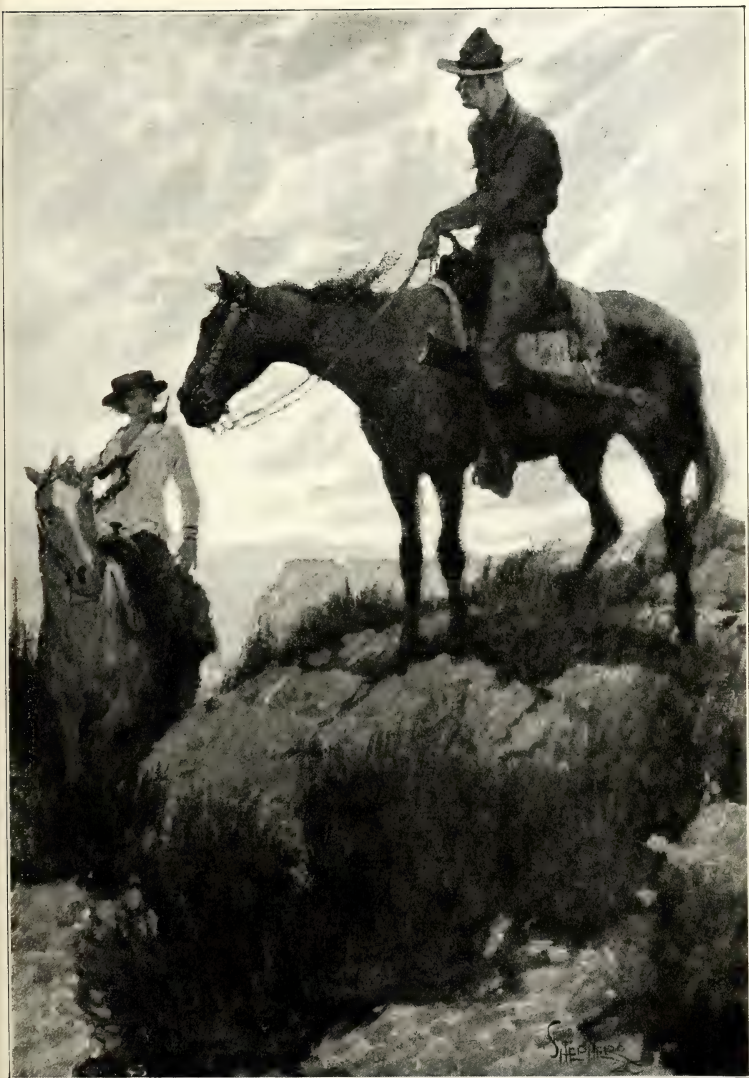
"Anger won't get you anywhere with people of this fellow's kind," he said gently. "If you wish to order a man off your grounds, you must do it quietly."

And then, fortified by the knowledge that John Herrick was beside her, Beatrice had the strange delight of directing an insolent intruder to drop her horse's rein and leave her premises, and of seeing him obey. For Thorvik went. He blustered, stammered, then finally relinquished Buck's bridle and marched away to the gate. He stopped before he passed through to hurl a defiance over his shoulder, but he hastened on immediately after.

"I—I am glad you came," observed Beatrice, a little shakily. The incident had been an unpleasant one, nor could she guess what the result would have been had not help appeared from this unexpected quarter.

"I am glad, also," John Herrick returned gravely. "A strange creature, who called himself a reporter, stopped me at my door as I was starting for the village. He asked me a great many impudent questions, but he happened to mention that he had seen Thorvik going in through your gate. At that, I rode off at once, leaving him with his mouth and his note-book both still open. Here comes our journalistic friend now. He seems to find this morning sun a trifle uncomfortable."

Very hot and wilted did Dabney Mills look as he came trudging down the path, his



"I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND,' SHE SAID BREATHLESSLY" (SEE NEXT PAGE)



handkerchief stuck into his over-tall, but exceedingly limp, white collar. Yet his inquiring spirit still seemed undismayed. He stopped where John Herrick's nervous black pony was tied, peered over the fence, and poised his pencil once more above a page.

"Won't you just tell me—" he began.

"I have told you already," said John Herrick, "that I have nothing to say. When the men get rid of their leader and come to me willing to work again, we will inquire into this matter of the company's finances. But while they are not in our employ, the company's money is none of their business. Until Thorvik leaves Ely and the workmen stop talking of strikes, things shall stand exactly as they are."

His tone was so final that even Dabney Mills realized that this was the end of the interview, and walked on unwillingly in the direction Thorvik had gone. John Herrick caught Buck, gave the rein to Beatrice, and went to untie his own horse, but hesitated a moment before mounting. His manner assumed suddenly a stiff shyness quite unlike his cordiality of a moment before.

"There is one thing more," he began. "I have been away for some days, but I now understand from Hester that your aunt, who is with you, has been ill. Is that true?"

"Yes," assented Beatrice. She was puzzled by his change of manner, but she still felt that his kindness invited confidence, and she told him fully of the state of Aunt Anna's health and how concerned they were about her.

"I wanted to suggest," John Herrick went on slowly, "that there is a doctor who lives on the other side of Gray Cloud Mountain—a man who does not practise now, but who has been a famous specialist for just such illness. He could help your aunt, I know. He would come to see her if I asked him, for he has always been a good friend to me. Would you care to consult him?"

"Oh, indeed I would! How kind of you, how wonderfully good to have thought of it!" exclaimed Beatrice. She had seen the regular doctor of Broken Bow Valley and had felt that he could not help them very much.

"Oh, it is nothing," John Herrick returned, apparently somewhat disturbed by the eagerness of her gratitude, "just friendly interest in a neighbor." He went on speaking in a tone of rather careful indifference. "Dr. Minturn and his wife are very fond of my Hester, and she often rides over to visit them. It takes a whole day to go there and

another to come back, but I believe she would like to take the ride with you. She was saying something yesterday about going over to see them. I would fetch the doctor myself, but I can not leave Ely to-day. He does not often ride to town for his mail and there is no telephone-line, so he is rather difficult to reach. If you wish to wait for a day or two, I will gladly go to fetch him."

"Oh no," replied Beatrice, "I will go to-day if Hester is willing. I feel as though I could not wait. And how can I ever thank you for—everything?"

John Herrick looked at her oddly.

"You have taken up rather a large task," he said, "taken it, for the most part, upon your own shoulders. I want you to know that, as far as is in my power, I am going to help you make a success of it."

His shyness had dropped away as suddenly as it had come upon him, and there was nothing but the warmest friendliness in his smile as he swung into the saddle.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE UPWARD TRAIL

TURNING Buck's head, Beatrice made all speed back toward the house. Once she paused and looked back to see John Herrick still immovable upon his horse, looking after her. She did not know just what sudden impulse made her wheel her pony once more and ride back to speak to him.

"I don't think you understand," she said breathlessly; "I could n't ever tell you how grateful—"

She could not go on; she was stopped by the look on his face as his keen eyes met hers.

"It is you who can not understand," he answered, "I—I—"

Perhaps it was because the restless mare refused to stand a moment longer, perhaps he himself had jerked the rein, at least it was true that he also broke off in what he was saying, plunged past her, and went, at a headlong gallop, down the road. Somewhat puzzled by what had occurred, Beatrice went through her own gate and climbed the path to the house.

It did not take many minutes to explain matters to Nancy and Aunt Anna, to gather up what she would need for the journey, and to bid them an excited good-by.

"Of course, it is all right for me to go," she assured her aunt, in reply to some protests. "Hester often goes alone, and she will be there to show me the way." And she



was away down the path before any one could frame further remonstrance.

When she rode up to the door of the next house, Hester was not immediately visible, but she appeared presently from the kitchen. With a disturbed face, she listened to the plan of crossing the mountain together.

"I wish I could go," she said, "but old Julia has one of her attacks of rheumatism and I know I should not leave her. I did n't tell Roddy about it—he seemed to have other things troubling him. Won't it do to wait a few days until I can go or Roddy can ride over?"

Beatrice, impatient and disappointed, sat silent in her saddle, thinking. She looked down at the long, sun-flooded valley, then up at the sharp slopes and the white, winding trail calling her to the adventure.

"Why should n't I go alone?" she asked boldly. "Where you can go, surely Buck and I can go, too."

Hester looked doubtful. "The way is clear enough," she said, "and not very hard going, but you have never ridden it before."

But Beatrice would listen to no objections. By the weight of her two years' seniority and her natural determination, she speedily overcame Hester's misgivings. She made her friend give her full directions, which she felt would be easy enough to follow.

"I keep to the line of the stream as far as its headwaters, and then go up through a cleft between two rocks at the very top of the pass," she repeated. "You say the trail is fairly plain all the way? Certainly I can follow it."

"One of the men said something about some rocks that had fallen at the very head of the stream, and you may have to go around them," Hester said. "Otherwise it is all plain. Be careful on the slopes of loose stone, and don't leave the trail."

"I will be careful," returned Beatrice. "Oh, Hester, what a ride it is going to be!"

There was not a mile of the way that disappointed her. Up and up she went, through forest, across clearings, fording the noisy shallows of the stream that was her guide.

"We must be nearly as far as the pass," she thought at last, and stopped to look back. Broken Bow Valley had shrunk to a mere creek bed, one among many water-courses winding beneath. The heavy, dark forest seemed to cling like a blanket to the lower slopes of the mountains, as though it

had slipped away from the smooth, rocky shoulders of the heights above.

Higher still they mounted until they came, as Hester had foretold, to an impassable mass of rock fallen across the trail. The detour was difficult, up a barren slope covered with stunted bushes, and out on a naked spur whence she could look away at peak beyond peak, some bleak and dark, some shining with never-melting snow. She and Buck seemed tiny specks of creatures, creeping over the rocky hillside.

"Don't leave the trail." So Hester had warned, but there could be no harm in climbing a little higher, since she could see so plainly where her pathway began again and wound crookedly to the narrow passage between two huge boulders where she and Buck must go through. Above her, caught in a cleft in the great shoulder of the mountain, was a still, dark lake, its waters held in this cup of the rocks and fed by the melting snows of the ice-fields far above. She felt that she must see it closer and urged her pony forward.

It was as still as a polished mirror, deep blue and ringed by a dark circle of pines. While she stood, staring fascinated at the gleaming surface, a deer came down to drink, swam leisurely across the far end of the lake, and disappeared into the forest. The motion seemed to break her dream, for she turned quickly in the saddle and looked down. She had climbed above the very summit of the pass for she could see where the trail dipped downhill again, disappearing in the trees.

"We must hurry," she thought. "I believe this is the best way down."

Buck moved forward, hesitated, felt for his footing, and hesitated again. An ominous sound came to her ears, the rattle of sliding stones. The horse slipped, went forward several yards, apparently with no will of his own, then stopped and turned his white face to look around at her. She swung down from the saddle to lead him, but felt the loose shale give way under her feet. Frantically she caught at the pommel of the saddle, but in a moment she and the horse were both slipping together, while the rattle of the stones increased into a roar.

"Buck!" she cried aloud, "what have I done?"

The whole mountain seemed to be moving under her feet; she knew dimly that the saddle-horn was snatched from her grasp just before she plunged forward into darkness.

(To be continued)

# HOW JEAN-BAPTISTE POQUELIN BECAME THE GREAT MOLIÈRE

By GARDNER TEALL

ON a certain day in January, just three hundred years ago, a son was born to Jean Poquelin of Paris and his beautiful wife Marie, the daughter of Monsieur Louis Cressé, a retired citizen of comfortable means.

If Monsieur Poquelin was bursting with pride on this occasion, so likewise was Monsieur Cressé. "Now, my little one," said he to the young mother, with a twinkle in his eye, "you may, indeed, rejoice in a son, but you will never know what happiness it is to be a grandfather!"

"No, Papa Cressé," the daughter replied, "I am afraid I shall never live to see that day!" And they all laughed gaily at Monsieur Cressé's little joke.

"I suppose, Papa Poquelin, you are still determined to christen him Jean, just to please the little gentleman who moves the king's furniture from place to place!" said Monsieur Cressé.

"He shall be named after his Uncle Jean, yes, Papa Cressé," replied Monsieur Poquelin, taking no notice of Monsieur Cressé's sarcasm.

The family looked up to Uncle Jean with more or less veneration, since Uncle Jean had, some years before, succeeded to the post of *tapissier et valet de chambre du roi*, which, in English, might be designated as Upholsterer Groom-of-the-Chamber of the King, an important and lucrative position. Monsieur Poquelin himself was a prosperous upholsterer, descended of a family of *tapissiers* of Beauvais, famous for their craftsmanship. To tell the truth, Uncle Jean had not, at first, paid much attention to his nephew, Jean. Perhaps in this very large family he could not give much attention to any one of them without neglecting the others. However, now that he was growing old, and now that his nephew was certainly beginning to be considered the best upholsterer in Paris, Uncle Jean began to take more notice of him, and it had been hinted that Monsieur Poquelin might, in time, come to succeed Uncle Jean as the king's upholsterer.

And so it happened, on a day in the middle of a mild January, 1622, that when the christening party came forth from the ancient church of Saint-Eustache,—a church still standing,—Baby Poquelin had been

baptised Jean. As for Uncle Jean, it may be imagined that, flattered as he may have been, he considered it incumbent upon himself to make the suggestion that a nephew of so important an official as the *tapissier et valet de chambre du roi* ought to have plenty of names. And so, at his suggestion, or at the suggestion of some one else, Baptiste was added, and thereafter the boy was called Jean-Baptiste Poquelin up to his twenty-first year, when, as we shall see by and by, a fourth name came to be taken by him.

After the christening party had come out of the church of Saint-Eustache, it passed, on the right, the spot where, two years later, the great Cardinal Richelieu built his palace, now known as the Palais Royale, and on the left the palace of the Louvre, and then turned into the Rue Saint Honoré, an old street in which the Poquelins lived, one of the busiest and most historic in old-time Paris. Here, two hundred years before, Jeanne d'Arc had ridden through the old gate which guarded its entrance.

"Well," said Grandfather Cressé, as the party drew up before the Poquelin's house, "here's one more little monkey for the *Maison des Singes*." At this, every one laughed, for Monsieur Cressé's little joke may be explained by the fact that the old house in which the Poquelins lived was an ancient thirteenth-century structure known as the "House of the Monkeys" (as *Maison des Singes* may be translated), since a great carved oak panel on its façade depicted a group of scrambling little monkeys in a tree, throwing down cocoanuts on the head of an old monkey at the foot.

As little Jean-Baptiste grew up, Grandfather Cressé had many a story of the old house and of the old street to tell him, for no one in the neighborhood knew more about old Paris than Grandfather Cressé. Perhaps he also told his grandson about the monkey joke, and certainly young Jean-Baptiste was as agile in his pranks as any of the carved wooden *singes* on the front of the House of the Monkeys. Indeed, he was a husky lad and fond of play—more fond of play than of books; but that was not to be wondered at, since, in those days, books of interest to children were few enough. So far as we

know, the Bible and Plutarch's "Lives" were the only books in the Poquelin household. However, Grandfather Cressé's stories were as entertaining as any book that boys of today have given them to read, and Jean-Baptiste enjoyed them intensely. And then this was a particularly exciting time in Paris and throughout all France. Cardinal Richelieu had recently come into power as the chief minister of state to the king, Louis XIII, and in Jean-Baptiste's seventh year occurred the famous siege of La Rochelle, the celebrated Huguenot city. Paris and France of this time was the period of the tale of "The Three Musketeers," which many of you may have read.

"These are curious times," said Grandfather Cressé; "perilous times," he added, "and exciting." But probably the most exciting things, as far as Jean-Baptiste was concerned, were the visits with his grandfather to the shows given by troupes of strolling players, mountebanks, and showmen with marionettes in the neighborhood of the Halles de la Foire, not far from the old church where Jean-Baptiste had been christened. In fact, Grandfather Cressé was an inveterate playgoer, and his young grandson probably rejoiced in the fact.

One day there came the news that Uncle Jean, who had gone on a visit to Beauvais, had been stricken with apoplexy and had breathed his last. When his will came to be read, it was found that Monsieur Poquelin had not been forgotten and that to him was to descend the much coveted office of Upholsterer Groom-of-the-Chamber to the King.

"Poor Uncle Jean!" sighed Monsieur Poquelin; "and after all I am to be *tapissier et valet de chambre du roi*. It is gratifying."

"Well, Papa Poquelin," said Monsieur Cressé, himself highly gratified at the good luck of his daughter's husband, "surely on no more deserving shoulders could have fallen the mantle of your Uncle Jean."

Papa Poquelin bowed solemnly in acknowledgment, and little Jean-Baptiste, who had been standing by listening, spoke up. "What kind of a mantle did Uncle Jean have, Grandfather?" Monsieur Cressé laughed and explained to his grandson that in early times a mantle, or cloak, was so valuable a possession, that the person to whom it descended was considered lucky indeed to have it left to him, and so when any good fortune, such as inheriting an office from another, came to one, it was said that the mantle of the other had fallen upon him.

"Then," said Jean-Baptiste quite earnestly, "I should like to have the mantle of old Râol fall on me." Grandfather Cressé laughed heartily at that, for old Râol was Jean-Baptiste's favorite of the strolling players he had seen that autumn.

Presently Jean-Baptiste asked, "What will Father do with Uncle Jean's mantle, Grandfather?"

"Well," answered Grandfather Cressé, with a smile, "it looks to me as though he intended sometime to share it with you." And he proceeded to explain to Jean-Baptiste that it was the *tapissier valet's* duty to see that the furniture in the king's apartments was always in condition and properly placed, here a chair and there a chair, wherever the king might be likely to wish to sit; a table, too, at hand in case he wished to write; a stool for his feet, as the floors in those days were cold, since there were no furnaces or radiators; and finally a comfortable bed in which the king could rest. "And then," added Grandfather Cressé, "whenever the king takes a journey, his *tapissier valet* must go along to see that everything is in order; and he must lose no time about it, for kings can't be kept standing—it does n't agree with them!"

It must be admitted that young Jean-Baptiste was very shrewd for his years for he said, "Well, it sounds like a lot of work, this shoving the furniture around; I don't think I want any of Uncle Jean's mantle."

One holiday morning not long after this, Monsieur Cressé found Jean-Baptiste and a group of boys his own age at play in the garden of the *Maison des Singes*.

"Hei! Grandfather!" called Jean-Baptiste, "come and be our audience! We are going to give a play!"

"Well, well, my young grandson," said Grandfather Cressé, "and what is your play going to be?"

"I shall call it 'The Mantle of my Uncle,'" Jean-Baptiste replied. "François here is to be the king; Pierre is to be the cardinal; this is the apartment of the king, who has just arrived from Paris on a journey here; and this is the furniture. Now when I get tired moving it about, I am to discover how foolish it is shoving the king's footstools all around the room when I might be having lots more fun doing something else, instead of having to be the *tapissier valet* all the time, and so I hand my mantle to Gervais, like this—I play he is my nephew. Now François comes in, and because he is the king, he is very angry



to find that Gervais, who is now *tapissier valet* in my place, has forgotten to put the throne in the bedroom where he wished to sit down for a chat with Cardinal Richelieu—Pierre over there—who already has a comfortable cushioned chair for himself. The king is furious and says to the cardinal, 'What shall I do with him?' and the cardinal answers, 'To the block with him.' And while

Just a year after this, a great sorrow came to Jean-Baptiste in the death of his beloved mother. Monsieur Poquelin's grief was intensified by the sight of the grief of his little son. He worried a good deal to think there was no one to mother young Jean-Baptiste; and as he had to attend the king frequently, he was concerned at having to leave Jean-Baptiste alone so much in the care of servants.



Painted by Mélingue

MOLIERE READING ONE OF HIS COMEDIES TO HIS COMPANY OF PLAYERS

they are leading Gervais off to prison I slide out from behind the arras where I have been watching to see how my nephew is getting along, and I tiptoe out like this, without being seen. When I get outside I say, 'I thank my stars I got rid of my mantle in time!' and the curtain goes down."

When he heard all this, and looked into the comical face of his precocious little grandson, Monsieur Cressé burst into a long and hearty laugh. But as he turned to enter the house, he became thoughtful and said to himself, "Only nine years old! Well, who knows?" The very next holiday, Grandfather Cressé took Jean-Baptiste to see a real play at the Théâtre du Marais, and later, to see a tragedy acted by the celebrated players of the troupe of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and Jean-Baptiste was wild with delight.

This probably led him to marry again; and fortunately for Jean-Baptiste, his step-mother was very kind to him. And then there was Grandfather Cressé, always devoted to his little grandson; there was not a better *grandpère* in all the world. Shortly after Monsieur Poquelin brought his new wife home, he moved to a new and larger house in the neighborhood of the Halles de la Foire, whose site is now occupied by Number Thirty-one rue de Pont-Neuf. The three years of his boyhood which Jean-Baptiste spent here were very happy years; and then came the death of his dear grandfather, a terrible blow to Jean-Baptiste.

Fortunately, Jean-Baptiste was now old enough to be sent to one of the great schools where the youth of France were prepared for entering the professions. As he had not



shown much interest in his father's trade, Monsieur Poquelin thought his son might find more in preparing to enter the law. The school to which Jean-Baptiste was sent at the end of his fourteenth year was the Collège de Clermont, later to become the famous Lycée Louis-le-Grand, which was attended by the sons of many of the most illustrious families of France.

Although Jean-Baptiste had been a very quaint little boy, and was now a youth fond of all sorts of liveliness, he was, nevertheless, of a serious turn of mind, and though fond of play, he devoted himself faithfully to his studies, for he felt it would not be fair to his father to waste his time when he was being given the advantages of an education. His companions admired him for his big-heartedness, and it was not long before he became one of the most popular boys in school. Moreover, Jean-Baptiste was kind to the boys who were younger than himself, and often befriended them in many ways. Among these was the Prince de Conti, some years young Poquelin's junior. He was the brother of the Duc d'Enghien (then just Jean-Baptiste's own age), who later became the Prince of Condé, one of the greatest generals in French history, and known as the Grand Condé.

"I shall never forget you, Poquelin," said the prince to Jean-Baptiste one day, "and sometime you shall see my big brother." That the prince did not forget young Poquelin, we shall see later on.

Jean-Baptiste spent five happy years at school. Perhaps one of the things in which he most delighted were the frequent theatrical performances there in which the students took part. He himself proved very clever, and his inimitable acting won him the applause of all who witnessed these amateur plays.

"There," his preceptors would whisper to one another, "there is a born play-actor, this young Poquelin!" Time proved their judgment correct.

Young Poquelin left the Collège de Clermont at the age of nineteen. Although he had studied faithfully, and appears to have received his diploma in law, he decided that he had a distaste for that profession. To please his father, he helped him for a while in his business; for now Poquelin *père* had a very important establishment and Jean-Baptiste's knowledge of law served him in good stead. About this time, Monsieur Poquelin found it inconvenient or impossible

to attend the king on a journey to Narbonne, whither Louis XIII was about to take his court, and so it happened that young Poquelin took his father's place and himself received an appointment as *tapissier valet* to the king. Thus the spring of 1642 found him at Narbonne. It was a responsible position for a youth of twenty, but he appears to have acquitted himself of his task with credit, and to have made friends at every turn.

Perhaps, in the midst of all these things, Jean-Baptiste Poquelin remembered that day long before when he and his boy companions had asked Grandfather Cressé to come and see their play of "The Mantle of my Uncle." Good old Grandfather Cressé! Perhaps it had not been such a foolish little play after all! Well, whatever it may have been, something set young Poquelin to thinking the office of *tapissier valet* quite as distasteful as the law; and so, having reached his twenty-first birthday, and having come into an inheritance from his mother's estate sufficient to secure his independence for a while, he resigned his duties, which Monsieur Poquelin appears to have re-assumed.

Young Poquelin did not return immediately to Paris. In December, the great Cardinal Richelieu had breathed his last; and in May, the death of the king brought to the throne Louis XIV, then but four years old, although he did not reign until he reached sixteen. In these years Paris was very much upset by political turmoil, and Jean-Baptiste Poquelin decided to remain in the provinces. At this time he had fallen in with the Bédarts, members of a troupe of strolling players from Paris, actors of such superior talents that young Poquelin decided to cast his fortunes with them. It was not long before his natural gift for acting developed into a finished performance; moreover, his keen observation of the ways of men and manners led him to write little comedies which the company played with success. Besides this, his affability, honesty, and executive ability soon found him the virtual manager of the troupe.

About this time, Jean-Baptiste Poquelin added the *nom-de-théâtre*, or stage-name, of Molière to his own, thus becoming Jean-Baptiste Poquelin Molière, although he was known thereafter as Molière. And so we shall call him from now on, for this is the name by which he became famous in the annals of French literature, ranking among the greatest writers France has ever produced.

Just why Jean-Baptiste chose the name *Molière* is a mystery he never explained, even to his most intimate friends, nor has it ever been solved.

Although young Molière was enthusiastic about his new profession, he was not conceited. Once he essayed to act a tragic part which particularly struck his fancy, but it was a miserable failure, either because he was not suited to such rôles, or because he did not rant and declaim in the manner of the old-time tragedians of that day to whom the public was used. But instead of being crestfallen about it, he only laughed, and declared that now he knew enough to stick to the comedy parts. As this performance took place in the city of Rouen, it is quite likely that Pierre Corneille, France's greatest writer of tragedies, witnessed the performance of this young actor, who was some sixteen years younger than Corneille.

When Molière was twenty-three, he took his company to Paris, hoping to meet there with success. Indeed, he did appear once before the young king at Fontainebleau, where the seven-year-old monarch was in residence; but this mark of royal favor failed to support the venture, and one disappointment after another followed, until at last the company was reduced to such straits that it was unable to buy candles to light its theater. But as no one came to see the plays, it did not much matter! One possessed of less courage than Molière would have given up, but he determined to take the company back to the provinces to retrieve his losses and then, at a more propitious time, he could try Paris again. This was a wise resolve, for Paris was then groaning under the burden of outrageous taxes which had been imposed on the citizens by Cardinal Richelieu, and which were retained for some time after Richelieu's death. Furthermore, the court itself was unsettled, and neither royal nor noble patronage was to be depended upon under these circumstances.

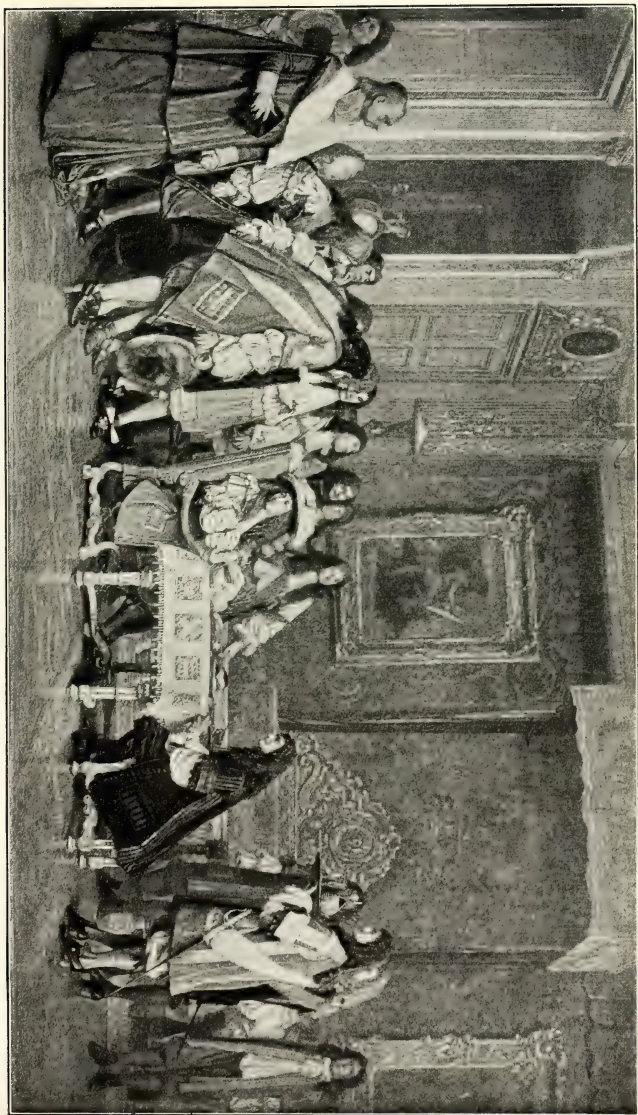
Molière's business ability was as great as his literary and dramatic skill, for it was no small matter to attend to all the details of moving a company of players from town to town. Actors, musicians, costumes, properties, hangings, curtains, provisions, and other things had to be hauled from place to place in carts drawn by horses and mules. The wear and tear on the company's nerves was as great as the wear and tear on its belongings, and it took just such patience and tact as Molière possessed to keep things

running harmoniously and smoothly. Poor roads, inclement weather, wretched inns, inhospitable villages, and unaccommodating local officials who had to be wheedled and cajoled into granting permission for the performances were some of the things that strolling players had to contend with, but the genius of young Molière overcame them all.

Theaters for strolling players were usually arranged in the enclosed abandoned tennis-courts which dated from the Middle Ages, before the old game had ceased to be popular, and which were to be found in all the leading towns. The stage was constructed at one end of the enclosure and hung round with tapestries. The entrances and the exits were, we are told, made through these heavy curtains, a difficult thing for the actors to do gracefully or with dignity. Candles gave the only light in the theater, and these had to be snuffed frequently, even though it interrupted the actors in the midst of declaiming their lines. The music for the play was furnished by a flute and a tambour, or by two fiddlers. The price of the most expensive seats was about ten cents in our money, the cheapest seats costing five cents. Spectators were admitted at one o'clock, and the play began promptly at two. Such was a provincial theater in the France of Molière's time, three hundred years ago.

Little had the young Jean-Baptiste guessed of all these hardships in those glorious days of his childhood when Grandfather Cressé had taken him to see the players of the Théâtre du Marais and of the Hôtel de Bourgogne; then everything had seemed like Fairyland. But for all that, young Molière was none the less enthusiastic or the less determined to surmount all obstacles to achieve success. He was just over thirty when he produced "*L'Étourdi*," the first of his finished pieces, as distinguished from his lighter comedy sketches written for his provincial audiences. Could Molière's old preceptors of the Collège de Clermont have seen it performed, they would doubtless have said "There, there is a born play-writer, this Molière!" just as, years before, they had assured themselves that he was a born play-actor.

About this time it chanced that while touring Languedoc, Molière met his old schoolmate, the Prince de Conti, now one of the most important of the young nobles of France. In a short time the prince attached Molière's company to his household, with



MOIÈRE BREAKFASTING WITH THE KING LOUIS XIV

PAINTED BY JEAN LEON GERÔME



a handsome pension, and Molière remained under his patronage until the prince grew tired of the drama, and decided to dispense with his troupe.

Thus it happened that Molière was again free to lead his company whither he chose. As all the members of the troupe were prosperous by now, and Molière himself possessed of a snug little fortune by reason of his good management and his providence, the troupe started touring again, producing Molière's new comedies, as they appeared, to delighted audiences; and finally, their pockets clinking with gold, the company returned to Paris after a twelve-years' absence, an absence which had proved a triumph.

Again in Paris, Molière was honored with the attention of Monsieur, the king's brother, who permitted the company to call itself the *Troupe de Monsieur*. The king himself, then just twenty, was delighted with Molière's performances and recognized that in him France possessed a writer of genius as well as a gifted actor. Accordingly, the troupe soon came to be known as His Majesty's Comedians. Its fortunes continued to rise thenceforward, and its theater occupied a great *salon* in the Palais Royale.

Ah, what would Grandfather Cressé have said had he lived to see that day! There would be no tiptoeing off this stage! And if "The Mantle of my Uncle" had been discarded, surely the mantle of the Muses had come to grace Molière's shoulders instead.

But as a matter of fact, Uncle Jean's mantle had *not* been discarded at all! True it is, that when Monsieur Poquelin died, it was found that he had provided that the right to succeed to his office as *tapissier et valet de chambre du roi* should go to his son, Jean-Baptiste. Perhaps Papa Poquelin had in his mind, when arranging all this, that the time might come when his young actor son might regret having taken up with the theater, and that he might wish to have something else to fall back upon later.

When he was informed of this inheritance, Molière decided to accept it, but to continue to write plays and to act in them, since the king was agreeable to this arrangement. Indeed, Louis found his favorite actor-playwright too valuable to lose; moreover, the office of hereditary *tapissier valet* gave Molière an *entrée* at court which he could not possibly have had either as a dramatist

or as an actor, and its emoluments also added materially to his income.

Would that all this might have brought happiness to this deserving genius; but too often happiness and genius do not walk hand in hand as they ought to do, and it was so with Molière. He had constantly to guard against the jealousies of his rivals, who sought his undoing by every means, though unsuccessfully. In his home life his last years had not been unclouded, for the death of two little sons,—one of them, Louis, the godson of the king,—had brought him much sorrow, nor did his young wife possess the qualities of appreciating or of helping him in his great labors. She was capricious and vain, extravagant and ungrateful, though he loved her devotedly and sought to forget her neglect.

"Ah," he would sigh to himself, "if only my little sons had been spared me to comfort my old age! And little Louis! how happy Grandfather would have been could he have known a great-grandson would bear his name! Perhaps they are together. Who knows!"

But Monsieur Molière buried his griefs in his work, and continued to produce those masterpieces of dramatic composition which were to make his name famous—comedies ridiculing the foibles of the men and women of his time, from the highest to the lowest, the meanest to the noblest. Nothing in life escaped his keen observation, and his immortal pen transformed everything it recorded into imperishable literature.

The last play Molière wrote was "*Le Malade Imaginaire*,"—"The Imaginary Invalid,"—and its fourth performance took place at four o'clock the afternoon of February 16, 1673. The morning of that day, Molière had been feeling ill. His friend, the great Boileau, had urged him to give up any thought of acting until he was better, but Molière insisted on taking his part. As the curtain was drawn on the last act, Molière was attacked by a fatal seizure, and kind Death soon released his noble soul from all earth's struggle. Fame traced his name in golden letters on the scroll of immortals, a name which France reveres as that of the gifted son, the three hundredth anniversary of whose birth she celebrates this year, a name which stands greatest in her literature.

Ah, Grandfather Cressé, we think we hear you murmuring again "Well, who knows?"



# DAYTON'S WAFFLES

By ELIZABETH PRICE

THE congregation of Euclid Avenue Church was not given to doing unusual things. Content with the good sermons it listened to each week, mildly approving its own component parts, and satisfied with conditions in general, it pursued the even tenor of its way, feeling that it amply justified its existence. If anything bewildering did arise, were there not Dr. and Mrs. Lynn, who knew the wise and tactful thing to do—and did it? Why worry the laity over matters obviously belonging to the clergy?

There were times when, in the strict seclusion of the manse family, Barbie and Dayton expressed doubts as to the general worthwhileness of this complacency. "Our people never *get* anywhere," Dayton once affirmed, pounding his assertion down on the study table with a belligerent fist. "They remind me of a merry-go-round—always riding and never arriving. Can't you stir 'em up, Dad?"

Barbie shook her head. "He won't try, Date. He thinks they're peaches and cream. I wish he'd turn *me* loose, once. I'd open their eyes to the way they impose on Mother. She camouflages the abuse out of sight, and not one human church person sees that she's wearing herself to a hopeless frazzle."

"Hush, children! you are disloyal to our friends," Mother told them. "When there is any 'stirring' to be done, we'll let you know."

But after all, it was the mother herself who did the stirring. She fainted quietly in church one Sunday morning in the very middle of a most carefully prepared sermon, and frightened her preacher quite out of his dignity and his pulpit, and her son and daughter out of their wits. In fact, she spoiled the service completely, and was followed across the churchyard by a stream of anxious parishioners, who knew that it had taken something very much out of the ordinary to make Mrs. Lynn interrupt her husband's "secondly."

Things, thus jolted out of their rut, began happening fast enough to suit even Dayton. It only needed Dr. Green's assertion concerning rest and change and congenial companionship to set the ball rolling. The "merry-go-round" ceased its rotary motion

and began to "arrive." For the Euclid Avenue people loved their scholarly pastor and his gentle wife and proved it in substantial fashion.

So it came to pass that one fine day Barbie stood at the manse gate blinking her vision clear as she tried to get one more glimpse of a certain vanishing motor-car.

"There, it's turned into State Street—that's the last, Barbie," said Mrs. Hale, cheerfully. "Now my dear, you are never going to give way."

Barbie blinked again with determination "I am not," she remarked with dignity.

"It's the chance of a lifetime for your parents, and it would be sheer selfishness—" Mrs. Hale stopped as Barbie caught her arm and whirled her about.

"Come on in a little while," the girl begged; "just till I get my bearings. Whew—but is n't this house an empty place? You'd think all the furniture had been moved out, instead of only two slim people and a steamer-trunk."

"But—" Mrs. Hale was still intent on her argument.

"You need n't," Barbie interposed. "I know every word and believe it all. It is simply dear of you church members to give my father and mother this six months' vacation and all that money to spend. I would n't put a straw in their way, Mrs. Hale, not one rye straw. I don't care if it is lonesome—they've never had any selfish good times in their devoted lives and I hope they are going to learn how. Don't you think I'm going to spoil things by wailing?"

The neighbor leaned back, relieved. "That's right, Barbie. You young folks have depended on your mother so completely, I thought you might feel a little blue over her absence."

"Not I. My work is cut out for me, anyway. My problem is Date."

"Problem?"

"Yes, I'm afraid he is going to be hard to manage."

Mrs. Hale smiled. "Is n't your brother old enough to manage himself, Barbie?" she asked amusedly. "It is possible he may think so."

"He will—he does." Barbie nodded. "He's the dearest old brother in the world,

but he is headstrong; and I mean to curb him some, now that Mother is gone. He really needs it, Mrs. Hale."

"May I offer a bit of advice, Barbie?" the caller asked slowly. "Be just a little careful

ful, though, when it strikes in, as Mother's did, and scares the whole town pale."

"You must agree that it was n't dear Mrs. Lynn's patience that hurt her, but other folks' stupidity," said Mrs. Hale, warmly.

"You are going to get on splendidly, dear, only remember that Dayton is pretty sure to be right some of the time—"

"And I 'm equally sure to be wrong some of the time? Maybe. Well, if I can make waffles as good as Mother's, I shall possess a reward of merit and a weapon of defense, all at once. Mrs. Hale, that twin of mine is a perfect waffle-fiend, if you 'll believe it."

The visitor laughed gaily. "If that 's his worst fault, your work is easy," she declared. "If you run out of buttermilk, let me know. For pity's sake, give the lad his waffles!"

"She thought I was priggish about Date," Barbie said to herself when she was alone; "but I do feel responsible in a way, and Mother meant I should when she told me this morning to look out for my brother. Queer her advice and Mrs. Hale's were so similar! After a double dose of warning to be patient, I ought to equal Job himself. Wonder where Date is—it 's time he was home."

It was a full hour later when the tall lad came swinging in. "Lonesome, Barb?" he asked. "No end sorry to be gone so long, but I 've been out on business. Behold before you a man of affairs, Miss Lynn. I 'm nobody's school kid from this day forth."

"Dayton Lynn, you never have—"

"Yes, my dear sister, you are mistaken. I



"'NOT A WORD ABOUT THIS WHEN YOU WRITE,' DAYTON SAID" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

in the curbing operation. Patience accomplishes so much more than fault-finding—it is a virtue that may be worked to the limit without fear of harm. It helps over lots of hard places."

"I know it does," Barbie conceded. "I ought to know it, after seeing it exemplified every day of my life. Its benefits are doubt-

have, this very day, accepted a position, as the drummers' journals say, with our city gas and electric company. My daily time from eight-thirty A. M. to four-thirty P. M. is hereafter to be exchanged for the coin of the realm. Is n't it great?"

"That 's fine. It 's only for vacation, of course." There was a note of anxiety in

take things easier hereafter or we 'll have him collapsing as Mother did. No use. Get me?"

"It will collapse him a good deal quicker to have you disappoint him—"

"Now, Sis, it 's no good arguing. My mind is made up. Better change the subject if you can't agree with me."



"IT WAS A QUEER BUNDLE THAT LAY ON HER PLATE THAT BIRTHDAY MORNING" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Barbie's voice and Dayton answered it squarely:

"It 's for good and all. I refuse to go to school and let Dad work his head off taking care of me any longer,—from this day forth."

"They will never let you," Barbie began severely, then stopped as her brother lifted his hand.

"They are not to be bothered about it till they come back. Understand? Not a word. I 'll have time in six months to prove I 'm right and a little pile of cold cash saved up with which to emphasize my argument. College educations are all to the good for those who can afford 'em, but Dad needs to

Barbie flushed hotly and an angry retort trembled on her tongue, but she held it back.

"It looks like working patience almost past its limit to let Date do what I know he ought n't," she thought; "but if his mind is made up, he won't listen to me."

"Not a word about this when you write, remember," Dayton said, again.

She tried to speak naturally. "I 'm no telltale, brother mine."

"No, you 're a trump, Barb." The boy's face cleared. "It 'll be some fun, believe me, to have a fist full of greenbacks to dispose of as one chooses. Say, Sis, what do you want for your birthday?"



For one flying moment, Barbie forgot her position as mentor. "Oh, Date, if I could have a class ring, I 'd be the happiest girl alive. All the rest are to have them—a sort of filagree setting around our class monogram in blue enamel. I 've been just sick because I knew I ought n't to think of having one."

Dayton laughed. "Girls are queer," he remarked into space; "getting sick over a gewgaw like that! Now if it was a first-class fishing outfit, there might be some sense in it. Sis, I 'm not making promises, but I don't think you 'll be sorry that I 'accepted a position' when the glad day heaves in sight. What time will supper be ready? No use asking for waffles to-night, I suppose?"

"No, there are fresh rolls. I 'll make them for breakfast, Date. I hope they 'll be good."

"These are good, all right," Dayton assured the young cook next morning, as he sampled the products of her skill. "They 're good as Mother's and that 's going some. I could eat six more if I had time, but we men of business—ahem!"

Barbie sighed as the gate clicked after him. "It will take more than even my class ring to make me sure I 'm doing right," she said to herself. "Father and Mother are going to be dreadfully grieved if Date does n't go back to school in September. Dad has tried to have him understand how much more important his education is than any little money he can earn now. I hate to tell tales, and besides, Mother must not be worried about anything—and Daddy could n't any more keep it from her, if he knew it, than a—fish could help swimming." She giggled a little over her metaphor, realizing its imperfections, then sighed again. "Oh dear, life 's awfully perplexing sometimes!"

In spite of which fact, the days flew by. As housekeeper and home-maker, Barbie found her hands full, vacation though it was; for even with the heads of the house away, the manse was a place of many interruptions. Dayton became immediately engrossed in his new "job," and began at once to converse in terms of "kilowatts" and "candle-power." As for his sister, her natural interest in what concerned her twin brother was modified by her conviction that Dayton ought to be using the days according to the plan his father had arranged; and this, in turn, was seen through the haze of her desire for the coveted ring, which Dayton's salary would

make it possible to gratify. As a sort of concession to his labors toward this desirable end, she concocted waffles morning after morning.

"It does n't matter whether it 's sugar you put on 'em or honey or syrup—or even plain butter," he said one day. "You can't spoil a good waffle—and yours are crackin' good, Sis. Never mind—something 's going to happen one of these fine days that 'll show whether I appreciate your efforts!"

Barbie thrilled happily. "I wonder if I ought to let him get it," she said to herself. "It does seem like extravagance, but it won't be using any money we 'd counted on for other things." Once she began a conscientious protest, but it was loftily waved away.

"It 'll be *your* birthday, but it 'll be *my* stunt, so let it go at that," he said.

"It is dear of him—and how I have wanted it!" Barbie reflected. "I really did n't think I 'd ever have it while there were always so many needy people coming to the manse for every spare penny. I have n't encouraged Date, but if he just *will* get it, how can I help it? Oh, I am so happy."

It was a queer bundle that lay on her plate that birthday morning—not in the least like a ring box. And how very heavy it was! Dayton watched her as she untied and unwrapped it. His eyes were shining and his lips were smiling. "She 's a dandy, Barb. I knew you 'd be surprised," he said, as the last wrapper came off, disclosing in all its newness—an electric waffle-iron! "Saw 'em down at the place just after I started to work, and spotted this one then and there. No more chasing back and forth to the kitchen with those little brown disks!" announced the donor.

Barbie held back her tears of disappointment. "It 's a beauty, Date," she said steadily. "I hope my waffles will be good enough to justify the expense."

"The expense is my end of the game," Dayton told her. "Glad you like it, Sis. Are n't so sorry now that your brother 's a man of affairs?"

"It 's a beauty, Date," she said again. "Thank you, ever so much."

"I *acted* patient," she sobbed to herself after he had gone; "but I did n't *feel* patient one bit. I hope Mother will be gladder of a new waffle-baker than I am. I wonder if it has become easy for Mother to be always patient—I think it 's awfully hard myself."

There was at least one member of the manse family who appreciated the birthday





"IT WAS BEST JUST AS IT WAS, DATE'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

gift, and, for his pleasure, it saw daily use. To Barbie it was a constant trial, and her brother's complacency nettled her more than she would have wanted him to know. "It's nothing in the world but a waffle-iron," she ached to remind him. "We had a perfectly good one before. Its cost would have bought my ring, and a nice collar for Mother, and you 'd have had your waffles just the same. If I don't mind cooking them in the kitchen, why should you care?"

Morning after morning her disappointment rankled in her heart as she poured batter with a ringless hand and then turned to her own breakfast of buttered toast. But she fought down the ugly words and smiled determinedly at her brother's pleasure. "Waffles are good," she conceded, when called to account, "but I seem to be a little tired of them."

Dayton sniffed disgustedly, and never once suspected that disappointment had turned his favorite edible into ashes for his sister.

But Barbie's search for patience brought its reward. As she fought her fight, the angry thoughts grew calmer and the daily task less irksome. Slowly Dayton's jubilation over the birthday gift grew easier to bear, and into his sister's heart there crept an appreciation of the pleasure he had meant to give and the self-denial so expensive a purchase had entailed. "It has taught me some self-control, at least," she said to herself. "I have n't enjoyed learning it, but that does n't affect the value of the lesson. I needed it and—yes, I 'm glad it happened as it did."

It was the last of August when Barbie began sorting her books and putting her possessions in readiness for school, soon to begin. Her brother came in, shutting the door with a vigor that shook the house. Barbie looked up. "There 's never any uncertainty as to whether you close the front door, Date," she told him.

"I don't like uncertain people," Dayton remarked, disposing himself astride the big chair. "Make up your mind to do a thing and then do it—if it 's only shutting a door. That 's my belief."

"So I suspected," laughed Barbie.

"Yes, I made up my mind to go to work, once upon a time, and I went. Then I decided to quit—and I quit."

Barbie's book fell to the floor. "You—what?"

"Quit. It was a shabby trick, Barb, doing what I knew Dad would n't approve when he was n't here to forbid it. I knew I had no business to plan for anything that would cut school out, but I was bound to do it. If you had fussed at me, Barb, I 'd have rebelled good and plenty, but you 've been so—sort of—patient, and you did n't give a fellow a chance to argue himself into thinking he was right."

"I—I 'm glad, Date," was the subdued reply. "I ought to own up that I did n't always *feel* patient."

"Jeminy, I know that! You could n't—that 's why I appreciate it. I 'll make a clean breast of the whole thing in my next letter to the folks, and then it 's me for hard work. I 'll make up this lost time on my studies—you 'll see if I don't."

"Oh, Date, I 'm so glad! You don't know what a load I 've had on my heart, thinking of Daddy's disappointment."

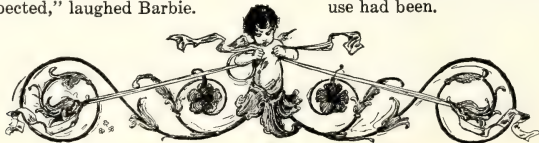
"Well, here 's where it rolls off. Oh, by the way, I saw Sue Cole going into Ewing's this afternoon. Said she was after her class ring. I remembered hearing you speak of wanting one, once, so I just went in with her and we got two. Here 's yours—like it?"

"*Like* it?—I love it to death! Oh, Date, I am so happy—it 's such a dear, dear beauty! Are you sure you could afford it?" Barbie was almost crying in her joy, and her brother looked at her curiously.

"Are n't girls some queer?" he asked of space. "Say, Barb, would you rather have had the ring for your birthday than the waffle-iron?"

Barbie caught her breath and shivered a little. Then she looked up and answered steadily. "It was best just as it was, Date," she told him. "I needed the waffle-iron then, and I 'm going to enjoy the ring now."

"Well, you sure have made good use of the electric contraption," declared the boy. But even Dayton did n't know how good that use had been.



# THE INCA EMERALD

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

## CHAPTER I

### THE BEGINNING

It was a bushmaster which started the Quest of the Emerald—and only a possible bushmaster at that. One May evening in Cornwall, Big Jim Donegan, the lumber-king, sat in the misty moonlight with his slippered feet on the rail of the veranda of his great house at the top of the hill in which he lived all alone. He was puffing away at a corn-cob pipe as placidly as if he did not have more millions than Cornwall had hills—which is saying something, for Cornwall has twenty-seven of the latter. Along the gravel walk, which wound its way for nearly half a mile to the entrance of the estate, came the sound of a dragging footstep. A moment later, from out of the shadows stepped a man over six feet in height, a little stooped, and who wore a shiny frock-coat surmounted by a somewhat battered silk hat. The stranger had a long, clean-shaven, lantern-jawed face. His nose jutted out like a huge beak, a magnificent, domineering nose, which, however, did not seem in accord with his abstracted blue eyes and his precise voice.

"What do you want?" snapped Big Jim, bringing his feet to the floor with alarming suddenness.

The stranger blinked at him mildly for a moment with a gaze that seemed to be cataloguing the speaker.

"This is Mr. James Donegan," he finally stated.

"How do you know?" demanded the lumber-king.

"You have all the characteristics of a magnate," returned the other, calmly; "energy, confidence, bad temper, worse manners, and—"

"Whoa there!" shouted Big Jim, whose bark was worse than his bite and who always respected people who stood up to him. "Never mind any more statistics. Who are you!"

"My name is Ditson," responded the other, sitting down without invitation in the most comfortable chair in sight. "Professor Amandus Ditson. I am connected with the Smithsonian National Museum."

"Well," returned Mr. Donegan, stiffening, "I don't intend to subscribe any money to

the Smithsonian Museum or any other museum, so there's no use of your asking me."

"I had no intention of asking you for anything," returned Professor Ditson, severely. "I had understood that you were a collector of gems, and I came to place at your disposal certain information in regard to the finest emeralds probably now in existence. I too am a collector," he went on abstractedly.

"Humph!" grunted Big Jim. "What do you collect?" he inquired, regarding his visitor shrewdly.

"Bushmasters," responded Professor Ditson, simply.

"Come again," returned Big Jim, much puzzled, "I don't quite get you. What are bushmasters?"

"The bushmaster," announced Professor Ditson, with more animation than he had yet shown, "is the largest, the rarest, and the deadliest of South American serpents. It attains a length of over twelve feet and has fangs an inch and a half long. You will hardly believe me," he went on tapping Mr. Donegan's knee with a long, bony forefinger, "but there is not a single living specimen in captivity at present even in our largest cities."

The lumber-king regarded the scientist with undisguised astonishment.

"Professor Amandus Ditson," he announced solemnly, "so far as I'm concerned, there can continue to be a lack of bushmasters not only in our great cities, but everywhere else. Snakes of any kind are absolutely nothing in my young life."

"Tut! tut!" responded the professor, reprovingly. "I think I could convince you that you are wrong in your unfortunate aversion to reptiles."

"No you could n't," returned Big Jim, positively, "not if you were to lecture all the rest of the year."

"Well," responded Professor Ditson, soothingly, "suppose we discuss your hobby, which I understand is precious stones."

"Now you're talking," returned the other, enthusiastically. "I suppose I've about the finest collection of gems in this country, and in some lines, perhaps the best on earth. Take pearls, for instance," he boasted. "Why, Professor Ditson, some boys right here in Cornwall helped me get the finest



examples of pink and blue pearls that there are in any collection. When it comes to emeralds, there are half a dozen collectors who beat me out. What's all this dope you have about them, anyway?"

"Last year," replied the other, "I was in Peru at a time when they were repairing one of the oldest cathedrals in that country. A native workman, knowing that I was interested in rarities of all kinds, brought me an old manuscript, which turned out to be a map and a description of the celebrated Lake of Eldorado."

"That's the name of one of those dream places," interrupted Mr. Donegan, impatiently. "I've no time to listen to dreams."

Professor Ditson was much incensed.

"Sir," he returned austere, "I deal in facts, not in dreams. I have traveled one thousand miles to see you, but if you can not speak more civilly, I shall be compelled to terminate this interview and go to some one with better manners and more sense."

"Just what I was going to suggest," murmured Big Jim, taken aback, but much pleased by the professor's independence. "So long, however, as you've beat me to it, go on. I'll hear you out anyway."

Professor Ditson stared at him sternly.

"For nearly four hundred years," he began at last, "there have been legends of a sacred lake somewhere in Bolivia or Peru. Once a year, before the Spanish conquest, the chief of the Incas, the dominant race of Peru, covered with gold-dust, would be ferried out to the center of this lake. There he would throw into the lake the best emerald that had been found in their mines during the year and then leap in himself. At the same time the other members of the tribe would stand on the shores with their backs to the lake and throw into the water over their shoulders emeralds and gold ornaments."

"Why?" exclaimed the old collector.

"As an offering to the Spirit of the Lake," returned the professor. "The Spaniards, when they heard the story, named the lake Eldorado—The Lake of the Golden Man. As the centuries went by, the lake has been lost—until I found it again."

There was a long pause, which was broken at last by the lumber-king.

"Have you any proof that this story of yours is true?" he inquired sarcastically.

For answer, the scientist fished a dingy bag from his pocket and shook out on the table a circlet of soft, pale gold in which gleamed three green stones.

"I found this ten feet from the shore," he said simply.

The lumber-king gasped as he studied the stones with an expert eye.

"Professor Ditson," he admitted at last, "you're all right and I'm all wrong. That's South American gold. I know it by the color. African gold is the deepest, and South American the palest. Those stones are emeralds," he went on; "flawed ones, to be sure, but of the right color. The common emerald from the Ural Mountains is grass-green," lectured Mr. Donegan, fairly started on his hobby. "A few emeralds are gray-green. Those come from the old mines of the Pharaohs along the coast of the Red Sea. They are found on mummies and in the ruins of Pompeii and along the beach in front of Alexandria, where treasure-ships have been wrecked."

Professor Ditson yawned rudely.

"Once in a blue moon," went on the old collector, earnestly, "a real spring-green emerald with a velvety luster, like these stones, turns up. We call 'em 'treasure emeralds,'" he continued, while Professor Ditson shifted uneasily in his chair. "Most of them are in Spanish collections, and they are supposed to be part of the loot that Cortez and Pizarro brought back to Spain when they conquered Mexico and Peru. How large did these old Peruvian emeralds run?" he inquired suddenly.

He had to repeat his question before Professor Ditson, who had been dozing lightly, roused himself.

"Ah yes, quite so, very interesting, I'm sure," responded that scientist, confusedly. "As to the size of South American emeralds," he went on, rubbing his eyes, "the Spanish records show that Pizarro sent several back to Spain which were as large as a man's fist, and there is a native tradition that the last Inca threw into Eldorado an oval emerald as large as the egg of a rhea, the South American ostrich."

Donegan's face flushed with excitement. "Professor Ditson," he said at last, "I've got to have one of those emeralds. Come in," he went on, getting up suddenly, "and I'll show you my collection."

Professor Ditson sat still.

"No, Mr. Donegan," he said, "it would be a waste of time. To me, gems are just a lot of colored crystals."

The old lumber-king snorted.

"I suppose you prefer snakes," he said cuttingly.



Professor Ditson's face brightened at the word.

"There," he said enthusiastically, "is something worth while. I only wish that I had you in my snake-room. I could show you live, uncaged specimens that would interest you deeply."

"They sure would," returned Mr. Donegan, shivering slightly.

"Well," he went on, "every man to his own taste. What's your idea about this emerald secret? Can we do business together?"

The professor's face assumed an air of what he fondly believed to be great astuteness.

"I would suggest," he said, "that you fit out an expedition to the Amazon basin under my direction, to remain there until I collect one or more perfect specimens of the bushmaster. Then I will guide the party to Eldorado and assist them, as far as I can, to recover the sunken treasure."

He came to a full stop.

"Well," queried the lumber-king, "what else?"

The professor looked at him in surprise. "I have nothing else to suggest," he said.

"Suppose we get emeralds which may be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars—what percentage will you claim?" persisted Mr. Donegan.

"I thought that I had made it plain," returned the professor, impatiently, "that I have no interest whatever in emeralds. If you will pay the expenses of the expedition and allow me to keep as my own property any specimens of bushmasters obtained, it will be entirely satisfactory to me. Of

course," finished the scientist, generously, "if we catch several bushmasters, I should have no objection to your having one."

"Heaven forbid!" returned the lumber-king. "Professor," he went on with great



"THE CHIEF OF THE INCAS WOULD THROW INTO THE LAKE THE BEST EMERALD FOUND DURING THE YEAR"

emphasis, "I am perfectly willing that you shall have absolutely for your own use and benefit any and all bushmasters, crocodiles, snakes, toads, tarantulas, and any other similar bric-à-brac which you may find in South America. Moreover," he continued, "I'll fit out an expedition right here from Cornwall that will do the business for both of us. There's a good-for-nothin' old trap-

per an' prospector named Jud Adams in this town who has been all over the north huntin' an' trappin' an' prospectin'. In his younger days he was a pearl-diver. Then there 're two young fellows here that went off last year with him for me and brought back the finest blue pearl in the world. I ain't got no manner of doubt but what all three of 'em will jump at the chance to go after emeralds and bushmasters."

"Bushmasters and emeralds, please," corrected the professor.

"Just as you say," responded the lumberking. "Now you come right in and I 'll put you up for the night and we 'll send over at once for the crowd that I have in mind and get this expedition started right away."

"The sooner the better," responded the professor, heartily. "Any day, some collector may bring back a bushmaster and beat me out with the Smithsonian."

"I feel the same way," agreed the lumberking. "I want Jim Donegan to have the first crack at those Inca emeralds."

While all this talk about gold and emeralds and bushmasters was going on in Big Jim's big house, over in a little house on the tiptop of Yelpin Hill, Jud Adams, the old trapper, was just sitting down to supper with two of his best friends. One of these was Will Bright, a magnificently built boy of eighteen with copper-colored hair and dark blue eyes, and the other was his chum Joe Couteau, silent, lithe, and swart as his Indian ancestors. Jud himself was not much over five feet tall, with bushy gray hair and beard and steel-sharp eyes. These three, with Fred Perkins, the runner, had won their way to Goreloi, the Island of the Bear, and brought back Jim Donegan's most prized gem, as already chronicled in "The Blue Pearl." They had learned to care for each other as only those can who have fought together against monsters of the sea, savage beasts, and more savage men. Joe and Will, moreover, had shared other life-and-death adventures together, as told in "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness," and starting without clothes, food, or fire had lived a month in the heart of the woods, discovered the secret of Wizard Pond, and broken up Scar Dawson's gang of outlaws. Will never forgot that Joe had saved him from the carcajou, nor Joe that it was Will who gave him the first chance of safety when the bloodhounds were hot on their heels through the hidden passage from Wizard Pond. Each one of the four, as his share of the blue pearl and the sea-otter pelt

brought back from Akotan, had received fifteen thousand dollars. Fred had invested his money in his brother's business in Boston, had left Cornwall, and bade fair to settle down into a successful business man. Will and Joe had both set aside from their share enough to take them through Yale. As for Jud, the day after he received his winnings in the game which the four had played against danger and death, he had a short interview with his old friend Mr. Donegan.

"All my life long," began Jud, "I 've been makin' money; but so far, I have n't got a cent saved up. I know how to tame most any other kind of wild animal, but money allers gets away from me. They do say, Jim," went on the old man, "that you 've got the knack of keepin' it. Probably you would n't be worth your salt out in the woods, but every man 's got somethin' that he can do better 'n most. So you just take my share of the blue-pearl money an' put it into somethin' safe an' sound that 'll bring me an income. You see, Jim," he went on confidentially, "I ain't so young as I used to be."

"I should say you ain't!" exclaimed Big Jim, knowing how Jud hated to be called old. "You 're most a hundred now."

"I ain't! I ain't!" howled Jud, indignantly. "I ain't a day over fifty—or thereabouts."

"Well, well," said his friend, soothingly, "we won't quarrel over it. I 'll take care of your money and see that you get all that 's comin' to you for the two or three years which you 've got left"; and with mutual abuse and affection, the two parted as good friends as ever.

To-night the old trapper and his guests had just finished supper when the telephone rang.

"Jud," came Mr. Donegan's voice over the wire, "what would you and Bill and Joe think of another expedition—after emeralds this time?"

"We 'd think well of it," returned Jud, promptly. "The kids are here at my house now."

"Good work!" exclaimed the lumberking. "All three of you come right over. I 've got a scientist here who 's going to guide you to where the emeralds grow."

"You got a what?" queried Jud.

"A scientist!" shouted Big Jim, "a professor. One of those fellows who know all about everything except what 's useful."

"We'll be right over," said Jud, hanging up the receiver and breaking the news to his friends.

"Listens good," said Will, while Joe grunted approvingly.

"It's a pity old Jim ain't young and supple enough to go on these trips with us himself," remarked Jud, complacently.

"He ten years younger than you," suggested Joe, slyly, who always delighted in teasing the old trapper about his age.

"Where do you get such stuff?" returned Jud, indignantly. "Jim Donegan's old enough to be my father—or my brother, anyway," he finished, staring sternly at his grinning guests.

"You're quite right, Jud," said Will, soothingly. "Let's go, though, before that scientist chap gets away."

"He no get away," remarked Joe, sorrowfully, who had listened to the telephone conversation. "He go with us."

"I don't think much of that," said Jud, wagging his head solemnly. "The last professor I traveled with was while I was prospectin' down in Arizona. He sold a cure for snake bites an' small-pox, an' one night he lit out with all our cash an' we never did catch him."

Half an hour later found the whole party in Mr. Donegan's study, where they were introduced to Professor Ditson.

"What might you be a perfesser of?" inquired Jud, staring at him with unconcealed hostility.

The other stared back at him for a moment before he replied.

"I have specialized," he said at last, "in reptiles, mammals, and birds, besides some research work in botany."

"Did n't leave out much, did you?" sneered Jud.

"Also," went on the professor, more quietly, "I learned early in life something about politeness. You would find it an interesting study," he went on, turning away.

"Now, now," broke in Mr. Donegan, as Jud swallowed hard, "if you fellows are going treasure-hunting together, you must n't begin by scrappin'."

"I, sir," returned Professor Ditson, austere, "have no intention of engaging in an altercation with any one. In the course of collecting-trips in the unsettled portions of all four continents, I have learned to live on good terms with vagabonds of all kinds, and I can do it again if necessary."

"Exactly!" broke in Mr. Donegan, hurriedly, before Jud could speak; "that certainly shows a friendly spirit, and I am sure Jud feels the same way."

"I do," returned the latter, puffingly, "just the same way. I got along once with a perfesser who was no darn good and I guess I can again."

"Then," said Mr. Donegan, briskly, "let's get down to business. Professor Ditson show us, please, the map and manuscript with which you located Lake Eldorado."

For reply, the gaunt scientist produced from a pocket a small copper cylinder, from which he drew a roll of yellowed parchment. Half of it was covered with crabbed writing in the imperishable sepia ink which the old scribes used. The other half was apparently blank. The lumber-king screwed his face up wisely over the writing.

"Hm'm," he remarked at last. "It's some foreign language. Let one of these young fellows who're goin' to college try."

Will took one look at the paper.

"I pass," he said simply; while Joe shook his head without even looking.

"You're a fine lot of scholars!" scoffed Jud, as he received the scroll. "Listen now to Perfesser Adams of the University of Out-of-Doors."

Then, to the astonishment of everybody, in his high-pitched voice he began to translate the labored lines, reading haltingly, like a school-boy:

"I, Alvarado, companion of Pizzaro, about to die at dawn, to my dear wife Oriana. I do repent me of my many sins. I am he who slew the Inca Atahualpa and many of his people, and who played away the Sun before sunrise. Now it comes that I too must die, nor of the wealth that I have won have I aught save the Secret of Eldorado. On a night of the full moon, I myself saw the Golden Man throw into the lake the great Emerald of the Incas and a wealth of gold and gems. This treasure-lake lies not far from Orcos in which was thrown the Chain. I have drawn a map in the way thou didst show me long years ago. Take it to the king. There be treasure enough there for all Spain; and through his justice, thou and our children shall have a share. Forgive me, Oriana, and forget me not.

"ALVARADO."

There was a silence when he had finished. It was as if the shadow of the tragedy of that wasted life and vain repentance had drifted down the centuries and hung over the little company who had listened to the reading of the undelivered letter. The stillness was broken by Mr. Donegan.



"Where did you learn to read Spanish, you old rascal?" he inquired of Jud.

"Down among the Greasers in Mexico," chuckled the latter, delightedly.

"What does he mean by 'playing away the

When the gold came to his shoulder, he was killed. At the news of his death, the men who were bringing the Chain threw it into Lake Orcos."

"But—but," broke in the lumber-king,



"THE BUSHMASTER IS THE LARGEST, RAREST, AND DEADLIEST OF SOUTH AMERICAN SERPENTS"

Sun' and the 'chain,'" asked Will, of the scientist.

"When the treasures of the Incas were divided," explained Professor Ditson, precisely, "Alvarado had for his share a golden image of the sun over ten feet in diameter. This he gambled away in a single night. The Chain," continued Professor Ditson, "surrounded the chief Inca's residence. It was made of gold, and was two hundred and thirty-three yards long. It was being carried by two hundred Indians to Cuzco to form part of the chief's ransom—a room filled with gold as high as he could reach.

"where is the map? If you 've got it with you, let's have a look at it."

Without speaking, Professor Ditson reached over and took a match from the table. Lighting it, he held the flame for an instant close to the parchment. On the smooth surface before their eyes, suddenly appeared a series of vivid green lines, which at last took the form of a rude map.

"What he learned from Oriana," explained Professor Ditson, "was how to make and use invisible ink."

"Fellows," broke in Mr. Donegan, earnestly, "I believe that Professor Ditson has



found Eldorado, and I 'm willing to go the limit to get one of the emeralds of the Incas. I 'll finance the expedition if you 'll all go. What do you say?"

"Aye," voted Will.

"Aye," grunted Joe.

"I assent," said Professor Ditson, with his usual preciseness.

Jud alone said nothing.

"How about it, Jud?" inquired Big Jim.

"Well," returned Jud, doubtfully, "who 's goin' to lead this expedition?"

"Why, the professor here," returned the lumber-king, surprised. "He 's the only one who knows the way."

"That 's it," objected Jud. "It 's likely to be a rough trip, an' treasure-huntin' is always dangerous. Has the perfesser enough pep to keep up with us younger men?"

Professor Ditson smiled bleakly.

"I 've been six times across South America, and once lived among the South American Indians for two years without seeing a white man," he remarked acidly. "Perhaps I can manage to keep up with an old man and two boys who have never been in the country before. You should understand," he went on, regarding the old trapper sternly, "that specialization in scientific investigation does not necessarily connote lack of physical ability."

Jud gasped. "I don't know what he means," he returned angrily, "but he 's wrong—specially that part about me bein' old."

"I feel it is my duty to warn you," interrupted Professor Ditson, "that this trip may involve a special danger outside of those usual to the tropics. When I was last in

Peru," he went on, "I had in my employ a man named Slaughter. He was an expert woodsman, but sinister in character and appearance and with great influence over the worst element among the Indians. One night I found him reading this manuscript, which he had taken from my tent while I was asleep. I persuaded him to give it up and leave my employ."

"How did you persuade him?" queried Jud, curiously.

"Automatically," responded Professor Ditson. "At least, I used a Colt's automatic," he explained. "His language, as he left, was deplorable," continued the scientist, "and he declared, among other things, that I would have him to reckon with if I ever went again to Eldorado. I have no doubt that through his Indian allies he will be advised of the expedition when it reaches Peru and make trouble for us."

"What did he look like?" inquired Mr. Donegan.

"He was a giant," replied Professor Ditson, "and must have been nearly seven feet in height. His eyebrows made a straight line across his forehead, and he had a scar from his right eye to the corner of his jaw."

"Scar Dawson!" shouted Will.

"You don't mean the one who nearly burned you and Joe alive in the cabin?" said the lumber-king, incredulously.

"It must be," said Will. "No other man would have that scar and height. I 'll say some danger is right," he concluded, while Joe nodded his head somberly.

"That settles it!" said Jud. "It 's evident this expedition needs a good man to keep these kids out of trouble. I 'm on."

(To be continued)

## WINTER SONG

By ELEANORE MYERS JEWETT

WHEN the wind blows—the winter wind—  
And the sky is bleak and dreary,  
Above the noise of creaking trees  
And window-blinds that bang and wheeze,  
I hear a voice that mutters, "Please  
Come, sit by me, my deary!"

The open fire, all dressed in red,  
With wisps of blue and yellow,  
Is calling from the corner where  
One always finds a hollow chair—

I can't resist him, whispering there,  
The gossipy old fellow!

A genial soul  
With heart of oak  
And voice so crisp and cheery,  
He has such snapping things to say,  
And cackles in so droll a way,  
I linger on—and stay—and stay—  
When the wind blows, the winter wind,  
And the sky is bleak and dreary!



**A** LITTLE Briskin Bree hopped through the cook's vegetable garden, looking for a home. Briskin Brees prefer, as you doubtless know, to live behind the alarm-clock in a kitchen, but it must be a happy kitchen, and the voice of the lady who works in it must be low and pleasant. They are very particular about that. He had heard strident shouting just as he was about to slip through a hole in the screen, so he had changed his mind and decided that he preferred the garden, damp though it might be, and cheerless in rainy weather. He could see the cook's broad blue back in the distance. She was shaking out dish-cloths, snappily, as if they were naughty children getting a much deserved punishment. The Briskin Bree watched her through his spectacles from behind the string-beans, until, with a last jerk of the dish-cloths, she picked up the clothes-basket with both red hands, and, opening the screen door with her foot, disappeared through it backward, letting it slam emphatically behind her.

Quickly, the little Briskin Bree ran to a row of feathery carrot-tops, pulling his little shovel from his belt as he went. There, embedded in the firm brown earth, he knew, were many golden carrots, pointing down, each one ridged, bumpy, crisp, and delicious! Pushing his spectacles back on his forehead, he began to dig.

He worked hard and unceasingly, scrambling in and out like a huge ant, until he had succeeded in excavating a long moist passageway which led to a round room under the biggest carrot, that hung, like a chandelier, exactly in the middle of the ceiling. He trampled the floor of the room to make it

hard; then he gathered long grasses from the field next to the garden and braided them skilfully into a beautiful green rug with fringe at each end. After he had brought down, with great difficulty, a smooth rosy mushroom for a table and put it in the middle of the green rug, he rested on his shovel and drew a long breath.

"Now," he said to himself, "this is n't a bad house at all. Better than that gloomy kitchen with the old cross cook in it." He looked up at the carrot with satisfaction. There were his provisions, compact, nourishing, beautiful, and, best of all, quite convenient. "I shall stay here a long time," he sighed, luxuriously, as he stretched himself on the grassy rug. His hot-bubble cap, the kind worn by all Briskin Brees, soon filled the room with steam. He was beautifully warm, cosy, and comfortable, and just about to drop off to sleep, when a terrific thing occurred!

Some one from above ruthlessly pulled his carrot out of the ground and the little house became at once nothing more than a mass of loose earth and pebbles! The Briskin Bree was furious. He struggled, gasping, through the ground and looked about for his enemy.

It was a little boy, in a faded blue linen suit. He was pulling the carrots carefully and placing them in a large basket that he had deposited beside the cabbages.

"Hey, you!" shouted the Briskin Bree, in excitement.

The little boy did not hear. He kept on pulling the carrots.

The Briskin Bree became wild with rage. Was he to have his home destroyed and be insulted as well? He darted at the little boy's bare legs and butted them again and again with his bubble cap.

"Ouch!" shouted the little boy, dropping his carrot and hopping on one foot. "Oh, a bee stinged me!"

The Brisken Bree scrambled up the handle of the basket and shook his fist.

"What do you mean?" he sputtered. "Do you know what you have done? You great stupid! Look there, on the ground. Do you think I want to work all day for nothing?"

"I 'm awfully sorry, sir," said the little boy, his lip trembling, "I did n't mean to do anything wrong. Aunt Lizzie told me to get the carrots for lunch."

"Aunt Lizzie!" shouted the Brisken Bree. "Aunt Lizzie indeed! And in the meantime, my house can be ruined and my beautiful grass green carpet and my table—Oh!" He suddenly sat down on the basket and hid his face in his hands in despair.

"Did I do that? Oh dear! I 'm awfully sorry. Truly I am. Where was it?"

"It does n't matter in the least where it was, the important question being, where is it? And I 'll tell you where it is easy enough—it 's gone!"

"Oh, dear!" said the little boy, and he caught his breath with a sob. "I 'm always doing

things wrong, always! Aunt Liz says so."

"Who 's Aunt Liz—the old cook?"

"Yes." He began hastily to pull the carrots again, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of the other arm. "She 'll see me standing here talking, and then I 'll catch it!"

The Brisken Bree's anger melted immediately. It was such a pretty little boy!

"What right has she to tell you where to stand, old toothless Liz?"

"Oh, don't, please! If she should hear you, I don't know what would happen."

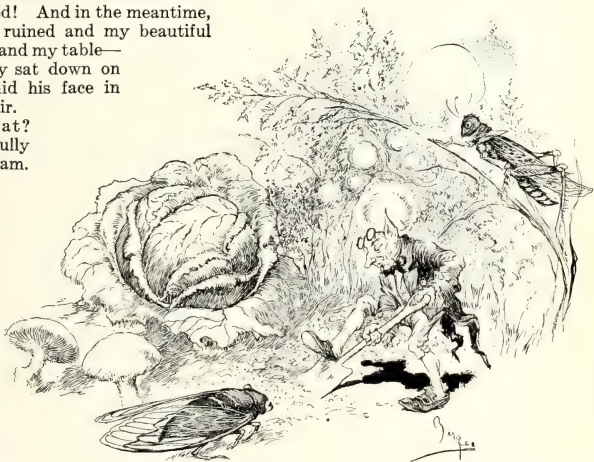
"What right has she?"

"She brings me up. I have n't any father or mother, and Aunt Liz is my only relation. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson don't mind letting me stay here if I keep in the back, and I help with the pots and pans."

"Huh!" The Brisken Bree reflected. "It seems to me it 's a pretty fine thing for old Liz."

"Oh, no!" said the little boy. "Aunt Liz says that she could get a much better place if it was n't for me. Now I must go in." He paused, reluctantly. "You are a fairy, are n't you?"

The Brisken Bree looked contemptuous. "A fairy!" he exclaimed; "one of those little do-nothings? I am glad to say I 'm not. Do I look as if I should enjoy flitting about all day playing silly pranks?"



"THE BRISKEN BREE WORKED HARD AND UNCEASINGLY"

"No, you don't," said the little boy, slowly. "I wish I was a fairy. I wish I was a rabbit or a mouse or even a rat. I wish I was anything in the world except a boy."

"Better wish that you were a Brisken Bree while you are about it. We lead the best lives. And we are much respected by the fairies, you may be sure."

The little boy looked at him with round eyes. "A Brisken Bree! What is that?" he asked.

"Well," began the Brisken Bree, sitting cross-legged on the basket, quite cheerful again, "I am one. We are quite rare, it is true, among the fairies. There are lots of human Brisken Brees,—oh, lots of them—and very few fairy humans, do you see? They are as rare as Brisken Brees with us."



"Won't you go on. Tell me about Brisken Brees," pleaded the little boy, with a quick glance at the kitchen door.

"Well," continued the Brisken Bree, "we are different from the fairies in this way—we're not day-dreamers, for one thing. We get things done. We're happiest when living among easy material things and easy material thoughts—things that you can put your finger on, do you understand? And we see the meaning of 'em too, which the fairies don't—only we can't express it so well; so there you are! We have no patience with their useless, swift flights through the night and their dreamy days, couched in a buttercup. We stretch out our arms, not with hungry longing to the stars, which is a way that the fairies have, but to the fire on the

"Yes, on the floor, by the fire. I would n't mind. I'd like it in that kind of a kitchen. Ours is so very gloomy and big."

"It certainly is," said the Brisken Bree, emphatically. "That is why I preferred to live out here under a carrot."

"I know," sighed the little boy; "I would, too. May I have my basket, please?"

The Brisken Bree hopped off the handle of the basket, and the little boy picked it up. "I'm sorry about your house. If you can wait until to-morrow, I'll help you to build a new one."

"Oh, that's all right," said the Brisken Bree. "Only where am I to sleep to-night? That's what I'm thinking about."

"You would n't come with me, would you?" suggested the little boy, timidly. "I'd love it, and there is plenty of room in my bed. I'll sleep on the floor if you'd rather."

The Brisken Bree considered a minute, with puckered lips, his head on one side. "I might," he said, "if it was n't for old toothless Liz."

"She won't bother you," urged the little boy; "she won't know you are there. Please, please!"

"All right" he agreed. "You can carry me in your pocket."

"Oh, no! she looks in my pockets every night, because once I carried a lizard there. He was an awfully nice lizard, with little clingy hands, and his heart beat in his throat. You could feel it under your thumb. But Aunt Liz did n't like him at all. She whipped me and—and killed him. It was then that I stopped being grateful to Aunt Liz. She says I ought to be grateful to her, and I was, before; but I could n't be grateful to her after she had killed my lizard."

"I should say not!" said the Brisken Bree, indignantly. "The old murderer! Here, put me under your sailor collar, but be careful of my cap. It's a bubble and boiling hot."

The little boy picked up the Brisken Bree, very carefully, and put him on his shoulder, where he felt him crawl under his sailor collar. Suddenly the cook's voice rent the stillness like jagged lightning in a quiet sky.

"Jeree," she called, "Jer-ee! What on earth are you doing? Planting them carrots and waiting for them to grow? Come here this minute!"

"Yes, Aunt Liz," answered Jerry. He seized the basket and ran swiftly to the back door, where his aunt stood, her hands on her



"A TERRIFIC THING OCCURRED!"

hearth. Cosy interiors, spaced off from wind and rain, where meals for hungry children are prepared, where hearths are swept and mending done, and a baby sleeps in his cradle in the corner—these are the surroundings that fill us with content; and it is a lucky housewife, I can tell you, boy, whose kitchen has been chosen by a Brisken Bree for his abode! Her cookies are spicy and delicious; her clothes wash gleaming white; her children are happy; and always there is an atmosphere of serenity and peace."

"Oh!" breathed the little boy, with shining eyes, "I should like to live in a place like that. I should like," he continued dreamily, "to go fishing, barefooted, all day long, and then come home to a place like that."

"And be set to work at once, shelling peas, or picking over the raisins for the plum cake!" suggested the Brisken Bree.



hips, waiting for him. She jerked the basket out of his hands and tumbled the carrots about, that Jerry had laid neatly side by side with all the green together, depreciat-



"'I 'M AWFULLY SORRY, SIR,' SAID THE LITTLE BOY"

ingly. He looked up into her face with anxious eyes.

"Go on in now," she commanded, giving him a push. "Don't stand there mooning when we have all this work to do. We ain't never going to get through with it, as far as I can see. There 's three gentlemen coming to lunch, and one of them 's a senator. Here, scrape those and be quick about it." She tossed the carrots to him, spilling them all over the floor, and darted to the stove. Jerry patiently gathered them together again. He wanted to ask what a senator was, but he did n't dare.

The kitchen was hot and untidy, for Aunt Liz, even when there were not three gentlemen coming to lunch, never seemed to be able to make any headway against ever accumulating confusion.

His knees hunched up so as to better hold the big yellow bowl in his lap, his feet on the rungs of the chair, Jerry found it difficult to scrape the carrots properly. His knife would cut in too far, and he succeeded only in slicing big pieces off, so that there was little carrot left. He was struggling so hard that he had almost forgotten the Briskin Bree, until he heard him whisper in his ear: "That is n't the way! Let me help you."

Aunt Liz was in the next room. They could hear her clattering the dishes, so the

Briskin Bree climbed down Jerry's arm and sat on the handle of his knife.

"Now try," said he.

It was perfectly surprising to Jerry to see the difference it made. He scraped easily and quickly, the Briskin Bree gleefully riding the handle of the knife until the last one was finished. Then he slipped out of sight.

"Huh! that 's the first time you 've ever done anything decently," said Aunt Liz, snatching the bowl. "Now boil 'em, while I make the pudding."

The Briskin Bree whispered instructions in Jerry's ear as he dropped the carrots in a big iron pot and covered them with water. "Now," he said, when the water was boiling, "comes the fun. If I can hang over the pot without old Liz seeing me, and dip my bubble cap in the water—"

"Oh, it would burn you!" exclaimed Jerry.

The Briskin Bree chuckled. "Not at all," he said. "It 's the most delightful sensation in the world! And wait until you see what a difference it will make in the carrots!"

The Briskin Bree lowered himself, head downward, into the pot and hung there by his toes. Jerry, though he watched anxiously, could hardly see him because of the clouds of steam, but presently he heard him exclaim: "Oh, this is fine! This is fine! I have n't been so comfortable in many a day!"

Presently, Jerry heard Aunt Liz approaching, so he called the Briskin Bree, who scrambled out of the pot and under Jerry's collar again, losing his spectacles on the way. Jerry hardly had time to pick them up and put them in his pocket before she was upon them, scolding and grumbling about having to do the work of three people in a house where there was no "second girl."

Such a grand luncheon as Mrs. Williamson



"'JEREE,' SHE CALLED,  
'JER-EE!'"

gave to the two gentlemen and the senator! Even Aunt Liz was enough impressed by the importance of it to consent to wear a black dress with white cap and apron while serving, and Jerry was intensely interested as he handed the dishes through the little window in the pantry. He could just see the back of Mrs. Williamson's hair, strangely corrugated in gleaming ridges, like Aunt Lizzie's wash-board, and the senator, who leaned back in his chair, his napkin tucked into his waistcoat. The two other gentlemen and Mr. Williamson said nothing; but the senator



"THE BRISKEN BREE GLEEFULLY RIDING THE HANDLE OF THE KNIFE"

talked, and slapped one plump palm frequently with the other fist. Jerry wondered, as he watched him, where the difference might be between a senator and a gentleman, and concluded that it must be a matter of size and strength of voice. "They call the big ones senators, I s'pose," he mused. He would have liked to ask the Brisken Bree, about it, but that brownie was now finishing the nap that had been so rudely interrupted in his little house.

Mrs. Williamson had just told the senator that she came from one of the best Rhode Island families, to which the senator had replied that he had no use for ancestors, and if a man was a good friend of his and treated him right, he never asked him who his grandfather was,—which set Jerry to wondering why any one *should* ask a man that,—

when Liz passed the carrots. The senator took a heaping spoonful of them and clapped it on his plate.

"My favorite vegetable," he commented, as he plunged his fork into the golden mound.

"I'm so glad that you like them, Senator," said Mrs. Williamson, sweetly. "They seem to me to be a rather plebian dish. I must say, I prefer artichokes. Those artichokes of France!" sighed Mrs. Williamson, raising her eyes to the ceiling.

Jerry saw the senator put down his fork, slowly. There was a look of dreamy ecstasy on his florid face. "Never," he said, "never in all the world have I tasted anything that was the equal of these!"

"Really, my dear Isabel," Mr. Williamson broke in from the head of the table, "the senator is right. They are quite remarkable. There is a something so—so unusual. I can't think—"

"Henry," admonished Mrs. Williamson, "one does n't praise one's own table, does one, Mr. Dunning?"

"I should think that, under the circumstances, it might be quite allowable," replied Mr. Dunning. "Do try them, Mrs. Williamson; you don't know what you are missing."

Mrs. Williamson daintily speared a carrot with her fork and put it in her mouth.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "Lizzie has surpassed herself. She has never done anything like this before."

"You must be the fortunate possessor of a very wonderful cook, ma'am," said the senator, returning to his plate.

Mrs. Williamson pursed her lips. "No," she said, "I don't think that I could call Lizzie a good cook, and she is frightfully untidy." She lowered her voice. "I am, to tell the truth, going to get rid of her at the first opportunity."

The senator brought his fist down hard on the table. "Let her come to me, Mrs. Williamson," he said with decision. "I'm not much on fancy cooking and things done up French style. Give me plain food prepared right. It would be a grand thing for me to be able to set a dish of carrots like these before the foreign diplomats and show them what's what!"

Just then Lizzie entered, looking very cross, with a carafe of water in her hand.

"Hush," warned Mrs. Williamson, significantly. Senator Morison looked at Lizzie with interest. "Is this the woman?" he demanded, in high spirits, ignoring Mrs. Williamson's dismay—and indeed, Jerry

thought, too, that his manners were pretty bad. "How would you like to come and cook for me in Washington, Lizzie?"

Lizzie folded her arms in her apron and looked coldly at Mrs. Williamson. "I would n't mind," she said, "if the wages suits. I was going to leave here the first of the month anyways."

"After luncheon, Lizzie, we will discuss the matter; not now," said Mrs. Williamson, very firmly. "You play bridge, of course, Mr. Dunning?"

Mr. Dunning did n't play, and that led to explanations; so the senator, though he looked longingly at Lizzie as she took away the plates, could say no more. She came into the kitchen and slammed her tray down on the table.

Jerry was worried. He did n't want to move away from the field next door and the apple-trees and the garden, especially since he had just found a friend there, the Brisken Bree. Washington sounded vague and very terrifying.

"When do we go, Aunt Liz?" he asked, timidly.

"We go!" snorted Aunt Liz. "Do you think I am going to have you trapesing after me in stylish places like that? There 'll be a new cook here, and you can stay on and help her with the dishes, though it 's a tall lot of helping you have ever given me!"

"That 's all right, Jerry," he heard the Brisken Bree whisper, to his great relief. "That 's fine! The best thing that could have happened."

On the first of the month, Aunt Liz, resplendent in a red-plush bonnet and laden with knobby, loosely tied packages of every size, left to take up important duties in Washington, as the newspapers might have expressed it, if they had n't forgotten to mention Aunt Liz' departure. Jerry felt very proud of her indeed, and he wondered what the conductor would have thought if he had known that the lady he was bundling up the steps of the train and telling to "step along," was going to be cook in the house of a senator.

That afternoon, Albertine arrived. She was a little, wiry, colored woman, who radiated good spirits and with whom Jerry made friends at once.

"My goodness, Honey Bunch!" she exclaimed, "if I 'd 've known that I was going to have a nice little boy like you in my kitchen, you could n't 've kep' me from this place with a team o' horses."

When Jerry offered to help her with her work, she laughed and sent him out to play, saying, as she stuffed his pockets with cookies, "Go along, Sugar. A child like you had n't ought to know nothing about such things."

It was delightful to spend long hours climbing the apple-trees or lying on the tall grass in blissful contemplation of the green leaves overhead, with no fear of hearing Aunt Liz's shrill summons. When he came home that evening, he was surprised to see



"THE SENATOR WAS GOING TO MAKE A SPEECH THAT NIGHT" (SEE PAGE 303)

the Brisken Bree completely out of hiding—sitting on the edge of the table, in fact, while Albertine mixed a cake.

"Deed, darlin'," she cried happily, rushing to him, "I never did hear of such luck in my life! They 's a Briskum Bree here, and he says he 's a friend of yours. I ain't heard tell of a Briskum Bree since my grandma used to go on about how she had one in her cabin down south, and the white folks uster come to visit her and eat her corn-cake."

"Oh, yes," said the Brisken Bree, thoughtfully, his hands clasped around one knee, "I think that I remember hearing of your grandmother. Nice little cabin she had—so sunny! She used to sing some very pretty songs, too. Do you know any of them?"

"Yes, sir," chuckled Albertine, with glee; "I knows, 'Keep Your Seat Miss Liza Jane and Hold on to That Sleigh,' and 'Autumn Leaves Falling,' and 'Mammy, Mammy, Cried Poor Little Baby—'"

"Delightful!" encouraged the Briskin Bree. "I think that we are going to have very amusing times here, Jerry, with Albertine. I shall take up my abode, at once, behind the clock, which is the place of all places that I prefer."

"Uh-huh. I remember hearing about that," said Albertine, as she vigorously stirred the cake.

"I am only sorry," the Briskin Bree went on, "that you both are too big to try it and see what a delightful habitation it makes. To hear that continual tick, so regular and so soothing, to feel that things are going on all about one, and yet to be so delightfully aloof from them— It 's ideal! You need no longer carry me about under your sailor collar, Jerry."

"I liked it," said Jerry, "but it will be nicer to have you where we can see you and talk to you."

Albertine laid down her spoon. "Jes' listen to him," she cried admiringly, "talking so big. He 's the *knowingest* little thing!"

This was very pleasant for Jerry, who had been so often told of his stupidity by Aunt Liz. "Be careful, Albertine," warned the Briskin Bree, his eyes twinkling behind his spectacles, "don't spoil him."

"That child!" replied Albertine. "I guess he can stand some spoiling. Ain't never had any, as far as I can make out."

The change in the Williamson's kitchen after the Briskin Bree took command there, was astonishing, although it would be impossible to explain wherein the difference lay. Was it the cleanliness of the place, its trim order? One would be inclined to think so, if one did not remember other kitchens just as clean, yet cheerless rooms indeed. This one possessed an undeniable air of importance—almost as if it breathed and were alive. Yes, that was it—an air of importance that seemed to radiate from and be expressed by the solemn tick of the old clock.

And the meals that Albertine prepared—her cakes, so light and delicate; her pies and puddings and rolls! The remarkable part of it was that if she did nothing more than put an apple before you on a plate, you seemed, somehow, as you looked at it, to see the significance of all apples, the wonder of them.

Mrs. Williamson soon began to lose her slim figure, of which she had been so proud, and Mr. Williamson, his worried, apologetic look. He often pushed open the kitchen door and, wistfully lingering, wished Albertine and Jerry a "very good evening." But it was Albertine herself who was most astonished at her work. She would bite into a cookie, tentatively, after she had taken them from the oven, then roll her eyes and cry: "Yum, yum, *baby!* I declare, I never did see such a difference in my life! Seems like we ought to tell them that I ain't got nothing to do with it. I just mixes things in the same old way, and they tastes just as if they came right out o' the Land of Canaan!"

"But you have a great deal to do with it, Albertine," the Briskin Bree would say from his seat near the clock. "I have to have sunny natures like yours to work with, just as if an artist needs color, don't you see?"

"No, sir," Albertine would answer, "I don't know anything about them things, but I certainly am glad."

And Jerry—how happy he was! He felt almost as if he had never lived before. To be able to play ball all the morning, to run about or to sit motionless, pretending that he was some little woodland animal, to do anything that he chose, as long, of course, as he stayed "in the back."

Jerry's having been forbidden the front of the house was the only thing that made Albertine grumble. "What 's the matter with them folks," she would say to the Briskin Bree, "keeping that child hanging 'round this here hole? He 's the *knowingest* little thing! I never did see a sweeter baby." Then she would cry to Jerry: "Come here, Honey Bunch, come to your Albertine. Ain't going to keep this child hanging 'round this here hole no longer!"

"I don't mind a bit, Albertine," Jerry would tell her; "I like it much better in here, honesty."

"Poor little Sugar Lamb! Come sit on your Albertine's lap and let her sing to you about the preacher and the bear.

"Preacher went out hunting;  
'T was on a Sunday morn—'"

she would croon, as she rocked him slowly; and Jerry, his cheek against the smooth, cool calico of her dress, felt a sense of security, a sleepy peace steal over him, while the clock kept time to the creak of the chair, the vegetables gently hissed as they boiled over the fire, and the Briskin Bree, looking on



from the mantel above their heads, smiled with perfect satisfaction.

After a while, Senator Morison again appeared—this time, for dinner. He was going to make a speech that night in the town hall on "The Conservation of Our Public Roads," and Jerry thought that he looked very grand indeed in his big white waistcoat and black suit—quite worthy to talk on such



"JERRY HAD HIS MEALS WITH MR. AND MRS. WILLIAMSON" (SEE PAGE 305)

a high-sounding and important subject. Mrs. Williamson's hair was again fluted into more pronounced ridges and valleys than before, and she wore a glittering pin in it of green diamonds, that Jerry and Albertine thought very pretty. Mr. Williamson wore exactly the same kind of clothes as the senator; but he seemed somehow to give the impression of an exhausted and wrinkled toy balloon, beside the senator's substantial, bulbous dignity. It was with great interest that Jerry and the Brisken Bree listened to the conversation that went around the table while Albertine, without help, served the dinner.

"Well, my dear senator," began Mrs. Williamson, as she daintily unfolded her napkin, "how is Lizzie getting along?"

"Lizzie," said the senator, "was a failure! The biggest failure I have come across in my career!"

This worried Jerry. "It must have made her awfully cross when she was a failure," he whispered to the Brisken Bree. "I 'm sorry for her."

"Huh!" he snorted contemptuously, in reply. "She never took the trouble to look *you* up, did she, old toothless Liz? I would n't waste my sympathy on *her*."

The senator tasted his soup; then he put down his spoon, pushed back his chair, and rose impressively. "Old fellow," he said to Mr. Williamson, laying his hand on his shoulder, "I congratulate you. I see it all plain now, as plain as a pikestaff."

"What 's a—" began Jerry.

"Hush," said the Brisken Bree; "listen."

"This soup has the same rich, homy flavor that those carrots had—a flavor that I can't forget. You 'll never find it in restaurants, and I 'd give half the honors that have been heaped on my head—"

"Where—" Jerry started, but the Brisken Bree pinched him.

"Half the honors that have been heaped on my head," the senator continued, "for such a little housekeeper,"—he turned and beamed on Mrs. Williamson,— "for I know it 's this little lady here who is responsible, though she is too modest to admit it. I 'm a plain man and I 'm proud of it, but—"

"You are quite mistaken, Senator Morison," interrupted Mrs. Williamson, crisply, and sitting up very straight; "I have never had anything to do with matters of that sort. Perhaps I should regret it, and I do feel it is true that it is the thing for girls to take up some form of domestic science; but coming, as I did, from one of the oldest Rhode Island families—"

Jerry turned, at this, into the kitchen, where Albertine was kneeling before the

oven, basting the sizzling roast. "Albertine," he said, "there is something I've often wanted to ask you, but I forgot. What is a Rhode Island family?"

"I don't know, Honey," replied Albertine. "I've heard of Rhode Island red chickens, but I don't know nothing about them kind of families. Get out of the way, Sugar. Albertine don't want none of this here fat to go flying up in your pretty face."

Suddenly, the Briskin Bree leaped from the ledge of the pantry window to the kitchen table. "Something has got to be done," he cried breathlessly, "at once!"

"Land!" exclaimed Albertine, in astonishment, "we is doing something, is n't we? I'm basting this here—"

"*That man!*" sputtered the Briskin Bree. "Of all the ridiculous, idiotic ways of behaving! Does he think that he can go about picking up *cooks* wherever he is invited to take a meal, just as if they were so many pennies! 'Now Senator Morison,' he expects us to say, 'as you have enjoyed your dinner, the cook will be handed to you on a platter as you go out the door.' Bad manners, I call it, and nothing else! Shall I sting him with my bubble cap, Jerry? Shall I sting him again and again and again until he howls and jumps about? Shall I?"

Jerry laughed. The idea of dignified Senator Morison, who was going to speak on "The Conservation of Our Public Roads," jumping around the room, pursued by the little Briskin Bree was so very funny.

"Just listen to him!" he went on. "I can't hear any more. It's too much for me— I've known a king or two in my time, and very nice people they were, who would never *dream* of such high-handedness. Considerate, you would call *them*, but this man— There simply is n't any word!" He buried his face in his knees in despair.

Jerry and Albertine ran to the window and listened.

"We ought to show them a thing or two," they could hear Senator Morison say. "These rolls— For the glory of the country, Mrs. Williamson!"

"I'm sure I'm as patriotic as anybody," Mrs. Williamson answered; "but a good cook is a good cook. It was quite a different thing with Lizzie; but Albertine is excellent, a real treasure."

Senator Morison rose and again laid his hand on Mr. Williamson's shoulder. "Mr. Williamson is a bright fellow," he said genially; "he could go far. My influence—"

"Ah, well, Henry," hesitated Mrs. Williamson, "if dear Senator Morison will use his influence—"

Mr. Williamson trembled. He looked as if he were about to burst into tears. "Isabel," he stammered, "I don't want it. You know I don't."

"Poor Mr. Williamson!" said Jerry; "what is influence?"

"Deed, darlin', I don't know," replied Albertine.

"Don't you see," said the Briskin Bree, joining them, "how awkward it would be? Other people would live there, too, butlers and such unimaginative folk. It would n't do at all. Besides, I'm used to this clock. It has a pleasant tick. Goodness knows where I could find another like it."

But here, to every one's intense astonishment, Mr. Williamson rose to make a speech.

"Isabel," he began quietly, but with a deadly firmness, "up till now you have had your way in everything, but this is where the worm turns. I refuse to take up any public office through Senator Morison's influence; and I refuse, even more emphatically, to allow Albertine to leave this house, unless she herself so desires—which thought, on her part, may heaven forbid! There has been such a difference since she has been here—as if a fire had been lighted in an empty grate—such an atmosphere—" he stopped and looked about. "I refuse," he said finally, and sat down.

"Why, Henry!" Mrs. Williamson exclaimed, admiringly—"I did n't know that you could talk like that! You see, Senator," as she rang for the roast, "it is quite out of the question."

That night Albertine looked very thoughtful as she washed the dishes. "Did n't know they thought the world of us all like that," she said. "Guess I'll put a few things right that's been going on wrong around here."

"Now, Albertine," protested the Briskin Bree, "you are not going to them asking them any favors because of what you've heard. You are not *that* kind of a woman."

"Yes I is," she returned. "There's things that has been going on wrong around here. I never did see a sweeter—"

The Briskin Bree looked relieved. "Oh, is that it?" he said, laughing. "Good for you, Albertine. I wish you luck."

When Mr. and Mrs. Williamson came home from the lecture, they found Albertine in the hall, waiting for them.

"Mrs. Williamson, please ma'am," she

began, "I ain't going to stay in this place no longer unless—"

Mrs. Williamson drew herself up with great dignity.

"I ain't going to stay in this place no longer," Albertine went on, "unless you let that baby child come out of the kitchen and have his meals in the dining-room."

"Baby child!" repeated Mrs. Williamson, in astonishment.

"She means Jerry," said Mr. Williamson, eagerly. "I've often thought—"

"Yes, ma'am," said Albertine. "He had n't ought to be hanging around that there ho—that there kitchen. He's the *knowingest* little thing! He ought to be going to school now, that he ought, poor Sugar Lamb asking questions all day long, about Rhode Island red families and what is influence, and no-body can't never answer them."

"That's quite true," began Mr. Williamson, again. "I've often—"

"Well, Albertine," said Mrs. Williamson, graciously, "it's a strange thing to ask, but I think that, under the circumstances, we shall have to give our consent."

When Albertine returned, she found the Brisken Bree dancing with delight, his bubble cap leaving a trail of steam after him. "You've done it, Albertine!" he cried, "you've done it!"

From that time, Jerry had his meals with Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, and Albertine waited upon him with delight. Of course, he was such a very nice little boy and he had such pretty natural manners, and he always remembered to wash his hands before dinner, and he listened with such interest when Mrs. Williamson talked, that they grew very fond of him indeed. He soon was allowed to move his things to a little room on the second floor, so that Mrs. Williamson might "hear him if he wanted anything in the night." Oh, how happy that made him feel! that there was some one who cared

enough to get up if he wanted anything in the night, though he would n't have called for anything. Soon Mrs. Williamson took as much interest in his rubbers and his clothes and the silver medal he won at school as if she had been a real mother. She spent so much time in looking after him, in fact, that she was not able to keep up her former interest in the bridge club. Mr. Williamson called him "My son Jerry," with great pride, and talked about and lived for no one else. But his dearest friends were always, of course, the Brisken Bree and Albertine. He loved to go into the kitchen and listen to Albertine sing "Autumn Leaves Falling," or to have long conversations with the Brisken Bree, as he sat rocking gently to and fro to the ticking of the clock.

One time he said thoughtfully; "I'm glad I'm not a fairy, Brisken Bree, or a rabbit, or a mouse. I think that I'd rather be a little boy than anything else in the world."

"Well," replied the Brisken Bree, "that is nice! You might as well be satisfied, as long as you can't change things. I had hoped, Jerry, that you would grow into a human Brisken Bree, but I see that I was wrong. Candle-light and hearth-fires will mean nothing to you. Stars are more in your line; and *why*—cold, far-away things, that you might as well never hope to capture—is more than I can understand."

"There's something, though," mused Jerry, "in just wishing for them because they are so clear, so far away, so clean—dear Brisken Bree," he said anxiously. "I hope you don't mind."

The Brisken Bree lowered his voice. "Let me tell you," he said, "that, though we seldom admit it to any one,—least of all to them, and they exasperate us beyond words, those others, beyond words!—still we do, for some strange reason, envy them just a little." He shook his head in a puzzled way. "I can't understand it, but we *do*."





# PHANTOM GOLD

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

To escape the authorities, who take him for a dock thief when they find him abandoned by his own ship, the *Arrowdale*, Rick Hartley ships aboard the schooner *Laughing Lass*, ostensibly a fishing-boat, but suspiciously like something else. Rick and his friend, Ban Hoag, learn that M'Guire, the skipper, intends to waylay the freighter *Glendale* on the high seas and rob her of a part of her cargo of gold bullion. Rick goes down to M'Guire's room to return a tell-tale wallet and its clipping, by which he and Hoag have discovered this plot. He leaves the wallet on M'Guire's table, and hides. M'Guire and Manuel, the mate, are in the adjoining cabin, planning the robbery. The skipper comes in looking for his wallet, finds it, and goes back to the cabin without realizing that it has been out of his possession. But suddenly Rick hears M'Guire accusing Manuel of stealing the money that was in the wallet, and realizes that no one but Ban Hoag could have done this. As the skipper and his mate struggle in the after cabin, Rick shoots out the light and runs on deck to find the skiff, his only means of escape, gone.

Ban Hoag had planned simply to convince Hamlin, the bos'n, and Dutchy, the other member of the crew, of the necessity for escape, while Rick was aft returning the wallet. But when Hamlin learns of the robbery plot, he forces Hoag to embark at once with him and Dutchy in the skiff. They set out for shore, but lose the course and are drifting helplessly when they are picked up by a passing freighter. Meanwhile, Rick has barricaded the after companionway, imprisoning M'Guire and Manuel, and headed the schooner toward shore, where he plans to beach her and escape. But while Rick is mourning the treachery of his friend Ban Hoag, the prisoners emerge through the forward hatch and overpower him.

## CHAPTER XX

### THE TABLES TURNED

SLOWLY the boy awoke to tortured consciousness. A heavy throbbing drummed away in the back of his head; he quivered with weakness; every muscle and joint in his body seemed strung with red-hot wire. Some time he spent whirling dizzily between this world and oblivion, caring little, one way or the other—craving only rest, forgetfulness.

But a memory whipped his jaded spirit. Behind the lightning cracking in his head, he had felt instinctively the presence of some human agency. And his mind worked feebly with this problem, trying to determine his position and the cause of it. Either Manuel or M'Guire had escaped—but how? He thought back to that last moment of consciousness. Where had he been? Aft?—No, he had been sitting on one of the anchors, lashed there forward to the rail, just abreast the forecabin hatch. The forecabin hatch—

Rick knew. They had ripped up a board or two from the deck of the after cabin—they had crawled down into the bilges, through the yawning holds, up into the galley by the trap-door that only inspectors use—out through the forecabin hatch. Why had n't he thought to close it? Well, he had n't—so there was that.

They had hit him on the head with something—a belaying-pin—and knocked him out. They had flung him out of the way, and—

Why not? Was there anything in the

wild scheme he had heard, ages ago, down in the after cabin, that absolutely necessitated the presence of the schooner's crew? M'Guire himself had said the boys could be counted out. Dutchy was to play sick; Hamlin was to handle the line. But why could n't M'Guire handle the line himself—let Manuel be the sick man? Why would n't he? Of course he would! If he had been eager to take such enormous chances before, what would this new risk matter?

Here was the memory that goaded Rick to consciousness, to awakened recognition of his duty. The odds were more than even that the *Laughing Lass* had been headed back on her course; that the mad crime was to become an actual fact!

Was there any way of preventing it? The idea seemed preposterous. In his condition, Rick thought, surely no one could hold him in any way responsible. Yet something called him—something partly selfish. If he could prevent this hideous thing, those men aboard the *Glendale* might listen to his story, might help him. And something better—some inherent sense of right and justice, some half-forgotten words of a wise and brave old man, his father: "The world be full of good men an' bad. Step on the bad 'uns—before you gets stepped on."

Well, what could he do? Where was he?

Not on deck, that was sure. It was dark as a pocket, but a sense of enclosed space told him he had been thrown below. Painfully he raised himself and groped about.



His hand brushed against a coil of heavy rope. That gave him a hint; but he went on, and found some spare lights and a pile of canvas. He was in the store-room, that little closet directly across the passageway from his own galley.

So, instantly, he had his bearings and stood shakily on his feet. Reaching the door, he tried it carefully. It was locked.

Things began to clear up, but the outlook seemed more than ever hopeless. Well, he would have a light anyway—it would be cheerful. He found the ship's supply of matches in a tin box on the shelf, and touched flame to the wick of a spare riding-light he had found in a corner. He set the lantern on the deck; sat down on a box beside it.

The interior of his prison offered little inspiration. This small room was filled with the miscellaneous gear that always accumulates at sea and is tucked out of sight for an emergency. Cordage hung from nails on the bulkheads and lay coiled or snarled on deck; one corner was piled with canvas; another held a large tool-chest and a keg of nails; wooden blocks, cleats, boards, and bits of joist, rowlocks, grommets, balls of marlin, cans of paint, a hardened brush or two—this collection of oddments littered the deck and overflowed from heaped boxes and burdened shelves. Rick's eye glanced over the lot rather carelessly. He had seen it all before so many times. He knew this store-room almost as well as he knew his galley across the passage. He was sick of the sight, the smells, the feel of it.

If only there were some way—

Of course, provided the schooner was laid up to the *Glendale* on this side, or perhaps even if she was n't, he could raise a noise that might be heard aboard the freighter. But what good would that do? That would fit in exactly with M'Guire's story of a sick man. The skipper would come down here and lay him out again,—this time perhaps for good,—and then Manuel would begin his impersonation and the jig would be up.

Was there no loophole? Must he sit here passively and see the evil game played to its finish? See himself entangled in the dark ways of these ruffians? Watch a chance for home and freedom dwindle, disappear, give place to prison bars? The thought was unendurable. Rick got up stiffly from his seat and limped across the crowded room. The slow creaking of the schooner's timbers told him she was under way; and over his head he

could hear, occasionally, the tramping of M'Guire's or Manuel's feet, the slat of cordage, the muffled clack of running rigging in its blocks. For the rest, he was hopelessly in the dark—driving helplessly on a lee shore he could not even see—alone—forgotten.

Rick walked across the little room and gazed listlessly out of a port cut into its out-



"FLICKER-FLASH-FLASH—FLICKER" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

board planking. This circular opening was perhaps ten inches in diameter. Heavy glass bolted to the casement prevented flying spray from coming aboard. The port was intended for lighting purposes only, but its inner surface was so encrusted with dirt and grime and dabs of paint that even in bright sunlight its best illumination was a gloomy twilight. Hopelessly, Rick peered through the soiled glass. It was night out there; that was all he knew.

But because idleness was intolerable and there seemed nothing else to do, the boy found an old rag, some turpentine in a bottle, and fell to polishing the glass. The physical labor cheered him, though it jarred his aching head and sent a shiver of pain through protesting muscles. It would be something to get a sight of the sky!

So Rick rubbed away in dogged silence at the wall of his prison. And soon the glass beneath his hand took on a burnished gloss, came clear. He threw aside his rag, turned back to the lantern—blew it out.

At first he could see nothing through the port. Then as his eyes accustomed themselves to the blackness, he caught a star—then two, three, a myriad of stars. Why, the night had cleared! He could see the surface of the water plainly. Far out on the horizon he could see where the sky began.

Do stars ever move? Of course, there are shooting stars, but do they ever move along very slowly, very low in the sky, in a horizontal line? And are stars ever—green? Because here are some odd, moving stars, bigger and nearer than that lovely pattern beyond them. One of them is green, and to the left and above the green one there are two others, white. All three move along over the sea together, very slowly.

Stars? *That's a ship!*

An uproar overhead. Plunging feet, and blocks grating as the sheets are hauled home. A vague swinging motion; those three lights stop for a minute, then move swiftly backward and are lost to view.

M'Guire's voice raised in wild excitement, but coming only faintly to the prisoner below: "*It's her, I tell yer—I'd know them night-lights anywheres!*"

The *Glendale*!

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE SILENT VOICE

THE time had come.

With the certainty of stalking Fate, Rick's fears were to be realized. M'Guire had seen his prey, recognized her, changed his course—was even now swooping down out of the night upon her.

All excitement seemed wrung from the boy's senses. This thing transcended his power to react. Its glaring actuality left him cool. There *must* be a way!

Oddly enough, in that moment of grim reality, an attic bedroom sprang into his mind. The dusk of an English evening lay coolly on its bare outlines; lighted dimly its well-known objects; cast interesting shadows across the stout oak rafters overhead. His mother knelt beside his bed; her hand reached over the coverlet, gripping his. Smilingly she had told him the awful truth: her man had gone the way of the sea—the way of the Hartleys—the way of Englishmen. She

was proud. And still smiling in the growing dark, she prayed.

So too, now, her son. Beset with evil, hopelessly embroiled against his will, a lonely, homeless wanderer on strange waters—so, too, Rick knelt dry-eyed, smiling, and voiced his prayer.

Then he rose and looked through the port. The lights were plainly visible; they were close alongside. He turned away and lighted his lantern.

The match flickered in his hand; almost went out; flared brightly again. *Flicker—dark—flash* was suddenly registered upon his brain.

Rick straightened to his full height, while a mighty thought surged over him with the invigorating shock of cold water. The loophole—the lantern—the port! He gripped himself, feeling sanity weaken with the joy of it; set to work. There was not a second to lose.

Three boxes piled on end made a rough table level with the lower rim of the port. He placed them close to it, but with a little space between. Then he looked about. There should be a board—about a foot square—it must be just the right size.

He found one lying in a corner; tried its size over the port. It fitted closely, yet was not too heavy. In a moment he had half-driven two nails into one side of it. Then he set the lantern on his boxes, placing it directly before the port, and took the board flat on his right palm, gripping the nails between his fingers.

He peered out, shading his eyes with the board. The *Glendale* was close alongside, so close he could see the lofty bridge, the black smoke pouring from her funnel. Then from right over his head he heard M'Guire's words, muffled in a megaphone:

"Aboard the freighter! We asks leave t' come 'longside an' board ye. We got a man—he's very sick. We needs a doctor!"

Then Rick smiled, and began. He clapped the board in his hand over the opening. He thought back desperately to those years aboard the *Channel Belle*, when destroyers would pass her, winking swiftly, in the night. He thought it all out carefully—then, sliding his rude shutter down and up and down again over the smooth port casement, he began to open and close the eye of his lantern in the intervals of the Morse code.

Flicker-flash-flash — flicker-flash — flash — flash-flicker-flash-flicker — flicker-flicker-flicker-flicker.

There 's one word off. Memories come rushing back over the years. The evenings of study—tappings of his father's foot—messages read from the hilltop at home—

There came distinctly from the *Glendale's* bridge:

"Yes, we have a doctor. Send your man over in a boat."

Flash-flicker-flash—flash—flash—flash—flicker-flicker-flash—flicker-flash-flicker.

Another one. Ridiculous to hope that any one would see!

"We ain't got no boat; carried away last—day. Leave us run 'longside. Won't hurt ye none?"

"All right."

Well, that meant it was no use trying. This silly plaything was getting the disregard it deserved. Still—

Flash-flicker-flash—flash—flash—flicker-flash-flicker-flicker—flash-flicker-flicker.

Then, gritting his teeth, he started over again. The message went more quickly, and he sent it yet again. Dead silence, except occasional tramping over his head. M'Guire and the mate were running her up alongside. The steel plates towered close. Again he sent his message; the two ships rubbed gently, and dirty gray steel shut off Rick's beacon.

But from the *Glendale's* bridge a man's frightened scream tore through the stillness: "Wait, wait! They 's a blinker on that schooner—'Watch yer gold!'"

The silence that fell over the two vessels was almost tangible. Then vague mutterings and other noises began, and running footsteps came pounding over Rick's head—nearer, nearer still.

He leaned weakly against the bulkhead, his duty done. A key clicked in the latch. M'Guire stood in the doorway.

The man's pig-eyes bulged hideously from



"RICK SAT UP. 'IF YE 'LL LET ME TALK—'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

their sockets; his whole frame quivered as with the ague. The muzzle of his revolver glanced in the lamplight.

In that instant, before the skipper fired, Rick knew definitely that the walrus man was mad. But the pistol flash cut the thought in two. The slight figure leaning there against the bulkhead sagged heavily downward,—the little smile frozen on its



white lips,—sagged, tottered a little, dropped silently to the deck.

## CHAPTER XXII

### DREAMS AND REALITIES

RICK was dead—he was sure of that. His mother had often said that when one died one simply started a new life in another and better world—a world where one met the same people one had known on earth. And this was coming true.

There was a large room brilliantly lighted by electric bulbs and glistening with clean white paint. A big table stood in the center, and a man sat there writing in a book. Rick had seen that man before. His tall, sturdy figure, his tanned face fringed with iron-gray beard—the whole of him seemed to have been a part of some past life. Yet Rick could not quite remember. His head ached with a fierce, stabbing throb.

Across the table from this man, a little group stood and watched him write. Rick knew that he was dead. For there was M'Guire of the *Laughing Lass*, his great hands twitching childishly over his cheeks and chin; and beside him, Manuel, sneering politely. And there stood Gabe Hamlin, putting on a front of bluster—but his knees shook; and beside him, Dutchy, his face the color of wood-ash, forcing a sickly smile; and beside Dutchy—Ban Hoag!

He was dead; there was no other explanation. For the master and crew of the *Laughing Lass* could never have met together again on earth. Something had killed them all. Here they were—at the gates of heaven. That man at the table—he must be Saint Peter—was questioning them.

From the locker in the corner on which he lay, Rick watched them. It would be his turn soon.

The man at the table spoke. He looked steadily at M'Guire. His tone was expressionless—not exactly contemptuous, more impersonal.

"I picked these two men and this boy up"—though addressing M'Guire, he nodded to the right of the line—"yesterday morning. The boy says they were in your crew. Is that true?"

M'Guire's eyes seemed searching about the floor. One hand twisted in the walrus mustache. He grunted an assent.

Saint Peter wrote in his book. Then he looked up again.

"This boy told me that you have no ap-

parent business hereabouts—in fact, he thinks you have had designs on some ship—on my ship. Is that true?"

M'Guire said nothing. His little eyes shot fire toward Hoag, then roamed the room again. The man at the table smiled grimly.

"Where is that wallet?"

The skipper of the *Laughing Lass* looked straight at his questioner for two full seconds; but his eyes fell.

"What wallet?" he growled.

"Yours—you know what I mean."

He pressed a button on the table before him. Two men stood in the doorway. His bent head indicated M'Guire.

"See if he—has anything in his pockets."

The walrus man offered no resistance. The two men ran their hands over his clothes. One of them placed the leather wallet on the table.

There was a long silence, while the iron-gray man at the table opened the wallet, drew out of it a little scrap of paper, and read it carefully. Then he wrote again in his big book.

After a while, he laid down the pen and leaned back in his chair.

"It looks bad for you, M'Guire, if that's your name. What are you doing out here in the transatlantic lane? Where is your sick man? Why did your crew desert you? What are you doing with this clipping? Why should you lock your cabin-boy in your store-room? How comes it that he sends me 'Watch your gold' by blinker? Why should you jump down and try to kill him? Can you answer any of these questions?"

Whether or not he could, M'Guire did not. He looked at Manuel beside him. But the impenetrable sneer offered nothing. Saint Peter shook his head.

"The whole thing reeks. And yet I have nothing here,"—he fingered the clipping,—"nothing that would convince—"

Rick sat up. M'Guire saw him, and his eyes glazed. The boy was pale as the bandage wound about his head. But his jaw was set.

"If ye'll let me talk—"

"He's a liar!" roared M'Guire, suddenly furious. "Don't be lissenin' t' him. But fur him I'd be—"

Saint Peter's upraised hand silenced him. This iron-gray man at the table stared hard at Rick. More than ever the boy knew he had seen him before.

"I have heard all the others. Now you tell your story."



Rick told it, every word—from the moment that he jumped from the wharf to the schooner's deck, to the flash of M'Guire's revolver in the store-room. The room became still as death. He spoke in a low, swift voice, living over again every incident in his horri-

"Ye dirty, sneakin' liar! I saved ye from the bulls ashore—an' fur that ye play me dirt! But fur you, I'd be away by now—rich this minute—an' you too—all of us—"

"*What 's that?*" Saint Peter's words rang like a shot. And in the abandonment of his rage M'Guire ran on:

"Why, the gold, ye fool! I had it planned just like ye heard. We'd never been cotched—"

The walrus man stopped, realizing what he had said. Then there spread over his face the foolish grin of the half-imbecile. His hands crept up; went twitching and fumbling over his cheeks.

Manuel hissed out an oath.

"What gold?" persisted the man at the table. His eyes pierced M'Guire's soul, forcing the brute to his will.

"Why—why—the gold beneath yer hatchets!"

The man at the table was very quiet. He spoke slowly, almost sadly; but a little smile twitched at the corners of his mouth.

"I carry no gold," said he, "but the sovereign luck-piece in the ship's stem. You have made a mistake."

His voice was barely audible, but M'Guire jumped as if at a thunder-clap. In their fever of torment, the pig-eyes scoured the room.

"Ain't you—the *Glendale*, then?" he whispered.

"No. The *Glendale* is ten hours behind me. This is her

sister ship, the *Arrowdale*."

With these words, the clouds in Rick's wounded head rolled clean away. Of course—this was his own Captain Peter Bullard.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### FINE GOLD

"ONE thing remains," the captain was saying. "What happened to that money that was in M'Guire's wallet?"

He looked straight at Rick, expecting an answer. But the boy was silent. He could not tell. Let Hoag speak for himself.



"THE CAPTAIN'S FACE CRINKLED INTO A SMILE AS BAN'S RIGHT ARM ASSISTED RICK THROUGH THE DOORWAY" (SEE PAGE 313)

ble adventure, telling it simply as it had occurred. But when he reached the trip to the after cabin,—when he told how he had sat crouched under the table, listening to M'Guire's plans,—then Saint Peter stopped him; made him go more slowly; wrote busily in his book. And M'Guire stared like a caged beast.

At last he was through. He sank back, completely exhausted, a thin red line trickling from under the bandage on his head.

But M'Guire flew into a paroxysm of fury. His big frame leaned forward, the mustaches bristling and shaking; a clenched fist threatened the boy in the corner.

A strange thing happened. Little Dutchy broke into wretched weeping. The tears rolled down his straggling beard. One trembling, wrinkled hand laid a roll of bank-notes on the table. His thin voice shook with sobs.

"I seen 'em hide that wallet—in a bunk," said Dutchy. "'T ain't no use tryin' t' keep the stuff. Ye 've found M'Guire out—an' ye 'd find me out too. I ain't never had no coin. Seems like everybody else had a-plenty. But me—well, they 's no use in anythin'."

His voice drifted off into a despairing snivel. Rick saw Ban Hoag turn from the little man in disgust. But Hamlin towered over him.

"You scut!" he howled. "Why did n't ye tell me an' go halves? We 'd got away—you wharf-rat!"

On the last word, the bos'n's heavy fist landed. Dutchy crumpled up. As he lay there, he looked like a limp pile of rags.

Captain Bullard was on his feet, his fingers pressing the bell.

"None of that, now! You 're all of the same lot—pirates, fools, or both!" The two sailors appeared again in the doorway. "Clap these men in irons and put them under lock and key. No, not him. Leave the two lads; I want to talk to them. Take the others. And Blythe! Tell Mr. Ilsley to drop the schooner astern on a tow-line. Tell him to put us on our course and make knots for port."

Dutchy was dragged to his feet and roughly assisted to the door. Hamlin went next, still muttering at his wretched parasite. Manuel followed the bos'n. Except for that oath at M'Guire's unconscious confession, the dark foreigner had been silent. He walked out quietly, the sneer still graven on his thin lips.

M'Guire was the last to go. He had paid no attention to the others; he was studying his hands. When the three had passed through the door, one of the guards turned back and whistled, as one would call a dog. The walrus man looked up, then, and smiled—that childish leer. His huge bulk moved over to the door. As it passed through, Rick saw him busy with his hands, one thumb telling over the stubby fingers, and heard him muttering softly, "One brick, fifteen thousan'—two brick, thirty thou—"

The door shut.

As if freed from an unwelcome weight, Captain Bullard shook himself. He dipped

his pen and made a last entry in the book. Then he closed it with a bang and stood up.

"The police will take them off my hands. As for you two—"

He stopped uncertainly. Rick sat up again.

"Cap'n Bullard," he began.

The man whirled around and stared. Recognition leaped into his eyes.

"In the name of Judas—*Hartley!*"

The boy told the rest of his story swiftly, while the big seaman leaned against the table, his mouth agape.

"That bullet-groove in your scalp is not the only lucky thing that has struck you to-night, Quartermaster," said Bullard, when he had finished. "It seemed to me when they brought you aboard I 'd seen you before, but that riff-raff and their evil doings filled my mind. You 'll be wanting your berth again?"

"That I will," said Rick. "But—if you please, Cap'n, when will you be makin' Liverpool again?"

"Quick as we can get there after unloading on this side. We take no cargo back. I 'm going to lay her up for overhauling. We 'll be ashore three weeks."

"Shore leave?" asked Rick.

"To be sure—but don't miss the boat again," said Peter Bullard, with a smile.

"No, sir!"

Rick lay back, joy pounding in his breast. If only Ban Hoag—

"That leaves only one," the captain was saying, turning to the boy by the door. "What shall we do with you?"

Hoag looked unblinkingly into the man's eyes.

"I sticks to Rick," he said.

Hartley sat up like a jack-in-the-box. "You did n't—before," he flashed out.

The captain watched them. He saw Hoag's clear blue eyes meet Rick's challenge without shame.

"I could n't, Rick," said Ban, slowly. "It 's the truth I 'm telling—Hamlin shanghaied me."

The two stared at each other. Rick groped for confirmation. Peter Bullard offered it.

"Hamlin admitted that, Hartley. The lad had no choice. He knew the course—the bos'n nipped him in the neck—jayed him aboard the skiff—while you were below."

A long breath of relief escaped Rick's lips. He saw Ban Hoag through a blur. Still looking him squarely in the eye, he rose with

difficulty and crossed the room. The two gripped hands.

The captain coughed.

"Now *that*'s settled," said he; "we return to my question—what 'll we do with him? What can he do?"

Rick's heart was overflowing.

"Anythin'," he burst out.

"How about helmsman—we rate five."

"Would you—Ban?" asked Rick.

"Well, I ain't had no steam gear in my hands fur some time. But I might catch on again. I 'd like ter."

"I 'll tell you now." Bullard's voice was very businesslike. "Hartley, you take him on your watch from now in, and show him the tricks. Then I 'll see Bolles when we reach the dock. If Hoag shows he can handle her, and if he's agreeable—we 'll fix it up. Now you get out, both of you, and get some sleep. Find him a bunk, Hartley. Get some clothes from the steward—you remember Greene?"

"Yes, sir, thank ye, sir. Good night!"

The captain's weather-beaten face crinkled into a smile as Ban's right arm assisted Rick through the doorway. He had been young once, too.

AWAY up in the eyes of the *Arrowdale*, two dead-tired young bodies rolled into adjoining berths. Sleep came almost instantly to Rick; but as he hung between consciousness and oblivion, something dug him in the ribs.

"Hey there!" he whispered.

"I aimed t' come back fur you, Ricky; but that Hamlin, he soaked the matches—"

As sleep stole softly over his aching limbs, Rick's mind played with half-forgotten words.

What was it—about judgments, good judgments? No—"judgments good and righteous altogether—more to be desired—more to be desired than gold, *ye than much fine gold—sweeter also than—*"

But Rick was asleep.

THE END



1. RABBIT TRACKS, AN' I 'S A-GWINE TER GIT HIM



2. WATCH ME FOOL DIS CULLUD BOY WID DESE MITTENS

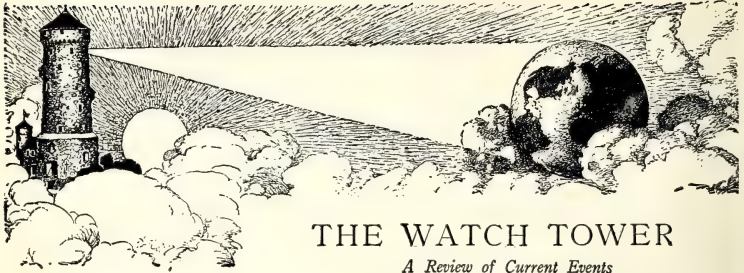


3. AH JES WALK ON MY HAN'S DIS WAY



4. BEAR TRACKS! I 'S GWINE HOME

THE HOPEFUL HUNTER AND THE RESOURCEFUL RABBIT



## THE WATCH TOWER

*A Review of Current Events*

By EDWARD N. TEALL

### HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE WATCH TOWER this month has two duties to perform. One of them is a matter of business, reviewing the year that has become history. The other, and jollier, is that of starting the New Year. Shall we refuse to let logic rule us, and begin with the second?

Very well, then—and thank you!

We of THE WATCH TOWER have no patience with folks who say: "Oh, I 'm tired of this New Year business! What 's the use making such a fuss over it? The first of January is n't different from any other day!"

Of course, they are stating a fact—as far as the dictionary goes. January 1 is just a day and a night, one turn-over of the whirling planet on which we live. But facts are not all of life; no, sir—and ma'am! Facts are not even the best part of life. Dreams and hopes are the best part of life. Friendship and good will are greater treasures than dollars that you can count and weigh. Every cheery "Happy New Year!" is a contribution to the world's wealth.

THE WATCH TOWER wishes you all a Happy New Year. We know well enough that 1922 will bring trouble to some of us; that it will not have 365 days of pure joy for any of us. Its history will contain some unpleasant facts. But WATCH TOWER hope and WATCH TOWER courage will rob them of power to harm us, and will make us masters of our fate. Happiness thrives in the sunshine of the mind. We welcome the New Year, because it gives us a new start.

And, you know, it really does look as though the group of months that we choose to call the New Year is going to see a measurable advance in the work of getting things straightened out after the years of

destruction. The spirit of progress is in the air.

Is New Year's Day worth while? If it is not, THE WATCH TOWER is n't worth while, ST. NICHOLAS is n't worth while—good wishes are n't worth while. And you "know the answer" to that! So—

Here 's the happiest of Happy New Years to every one of you!

P. S.—It 's good American to be happy.

### THE NATIONS TALK IT OVER

WHEN Lloyd George said that the Limitation of Armament Conference might be the greatest event in nineteen centuries he meant, of course, to compare its possibilities with the influence that the birth and life of Christ has had in the world. And he spoke with an exact sense of values. If the Conference fulfilled its high purpose, it would mark the beginning of a new era in the world's history—not in any fanciful or theoretical sense, but with the same practical effect on the development of mankind that the Christian era has had in contrast to previous ages of man's existence.

As this is written, the Conference is young, but a wonderful start has been made. Secretary Hughes's program of naval limitation has proved to the world that America means business, and the response, especially in England and Japan, the two other nations directly concerned, has been encouraging. China has submitted an Open-Door program that gives the conference something definite to work on. While there are many possible sources of trouble, the fact is that in making so businesslike an opening the Conference has already gone far toward success.



When this WATCH TOWER reaches you, the work of the Conference may be finished, and you may know its record and outcome. But the Conference, whatever the degree of its success, has proved—as the League of Nations has also done in its own way—that the rule of reason has not wholly perished, and that mankind can do much to control its own fate in the world.

Even if the Conference should be a failure,

Congress has worked hard. Its tasks were tremendous. Industry had to be restored, the war mess had to be cleaned up, new laws had to be passed, and a fresh start made. Some critics assert that Congress has not done as much as was promised; but fairer critics admit that every reasonable expectation has been met. Even the Congress of the United States of America can not undo in one year what war did to us in several years!



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SECRETARY OF STATE CHARLES E. HUGHES AS CHAIRMAN OF THE ARMAMENTS CONFERENCE, DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS AT THE OPENING SESSION IN WASHINGTON

the calling of it will be always a glory of our Government and a credit to our people.

### THE YEAR THAT 'S GONE

HAVE you ever had to move away from a town where you had lived a long time? If so, no doubt before you left you went around taking a last look at the familiar scenes. So let us look back over 1921.

The year just ended has added a full chapter to history. It has been a difficult year, but it has seen us a step or two farther along the hard road that had to be traveled after the Great War in Defense of Democratic Civilization.

### THE UNITED STATES

In this country we have entered upon a new Presidential term, with a new Administration in office. In his inauguration speech, President Harding notified the peoples of the world that America had hatred for no nation, friendship for all; that she loved peace, had no desire for conquest, and would take care of herself while helping others all she could. America has lived up to that pledge in a way to make us all proud of our country.

The Pilgrim tercentennial anniversary marked a mile-stone in our history.

There were disasters, such as the Pueblo floods and the one at San Antonio; also, the wreck of the great dirigible ZR-2, with loss of many lives.

The year was marked by the existence of unemployment problems, but Mr. Hoover's conference suggested practical remedies and a constructive program. There were many strikes, and a vivid threat of a great tie-up of the railroads, which happily was averted.

The process of deflation—that is, of getting things back to a normal basis, particularly as to freight rates, prices of the necessities of life, and wages—was carried on with less trouble than might have been expected.

The two most impressive events of the year, for America,—the observance of Armistice Day with the burial of our Unknown Warrior and the assembling of the Conference on Limitation of Armaments,—are discussed in separate articles.

### EUROPE IN GENERAL

THE year 1921 has been one of the most critical in all the world's history, for Europe.

It has been a possibility that the whole European system might go to smash. While the war was on, the nations went blindly ahead, piling up debt and thinking only of one thing—the winning of the war. Since then, there has always been the chance that the whole of Europe, exhausted and facing bankruptcy, might be engulfed in waves of anarchy.

But Europe has carried on, and to-day, perplexing as her problems are, it is clear that she will come through without ruin of her civilization. There have been many changes in the form of government, many new states have been created; but the problem in the coming years will be one of repairing, rather than of creating a new system.

#### THE BRITISH EMPIRE

ENGLAND has had a hard time of it at home, with unemployment and strikes; but she has stuck to the old way of recognizing the laws of nature, that you can't eat your cake and keep it and that you have to pay for what you do; and she has "carried on" with pluck and perseverance sure to win out in the end.

Her greatest difficulty has been with Ireland, and the conferences with Irish statesmen were watched with interest by all the world. When this was written, no definite conclusion had been reached, but the south of Ireland appeared willing to give up its dream of a republic and accept the position of a dominion, like Canada. Ulster, in the north, was obstinate, fearing that it might be asked to submit to rule by the south.

It seemed as though the solution of the problem would be a dominion government for all of Ireland, with separate provinces in the north and the south, each taking care of its domestic affairs, like one of our own States, but meeting together in a central government like our Federal Government at Washington.

#### OTHER EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

GERMANY protested, all through the year, that the reparations bill was more than she could possibly pay. She met the first installment, but as the second came due, it began to look as though she might prefer to go through a business failure. She had less unemployment than other countries, but her workers were very poorly paid. She was striving to get foreign trade.

France was pretty prosperous in business,

but was worried about the possibility that Germany might be plotting another invasion of her territory, and anxious to arrange guarantees for her defense for the future.

France made a treaty with the Angora Turkish Government, which seemed to promise more comfortable times in the Near East, though there was reason to expect a protest from England, whose relations are with the other Turkish Government, at Constantinople.

Spain and Italy had labor troubles. In Italy the Fascisti, or Nationalists, and the communists did some fighting. Spain had troops in Morocco, fighting the Moors in her "sphere of influence."

In Russia, the rule of Bolshevism drew toward its close. Persons of optimistic nature began to think that the day of true government by the people and for the people was near at hand. Terrible famine and sickness swept the land. There, as well as in Austria and China, American relief work was carried on through the year.

#### IN THE FAR EAST

JAPAN's story for the year centers about her part in the Washington conference. China also sent a delegation. In Japan, the prime minister was assassinated because of his modern and liberal ideas.

The whole situation in the Far East is part of the story of President Harding's wonderful Conference.

#### THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THE year 1921 saw a notable chapter added to the history of the League. Its World Court was elected. It helped solve many international problems, among the Baltic states, in Central Europe (the Balkans), and—especially—in Silesia.

The Silesian decision was a most unusual thing, separating political arrangements from those of business and industry. Certain privileges were given to Poland, and others to Germany. The Germans protested. It will be extremely interesting to watch this experiment work out.

On the whole, it was a great year for the League. The League may not be permanent, but it has at least been one of the most interesting and profitable experiments ever made. The work it has already done has been a mighty factor in the return of peace in the world.



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PRESIDENT HARDING DELIVERING THE FUNERAL ADDRESS AT THE ARLINGTON AMPHITHEATER

### THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR COMES HOME

BETWEEN the two Armistice Days, of 1918 and 1921, there had been a great and regrettable change in the spirit of America—at least, so many people thought. It seemed to them that the exaltation of the earlier date had given way to forgetfulness of what we had fought for and abandonment of the high ideals that ruled in 1918. But on November 11, 1921, it was made clear to every doubter that Armistice Day had lost none of its meaning for this nation. From Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from Canada to the Gulf, every town and city joined in a tremendous national tribute to the men who died for freedom. It was a most impressive manifestation of American unity, not a day of sorrow. It was a day of solemn rededication of this mighty people to the cause for which it has always struggled; and its memory can not fade, its influ-

ence can not die, so long as American hearts beat true to our ancient standards.

The four Armistice Day pictures selected for this month's WATCH TOWER would of themselves tell the story for future genera-



© Underwood &amp; Underwood

THE HUGE AMPLIFIERS ON MADISON SQUARE GARDEN





© Underwood &amp; Underwood

THROUGH IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY, LISTENING TO PRESIDENT HARDING'S ADDRESS AT ARLINGTON

tions. At noon of November 11, in honor of our dead and in pledge of the lasting devotion of the living, the nation stopped everything for two minutes of prayer and meditation. In one picture you can see the little



© Underwood &amp; Underwood

HIS TRIBUTE TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

boot-black, perhaps a son of foreign-born parents, on his knees in City Hall Park, New York, and in another the great throng in Madison Square, standing with bared heads, all concentrated on one idea, their allegiance to this splendid homeland. You can see President Harding delivering his fine address at Arlington; and the

amplifiers on Madison Square Garden which carried his tones to hearers hundreds of miles beyond the range of his natural voice.

In an earnest and beautiful speech the President said: "There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare." He pledged America's help to the world, in the name of the millions who died in defending freedom against the German attack.

### THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

MARSHAL FOCH had the warmest reception America could give. As the guest of the American Legion at its convention in Kansas City he saw the people of the Middle West. Many colleges gave him degrees—and one admirer presented him with a pair of wild-cats! The Marshal saw the Yale-Princeton football game. He traveled over approximately the same route in the East that LaFayette took so many years ago.

In November, the Prince of Wales started on a long trip to India, in the hope of allaying discontent among the native peoples.



© Wide World Photos

MARSHAL FOCH IN LINCOLN PARK



# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

## THE CONSTELLATIONS FOR JANUARY

ONE of the most easily recognized constellations in the heavens is Taurus, The Bull, one of the zodiacal groups of stars, which lies just south of the zenith in our latitudes in the early evening hours about the first of January.

Taurus is distinguished by the V-shaped group of The Hyades (Hy'-a-dez), which contains the bright, red, first-magnitude star Aldebaran, representing the fiery eye of the bull, and by the famous cluster of faint stars known as The Pleiades lying a short distance northwest of The Hyades.

No group of stars is more universally known than The Pleiades. All tribes and nations of the world, from the remotest days of recorded history up to the present time, have sung the praises of The Pleiades. They were "The Many Little Ones" of the Babylonians, "The Seven Sisters" of the Greeks, "The Seven Brothers" of the American Indians, "The Hen and Chickens" of many nations of Europe, "The Little Eyes" of the South Sea Islanders. They were honored in the religious ceremonies of the Aztecs, and the savage tribes of Australia danced in their honor. Many early tribes of men began their year with November, the Pleiad month; and on November 17, when The Pleiades crossed the meridian at midnight, it was said that no petition was ever presented in vain to the kings of ancient Persia.

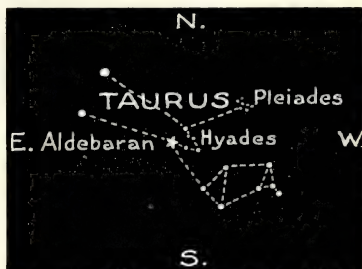
Poets of all ages have felt the charm of The Pleiades. In the Book of Job we find, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" and Tennyson writes:

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through  
the mellow shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid.

A well-known astronomer, not so many years ago, also felt this mysterious charm of The Pleiades and seriously expressed the belief that Alcyone, the brightest star of The Pleiades, was a central sun about which all other suns were moving. But we know that there is no foundation whatever for such a belief.

A fairly good eye, when the night is clear and dark, will make out six stars in this group arranged in the form of a small dipper.

A seventh star lies close to the star at the end of the handle and is more difficult to find. It is called Pleione, and is referred to in many legends as the lost Pleiad. Persons with exceptionally fine eyesight have made out as many as eleven stars in the group; and with the aid of an ordinary opera-glass, any one can see fully one hundred stars in this cluster. Astronomers have found that The Pleiades cluster contains at least two hundred and fifty stars, all drifting slowly in the same general direction through space, and that the entire group is enveloped in a fiery, nebulous mist which is most dense around the bright-set stars. It is not known whether the stars



THE CONSTELLATION TAURUS

are being formed from the nebula or whether the nebula is being puffed off from the stars. The brightest star, Alcyone, is at least two hundred times more brilliant than our own sun, and all of the brighter stars in the group surpass the sun many times in brightness. It is believed that this cluster is so large that light takes several years to cross from one end of it to the other, and that it is so far from the earth that its light takes more than three centuries to reach us, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

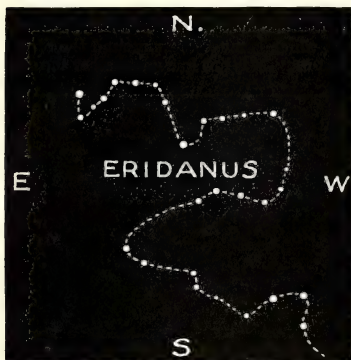
The Hyades are a group of stars scarcely less famous than The Pleiades, and the stars in the group also form a moving cluster of enormous extent and at a very great distance from the earth.

Among the ancients, The Hyades were called the rain-stars, and the word Hyades is supposed to come from the Greek for rain. Among the many superstitions of the past was

the belief that the rising or setting of a group of stars with the sun had some special influence over human affairs. Since The Hyades set just after the sun in the showery spring-time and just before sunrise in the stormy days of late fall, they were always associated with rain. In Tennyson's *Ulysses* we read:

Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
Vex'd the dim sea.

The Hyades outline the forehead of Taurus, The Bull, while two bright stars a little to the northeast of the V form the tips of the horns. Only the head and fore quarters of the bull are shown in the star-atlases that give the mythological groups, for, according



THE CONSTELLATION ERIDANUS

to the legend, he is supposed to be swimming through the sea and the rest of his body is submerged. According to another legend, Taurus is charging down upon Orion, The Hunter, represented by the magnificent constellation just to the southeast of Taurus, of which we shall have more to say next month.

Aldebaran is the Arabic word for "The Hindmost," and the star is so called because it follows The Pleiades. It is one of the most beautiful of all the many brilliant stars now visible, and we might well profit by following the advice of Mrs. Sigourney in "The Stars":

Go forth at night  
And talk with Aldebaran, where he flames  
In the cold forehead of the wintry sky.

Next to Aldebaran in the V is the interesting double star Theta, which we can see as two distinct stars without a telescope.

Directly south of Taurus is Eridanus, often called Fluvius Eridanus, The River Eridanus. Starting a little to the southeast of Taurus, close to the brilliant blue-white star Rigel in Orion, it runs to the westward in a long curving line of rather faint stars as far as Cetus, then bends sharply southward for a short distance, curves backward toward the east once more, and, after running for some distance, makes another sharp curve to the southwest and disappears below the southern horizon. Its course is continued far into the southern hemisphere. Its brightest star, Achernar, is a star of the first magnitude, but it lies below the horizon in our latitudes.

Eridanus contains no star of particular interest to us. Most of the numerous stars that mark its course are of the fourth and fifth magnitude. It contains but two stars of the third magnitude, one at the beginning of its course and one close to the southwestern horizon. The beautiful constellation of Perseus lies just to the north of Taurus and should rightfully be considered among the constellations lying nearest to the meridian in January, but we gave this constellation among the star-groups for December because of its close association with Andromeda and Pegasus in legend and story.

No planets are visible at this time in the evening sky.

ISABEL M. LEWIS.

### RADIO HAS PERFECT CONTROL OF SMALL ELECTRICAL CAR

A PIONEER event in the history of radio development was the demonstration given early in August on the streets of Dayton, Ohio, when a small, electrically propelled car was skilfully guided among other vehicles and around street corners, being under complete wireless control all the time. This car is of cigar-shaped construction, about eight feet long, and runs on three pneumatic-tired wheels. It travels at a speed ranging from four to ten miles per hour, and the controls are so finely adjusted that it may be easily steered along a narrow roadway.

An examination of the interior of the car shows an amazing and confusing collection of batteries, switches, wires, vacuum-tubes, potentiometers, relays, magnetos, etc., all of which are, of course, necessary to the complete control of the apparatus. The most interesting part of the apparatus is the "selector," which is in reality the heart of the entire control system. Various combina-

tions of dots and dashes are sent out by means of a specially constructed transmitter, each combination calling for the accomplishment of a certain operation of the control apparatus. It is the function of this selector to "decode" the different combinations of dots and dashes which are sent out, and to close the circuits to the desired controls. So delicately is this selector constructed, and so rapidly will it operate, that it is possible to put into operation any one of twelve distinct controls in a period of less than one second. That is to say, less than one second elapses from the time that any push-button on the automatic transmitter at the distant radio-station is pressed until the control on the car is in operation. Such speed of control has never before been ac-

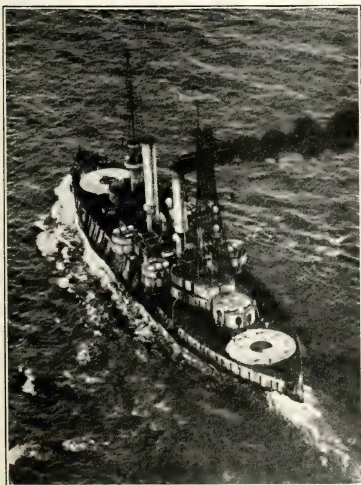
complished. This car has been controlled equally well from an airplane and from a ground transmitting-station.



THE RADIO-CONTROLLED CAR ON A CITY STREET

In the experiments on McCook field, the car has been made to approach a group of persons, blowing its horn wildly, and then, when apparently about to strike them, it has stopped short with screeching brakes, backed up, turned sharply to right or left, and started off in a different direction. Later, visitors learn that the movements of the car are controlled entirely by wireless signals, sent out from the radio-station at the opposite end of the flying-field. The fact that there is no aerial or antenna system visible adds to the mystification.

The inventor, Captain R. E. Vaughn, declares that the possibilities of radio control and its application to war-time problems are almost without number. Radio control, he says, can be applied to any mechanical apparatus that moves, whether it be in the air, on the ground, under the water, or on the surface, as was done in the case of the ex-U.S.S. *Iowa* when it was sent out last July for the airplane bombing test. Huge land tanks may be constructed, filled with a high explosive, and driven to any desired point along the enemy's lines, where the explosive can be fired by means of radio; or it can be applied in like manner to a boat, submarine, torpedo, or even an airplane, and the explosive can be fired when and where desired.



Official photograph U. S. Navy

THE EX-U.S.S. "IOWA" UNDER RADIO CONTROL



There is also an application in the commercial field, particularly to plants where long hauls between various parts of the factory are necessary.

GEORGE F. PAUL.

### THE MESQUIT

YOU can hardly read any story of the Western plains without coming upon mention of the mesquit. The cow-boy stakes his bronco to



THE SCREW-BEAN MESQUIT WITH CLUSTERS OF FRUIT

it, and the prospector, his burro; the wanderer famished for water creeps into its shade (if only he can find one), and the Indian stalks his quarry from its cover. It is, in truth, nature's great boon to the arid belt, that "Great American Desert" which used to show as a blank on the maps, but much of



FRUIT OF THE SCREW-BEAN MESQUIT

which now is sprinkled with towns, farming settlements, and mining-camps.

In a year or two of wanderings on the Colorado Desert I often had occasion to bless the

mesquit. It has been to me house, shade, and fuel, as well as stable and fodder for my horse, and, had it been necessary, food for myself. Indeed, I often thought my mesquit might well have been adorned with a signboard such as the old inns used to carry—"Good Entertainment for Man and Beast." The one want that it is powerless to supply is the greatest one of all, water. With its bright soft foliage, it seems to promise that also, but it draws its moisture from sources far too deep for the traveler to reach. Thirty, forty, fifty feet down, the great cable-like roots go searching for the damp soil, and



THE "STRING-BEAN" MESQUIT



AN INDIAN PONY GATHERING MESQUIT BEANS

miraculously find enough of it in the driest of desert for keeping up the struggle for life.

There are two species of the mesquit, the difference being most marked in the fruit, as shown in the illustrations. Both are beans, but one is long and narrow, like the string-bean, the other is tightly coiled into exact resemblance to a screw. (The former is



*Prosopis glandulosa*, the latter *Prosopis pubescens*.) Both are excellent provender for horses, equally nutritious and appetizing, and it has sometimes done me good, when apparently we were stumped for forage, to see the enthusiasm with which my Indian pony would "go for" some good beany mesquit that came in our way, stretching his neck almost to giraffe length in the effort to reach the biggest and ripest clusters.

J. SMEATON CHASE.

### FLEET OF PLANES FRIGHTEN WILD DUCKS

A FLEET of five airplanes is now in service in the California rice-fields to ward off the invasion of the great flocks of wild ducks that descend every fall from the Northland. As the colder weather approaches, these migratory birds leave their feeding-grounds along the flats of the Yukon, in Alaska, and make their way in a bee-line for the rice-fields of California in Glenn and Colusa counties. Here they find that a warm reception awaits them from the giant airplanes.

Like hungry hawks bent on extermination, these flying machines swoop swiftly down over the rice-fields, driving out the waterfowl that have already settled and keeping traveling flocks on their way or driving them off to other feeding-grounds. These planes operate both by day and night, and in the course of a season frighten away myriads of birds. Of course, some of these may come back, but the pilots see to it that they are kept well stirred up and their existence made as uncomfortable as possible as long as they tarry in the vicinity of the rice-fields.

In a single night, a flock of wild ducks, by knocking down the grain and eating it, can do enormous damage to a particular part of a rice-field. By the time they have taken a long flight they are hungry, and it takes amazing quantities of the rice to satisfy their appetites.

The rice industry has developed with wonderful rapidity in California. In 1918 a tract of 1200 acres was planted as an experiment. This was so successful that the following year the acreage was trebled, and in 1920 a total of 130,000 acres was planted, producing about 4,000,000 sacks of rice, with a value of more than \$25,000,000. In view of the foregoing facts and figures, it is little wonder that the rice growers want the wild duck to keep on moving and not nibble at this treasure.

FREDERICK HALL.

### A NEW KIND OF "AIR-PLANE"

ANY boy who has set himself the task of planing a rough pine board by hand knows that it is no inconsiderable job. But suppose you had the whole side of a ship to plane



Photograph by Ewing Galloway

THE ROTARY-BLADED PLANE DRIVEN BY COMPRESSED AIR

off. This is what has to be done with wooden ships of the kind that were built in such large numbers during the war. The work had to be done by hand because of the curved form of the hull; and as the use of an ordinary hand-plane would have been most tedious, a power-driven hand-plane was invented. The plane has a rotary blade, driven by a compressed air-motor, and all the operator has to do is to guide the tool over the surface to be planed.

A. RUSSELL BOND.

## FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



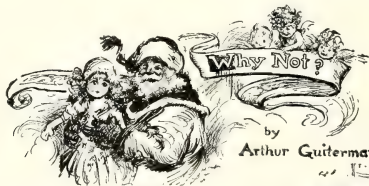
by  
Faith Van Valkenburgh  
Vilas

I LIKE to go to dancing-school  
And stand up stiffly in a row  
With all the other boys and girls  
And make my feet slide to and fro.

I wear my nicest Sunday suit,  
With pockets and a truly vest.  
And then there is one little girl  
That I love just about the best.

I like my dancing-master too;  
He's straight and very, very tall;  
He takes my hand and helps me dance,  
Because, you see, I'm rather small.

But my! that little girl is dear—  
She wears the sweetest bows of blue;  
When she grows up I'll marry her—  
Of course, that's if she wants me to.



by  
Arthur Quiterman

OH, such a dolly Santa Claus  
Brought Betsy Jane from  
heaven!  
For Betsy Jane is three-foot-  
one,  
The dolly, three-foot-seven!

Her hair is gold, her eyes are  
blue,  
Her cheeks are tinted red,  
And every night that great big  
doll  
Puts Betsy Jane to bed!



# Three Ponies

by Arthur Guiterman



THREE little ponies who did n't like their hay,  
Said to each other, "Let 's run away!"

Said the first,  
"I will canter!"

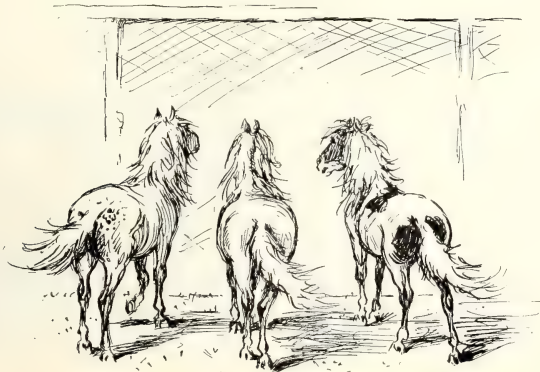


Said the third,  
"I will gallop—  
if it 's not too hot!"



Said the second,  
"I will trot!"

And they all started off  
With their tails in the air,  
*But they could n't jump the fence,*  
So they 're all still there!



# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A CHEERFUL SIGHT." BY JOHN WELKER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

THE LEAGUE begins a new year most auspiciously, for you will find in this month's budget several timely verse-tributes to the winter (or summer) season; half a dozen unique little prose-stories "told by the fireside"; a charming sheaf of drawings, some of them of exceptional merit; and many camera-prints that display artistic skill as well as great variety of subject. Nor is there lacking that touch of humor that so often delights us all—as in the choice of a bunker as "a favorite spot" for a hard-working golfer, pictured in the interesting photograph by one of our Honor Members on page 329.

All these contributions are highly creditable to their young senders and to the LEAGUE; and we may all rejoice in the promise they hold forth that our beloved organization may confidently look forward to 1922 as the banner year of its achievement and success. Certainly the devotion and ardor of its young folk were never greater than at this time, which marks, moreover, the close of a year of unexampled prosperity for the magazine itself. So, again, hail to the New Year! and to the LEAGUE, which—as the boys' and girls' own special department, filled with their own contributions—means so much to all lovers of ST. NICHOLAS!

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 262

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

**PROSE.** Gold Badges, **Josephine Rankin** (age 13), Michigan; **Gwynne M. Dresser** (age 13), Maine. Silver Badges, **Anne Marie Homer** (age 13), New York; **Alice H. Frank** (age 16), Maryland; **Charlotte Gunn** (age 13), California; **Eleanor C. Johnson** (age 13), New York; **Anne Hollister Fish** (age 13), New York; **Betty Fry** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

**VERSE.** Silver Badges, **Margaret Harland** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Tillie Weinstein** (age 14), New York.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold Badges, **Doris E. Miller** (age 15), Montana; **Lucille Duff** (age 16), California; **Dorothy E. Cornell** (age 16), California. Silver Badges, **Amy Osborne** (age 16), California; **Lalia B. Simison** (age 12), Massachusetts; **Dorothy M. Jeffrey** (age 15), Ohio; **John Welker** (age 16), Ohio; **Faustina Munroe** (age 14), New York.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold Badge, **Ruth Tangier Smith** (age 12), California. Silver Badges, **Mary E. Bracey** (age 13), Virginia; **Mary Beeson** (age 13), Colorado; **William Romfh** (age 12), Florida; **Florence Hendrickson** (age 14), New York; **Katherine Kelly** (age 13), Louisiana; **Elsie Duris** (age 17), Illinois; **Leonard Bruml** (age 17), California.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver Badges, **Margaret Wilson** (age 15), Virginia; **Ruth Valway Ladue** (age 13), Vermont; **Mary T. Arnold** (age 14), California.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver Badge, **Esther Loughton** (age 14), New Jersey.



BY KATHERINE KELLY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)



BY WILLIAM ROMFH, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

"A FAVORITE SPOT"



## WHEN FIELDS ARE WHITE

BY MARGARET HARLAND (AGE 15)

*(Silver Badge)*

WHEN to the pine woods flap the crows  
To seek a shelter from the snows,  
When round the house a blizzard roars,  
And holds dominion out-of-doors,  
Whitening fields and roofing brooks,  
And piling drifts in sheltered nooks,  
I shut my eyes on winter then,  
And summer days come back again.

The quiet of the sunlit hills;  
The chatter of the meadow rills;  
The smell of fresh earth after showers,  
And all the sweet, familiar flowers;  
Long sunny days and moonlit nights  
Of cricket-songs and firefly lights;  
Cloud-vessels bound on unknown quest  
From jeweled harbors in the west;

A giant pine on summit high  
Tossing his plumes against the sky;  
From over miles of restless sea  
Strange dream-ships drifting in to me;  
Scenes never painted, never bought,  
Pictures no artist could have wrought—  
Woods, mountains, sunset, shimmering sea  
Lie hidden in my memory.

## A TRUE TALE TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE

BY CHARLOTTE GUNN (AGE 13)

*(Silver Badge)*

DOWNIEVILLE was one of the richest gold-mining camps in California. Many years ago, during the gold rush, there were lots of miners in the town, but hardly any families.

About 1854, my great-grandfather and his family went there to live. My grandmother and a friend were the only little girls in the town at the time. One day, soon after their arrival, they slipped out of the house and wandered down to the main part of the village.

There were hundreds of miners on the street, and they had n't seen any children in such a long time that they sent up one hurrah after another! Their first impulse was to give the two girls something. But there were no candy-shops, book-stores, or toy-stores where things could be bought for children; so the men threw money at them. At first, the little girls were bewildered, but soon they were picking up the coins as if they were marbles; and they went home with their little hands filled to overflowing.

## TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE

BY GWYNNE M. DRESSER (AGE 13)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1921)*

My uncle owns a goat-ranch in Humboldt County, California; and he has had some interesting experiences with wild animals around there.

We were gathered by the open fire one evening, and we asked him for a story; so this is it:

"I was out walking in the woods one day, when I suddenly saw a large panther lying on the ground a few yards ahead. I knew that a live panther would not allow one to approach so near, and as this one remained motionless and limp, I thought of course he must be dead. So I advanced slowly and cautiously, and then, growing bolder, I gave the supposedly lifeless creature a kick on the nose. Up he jumped straight into the air, as though he

had been shot, his hair bristling with fright! I don't know which of us was more surprised. The panther had been asleep, and was so terrified that he did not even stop to see what had awakened him so rudely, but rushed off into the forest."



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY, 1922." BY DOROTHY E. CORNELL, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON AUGUST, 1921)

## WHEN FIELDS ARE WHITE

BY MARGARET HUMPHREY (AGE 14)

*(Honor Member)*

THE sun is rising in the east;  
From there a rosy glow  
Is spreading o'er the earth, and makes  
A glory of the snow.  
The daily miracle of dawn  
Is ne'er more lovely sight  
Than when its tinted fingers touch  
The fields, when they are white.

The noontide sun with bright cold glare  
Transforms the fields below  
Into most dazzling diamond beds,  
Whose colors shift and glow.  
The sky 's a bowl, turned upside down,  
Of blue, with that one light  
The winter landscape brightening,  
When woods and fields are white.



"A CHEERFUL SIGHT." BY FAUSTINA MUNROE, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

The stars wink out now, one by one;  
The crisp brief day has passed,  
And in the homes lights twinkle out—  
The dark has come at last.  
The starry heav'ns bend o'er the snow,  
And sleigh-bells chime; 't is night.  
Then into one merge earth and sky,  
When winter fields are white.



BY LUCILLE DUFF, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE  
WON OCTOBER, 1920)

### TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE

BY ANNE MARIE HOMER (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It was Christmas eve, and we were all sitting around the fire begging Daddy for a story. At last he consented. This is what he told us:

"When I was a boy, my father gave me for Christmas a wonderful pair of skis. Of course, I was delighted with them and was just putting them on when a man dashed into the house where Father and I were alone together.

"A fire started on the hillside!" he cried wildly. "Get the lumbermen, or we are lost!"

"Then all of a sudden I remembered that our man and horse were in town; and yet somehow we must get word to the lumber-yard, which was five miles away. I looked at my bright new skis; then I turned to my father:

"I'll go, Daddy!" I cried. "I can go faster on these!"

"Yes, Son," he answered, "You go; and don't stop till you get there."

"In a second I had fastened on my skis and started down the mountain-side. I had skied all my life, but never before or since have I gone as fast as I did then. Down the mountain I flew, jumping fences and brooks and every other obstacle in my way. Once I almost plunged headlong into a tree; many times I just saved myself from falling as I went rushing down the steep incline. But I reached the lumber-yard at last, and in time to warn the men so that they could put out the fire. I truly think that that day was the most memorable Christmas I have ever experienced."



"A CHEERFUL SIGHT." BY AMY OSBORNE, AGE 16  
(SILVER BADGE)

### WHEN FIELDS ARE WHITE

BY BIRKBECK WILSON (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THE fields are white in daisy land  
Where children wander hand in hand  
Or chase the painted butterflies.  
The sunbeams slant through azure skies  
And kiss their cheeks, with joy a-glow,  
In breeze-touched fields where daisies grow.

From flowered fields the humming bee  
Flies weighted to his hollow tree,  
And children pluck with childish hands  
The daisies white for floral bands.  
It seems a garden of delight  
When daisies bloom and fields are white.

The fields are white 'neath skies of blue,  
With snowflakes now where flowers grew,  
With snow stars pale, where daisies bright  
In springtime turned the fields to white.  
But children 'neath this colder sky  
Have joys no summer can supply.

No crowns of blossoms can they make,  
But there is ice upon the lake;  
They may not stray by summer rills,  
But there is snow upon the hills,  
And all the air is clear and bright  
When winter reigns and fields are white.

### TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE

(A True Story)

BY BETTY FRY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THIS is a story that my aunt told me one evening by the fireside.

When my great-grandmother was a young girl she and her mother and sister lived on the edge of a common in an English village. It was in the days of highway robbers, and the common was so thick with them that there was a watchman who took parties of people across.

One night great-great-grandmother was ill, and the nearest doctor lived across the common. My great-great-aunt went for the doctor with the watchman. The doctor said that he would come as soon as possible, and so she started back; but when she got to the watchman's house he had just started on his last trip for the night. My great-great-aunt had to get back that night, as her mother was ill and would be much worried if she did not come. Finally, she got the watchman's wife to give her an old cloak, with a large hood, and a basket of clothes, and she started out.

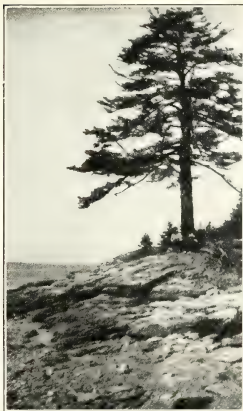
She had gone only a little way when a man stepped out and asked her where she was going. Dropping her "h's" she said she was a poor old woman who had promised to bring the clothes that night. The man said he would see her safely across and he walked along with her, talking all the time. Every now and then she heard rustlings in the bushes, upon which the man would give a low whistle.

When they finally reached the house my great-aunt thanked him and went up and knocked, while the man watched her.

When her sister opened the door she whispered, "Let me in and say nothing." When she got in she took off the cloak and told her sister what had happened.



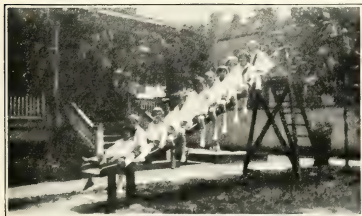
BY JEAN MARIE WIEGAND, AGE 15



BY JUDITH HAIGHT, AGE 12



BY ELSIE D'URIS, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE)



BY MARY E. BRACEY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

BY RUTH TANGIER SMITH, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.  
SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1921)

BY MARGARET E. TRACY, AGE 13

BY E. K. GRAVES, AGE 16  
(HONOR MEMBER)BY LEONARD BRUMI, AGE 17  
(SILVER BADGE)

"A FAVORITE SPOT"





"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY DORIS E. MILLER, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1921)



BY DOROTHY M. JEFFERY, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)



BY LALIA B. SIMSON, AGE 12 (SILVER BADGE)

### TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE—IN 1850

BY ANNE HOLLISTER FISH (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THE children sat before the crackling fire with Grandma in the center of the group. The room was very still, for her sweet voice was telling of the time when she was a girl, visiting George and Martha Washington at Mt. Vernon.

"And, children, I had a dear little room overlooking the Potomac," she was saying. "I came on a Saturday, bringing my small hair trunk. It was about an hour before supper when I arrived. When I had made myself tidy I went down the broad stairs and was greeted warmly by Mrs. Washington. After supper, we sat on the wide veranda and watched the lights on the Potomac. Now and then we would see the dark form of a deer looming up in the deer-park below the house. Then I went to bed, carrying my candle to my room. I slept very well in that large four-poster.

Sunday morning I went with the General and his wife to Christ Church in Alexandria. We went in the handsome coach and I enjoyed many thrills before arriving. How well I remember walking proudly down the aisle to the square pew with red cushions. After church, we got into the coach to ride home."

At this point mother came in.

"Bedtime, children!" she called, and after many reluctant good-nights, they went, leaving Grandma to rock before the fire and think of that long-ago time which seemed to her only yesterday. The fire crackled on as though keeping time to her thoughts.

### WHEN FIELDS ARE WHITE

BY TILLIE WEINSTEIN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE sunset glow gleamed o'er the snow  
And filled the air with soft, bright rays.  
The air was cold, the sky was gold,  
And short and clear and sharp the days.  
For sunset fills the air with light,  
In winter when the fields are white.

THE moon then rose above the snows,  
The night was black, and gold it shone.  
Not e'en one star glowed from afar;  
Queen of the night, she ruled alone.  
For calm and silent is the night  
In winter when the fields are white.

O'er snows so white, there gleamed a light,  
Set there to welcome those who roam.  
Good cheer it shed, and comforted—  
The pleasant light of "Home, Sweet Home."  
For cozy is the fire at night,  
In winter when the fields are white.

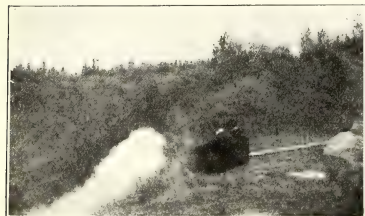
### TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE

BY JOSEPHINE RANKIN (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1920)

"It was in January," began Uncle Bob, "and we were living in a pioneer log cabin in a Western State.

"There were many Indians around the region in those days, and they were not at all friendly toward the white people; which caused Mother some anxiety for our safety, because we were more than two miles away from a settlement.



BY VIRGINIA VOORHIS, AGE 13



BY MARTHA DICKINSON, AGE 12

### "A FAVORITE SPOT"





BY FLORENCE HENDRICKSON, AGE 14  
(SILVER BADGE)



BY JEAN SALIERS, AGE 10



BY JANET ROSENWALD, AGE 13

### "A FAVORITE SPOT"

"We were gathered around the table, that evening, we boys reading and Mother knitting. Suddenly, we heard a faint knock at the door. We listened, and it was repeated. Father finally opened it, and an Indian lad of about fourteen years of age stumbled weakly in and collapsed on the floor.

"He soon recovered, owing to Mother's expert care and hot coffee, and managed to tell us in broken English that his chief needed my father's medical attention; and he implored him to start out at once. Father consented, and a few minutes later they started out into the storm.

"We passed a night of anxious waiting in the cabin, and at daybreak Father returned, laden with gifts; and although very tired, he told us that the chief had broken his leg, and that he had set it. The tribe was very grateful for the service, and promised to leave us unmolested forever, as far as they were concerned.

"And that ends the tale of how your grandfather won the good will of the Indians through a kind act."

The wind howled outside, and we drew closer to the embers, and our thoughts wandered back to the night in the little cabin so long ago.

### WHEN FIELDS ARE WHITE

(A Rondeau)

BY ELIZABETH W. KINGSBURY (AGE 13)

WHEN fields are white with drifted snow,  
Tinged rosy by the sunset's glow,

The wood-mice in old bird's nests, all  
Well domed and patched and lined last fall,  
Sleep, safe from any hungry foe.

Old Winter calls to us to go  
Where we may his great secrets know,  
And walk in his bright, ice-bound hall,  
When fields are white.

The spruces standing row on row  
Wave snow-clad branches to and fro;  
Although so stately and so tall,  
Protectors of the birdies small,  
Who greet the eve with twitterings low,  
When fields are white.

### TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE

BY ELEANOR C. JOHNSON (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It was Christmas eve. The twilight of the short winter's day deepened into night. The black, zigzag lines of rail fences blurred and faded into oblivion, and the dazzling glory of snow-drifted fields gave way to a soft grayness. There was no moon, but the stars pricked through the dark arch of sky like millions of shining jewels.

Within the old rambling farm-house, all was warm and cozy. In the huge fireplace crackled a roaring fire, before which sat a man, well past middle age and a little boy of six or seven winters.

The man had the eyes of a dreamer, the brow of a student. Steel-gray hair waved back from his smooth white forehead.

The little boy had curly brown hair and big, earnest eyes, and just now he leaned eagerly against the man's knees.

"A story," he pleaded, "a Christmas story."

So the man drew the boy closer to him and repeated that old, old story which is forever new.

The child looked into the heart of the fire, but he saw, instead, that dark, still night on the Judean hills, the simple, eager shepherds who left their sheep to go in search of the new-born King, the camels in their gorgeous trappings, jogging over the desert toward Bethlehem, and the three wise men, bowing humbly before the babe and the sweet-faced young mother, and offering their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. He heard the crackle of the flames and the chill wind rattling the shutters, but to his ears they were, instead, the song of the angels.

When the story was finished, they stepped to an east window. The little boy scratched off the frost pictures and peered into the night. "I see the King's Highway," he half-chanted, pointing to the Milky Way.

"And the Star in the East," softly echoed the man.

They lighted a bayberry candle, tall, slender, and green, and then together they went back to the fire. Only a big golden star hung near the eastern horizon and the flickering flame of a candle shone out over the snow.



"A FAVORITE SPOT." BY MARY ELIZABETH PEARSALL, AGE 13

### TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE

BY ALICE H. FRANK (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

MANY years ago, in the wilds of Canada, an Indian chief and his son wearily paddled across a lake to a great rock, about sixty feet long, which formed its main island. Only on top a scant vegetation grew. The moon was rising as the canoe touched nature's great gray monolith. Soon a fire flickered and warmed the tired hunters. As the minutes passed, the fire became a mere glow and the men impassively smoked their pipes.

"O my son," the deep voice of the chief began, "hear how the Great Manitou made this lake!"

"Many, many moons ago, this land was a great plain. And the Manitou sent from the land of the cold winds a great white creature. At times it moved at a snail's pace, and other times it was swifter than the doe. It dug great basins in the earth and built high mountains. One day it started homeward with a slow, but steady, course. Much water dropped in the basins, and the hills became green. This is one of the lakes of the blessed Manitou."

While the old man was speaking, the great northern lights began to flash across the sky. As the voice of the chief ceased, with one accord both Indians rose and, turning to the north, raised their arms and voices in a chant of praise. The rosy rays mixed with the green, gold, and lavender ones making a fitting setting for the old chief's story. Suddenly the lights formed a great starry mass in the zenith.

Out of the silence came the voice of the chief:

"O my son, our praise has been heard!"

The last light of the fire died away, and only the ripple of the waters broke the stillness.



"A FAVORITE SPOT." BY MARY BEESON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

### WHEN FIELDS ARE WHITE

BY NANCY PARKER (AGE 12)

OH, now 's the time when fields are white,  
And silent lie in the faint starlight,  
The spicy balsams, rising high,  
Looming black against the sky.  
Oh, now 's the time when tramping 's fun,  
Into the woods with a wood-loving chum.  
The startled fawn stands poised to fly.  
The snowy owl hoots from the sky.  
Oh, the silver crescent shines on the snow,  
On the fir, while a timber-wolf howls below.  
Down in the valley we hear his cry,  
Faint, but distinct, so weird and high.  
Oh, now 's the time when the paths are white  
That are trod by the giant moose at night,  
His antlered head lifted against the moon,  
While the dark fir-trees softly croon.  
He sends his challenge, for others to take,  
Resounding back o'er the moonlit lake!

EDITORIAL NOTE: Once in a long while we are sorrowfully compelled to record that a story or a drawing printed with honor in the LEAGUE pages is not original, but a copy of another already published elsewhere; and promptly upon the issue of our October number, several LEAGUE members, or their parents, sent word that the drawing on page 1144, by Helen Johnston, and awarded a silver badge, was an exact duplicate of an illustration by H. W. McVickar for "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica," by John Kendrick Bangs. Upon inquiry this fact was established, and the silver badge has been withheld.

Our first thought whenever an incident of this sort does occur is always, "The pity of it!" And LEAGUE members, like ourselves, would have no desire to be unduly harsh or resentful, preferring rather to remember that youth is proverbially thoughtless and to believe that in every such case the fault is due to thoughtlessness rather than to any deeper cause. But, in justice to all the other members of the LEAGUE, we are in duty bound to call attention to it, both in order that all our earnest workers may be assured that an unfair contestant has no standing and can have no real success in the LEAGUE competitions, and as a further assurance that every attempt at imposition or borrowing is certain to be discovered. It is, of course, possible to deceive the editor, for no individual can be familiar with or recall more than a small portion of the mass of anecdotes and pictures published in books or periodicals; but it is *not* possible to deceive all of the hundred thousand individuals, old and young, who scan the LEAGUE pages closely every month. Any copying, therefore, is sure to be brought to light.

### SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE		
E isabeth	Muriel Doe	Helen Wood
Cleveland	Elizabeth Evans	Helen Meyers
Ottlie Hoffbauer	Hughes	Erminie Huntress
Ruth Stern	Ruth H. Thorp	Phyllis Hodges
Kathleen E.	Barbara Simson	Charlotte Churchill
Gontard	Eleanor C. Ashlett	Muffie Lord
Adelaide Humphrey	Katharine F.	Hazel Reese
Helen Nelson	Hinckley	Mary W. Fassett
Rachel Hack	Dorothy Wood	Mary McCullough
Peggy Cook		Francie Wood
Elizabeth Hollis		Helen L. Whitehouse
Bay Dowl		Beatrice Mitchell
Winifred Dysart		Geraldine Herr
Beatrice F. Beach		Priscilla Fittell
		Katharine D. Ball
VERSE		
	Jeanette A.	
	Thurston	
	Lukita C. Pritchett	
	Katherine L. New	

## DRAWINGS

Marian Welke  
George Wunderlich,  
Jr.  
Elease Weiss  
Marjorie W. Smith  
Dorothy Kaufmann  
Phyllis V. Dohm  
Wilma Fekete  
Dorothy E. Adler  
Ellen Carpenter  
Ruth Whitten  
J. S. Gatewood  
Nina Abrecht  
Margaret Hastings

## PHOTOGRAPHS

Miriam R. Shepard  
Grace A. Weller

Eleanor Rugh  
Katherine L. Mead  
Margaret Lane  
Harriet Rothenburg  
Alice Kirkland  
Regina Obrecht  
Frances Worthington  
Jean S. Graves  
A. Bartram Kelley,  
Jr.  
Catherine Pollak  
Emily Hall  
Helen Brossman  
Priscilla Crosby  
Alberta Lieber  
Bill Hayles  
Dorothy Eshleman  
Geretta Titus  
Beryl G. Caldwell

Elizabeth Jacobs  
Kenneth G. Eastman  
Clarissa Thurston  
Virginia Sutton  
Margaret Jeffords  
Emily Weddcomb  
Ellis R. Hurd  
Josephine  
Brinckwith  
Elizabeth Bradley  
Dorothea Lutjens  
Edith Dodge  
Alton A. Cheney  
Barbara A. Jones  
Marelda Frugh  
Betty Edith  
Frances Duncan  
Dorothy Jeffery  
George P. Lynes

## ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

## PROSE

Julia F. Vander Veer  
Ruth Cork  
Walter Daily  
Mary W. Coulbourn  
Diana W. Abel  
Ethel E. Walters  
Mary Savacool  
Dorothy R. Burnett  
Ena L. Hourwich  
Antoinette  
Shallcross

Charlotte Wittman  
Dorothy Lee  
Fred Schuman  
Dorothy Lowery  
Casper Jilson  
Elizabeth Thorp  
Frances Miller  
Brenda Green  
Jane Wertheimer  
Florence Jackson  
William Toth  
Jeanne S. Offner

## DRAWINGS

Inogen Ferguson  
Rosalee Stark  
Nina Lowenstein  
Susan Hall  
Rose Pollack  
Edith M. Gentry  
Carl Eardley  
Dorothy Bell  
Mary H. Wilde  
Madelyn Kennedy  
Ernestine F. Wilder  
Gertrude Cross  
Betty Grant  
Elizabeth C. Sonier  
Elizabeth de Clercq  
Martha McCowan  
Wenonah Inman  
Evelyn Wagner  
Herbert Hinman  
Alice McCann  
Luella Sharpe  
Marie L. Tricoun  
Elizabeth Lumsden  
Josephine Dunham  
Yetta Beneck  
Virginia W. Butler  
Dorothy Brown  
Nancy Key

Dorothy A.  
Stephenson  
Marjorie E. Root  
Marie A. Peyré  
Alison Parker  
Betty Muir  
Selma Morse  
Katharine Wolfe  
Marjorie A. Bly  
Martha E. Ball  
Robert Cressey  
William Shoemaker  
Jane Gaston  
Rene Lederer  
Mary V. Bell  
Delphine Caron  
Thomas E. Rooney  
Leonora J. Hanna  
Hannah Gilman  
Marcelyn Lichty  
Walton Christian  
Ruth S. Buffington  
Rowena Thom  
Holman D. Hoover  
John S. Garth  
Lydia Spitzer  
Jeannette Minturn  
Herbert L. Block  
Elizabeth Bougher  
Dorothy Yeager  
Carol Bower  
Mary E. Troxell  
Virginia H. Powell  
Mary Francis  
Lindsay  
Mary Hawke  
Katherine Zimmerli  
Margaret Westoby  
Sylvia Santom  
Olive Petry  
Marcia Tirkfeld  
Eleanor Robertson  
Jane Purfield  
Priscilla Alden  
Austin  
Grace Harper  
Glover  
Victor Summers  
Geraldine Smith  
Beatrice R. Parvin  
Sarah K. Stafford  
Esperanza Miller  
Evelyn H. Bulmer  
Phyllis Krumm  
Marion Clark  
Edna M. Klein

## VERSE

Elizabeth Brooks  
Amy Armitage  
Margaret  
Buckmaster  
Stewart North  
Famela Johnson  
Corinne C. Londe  
Bradley P.  
Bakewell  
Helen W. Stewart  
Kathleen Kohn  
Herma J. Neeland  
Frances Tuckerman  
Gertrude D. Hill  
Helen B.  
Monkhouse  
Elizabeth  
Hardaway  
Irene Renk  
Ruth Renk  
Sophia Walker  
Josephine Comfort  
Ellen Forsyth  
Alice Kenyon  
Martha Cox  
Mary Hatch  
Ruth Meade  
Beth Chamberlain

## PHOTOGRAPHS

William Speer  
Caroline Harris  
Betty Ann Booth  
Helen Vogel  
Marianna Medfee  
Alberta Ruse  
Margaret W.  
Hussey  
Carol O. Spilker  
Frances Bissell  
Alice H. Nachman  
William Toth  
Marjorie Goodrich  
Evelyn Best  
Katharine Nash  
Erma C. Wunderlei  
Merva Martin  
W. Clark Hanna  
Carol B. Wakefield  
Genevieve Lord  
Mary H. Roberts  
Martha L. Denny  
Rhoda S. Reynolds  
Ara Charbonneau  
Cornelia M.

Dorothy McCain  
Elizabeth Gay  
Helen L. Duncan  
Elaine Brown  
Alberta Perley  
Katharine Carter  
Albert Vann Fowler  
Margaret Pegtly  
Elizabeth Page  
Emily M. Kellogg  
Helen R. Post  
Sturgis Wilson  
Eleanor T. Wood  
Helen C. Furer  
Merrith Page  
Jack Seymour  
Shirley Tomes  
Priscilla Camp  
Jackson Kemper III

## PUZZLES

Berenice Lasher  
Dorothy Harris  
Mona Morgan  
Marjorie Taylor  
Samuel Cabot, Jr.  
Emily W. R. Smith  
Lettia P. Clark  
Margaret Bradley  
Eleanor R. Collins  
Elizabeth Ufford  
Marian E. Love  
Ben Peticolas  
Elmira Horning  
Anne W. Ames  
Margaret Bradley  
Anne I. Williams  
Virginia Harris  
Jeannette Whitty  
Evelene Harryton  
Winchester Wood  
Claude M. Brooks  
Harriet Hancock

## WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

## PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 266

**Competition No. 266** will close February 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for May. Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "**The Break O' Dawn.**"

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "**Lost and Found.**"

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "**A Sunny Corner.**"

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "**Busy**" or "**A Heading for May.**"

**Puzzle.** Must be accompanied by answer in full.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
The Century Co.  
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



## THE LETTER-BOX

### CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last March we arrived in Africa and you followed us, much to my brother's and my delight. Through your WATCH TOWER we are keeping in touch with America.

"The Luck of Denewood" was very absorbing. I could hardly wait for the next instalment. My brother liked "The Dragon's Secret."

Perhaps you would be interested to know something of our life in this so-called Dark Continent. This country is by no means true to that name. It is the sunniest, most beautiful country, full of flowers and birds and luscious fruits.

Cape Town is a quaint old city nestling at the foot of the mountains, which are called the Devil's Peak, Table Mountain, the Twelve Apostles, and Lion's Head mountain. Just beyond the mountains to the left is Table Bay. The sea and the mountains are so close that the city gives one an impression of pastel-colored jewels washed up by the sea and clinging to the feet of the mountains.

We have frequent southeastern winds known as "sou'easters." They come sweeping without any warning from no one knows where, blowing sand into our eyes. With these "sou'easters" there appears a cloud over Table Mountain, known to the people of a practical turn of mind as "the table-cloth." I prefer to think of it as a waterfall, which it certainly resembles as it comes in torrents of vapor over the mountain-side. While walking on the mountain the other day I was above the clouds, they clinging in mist to my hair.

The sunsets here are vividly beautiful and the stars at night are brighter than any I ever saw in America. We have different ones here. There is the Southern Cross, which America does not see; but though I hunt for the Dipper, I never find it.

The streets of Cape Town are of cobblestones, and through them all day long little barefooted Malay boys run, coaxing along their tiny gray donkeys pulling their little carts. In these carts are pineapples, bananas, guavas and *naartjes* (tangerines).

The natives of South Africa are varied. There are the Hottentots, the little Bushmen, who are pigmies, the Zulus, and the Kaffirs. There are also many more tribes, which would take up a great deal of space even to name.

Your interested reader,

MARY E. CROUCH (AGE 15).

### BEAR LAKE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for almost two years. Every month I look for you. The stories I like the best are the mystery stories, "The Dragon's Secret," "The Luck of Denewood," and "The Blue Pearl."

Bear Lake is the place where I live in the summer-time. The lake is called by that name because there are many bears seen around here.

Last summer, my father returning from a fishing-trip almost ran into one. It stood about seven feet high when standing on its haunches.

Two years ago, on the twenty-ninth of September, Mother, my sister, and myself were lost in the woods. We took a wrong path and could not find our way out again. Indeed, Mother did

not know whether we would ever get out. We found a place where there was a small stream. Where we were, we had no idea. We saw bear tracks and deer tracks. We were out all night. About two o'clock in the morning we heard foxes barking, and we saw two of them. Next morning we found the path and went home. Altogether, we walked about twenty miles.

We certainly were glad to get home.

Lovingly, from one of your readers

SARAH AHLBORN (AGE 13).

### MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You can't imagine how happy I am every time I catch a glimpse of your beautiful, precious covers; but one time when you were *exceedingly* welcome was during the first week of my vacation, up near New London, Connecticut. Every morning I went for the mail, before breakfast, and took the milk-pail along, for drinking water. Lo and behold, the postmaster one morning handed you out to me, for Dad had forwarded you! Well, dear St. Nick, I completely forgot about milk-pail, water, or breakfast in my eagerness to devour your delicious contents, and when I at last reached home, I found Mother in a state of alarm about my long absence!

Then again, when I came home from my vacation, as I opened the door, there you were, waiting for me on the table, with a lovely tennis cover, portraying the game I love and play so much.

Thanking you a hundred times for the golden hours I have spent with you, and which have proved very educating and delightful.

Your ever-loving reader,

MARIE LOUISE BURTON (AGE 13).

### OSHKOSH, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Whenever I think of you, I think of a jolly old Santa Claus with a large bag just full of new ST. NICHOLASES! I have taken you for six months and love you dearly.

Every summer there is a series of boat-races held on Lake Winnebago, on which Oshkosh is situated. This series of races is called a regatta. There are many beautiful trophies raced for every year. It is certainly a beautiful sight to see the boats out on the lake, and very thrilling indeed is the finish.

People come from all parts of the country to race. The last day of the regatta was a very stormy one. The boats were ordered out and told to race to windward and back three times. They were sailing along peacefully, but under a very black sky, when suddenly, there were no boats to be seen! The storm had come at last, and it was an unusually bad one, so the boats had all tipped over! Of course, no one won the race that day! All of the boats were smashed to kindling-wood. It was positively pathetic to see them.

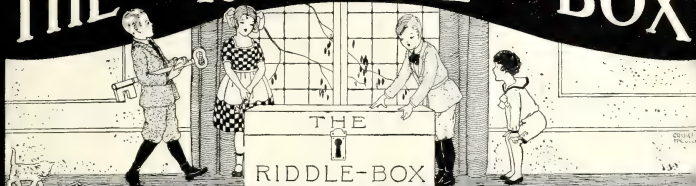
The boys on the boats said that one instant there was smooth sailing everywhere, and the next they were clinging to anything they could get hold of. The lake was churned to foam.

Thanking you ST. NICHOLAS for the innumerable good times you have given me,

PHYLLIS POPE (AGE 12).



# THE RIDDLE-BOX



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER

"OUR OWN" ACROSTIC. Primals, The St. NICHOLAS LEAGUE. Cross-words: 1. Tattoo. 2. Height. 3. Emerge. 4. Saddle. 5. Turkey. 6. Normal. 7. Impose. 8. Convey. 9. Helmet. 10. Orange. 11. Listen. 12. Avenge. 13. Sacred. 14. Linger. 15. Enroll. 16. Accept. 17. Galley. 18. Utmost. 19. Easier. From 1 to 25, Live to learn and learn to live; 26 to 40, Stars and Stripes.

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG. Himalayas. Cross-words: 1. Huron. 2. Milan. 3. Tampa. 4. Japan. 5. Nepal. 6. Texas. 7. Clyde. 8. Maine. 9. Sofia.

ADDITIONS AND SUBTRACTIONS. Great oaks from little acorns grow.

SOME SIMILAR SOUNDS. 1. Air, ere, heir. 2. Cent, sent, scent. 3. Fain, fane, feign. 4. Meat, meet, mete. 5. Raise, raze, rays. 6. For, fore, four.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA, "Let our old acquaintance be renewed." 2d Henry IV; III. 2.

A FAMOUS ARCH. From 1 to 13, Arc de Triomphe; 14 to 20, Ajaccio (birthplace of Napoleon). Cross-words: 1. Joan of Arc.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than January 28, and should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 333) and give answers in full, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were duly received from Esther Laughton—Kathryn Huber—"The Three R's"—Helen H. McIver—"Alli and Adi."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were duly received from Peter T. Byrne, 9—Elizabeth Tong, 9—John F. Davis, 9—Ruth Tangler Smith, 9—John Hopkins, 8—Kemper Hall Chapter, 8—Hortense A. Doyle, 7—Vera H. Skillman, 6—"St. Anna's Girls," 6—Virginia and Henry Jeone, 5—Mary Scattergood, 5—Sydwin, 5—Dorothy Adler, 4—"Me," 4—Elinor Kendall, 4—Rosalind Howe, 4—Gertrude Seymour, 4—Judith Haight, 3—Elizabeth Storer, 3—Riva M. McKamey, 3—Jean Wheeler, 3—Alice S. Goedecke, 2—Grace Hunter, 2—Janet Ross, 1—Marion Goldstein, 1—Caroline S. Russell, 1—Robert K. Mattern, 1—Virginia Smith, 1—Margaret Howley, 1—Rosmond Kuerzi, 1—Philip Mangano, 1—H. D. Blumenkranz, 1—John Winn, 1—Eileen Hogan, 1—H. Christiansen, 1—Roma Kendal, 1—Alice Winston, 1—Charles MacSherry, 1—Eleanor Seligman, 1—Edna H. Bachrach, 1—Elizabeth B. Bloss, 1—Betty Foote, 1.

### NOVEL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will name a famous musician, and six letters in another row of letters will name one of his compositions.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To collide. 2. Vicious. 3. A sea eagle. 4. Snug and in order. 5. To observe. 6. A favorite grain with horses. 7. Empty. 8. A feminine name. 9. Teases in a petty way.

BETTY HOWE (age 13), *League Member*.

### PI

Galhu tou inaag, twese sucim dan dightel,  
Ni payhp hemos a motmen shudeh ot hare  
Eht thigmind kortess bomo tou teh dol sarey glifth.

### ZIGZAG

(Silver Badge, St. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag—beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter—will spell the name of a famous American general who was born in January.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Roaming. 2. Warriors. 3. Uttered with a hissing sound. 4. Quickly. 5.

2. Christmas. 3. Excelsior. 4. Wednesday. 5. Alexander. 6. Bethlehem. 7. Car. 8. Ski. 9. Two. 10. Sam. 11. Map. 12. Ash. 13. She. 14. Ant. 15. Jay. 16. Auk. 17. Cod. 18. Cup. 19. Ivy. 20. One.

DIAGONAL WORDS. 1. A. 2. Inn. 3. Anger. 4. Never. 5. Regal. 6. Raw. 7. L.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Initials, Pilgrims. Cross-words: 1. Patron. 2. Inside. 3. Loving. 4. Grouse. 5. Roused. 6. Intent. 7. Minute. 8. Saddle.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Ludwig van Beethoven. 1. palm, Lamp. 2. sure, User. 3. shad, Dash. 4. haws, Wash. 5. chin, Inch. 6. page, Gape. 7. lave, Vile. 8. beat, Abet. 9. pane, Neap. 10. lamb, Balm. 11. rest, Erst. 12. seat, East. 13. Kate, Take. 14. this, Hist. 15. door, Odor. 16. live, Vile. 17. real, Earl. 18. done, Node.

CHARADE. Or, fec, us; Orpheus.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Beach, peach, peace, place. 2. Place, plate, slate, stale, stalc. 3. Stale, stare, store, score. 4. Score, scare, scale.

One who makes spurs. 6. A body of tenants. 7. To convey from one place to another. 8. A large cask. 9. Certain long-winged birds. 10. A month of the year. 11. Suburbs. 12. One who takes care of a garden. 13. A square column projecting from the surface of a wall. 14. Marked by abnormal heat. 15. Worthy to be chosen.

RUTH VALWAY LADUE (age 13).

### DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal—from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter—will spell the surname of an English author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A big country. 2. A famous reformer. 3. Brightness. 4. A place of traffic. 5. A famous composer. 6. A certain young animal.

MARY REDMAYNE (age 17), *League Member*.

### WORD-SQUARE

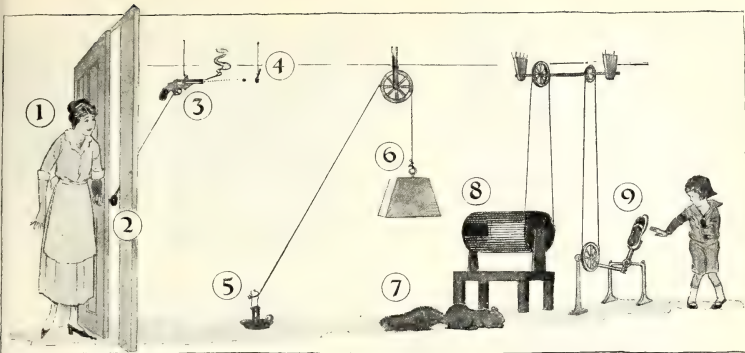
1. Sound. 2. Above. 3. Adjacent. 4. Mistakes.

### CHARADE

Call when you will, my first is never out;  
My whole is whole—of that there is no doubt;  
Who has my last is welcomed every day,—  
Knows what to leave unsaid and what to say.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.





Mother ① opens door, and string on knob ② shoots off gun ③ so that bullet strikes match ④ and lights it. Match falls and lights candle ⑤ which burns down until flame touches string, releasing weight ⑥ which falls on tail of sleeping squirrel ⑦. He jumps into squirrel cage ③ turning wheel rapidly and setting persuading machine ⑨ in motion.

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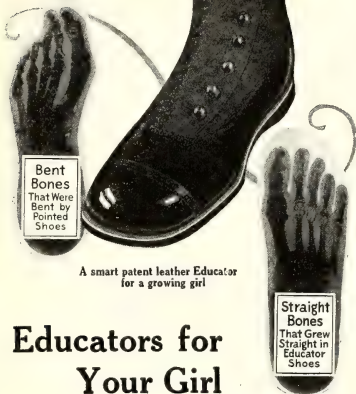
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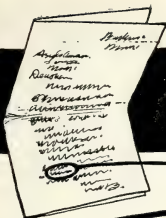
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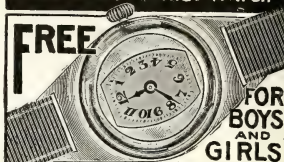


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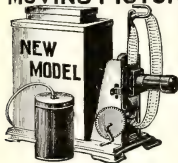


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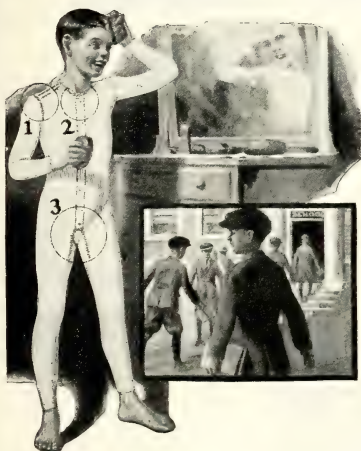
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# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

## NEW ISSUES

We illustrate this month one of the most striking stamps that we have seen in a long time. It is the new two-franc value from Luxemburg. The

and without a surcharge, apparently indicating a change in coinage. We illustrate the 3-cent on 20 pfennig. We also illustrate a jolly little new 10-ore stamp from Denmark.



design is very simple, and can readily be seen in the picture. The central design is one of the large manufacturing plants in Esch. The color

is a very dark blue; perhaps it might really be called indigo. The color lends itself to the design most effectively. Luxemburg also sends us a set of three pictorial stamps for a semi-charitable purpose. These head our page



this month. Across the top of each are the words "Timbre du Souvenir." They are to be sold at a premium of 5 cents and 10 proceeds are to be used in defraying the expense of erecting a suitable monument in honor of those who fell in the war. The 5-cent and 25-cent are green, the 15-cent, red. The interesting central designs are landscapes of native scenery. Speaking of charity stamps, we have received a 3½-mark and a 7-mark from Esthonia.



This is a Red Cross issue. The design on both stamps is the same. We illustrate the 7-mark. The frame is printed in blue, the central design (the nurse) in brown, and the cross in red. The Saar sends us a long series of bi-colored stamps with interesting designs. The set comes both with

## LETTERS IN CORNERS

THERE are many stamps which have mysterious letters in their corners, and these letters excite curiosity in the minds of young collectors. Consequently, we frequently have requests for information concerning them. These questions come in connection with English stamps more frequently than the stamps of any other country. Our correspondents ask not only the meaning of the letters, but also whether stamps with different letters in the corners constitute what might be called collectible varieties. Should they keep all the different combinations of letters, or just use all but one as "traders"? Without going too deeply into the matter, we will say, in explanation, that the first English stamps were issued in sheets of 240 stamps; in the upper corners were star-shaped ornaments, but in the lower were letters. These letters run in a sequence and serve to locate the position of each stamp in the plate from which the sheet is printed. There are therefore 240 stamps, each with a different lettering, yet they are the same stamp and printed at the same time. For the beginner, it is hardly worth while to keep more than one copy. Later on, the English authorities changed the old design, removing the stars from the upper corners of the stamps and substituting letters for these. The upper letters are the same as the lower letters, or plate-key letters reversed.

There are also many stamps in the upper corners of which are the letters. These stamps are mainly for the French Colonies, and the letters stand for French Republic (Republique Française).

Some years ago, when the Bergedorf reprints seemed far more common than they do now, we were asked about the letters L. H. P. A. in the corners of these stamps. They stand for the German words meaning Lubeck Hamburg Post-office.

In our opinion, however, the most interesting of all the corner letters are those which appear on the stamps of Sarawak. On the first issue of this country appear the letters J. B. R. S. (Sir) John Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak. To those who are fond of history and adventure, these stamps open up a very interesting field of study. Go to

(Concluded on third page following)

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is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and as reference the name of your parent, or teacher, or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.



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# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Concluded)

your encyclopedias for an account of his life, and read how this Englishman became a famous rajah. Later stamps of Sarawak have the initials of Sir John's son, Charles.

The stamps of West Ukraine seem also to give trouble to the younger collectors. Especially is this true of the Austrian stamps surcharged in 1919 for use in West Ukraine. We refer to Scott's Catalogue numbers 85 to 103. The lower values of this set seem to be widely distributed, and the fact that it is an Austrian stamp leads the collector astray in his efforts to locate it. In a little while we shall all learn to associate the "trident" with the two Ukraines. Scott is our authority for saying that the corner letters, S. Y. H. P., stand for Western Ukrainian National Republic.

These stamps which we have noted seem to be the ones whose corner letters attract the most attention from collectors, and we hope the brief description of them which we have given will be generally helpful.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶ An inquiry reaches us as to the difference between two stamps of Switzerland, the 40-centime of the 1882 issue and the same value of the 1904 issue—Scott's numbers 82 and 104. The catalogue states that the first is of the design listed as A20. But unfortunately, this is a 50-centime stamp and so does not show the difference very clearly. As far as the catalogue shows, the main difference is in the triangle in the lower left corner. This in No. 82 is shaded, but in No. 104 is white. There is, however, another difference more readily seen, had the cataloguers only used a 40-centime for the illustration of design A20. This difference is in the figure 4 of 40 in both of the upper corners. In the 1882 stamp, this figure 4 has an open top, while in the later issue (1904) it has a closed top. ¶ In a recent article, STAMP PAGE stated that we did not recall any stamp upon which appeared that most interesting plant called "the traveler's palm." One of our subscribers, Stephen Jurika, writes us from the Philippine Islands where he lives, calling our attention to the 1909 issue of North Borneo. One of the prettiest stamps of this series is the two-cent green-and-black. The central design shows the traveler's palm. He writes us that these plants are growing in the plaza near the house in which he lives. ¶ Hungary has recently issued two stamps of high value, the 50-krona and 100-krona. These bear the picture of the "Mother with the Christ-child." We are indebted to Miss Barbara Usher for the most complete and courteous information upon this issue. It seems these stamps are water-marked with the patriarchal cross. ¶ Some one asks us about a stamp from Belgium which he has in his collection. He describes it as a large, square, brown stamp, of the value of 10 cents, and the picture shows one man killing another. Evidently this is one of the series issued in 1896-7 to commemorate the Brussels Exhibition. The design represents "St. Michael encountering Satan." ¶ Of all the stamps which puzzle collectors, the stamps of Hungary are the most common source of trouble. If we

would only rememoer that the word "Magyar" upon a stamp means that Hungary is the issuing country, what a lot of worry would be saved us. There are other stamps, however, which are very troublesome. We have before us a letter from a puzzled, and perhaps discouraged, collector. Into his hands has come a stamp which has "no letters on it at all!" He is utterly unable to locate it, and asks if there are many such stamps, and if so, how will he ever place them. He then describes the stamp as violet in color, while in the center is "a man's head with a queer hat on it." To those who have collected stamps for some time, this description at once identifies the stamp as from Austria, one of the newspaper stamps which bear the head of Mercury, the messenger of the gods in the old mythology. They are puzzling, but indeed there are not many such stamps. The newspaper stamps of Hungary with only a crown and post-horn are others with no lettering at all. But somehow they do not seem to be so common, do not come so frequently into the hands of the beginner. There is, too, awaiting our young friend quite a list of stamps which have no letters, but which do have figures indicating the face value of the stamp. But he must not get discouraged so early in the game. The true collector realizes that there are sure to be many puzzling stamps, stamps which for one reason or another will be difficult for him to locate. And so he meets each one of these cheerfully, and gloats over his victory in solving the problem each one presents. And truly therein lies the fascination of the game. As a collector grows in knowledge of stamps he realizes more and more how broad is the field before him—how delightfully complex is his favorite pastime. It is a far cry from locating an Austrian newspaper stamp to an effort to "plate" some early issue, and in between lie many difficulties to be surmounted. But all of the big collectors of the day have accomplished this feat, have reveled in the problems solved, and are now deep in those they never dreamed existed when they began the undertaking. And when they have solved their present problems, there will be others before them awaiting their trained minds and intelligence. And so the joys of stamp-collecting go on and on. Never be discouraged by a problem, but only stimulated to overcome the difficulty and to gain a widening knowledge of stamps. ¶ An inquiring youngster writes to know why the head of Benjamin Franklin appears so frequently upon the stamps of the United States. The reason is the very best one in the world, that is, his very close association with our postal system. He is surely entitled to be called the Father of the United States Postal System. Indeed, Franklin's association with postal matters antedates the Declaration of Independence. Somewhere about 1737 he was postmaster for the city of Philadelphia, while later he acquired a far broader experience as deputy postmaster-general over the thirteen colonies, while the Continental Congress made him our first postmaster-general. This brief sketch does not cover his entire activities and experiences in postal matters, but is just a hint at the reason why his portrait appears so often upon our stamps.



“AD”  
VENTURES of the

# IVORY HEROES



## Chapter I The Magic Pipe

But, as he wandered through the wood quite blue and aimlessly, he came upon a mossy PIPE as monstrous as could be! “Ha, ha!” said he, “a magic pipe whose bubbles travel far and faster than an aeroplane or chugging motor car!”



He came upon a mossy pipe

He scrubbed that pipe with IVORY SOAP with all his elfish might till it was truly IVORY pure and clean and IVORY white. Some dew was left inside the bowl and soap,

UR Gnif, the Gnome, set out alone the First of January without his Bob and Betty, so that Gnome was lonely—very. To have adventures by himself he hardly dared to hope—not even with the aid of that great magic IVORY SOAP. That Gnome loved children very much and everything about them, and did not see what fun there was in living life without them.

so with no trouble, Gnif blew a lusty bubble blow and made a monstrous bubble. Pop into it went little Gnif and wished that he might go straight off to Bob and Betty’s house and presto! it was so. When these two children saw their Gnome in this new sky balloon, they asked their mother if they might go sailing in it soon.

Presto!

It was so.



Gnif said, “This magic bubble here will carry just us three with Yow, the cat, and Snip, the dog, tucked in for company.” So off they sailed as Mother waved an amiable farewell, for Mother knew they’d soon be back with wondrous tales to tell. And thus away the rovers went off in their tossing bubble to find and help most any one with soilsome cares or trouble.

AND THEY DID!

JUST WAIT AND

—SEE—



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When we have friends and IVORY SOAP.



IVORY  
IT FLOATS



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99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE





My! that looks like

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and  
A Happy New Year

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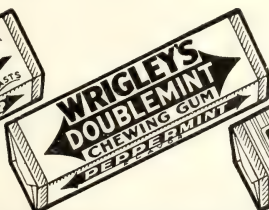
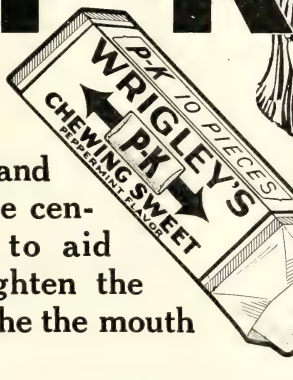
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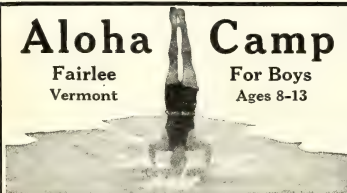
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Letter No. 1

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Your very sincere friends,

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*We played around  
the "Big Bank"  
Fireplace*

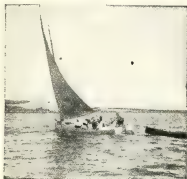


*The morning  
plunge*



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NEARING PORT AFTER A WINTER STORM

# ST. NICHOLAS

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## THE FAR HORIZON

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

Do you not find something thrilling, something that stirs your imagination, in those two words, *far horizon*? Are they not like a call, like a beckoning to something beyond the commonplace, the trivial, the every-day? A call to things far off, but still attainable? A call you want to follow, that will lead you to where air and earth meet, where the sea ends in a line of gold, where mountains march mysteriously, where sun and stars appear and disappear.

Our land, our America, is a land of far horizons. On one side she looks out across the Atlantic, on the other across the Pacific, and you may ride for days through her immense prairies or her deserts and see the horizon recede distantly from you, far and wide indeed. Her mountains lift you far upward, and from their splendid tops you see a still farther horizon, and beyond what you can see it still stretches, horizon beyond horizon, and all America! Surely the spirit in you springs up when you gaze, and your eyes fleet over miles of cultivated ground or miles of wilderness, and you know that it is your own country on which you are looking, a land of great spaces and mighty extents, a land that calls to the imagination.

Probably we could get along very well in our business of living if we were able to see only a few hundred yards. We could perceive what we needed to see, and we could see whatever we saw in time to avoid peril or to get our required food or to perform every

necessary act. Many animals and birds and insects and fish have eyes that see only a short distance compared with the limit given to our sight; but for all practical purposes, their eyes are far-seeing enough. So, doubtless, if our eyes were like theirs, we should manage quite nicely. But there would be no far horizon!

Our mind, too, has its far horizon. And perhaps it is for the joy of the mind, rather than for purely practical reasons, that our eyes can see a hundred miles and more, can see the strange far things as easily as the near and usual ones.

Having, then, an eye that takes the distance and a mind that can see before and after, not hampered by the bourne of time and place, it is well for us to make sure that we give ourselves the full benefit of such magnificent possessions. It is well to live with both the eye of the body and that of the mind upon the far horizon; we need to feel the sweep of immensities; we need to interest ourselves in things that extend beyond the narrow scope of our own close environment.

You, in whose hands lies the future of America, you who will so soon be men and women, have thrilling possibilities before you. For to-day, as never, perhaps, before in human history, the far horizon widens and shines magnificent. Lifting your eyes above the circle of your immediate needs, you can let mind and heart reach out to the farthest limits of the world. For you are to be not

only citizens of America, but citizens of the world, in the sense that America is likely to play a great and generous part in the world, as great, as generous as it lies in you to become. If you are content merely to look at the small circle of your home town and to remain within it in what you do and think; if you are content to make your particular business the limit of your interest in the affairs of America; if you confine your notion of responsibilities as a citizen to what is of value to your locality rather than to what is of value to your country, then you lose the far horizon; and in so far as you lose it, it is lost to America by that much.

Local pride and local ambition are excellent things and belong in every person's life, if it is to be a full and useful life. You can not spend your day with your eyes on the gleaming blue of whatever far horizon. But the immensely important thing, it seems to me, is never to forget that the horizon lies beyond, and that it, and not the little ring close about you, is your true measure of sight and opportunity. The difference between a statesman and a politician is that the first allows himself the fullest breadth of outlook possible when working for his country; that he seeks the greatest good, not the small profit; that his eyes are on the future, as well as the momentary present; while the politician is interested only in the immediate result, and is eminently willing to sacrifice the larger good for a local issue. He cares only for what is within reach of his own hands. America is not America to him, it is merely the particular village, town, or city where he happens to reside. We need fewer men of that type, and more, many more, who serve their country with their eyes on some far horizon, however close they may stick to particular questions.

And even as you will wish to look at America, and yourself in regard to America, with a far-reaching eye, so will you wish to look at your own life.

Life can be cramped down to small things and close constructions, or it can find its way to wide spaces, where the soul and the spirit of you have free play. You are given great possibilities. You can look out from the mountain on a great and varied landscape or seascape, crowded with all imaginable things. Do not stay in a back yard. There are a thousand paths leading away from it, and a thousand are not too many for you to take. Over the hills of the world they go, each a wonderful way. All the little home duties,

the every-day things, are linked up with world duties and great, everlasting things. For the far horizon begins right where you are. You are forever on its rim, as well as looking outward toward it. And this is the amazing and satisfying thing about life, that it links up with all other life. If you follow the links, if you look for them and let them lead you, there is no limit to the distance you may go, to the interesting things you will find or can do. The wonders of the world of science make their start right in the home kitchen, where miracles are constantly in progress. The magic of art begins in a picture on the living-room wall, in the hue of a curtain, or the shape of a vase. The vine on the house, the butterfly hovering over a daisy, are the first link connecting you with the endless, alluring horizon rim of nature. You can see, if you choose, merely a pot boiling on the fire, a bit of painted canvas, a few leaves against the brick, or you can lift your head and look far out to the mysterious horizon, ready with all its adventures for you.

The big thing in life is to remember that life *is* big, and that you are yourself fit for its bigness. Vastness is outside of you, but it is measured by the vastness of your own spirit. The more you realize the far horizon surrounding you, the more you develop the horizon within you. And that is a glorious thing to do. Nothing seems to me so sad as those lives which grow more and more shrunken with the passing of time; lives that have turned from their opportunities, centering on the small circle close about them until they have lost power to realize that all that is really worth striving for is beyond them, marching afar in purple and gold, where their near-sighted eyes and near-sighted spirit can not see it or feel its appeal. Such people have cramped themselves into a hole too small for them, but they have shrunk at last to fit the hole, and the hole itself has been growing smaller. For there is a law that insists that what begins to shrink shall go on shrinking—just as that which broadens and grows shall somehow contrive to keep on growing. And what a pity to have been given eyes to see the far-off golden glory, and a mind that might lead you to the companionship of great and beautiful things, and never to have looked and never to have enjoyed!

There is a tyranny in what is close by that is compelling, unless you guard against it carefully; no doubt of that. What is in your own yard seems so generally more important



than everything that lies beyond. What concerns you at the moment appears more valuable and more pressing than those far-off, divine events of which Tennyson sang. You have, as we know, only so much time, no more and no less. Things near at hand must be attended to, days are crowded as it is, and you are interested in what is close by.

All very natural. Crowding events and near-by things will have their place and their importance always in your life. But do not let them become tyrants. Do not let them persuade you that they are sufficient for a full human life in a marvelous world. Do not be like those who, dwelling at the foot of a mountain, never find the time or feel the call to climb its sides and to look out from its white peak upon immensities. Be of those who climb with joy and enthusiasm, at whatever sacrifice of daily, pleasant affairs or pressure of what appears to be compelling duty. You owe the mountain duty, too. You owe that far horizon, waiting for your eye to see it, duty. Precious things in you are called out by the mountain and the horizon, things that you must cherish and develop. Do not let them be tyrannized over by other things, even though these, too, are precious.

In the story of Martha and Mary, it is Mary who is commended. It is Mary who finds time to climb the mountain; or, to put it differently, Mary knew that the greatest thing in life must not be neglected at whatever cost to lesser things. Martha was occupied, and usefully occupied. So much so, that it did not appear to her possible to

leave her pressing duties. Mary sat at the feet of the Lord. For her, the wide horizon shone, and in her it spread a glory.

Those who sacrifice the far horizon for the small circle lose too much. The country whose citizens know it not will be a small country, however great its stretch of miles. It will be a country of small souls, and out of such no mighty structure can be built. To lose the far horizon is to lose the immortal issues in life, to shrink and dwindle into dust.

Rejoice in your clear, far-seeing eyes, and let them gaze their fill on distant and splendid views. Be glad that you can look far, and that you have a mind that can move widely forth, taking in your whole great country, taking in the world itself, leading you on to work far beyond the daily, necessary task, to labor for generations yet to come and for issues transcending the ordinary. Don't hesitate to use yourself generously, for you are fit for generosity, made for it, made to reach to the uttermost horizons that sweep to the very stars of heaven.

You young people, boys or girls, are apt to be athletic, to join in school and college games, to race, leap, and extend yourselves. That is it, to extend yourselves. You know the delight of a swimming or a running race, of the swift contest in tennis or in basketball, when you do all that in you lies, and more than you had thought was possible, in some happy crisis or breathless period. That is the far horizon, that is what you will do in life, if life is to be rich and fine and joyful for you, and if you are to be fit citizens of this land of far horizons, our America.

## NO RULE TO BE AFRAID OF

By BERTON BRALEY

THE grammar has a rule absurd

Which I would call an outworn myth—

"A preposition is a word

You must n't end a sentence with!"

That rule I very often flout

Because it makes me far from calm.

It's one I do not care about.

I wonder where they get it from?

I'll make a preposition do

The thing I want to use it for.

Why should that be objected to?

There's nothing in it to abhor.

For since my school-days first commenced

It is a practice which I've found

No reason to protest against

Amid the folks I've been around.

And though to purists it's a sin

And one that's largely frowned upon,

It's one that I've persisted in

Whatever spot I'm dwelling on.

For if to any sentence pat

A preposition adds more pith,

And aids what I am driving at,

Why, that is what I'll end it with!



THREE SIMPLE AND DIRECT DESIGNS BY GARDNER TEALL

## BOOK-PLATES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By STEPHEN ALLARD

THERE was once a boy who cared so much for his books that he decided that he wanted some neater way of marking them as his own than by writing his name inside their front covers—for his handwriting, like that of some other boys and girls I know, was not particularly ornamental. He thought that other book-lovers (he had already begun to call himself that) must have had the same desire, and he remembered vaguely that he had seen somewhere a book with a pretty label inside, with "John Jones—His Book," or something like that, printed on it. His father and mother did n't seem to understand, so he went one day to the public library and asked a bespectacled assistant, who really looked like a book-lover too, if she could help him. She immediately took down two finely illustrated books which she said would tell him all about the subject. And this is what he learned in the course of an afternoon's excited reading:

There are decorative printed labels designed individually for book-lovers to paste into their cherished volumes; and these labels have been in use by grown-up folks as long as books have been printed. Some of the most famous artists of the past and the present, moreover, have made such designs—and they are called "book-plates."

Now it happens that this particular boy (particular in both senses) has grown up, even to the extent of having children of his own. But in spite of having very many important things to do, like making a living, and keeping the bugs out of the potato-patch, and getting Sonny off to school on time, he still loves his books and still gets a thrill of pleasure from putting his own personal book-plate into each newly acquired volume. He has even designed a good many of these labels for his friends; and he has a printing-press—right in the parlor—on which he occasionally prints book-plates not only for

his own boy and himself, but for other children and their fathers and mothers. He is still so interested in the subject, indeed, and so sure that every book-loving boy and girl would get pleasure out of owning a personal plate, that he is sitting down to write this article all about what he has learned from collecting thousands of labels from all parts of the world.

Let me say that I do not fool myself into thinking that any growing boy will be more interested in book-plates than in dinner-plates; and he is likelier to know a deal about ship-plates, boiler-plates, etc. For this reason, and because book-plates are so often confused with book *illustrations* (which are printed with the book and in its text), it seems well to emphasize the following definition: A book-plate is a printed label, bearing a person's name and a decorative design, which is pasted inside the front cover of a book to denote its ownership. Just as a boy may carve his initials on the handle of his umbrella, or put around his dog's neck a collar on which are the words, "John Jones's dog," so he may paste into each book in his library a book-plate, with some such wording as, "This is John Jones' Book," or, "John, His Book," or just plain "John."

We all know it is unnecessary in this day and age to stimulate any child's desire for ownership. The overdeveloped instinct to get as much as you can, on the part of nations as well as individuals, has, indeed, brought mankind to a sad business of war and waste. But when it comes to things of beauty and cultural things, pictures and books and gardens, pride in possession is perfectly legitimate. And the book-plate marks, as nothing else can, the book-owner's pride in possessing his library. This is its first reason for being. But in addition to this, it is useful in preventing books from straying away from their rightful owners. Umbrellas, as every one

knows, are by some common understanding generally considered any one's property, and there is a similar moral blind spot in regard to books. Unless they are plainly and indelibly marked with the owner's name, their first trip into a friend's house is likely to develop into permanent residence there. A book-plated book, at once recording ownership and witnessing the owner's love for the volume, is far more likely to return promptly to its own shelf.

It was about 1450 that printing from type was invented; and as soon as printed books became common, their owners began to have book-plates made to identify them. It is said that the ancient Assyrians, who wrote books in the shape of clay tablets,—baking them stiff to make them permanent,—attached smaller name-label tablets, which correspond to our book-plates. And it has been claimed that the Japanese, long before printing was discovered in Europe, identified their books by decorative designs. But the history of the book-plate as we know it goes back only to the fifteenth century. From the very first, great artists gave their time and genius to the making of the miniature designs. At the head of the list stand the famous Dürer and Holbein, while at the contemporary end are such well-known artists as the English Frank Brangwyn and our own Maxfield Parrish. Although the history of book-plates for grown-up people thus spans four centuries, the child's plate seems to be a thing of comparatively recent origin. There may be scattered examples in the collections of antiquarians, but in general it may be said that children's book-plates are a development of the last twenty-five years. In that time, however, their use has grown

characteristics to be sought. First, it must be dignified, as befits anything pertaining to books; second, it must be beautiful; and third, it must be individually suitable—that is,



INITIALS MAKE  
RABBIT'S BODY



PICTORIAL PLAY ON  
A NAME

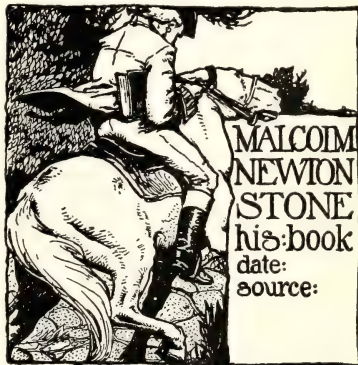
remarkably, until to-day no child may properly claim to be a book-lover unless his or her volumes are marked with an individual device.

There are certain distinctive features to be noted about a successful juvenile plate, certain qualities that mark it as different from the "grown-up" plate. When a man or woman orders a design, there are three main



A DISTINCTIVE DESIGN BY MARGARET ELY WEBB

expressive of the tastes or personality of the owner. Some successful children's plates fail in one or more of these particulars (never the second!) and yet remain to a degree successful; but in general, these three tests are a



"A DESIGN SUGGESTING ACTION AND ADVENTURE"

good starting-point. And by the way, it would be well to stop off here for a few minutes



A REAL BOY'S  
PLATE

HER NAME IS OLIVE



DESIGNED BY HAYDON JONES

Robert B. Gable  
A DRUMMER BOY'S  
MARKERThis Book Belongs  
to  
Chandler Withington

DESIGNED BY GARDNER TEALL

to study the illustrations, with these points in mind, before going on to read about them.

Of course, most of the differences are in the matter of the subjects chosen to be pictured on children's designs. Before speaking

of that, however, it is well to note that the plate of a boy or girl is nearly always smaller than those of older people. This cutting down of dimensions is not altogether a matter of feeling—that the smaller the owner, the smaller the marker should be. On the contrary, there is a very good argument for smallness in the fact that it is difficult for a child to paste in a large label neatly; and by all means the child should be allowed to do his own pasting. Moreover, some children's books are too small to accommodate a larger plate. The fact that other juvenile books are very large suggests the wisdom of having the design printed in two sizes. The additional cost is not great, as most of the expense goes for the making of the original drawing and comparatively little for the reproduction and printing.

The best subjects for children's book-plates are to be found among those objects that have grown dear to them by association. Any attempt to sermonize, or to symbolize the great lessons of life, is almost sure to fail, at least from the child's standpoint. The abstract should be avoided, the concrete

things of the child's own life and world being made the basis of design. Mother Goose symbolically leading a child into the land of dreams is likely to

be far less of a success than a goose of the common barnyard variety; and a picture of a dog or of a Noah's ark is far more in keeping than an angel of enlightenment.

For very small children the range of subjects is large: cats, dogs, rabbits,—indeed any sort of pet,—familiar flowers, characters from fairy stories, semblances of beloved toys. These and many more of the little things of a child's life may be made to yield pleasures of recollection at every fresh opening of a book. These things, too, are decorative. They lend themselves well to treatment as ornament, unlike the landscapes, the biographical data, and the library interiors that grown folk choose for their designs. The art of the book-plate is a conventionalized art, and the child's playthings and the child's ideas, simple in themselves, offer better material for simple, conventional treatment in design.

For older children, it is more difficult to find suitable subjects. Although a favorite pet, or a flower, or a book character may still be chosen as the principal motive, the Jack-in-the-box, the Noah's-ark tree, and the old



familiar Mother Goose characters are now out of the question. Of course, purely bookish subjects are always safe, if handled with ingenuity—witness the two Farnham designs, and that for Juddie Stowell, among the illustrations.

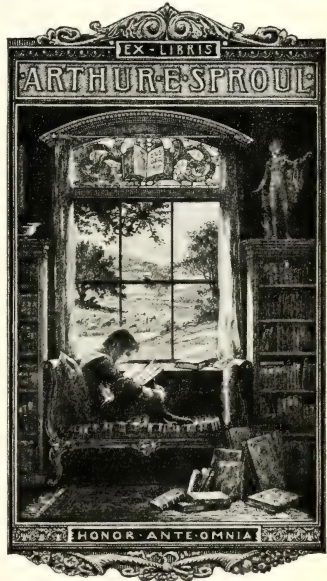
At the age from ten to fifteen years, boys and girls are unusually quick to catch and to enjoy any suggestion of cleverness in the handling of a design or in hidden meanings—so much so that this might be called the puzzle age. So a book-plate of the punning or rebus sort will always give an unusual measure of enjoyment. The O. L. G. design, wherein the initials form the rabbit's body, and the Warren O. Church plate, which has the family name in pictorial form only, are good examples of this type. One can imagine the owners showing these designs to their child friends with real pride.

There are differences between boys' book-plates and girls' book-plates, just as there is a difference in atmosphere between a collection of men's designs and a collection of women's designs. Of course this is not always apparent, nor necessarily important. But a comparison of the Malcolm Stone and Helen Bruno plates, shown herewith, will indicate that such a difference of spirit often does exist. The boy's design here is full of spirited action and suggestive of adventure. The whole atmosphere is boyish. In the Helen Bruno plate, on the contrary, the idea and execution alike are properly girlish—suggestive, somehow, of hair-ribbons and white frocks. The designer, by the way, is Margaret Ely Webb, whose pictures need no introduction to girl and boy readers. A second plate which is distinctively boyish is the "R. G. C.—His mark." Surely there is nothing of the "sugar and spice and everything nice" quality about it. Indeed it has that impish quality which fiction writers try to make us believe is boyish rather than girlish.

When children's book-plates fail to satisfy, it is usually because the artist has approached his task from the grown-up point of view. For instance, one can hardly be made to believe that the Kenneth Stone design, with its threatening schoolmaster, its bare room, and its glimpse of the contrasting freedom out-of-doors, would give a youthful owner any thrill of pleasure. It illustrates a phase of child-life which is always amusing to the grown-up, but it is not a good book-plate for a child. The little Robert Gable plate, though not necessarily unsatisfying for the boy-owner,

nevertheless is distinctly a parent's conception. In this case the boy "plays the drum" in a school orchestra; and the imp of Satan beating a gong is the father's interpretation of such activity.

There is another danger in failing to consult the child about the subject of the design.



DESIGNED BY SIDNEY L. SMITH

The grown-up attitude among many cultured people is that they want to get away from the hackneyed and familiar at any cost—a sort of "originality or bust" idea. That they do often "bust" artistically is neither here nor there. What is important is that the boy or girl rightly craves the familiar thing. What if Mother Goose's varied family have appeared on a thousand plates? What if cats and dogs and rabbits parade on the plates of every Tom, Dick, and Harry? These subjects are perennially interesting, and the pleasure of meeting them perennially new, to the child.

As to the inscription on a child's plate, there are several appropriate forms. Of course, the ponderous Latin phrase "ex libris"—meaning "from the books"—which appears

on most grown-up designs, is out of place on a child's. Inscriptions taken at random from a collection of young people's designs are: "Rachel Stevens' Book," "John and Jane—Their Book," "Bidwell Children's Library," "This is Juddie Stowell's Book," "Carey Children—Their Mark," and "This Book Belongs to Shorty." All are simple and direct, as they should be. Occasionally the name is the only lettering on the design, as in the "Jack" plate shown herewith. The use of a monogram or the initials instead of the full name has often been condemned, as being insufficient for identification. But in the case of a child, whose books would travel within a very limited circle, if loaned at all, the initials alone would seem to be allowable.

There was a time when every book-plate must have its motto. But the simplicity of latter-day designs has crowded out all unnecessary wording, and children's plates seldom find place for anything but the ownership legend. Such Latin mottos as that on the Arthur Sproul plate, "Honor ante Omnia," no matter how commendable the sentiment, seem somewhat out of place for children. The "Store up!" of the Hawley Strong plate is wholesomely direct and simple, and in this case the whole design is built around the idea of the motto. This plate is from the pen of Albertine Randall Wheelan, who is well-known to readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*.

Of the artists whose plates are shown among the illustrations, doubtless the most successful in realizing the distinctive requirements of designs for children is Gardner Teall. He has placed himself in the child's viewpoint most thoroughly, and he has achieved those simple, direct qualities that are so difficult for most designers to obtain. His work is straightforward and clean-cut, and it is full of clever conceits. Many of his plates are hand-colored, and these, of course, it is impossible to reproduce. But the six designs shown here are characteristically successful. Note the decorative quality of the Chandler Withington, the clever arrangement of the portraits in the G. W. and the John and Jane plates, and the bookish yet childish atmosphere of the two Farnham designs. In the Juddie Stowell plate, one of the finest of all, the designer gives ingenious expression to the idea that books are this boy's special hobby. When one looks over a collection of Mr. Teall's book-plates, one regrets that the maker is not a regular designer, but merely a successful author who makes art work a side issue.

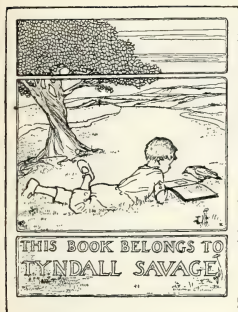
Probably no design ever interests small children more than does that used by Rachel Stevens, a plate adapted by Dr. A. W. Clark from a cover by Walter Crane. Above is Mother Goose in her nightcap, while below are all the characters from the beloved Hey-diddle-diddle rhyme. The cow is taking a very realistic leap over the moon, the dish is leading away the spoon, and at the sides the cat fiddles and the dog looks on and laughs. Here is the whole of the familiar story in pictures—and what child would not like such friends on a personal marker?

Of clever arrangements of lettering the O. L. G. and Olive designs are notable. The little rabbit, whose back is made up of the initials, must be a perpetual delight to the owner. It was made by Olive Lothrop Grover. The Olive plate is by Olive Percival. It shows what attractive designs can be made of the slightest material—if one has the cleverness to do it. Another design in which the arrangement is half the art of the thing is that for K. D., drawn and engraved on wood by the famous Gordon Craig. Seldom is the character of the cat so happily portrayed as here.

Of the many designs used as illustrations, one, the Arthur E. Sproul, will stand out as entirely different from all the others. It is not suited for a small child, but it is such a book-plate as one might appropriately use from boyhood to old manhood. It is from a copperplate engraving by Sidney L. Smith, the greatest of the living American book-plate artists; and the library interior and the landscape through the window are typical of his delicate workmanship.

It is difficult to define the charm of the little "Jack" plate, but it is certainly very attractive—one of the best by that all-around artist-architect, Frank Chouteau Brown. The figure of the piping fairy-boy is tenderly appealing, and the castle in the distance is suggestive. The heavy-line drawing gives an ornamental effect that is very pleasing. Another plate similarly decorative in execution is that of Pauline Stone. This admirable little drawing was made a number of years ago by Violet Holden for a small girl friend. But now the girl has grown up and has herself become an artist. Witness the Tyndall Savage plate, whereon she has pictured a boy generously sharing with a bird the pleasure of his reading.

A plate that seemingly has no relationship to books is the W. A. Brewer, Jr. ship design. But the boy for whom this was made was



BY PAULINE STONE



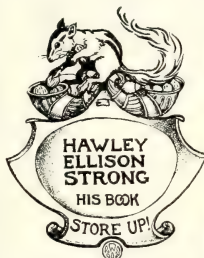
BY A. W. CLARK



BY FRANK CHOUTEAU BROWN

BY  
GARDNER TEALL

BY GORDON CRAIG



BY ALBERTINE R. WHEELAN



BY GARDNER TEALL

such an admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "Treasure Island" and many another old favorite, that he wanted some reminder of Stevenson on his book marker; and this ship is the frigate from the well-known Stevenson monument in Portsmouth Square, San Francisco. It was drawn and engraved by Sheldon Cheney.



BY VIOLET HOLDEN

The motto, "To be honest, to be kind," is from a Stevenson creed that every boy should know.

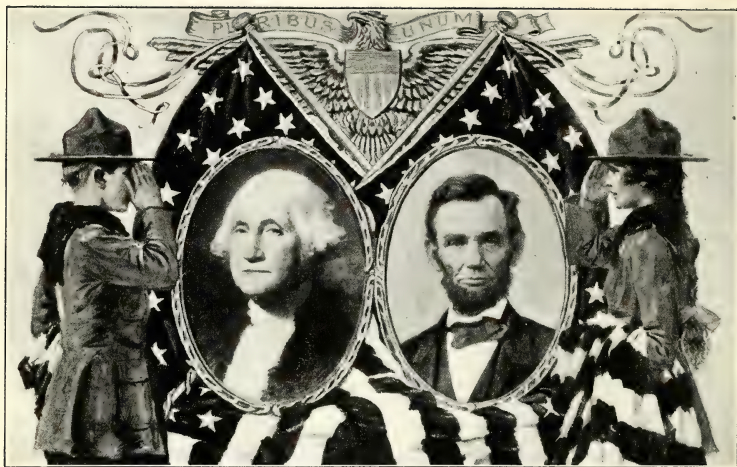
It is doubtless true that many children

miss the pleasure of marking their books with individual book-plates simply because they and their parents have never been introduced to the idea. It was in the hope of bringing about a wider understanding of the pleasure and profit which come from the ownership of such a personal label that this group of illustrations was brought together, and the story which accompanies it was written. May you, dear reader, profit thereby!



BY SHELDON CHENEY





## MASTER HOBBY'S SCHOOL ▲ BREAD AND MILK

*A February Tribute*

By ROSE MILLS POWERS

MASTER HOBBY was stern of rule;  
Head was he of the parish school;  
A very wise man, I'd have you know,  
In Fredericksburg, long years ago.

Some of his pupils used to shake  
In their buckled shoes when'er he spake.  
Oh, Master Hobby was very wise,  
With bushy eyebrows above his eyes.

Little he dreamed the sturdy boy  
Who played like the rest with ball and toy—  
Master George Washington was his name—  
Would climb to the top of the stair of fame.

Little he knew his warlike play  
At Indian fighting, day by day,  
Siege and ambush in boyish sport,  
Would lead to business of sterner sort.

For William Bustle, George's chum,  
Was a likely lad with book and sum,  
Quite as able to write and read,  
And always followed to George's lead.

Average boys, in the master's eye,  
George and William, and he would ply  
His switch on either, in righteous zeal,  
Facts and figures to make more real.

'T WAS when youthful Lincoln went,  
On his legal business bent,  
Ere they chose him President.

Tall and straight and strong he stood,  
And of sturdy hardihood,  
Like a fir-tree in the wood.

And within his deep-set glance  
Shone a steady radiance,  
Lightening his countenance.

For a woodsman he was bred,  
And its influence still was shed  
In the upright life he led.

Once, when going on his way,  
Came he at the end of day  
To a widow's home to stay;

But the good dame drooped and sighed;  
Bread and milk was all, she cried,  
All her larder could provide.

Laughed the youthful Lincoln there:  
"Bread and milk is proper fare,  
Serve me up a bounteous share;

"Who would care for meat or fish?  
Bread and milk?—As choice a dish  
As the President could wish!"



Average pupils, the master thought;  
Never dreaming that one was brought  
For tasks supreme at destiny's hand,  
To lead the people and save the land.

Master Hobby, you 're laid in dust,  
But honor to you—you kept your trust.  
In Washington's tactics still we see  
Your hand that taught him the rule of three.

And William Bustle who played with George,  
Our brave commander at Valley Forge,  
Is it too much to say, in turn,  
Courage and grit you helped him learn?

Teacher and friend, both had their part  
In molding Washington's noble heart—  
Master Hobby who marked his sums,  
William Bustle, the best of chums.

As "the President," he said,  
Soft and low, and bowed his head,  
Blessed the food and brake the bread.

Do you think that Lincoln then,  
By some strange, prophetic ken,  
Sensed his mission unto men?

That his crystal soul divined  
The great duties he would find  
As he left the woods behind?

Who can tell? For who can know  
What the unseen world may show  
Unto chosen souls below?

But the good dame ne'er forgot!  
Was it prophecy—or what?  
And he knew it, like as not.

## THE HIPPO AND THE HUMMING-BIRD

By BREWER CORCORAN

"HANG the winter term!" grumbled Tom Jackson; "never anything to do in it."

"We 've cups," suggested Williams, his equally idle room-mate; "borrow some chocolate."

"Who 's got the most?"

"Young Bigelow. But he 's bought a padlock. Try the Hippo and the Humming-bird."

"I don't monkey with that combination."

"But Hip 's still at the rink."

"Then we eat." Tom bolted across the hall to knock and open the opposite door at the same time.

On the window-seat, a wiry figure snapped upright. "Shut that door from the outside!" ordered the Humming-bird, in a cold tone; "this is no soup kitchen."

"Can't a fellow ask about his geometry without your thinking he wants to borrow something?" asked Tom, deeply injured.

"You can't," declared the Bird, grimly.

"But I want—"

"You 'll get it," promised the Bird.

He was quick, but Tom the quicker. A minute's tussle, and, with feet tightly bound, he was tossed back to the window-seat. "I hated to do it to you," panted Tom, "but I need that chocolate."

Again the Bird stole a glance at the clock. Outside, he heard what he had been hoping for. "Look under the bed," he advised.

"I 'll return it next month," promised his conqueror, and went down on his knees.

The Bird began to choke. It was too easy! The next second the door opened. "Jump him, Hip!" he yelled.

The big fellow on the threshold blinked, then dived headlong. He did not know on whom he landed; it was sufficient that his room-mate had ordered him to do something. There was a howl, the crash of beating feet, then Tom was rolled over on his back. "What 'll I do now?" queried the Hippo, mildly.

"I 'll attend to his case. All he wanted was to steal our chocolate."

The Hippo emitted an outraged roar. But even before Tom could beg for mercy, the Humming-bird came hopping across the room. "Hold him till I get the pitcher."

"Don't drown me!" begged Tom; "this is my best suit."

"It won't be," prophesied the Bird, and the next moment was back, a can of chocolate in one hand, the water-pitcher in the other. "Hang on while I frost him," he ordered.

Jackson begged in vain. Half a pitcher

of water was sloshed over his head, then the powdered chocolate sprinkled into his wet hair. The Bird's expert knuckles completed the disaster. "Throw him out!" he ordered.

"Oh, Williams! Come get your birthday cake. And say, Tom, pick on some easy combination next time. Shut the door, Hip."

Again the Hippo obeyed. "He nearly got you that time," he observed as he sat down.

"Sure did! Thought you were about due, though. Sometime that crowd will learn to leave us alone. Did Cam waste all his temper on me, or did the rest of you suffer after I was fired?"

The Hippo snorted. "He fairly roasted me."

"Means well," owned the Bird; "full of school spirit and all that sort of stuff you read about."

"Gave you a raw deal."

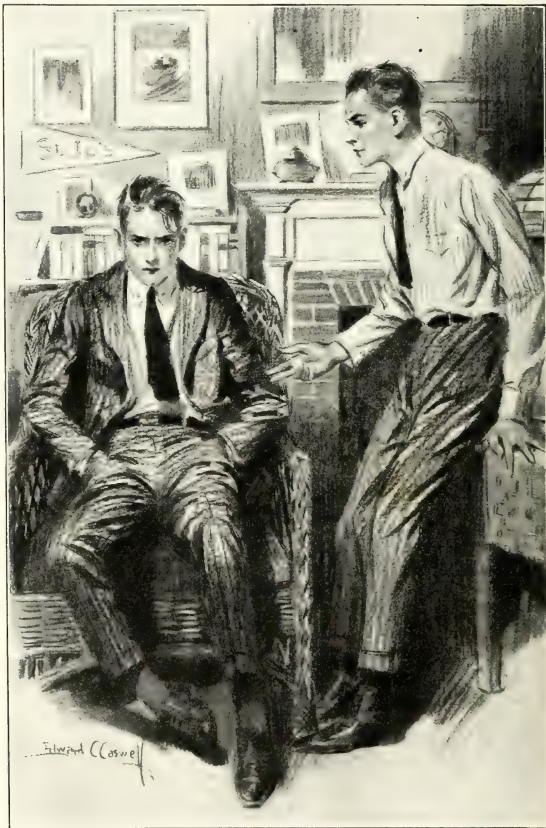
For an instant his room-mate's face clouded, then the old grin returned. "Used to it," he said. "Never made a school team yet; should n't have got my hopes up now. It was you or me, anyway. So long as one of us gets the place, what's the dif?"

"You've more speed," grumbled the Hippo. "I don't want to play, anyway. Say!" he exclaimed, suddenly experiencing an inspiration, "we'll fool Cam. I'll quit playing, then he'll have to put you in my place."

"What do you think I am?"

"But I'm sick of the whole thing, Birdie. I've trained and trained and trained ever since I've been here at St. Jo's. First it's

football, then hockey, and, as soon as this Norton game's over, I've got to go into the tank with the crew. All I do is work. Maybe I'll quit the crew, too," he added.



"YOU'VE GONE STALE, THAT'S ALL."

The Bird looked at him and a queer smile twisted his lean face. "I'd look nice making a team that way, would n't I?"

But the Hippo, having had an idea, was not one to surrender a novelty. "You're too fussy!" he exclaimed.

"It's like you to think of such a thing,

Hip, but you know it's impossible. You've always been the athlete of the combination."

"You play good hockey. Cam's never given you a show. He never gives any one a show. All he has time to do is to pick on me." Again the Hippo's wrongs came up-most. "I'm sick of the whole thing."

"You've gone stale, that's all."

Here was a new idea. The Hippo stared at his room-mate. "I have," he solemnly agreed; "I can feel it in the pit of my stomach. I need food, not the coarse stuff at the training-table. Did you waste all the chocolate on Tom?"

"There's another can, but you don't get it."

The Hippo rose in all his might. "Don't I?"

"But you can't break training."

"Watch me."

"I won't stand for it. It might spoil the school's chance for the Norton game. Put down that chocolate!"

"Make me," dared the Hippo.

The Bird, frightened, did not hesitate to try. But the Hippo promptly sat on him. "For that," he ruled, "you'll be the cook and the waiter."

"I won't."

For three minutes the Bird struggled, then was forced to give in. "The banquet will be served at my desk," ordered Hip. "Get busy!"

"Hope you choke. You ought to, for doing such a thing."

"It's up to me, is n't it? Then why worry?"

The Bird, still protesting, got to work. What he ultimately placed before the rebel would have made any one less hungry throw the cup at him. But Hip sipped joyously. "This is great!" he declared. "Oh, come in."

He expected Williams. Instead, Mr. Campbell was staring at him in frank disgust. "Why are you breaking training?" snapped the coach.

The Humming-bird catapulted into the foreground. "'Cause he needed it," he announced; "he's gone stale."

"Ah! has he?" Mr. Campbell looked from one to the other slowly. "I've made a good athlete of you, Payton, the best we've had in five years. Now I'm going to make a better example. You're off the hockey team for breaking training."

"That's not fair," protested the Humming-bird wildly. "It's all my fault; I made the chocolate."

"I don't doubt that. You always have supplied the initiative. But even had he no loyalty to his school, I did give him credit for having sense enough not to be tricked into such a trap."

The Bird felt suddenly cold all over. "What do you mean?" he asked quietly.

"That with Payton off the seven, you're perfectly aware I'll have to use you in his place." He whirled on his heel and slammed the door.

For a moment the room-mates were dumb. Then the Bird walked to his friend. "Do you believe that?" he asked.

"Naturally not."

"Then what are we going to do?"

"That's up to you." Whatever the Bird did would be right.

"I'm going to square you first."

"You can't. He caught me with the goods. He had to fire me." Hip could be just, as well as loyal.

"That's true."

"What really matters is what he said about you."

"I would n't play now," declared the Bird, "if he made me captain."

"Just because I've been a chump's no reason for you to be one. You've always wanted to make a school team; now's your chance. Grab it."

"Not in a thousand years!"

Nor, try as he would, could Hip budge him. The idea of winning his coveted school letters at such a price was not to be considered, even between themselves.

Inside of an hour the story had spread throughout the school. Had the Hippo been less popular, he would have been sent to Coventry at once. But it was when Mr. Campbell's charge of treachery against the Humming-bird was whispered that indignation really blazed. They had had too many practical expositions of the loyalty which existed between the room-mates to believe anything in the world could make one false to the other.

"Look what I got this afternoon," raged Tom Jackson. "The Bird would never go back on Hip. Cam ought to be made to apologize."

"Cam's never gone back on anything, either," Williams reminded him.

"He's wrecked the seven," mourned Blaine. "We've lost that Norton game already."

"The Bird's not so bad at wing," suggested Williams, hopefully.

"He won't play," declared Tom. "He's said that and he means it."

"We've got to do something," argued Miller. "We can't take a licking from Norton. What's left of the seven's gone ballooning; we've got to get them back to earth."

"How?"

But Miller could not answer. An informal meeting of the sixth form only resulted in a Phillipic from the furious Humming-bird. Therefore Nailor was put in Hip's position the next afternoon, and there was about as much fighting spirit shown in the practice as at a pink tea.

Dickson, the captain, broken-hearted, took his troubles to Mr. Campbell and came away without comfort. He tried to argue with the Humming-bird and came away with sincere regrets. Thereupon he took his life in his hands and cornered the Hippo. "You're responsible for this," he said. "How are you going to get us out of it?"

"Did n't know I was."

"But can't you see that you and the Bird have wrecked our chance of winning?"

"Oh, I'm sorry enough for my part, but I don't blame the Bird; he got a raw deal."

"But he's giving you a rawer one by not filling your place. Thought you two stuck together; thought you always protected each other."

"We are n't fighting any over this," drawled Hip.

"No, you bet you're not! The Bird's as big a quitter as you are."

"Say, you leave the Bird alone!"

"I will. I've no use for a chap who'll go back on his friend. Think that over."

The Hippo did think it over, so much so that he finally unburdened himself to the Bird. "If any one's got the idea I'm trying to get you in worse by not taking your place," snapped the Bird, "here's where we fool 'em again. I don't care about what Cam said to me, but no one's going to be able to say you've wrecked the seven. We play the game together. I'm going to play the Norton game for both of us."

The Hippo tried to prove it unnecessary for the Bird to swallow his pride, but his friend would not listen. "I'm going to take your place," was all he would say.

He found Dickson cool and unenthusiastic when he reported for practice the next afternoon, nor did any of the other six question him as to his change of mind. As for the coach, he confined himself strictly to the work in hand.

The result was that a disorganized seven went into the Norton game on Saturday afternoon. The visitors were quick to sense the situation. Their own play speeded up, their attack became sparkling in its teamwork, and the left side of the rink was cheering madly within three minutes, for the score was already 1 to 0.

St. Jo's took the blow dumbly. They had not counted on being overwhelmed. And that was what they saw ahead. Again that machine-like attack began. Again and again only whirlwind skating by Dickson and Sackett prevented another score. When St. Jo's recovered the puck, it was only to shoot wildly. Her individual runs started well, but broke down time after time, because there was no well-formed line to drive home the attack.

Williams tried to organize the cheering. "Get into it, fellows!" he begged. "Show 'em the whole school is n't yellow."

The Humming-bird, following a flying Norton forward, heard the taunt. One of his best friends was calling some one yellow. He had no time to analyze the charge; he accepted it as a reflection on the Hippo. He forgot everything except that he was filling old Hip's place.

He saw the Norton player check his speed to shoot for the goal. With all his power, he lunged. There was a thud as the shot was blocked, a yell of delight as the Bird wheeled and started back up the ice, dribbling the puck ahead of him.

He was back of the first line of defense now. He caroomed past the attacking center. One more man, and then only the crouching goal-keeper was between him and a tied score. He heard a sharp-called signal from across the rink, knew Dickson had ordered him to pass, but thought only of the goal and Hip.

The heavier Hippo might have made the play. But the Norton back charged. There was a sharp check, a swirl of powdered ice, a groan from St. Jo's, and the puck was on its way back up the rink again.

"Obey signals!" shouted Dickson; "I'll put in another sub if you won't play the game."

The Bird's jaw set. Calling him a sub did not hurt. That was what he was. But to tell him that he was not playing the game after such a run made him furious. St. Jo's had not come so near scoring before, and now they found fault with him. They had graver reason a moment later. The speedy Nor-



ton back shot the puck to a wing; it was relayed to their captain; he caught it, dodged, and, with a short, sharp lift, sent it hurtling through for the second score.

"Fine business!" exploded Mutt. "That

shown you had the speed, but your passing's poor."

The Bird's face went white. "I know you're criticizing me," he flared; "but just remember, I'm only trying to fill a better player's place."

"Exactly," retorted the coach, instantly. "You're playing the same game Hip did. You're thinking only of yourself. What you want to remember is that you're filling no one's place but your own; that you're not playing for anything but your school. You've the chance you've always wanted; you're wearing your letters; you're to remember one thing and one thing only—you're a forward for St. Jo's." His hand suddenly fell on the boy's shoulder. "There has n't been good team-work between us two, old fellow," he said. "That's been entirely my fault. Will you pull with me now for the old school?"

The Bird was not the only one who gasped at this public acknowledgment of wrong done. Had Cam spoken of "forgiving and forgetting," they would have all thought the less of him. But the Humming-bird could understand straight talk as well as he could recognize a man.



"AND NOW HE WAS SKATING FOR ST. JO'S!"

settles this game. If the Bird had made that pass, the score'd been tied now."

But the score was not tied at the end of the half. It was still 2 to 0. The Norton crowd was jubilant. The rest of the game would be slaughter. Mr. Campbell came up to his team. They hung their heads before he could speak.

"You're doing better than I had hoped," he said cheerfully. "You can win. You've

"You bet I will!" he promised blindly.

"Then go beat 'em, fellows! And change signals; call 'St. Jo's for a pass.'" He smiled as he waved them on to the ice, and the Bird was not the only one who felt better as the referee's whistle blew.

But if St. Jo's went into the closing half with new spirit, Norton matched it with her confidence of victory already in hand. Those first five minutes of whirlwind play had both

sides of the rink shouting like Indians. Each seven refused to go on the defensive. It was fight, fight, fight, skating at top speed and rushing until the breath came in short, sharp gasps.

It was Dickson who finally gave them a moment's rest and sent St. Jo's wild. His shot was a desperate one, but the puck flew true and the score was 2 to 1 at last.

The Norton captain whispered to his forwards as they lined up. As soon as play began, Dickson understood. They were going to play safe. "Faster now!" Dick called to his line. But they had driven almost to their last ounce. The game became football, and Norton was well content to have the puck hang in the scrimmages. Yet, slowly, St. Jo's edged her way down the ice. Again and again a Norton forward sent the puck out of danger, but a St. Jo's back shot it down once more and the slow attack commenced again. And at last came reward. Some one in the scrimmage gave the tap which sent the puck between the Norton posts and tied the score.

"Is n't more than a minute left," gulped Dickson; "don't let it go overtime. We can't last."

"What 'll we do?" puffed Sackett.

"Open up the game. No more football."

"We 'll feed the puck to you." The Humming-bird's feet were like lead. "You do the shooting; we 'll get it to you somehow."

The whistle blew. The puck shot off to one side. A Norton wing was on it in a flash. But Sackett was there, too. "Pass!" he yelled, and shot it through the very heart of the line to the Bird on the opposite wall.

He caught the slithering puck and looked ahead. The side-line was clear. He started down at full speed. Across the ice came a clear-called "St. Jo's!" It was the new signal Cam had given them. Without waiting to place the unseen danger, he sent the puck flashing across the ice.

Dickson caught it cleverly, but the Norton back was on him before he could shoot.

He knew the Bird should have wheeled in to back the play. If he had n't—"St. Jo's!" he cried, and tapped the puck gently into the open ice before the Norton goal.

There was a yell as the crowd saw the free puck; another as the Bird and the Norton goal-keeper charged. Would it be crash or score? Rescue or victory?

"Faster!" High above the roar the Hippo's voice urged his room-mate on.

The Bird's skates rang out a tattoo on the ice. His eyes were on the puck, but the Norton boy was beating him. It would be close, but that would be all. He had done his best to fill Hip's place, but that was not enough.

"St. Jo's!"

Cam's clear voice rang above the din. There was no signal there; it could mean but one thing. The man was calling to the boy to rise to the crisis, to give more than his tired muscles had; calling on him in the name of the school, calling on him to show the unconquerable spirit of St. Jo's.

The Norton player swooped forward. Even as his stick swept out to take the puck, it all became clear in the Bird's quick brain. The chance was there, had he the speed to take it. And now he was skating for St. Jo's!

In such a close play the puck must be dribbled to his left. His right skate dug deep. It was he who dodged. But before the sharp-cut arc was half completed, the left skate bit and the Humming-bird whirled in like a flash of light. There was the swish of his stick, a thud, silence, then a mounting roar as the puck shot through the Norton goal.

It was a howling, triumphant, half-crazy Hip who grabbed him. "Great!" he yelled. "Huroo! You sure made good for us both!"

But he saw only the eyes of the coach above the Hippo's broad shoulders, and in them was a queer twinkle. And then the Humming-bird, who had sneered at that intangible something called "school spirit," gulped. "Sure!" he agreed. "But St. Jo's won!"

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## THE HARE

LITTLE Brother of the woods, swifter than the air,  
Oh be careful as you run! Of the owl beware!  
Staring-eyed he watches you, Little Brother Hare;  
And the fox is watching, too, from his hidden lair.  
Oh be careful as you run, Little Brother Hare!

*Grace Purdie Moon.*



"AND—HE GOT AWAY!"

# THE INCA EMERALD

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

## SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALMENT

PROFESSOR AMANDUS DITSON, the great scientist, has discovered the location of Eldorado, where for hundreds of years the Incas of Peru threw the best emeralds of their kingdom into the lake as an offering. The professor's ambition in life is to secure a living specimen of the bushmaster, the largest and most venomous of South American serpents. He calls on Big Jim Donegan, the lumber-king and gem-collector, and offers to lead a party to the lake if Jim will finance the trip, and to allow the lumber-king to have the emeralds, provided Ditson can keep the bushmasters. Jim promptly agrees to this, and Jud, the old trapper, Will, and Joe, the Indian boy, who together found the Blue Pearl for Jim Donegan, agree to go on the trip.

## CHAPTER II

### A NEW WORLD

A WEEK later found the whole party aboard one of the great South American liners bound for Belem. The voyage across was uneventful except for the constant bickerings between Jud and Professor Ditson, in which Will and Joe acted sometimes as peacemakers and sometimes as pace-makers. Then, one morning, Will woke up to find that the ocean had changed overnight from a warm sapphire-green to a muddy clay-color. Although they were not yet within sight of land, the vast river had swept enough earth from the southern continent into the ocean to change the color of the water for a hundred miles out at sea. Just at sunrise the next day the steamer glided up the Amazon on its way to the old city of Belem, seventy miles inland.

"The air smells like a hot, moldy cellar!" grumbled Jud; and soon the Cornwall pilgrims began to glimpse things strange and new to all three of them. Groups of slim assai palms showed their feathery foliage; slender lianas hung like green snakes from the trees; and everywhere were pineapple plants, bread-fruit trees, mangos, blossoming oranges and lemons, rows of enormous silk-cotton trees, and superb banana plants, with glossy, velvety green leaves twelve feet in length curving over the roof of nearly every house. Beyond the city the boys had a sight of the jungle, which almost without a break covers the greater part of the Amazon basin, the largest river-basin on earth. They landed just before sunset, and under Professor Ditson's direction, a retinue of porters carried their luggage to the professor's house, far down the beach, the starting-point for many of his South American expeditions.

As the sun set, the sudden dark of the tropics dropped down upon them, with none of the twilight of higher latitudes. Jud grumbled at the novelty.

"This ain't no way to do," he complained to Professor Ditson. "The sun no more than goes down, when bang! it's as black as your hat."

"We'll have that seen to at once," responded the professor, sarcastically. "In the meantime, be as patient as you can."

With the coming of the dark, a deafening din began. Frogs and toads croaked, drummed, brayed, and roared. Cicadas whirled, and a vast variety of crickets and grasshoppers added their shrill note to the uproar, so strange to visitors and so unnoticed by natives in the tropics.

"Hey, Professor!" shouted Jud, above the tumult, "what in time is all this noise, anyway?"

"What noise?" inquired Professor Ditson, abstractedly.

The old trapper waved both hands in a circle around his head and turned to the boys for sympathy. "Sounds like the Cornwall Drum and Fife Corps at their worst!" he shrieked.

"What do you mean, Jud?" said Will, winking at Joe.

"Poor Jud!" chimed in the latter, shaking his head sadly, "this trip too much for him. He hearing noises inside his head."

For a moment, Jud looked so horrified that, in spite of their efforts to keep up the joke, the boys broke down and laughed uproariously.

"You'll get so used to this," said Professor Ditson, at last understanding what they were talking about, "that after a few nights you won't notice it at all."

At the professor's bungalow they met two other members of the expedition. One of these was Hen Pine, a negro over six feet tall, but with shoulders of such width that he seemed much shorter. He had an enormous head that seemed to be set directly between his shoulders, so short and thick was his neck. Hen had been with Professor Ditson for many



years, and, in spite of his size and strength, was of a happy, good-natured disposition, constantly showing his white teeth in irresistible smiles. Pinto, Professor Ditson's other retainer, was short and dark, an Indian of the Mundurucu tribe, that warlike people which early made an alliance of peace with the Portuguese pioneers of Brazil and which they had always scrupulously kept. Pinto had an oval, aquiline face, and his bare breast and arms had the cross-marks of dark-blue tattooing which showed him to have won high rank as a warrior on the lonely River of the Tapirs, where his tribe had held their own against the fierce Mayas, those outlawed cannibals who are the terror of the South American forest.

That evening, after dinner, Professor Ditson took Jud and the boys out for a walk along the beach which stretched away in front of them in a long white curve under the light of the full moon. The night was full of strange sounds, and in the sky overhead burned new stars and unknown constellations, undimmed even by the moonlight, which showed like snow against the shadows of the jungle. Professor Ditson pointed out to the boys Agena and Bungula, a noble pair of first-magnitude stars never seen in the north, which flamed in the violet-black sky. As they looked, Will remembered the night up near Wizard Pond before the bear came, when Joe had told him Indian stories of the stars. Tonight, almost overhead, shone the most famous of all the tropical constellations, the Southern Cross.

Professor Ditson told them that it had been seen on the horizon of Jerusalem about the date of the Crucifixion. From that day, the precession of the equinoxes had carried it slowly southward, and it became unknown to Europeans until Amerigo Vespucci on his first voyage saw the Cross and exultantly wrote that he had seen the "Four Stars," of which the tradition had lingered. The professor told them that it was the sky-clock of the tropics and that sailors, shepherds, and other night-wanderers could tell the time within fifteen minutes of watch-time by the position of the two upper stars of this constellation.

"It looks more like a kite than a cross," interjected Jud. "What's that dark patch in the Milky Way?" he inquired, pointing to a strange black, blank space showing in the milky glimmer of the galaxy.

"That must be the Coal-sack," broke in Will, before Professor Ditson could reply.

"I remember reading about it at school. When Magellan sailed around Cape Horn, his sailors saw it and were afraid that they would sail so far south that the sky would n't have any stars. What cheered them up," went on Will, "was the sight of old Orion, which stays in the sky in both hemispheres," and he pointed out the starry belt to Jud and Joe, with that sky-king Sirius shining above it instead of below as in the northern hemisphere.

As Jud and the boys stared up at the familiar line of the three stars, with rose-red Betelgeuse on one side and fire-white Rigel on the other, they too felt something of the



"ONLY A HARMLESS HOUSE-LIZARD"

same comfort that the old-time navigators had known at the sight of this constellation, steadfast when the Great Bear and even the pole star itself had faded from the sky. As they continued to gaze upward they caught sight of another star, which shone with a wild, blue gleam that rivaled the green glare of even the dog-star, Sirius. Professor Ditson told them that it was Canopus, Mohammed's star, which he thought led him to victory, even as Napoleon believed that the planet Venus, seen by daylight, was his guiding star. Then the professor traced for them that glittering river of stars, Eridanus, and showed them, guarding the southern horizon, gleaming Achernar, the End of the River, a star as bright as is Arcturus or Vega in the northern sky. Then he showed them Fomalhaut, of the Southern Fish, which in the north they had seen in the fall just skipping the horizon, one of the faintest of the first-magnitude stars. Down in the southern hemisphere it had come into its own and gleamed as brightly near this northern horizon as did Achernar by the southern. It was Will who discovered the Magellanic clouds, like fragments of the Milky Way

which had broken up and floated down towards the south pole. These had been also seen and reported by Magellan on that first voyage ever taken around the world four hundred years ago.

Farther up the beach, Jud and the boys came to a full stop. Before them towered so high that the stars seemed tangled in its leaves a royal palm, one of the most magnificent trees on earth. Its straight, tapered shaft shot up over a hundred and twenty-five feet and was then crowned with a mass of glossy leaves, like deep-green plumes. As it touched the violet sky with the full moon rising back of its proud head, it had an air of unearthly majesty.

Beneath their feet the beach was covered with angel-wings, pure white shells eight inches long, shaped like the wings of angels in old pictures. With them were beautifully tinted tellinas, crimson olivas with their wonderful zigzag, tentlike color patterns, large dosinas round as dollars, and many other varieties, gold, crimson, and purple.

Some distance down the beach the professor kept a large canoe, in which the whole party paddled out into the bay. As they flashed over the smooth surface, the clamor of the night-life dwindled. Suddenly, from the bushes on a little point, sounded a bird-song which held them all spellbound, a stream of joyous melody, full of rapid, ringing notes, yet with a purity of tone which made the song indescribably beautiful. It seemed to include the ethereal quality of the hermit-thrush, the lilt and richness of the thrasher, and the magic of the veery's song, and yet to be more beautiful than any or all of them together. On and on the magic melody flowed and rippled, throbbed and ebbed in the moonlight. Suddenly it stopped. Then from the same thicket burst out a medley of different songs. Some of them were slow and mellow. Others had silvery, bell-like trills. There were flute-like calls, gay hurried twitterings, and leisurely delicious strains—all of them songs of birds which the Cornwall visitors had never even heard. Then Will, the ornithologist of his party, began to hear songs which were familiar to him. There was the musical chuckle of the purple martin, the plaintive call of the upland plover, the curious "kow-kow" of the yellow-billed cuckoo, and the slow, labored music of the scarlet tanager. Suddenly all of them ceased and once again the original song burst out.

"That thicket must be chuck full of birds," whispered Jud.

Professor Ditson shook his head.

"It 's only one bird," he said, "but the greatest singer of all the world—the white-banded mocking-bird."

Even as he spoke, the songster itself fluttered up into the air, a brown bird with a white throat, and tail and wings broadly banded with the same color. Up and up it soared, and its notes chimed like a golden bell as its incomparable song drifted down through the moonlight to those listening below. Then on glistening wings the spent singer wavered down like some huge moth and disappeared in the dark of the thicket. In the silence that followed, Will drew a deep breath.

"I 'd have traveled around the world to hear that song," he half whispered.

Professor Ditson nodded his head understandingly.

"Many and many an ornithologist," he said, "has come to South America to listen to that bird and gone away without hearing what we have heard to-night. Between his own two songs," went on the professor, "I counted the notes of seventeen other birds of both North and South America that he mimicked."

They paddled gently toward the shore, hoping to hear the bird again, but it sang no more that night. As they neared the beach, the moonlit air was heavy with the scent of jessamine, only fragrant after darkness, and the overpowering perfume of night-blooming cereuses, whose satin-white blossoms were three feet in circumference. Suddenly, just before them, the moon-flowers bloomed. Great snowy blossoms five inches across began to open slowly. There was a puff of wind, and hundreds of them burst into bloom at once, glorious white salvers of beauty and fragrance.

"Everything here," said Will, "seems beautiful and peaceful and safe."

Professor Ditson smiled sardonically. "South America is beautiful," he said precisely, "but it is never safe. Death and danger lurk everywhere and in the most unexpected forms. It is only in South America," he went on, "that you can be eaten up by fish about the size of a small trout, or be killed by ants or little brown bats."

Jud listened with much scorn. "Professor," he broke out at last, "I don't take much stock in that kind of talk. Your nerves are in a bad way. My advice to you is—"

What Mr. Judson Adams's advice was will never be known, for at that moment a dreadful thing happened. Into the beauty



"FROM THE GLASSY WATER, SOARED A CREATURE LIKE A GIGANTIC BAT"



of the moonlight, from the glassy water of the bay, soared a shape of horror, a black, monstrous creature like a gigantic bat. It had two wings which measured a good twenty feet from tip to tip, and was flat, like an enormous skate. Behind it streamed a spiked, flexible tail, while long feelers, like slim horns, projected several feet beyond a vast, hooked mouth. Like some vampire shape from the pit, it skimmed through the air across the bow of the canoe not ten feet from where Jud was sitting. The old trapper was no coward, but this sudden horror was too much even for his seasoned nerves. With a yell, he fell backward off his thwart, and as his legs kicked convulsively in the air, the monster came down with a crash that could have been heard a mile, raising a wave that nearly swamped the canoe. A moment later, the monstrous shape broke water again farther seaward, blotting out for an instant with its black bulk the rising moon.

"What kind of a sea-devil is that, anyhow?" queried Jud, shakily, as he righted himself, with the second crash of the falling body still in his ears.

"That," responded Professor Ditson, precisely, "is a well-nourished specimen of the manta ray, a fish allied to the skate family—but you started to speak about nerves."

Jud, however, said nothing and kept on saying nothing all the way back to the house. Safely arrived there, he went down to the spring for some water with Pinto, but a moment later came bolting back.

"What's the matter now, Jud?" inquired Will, solicitously. "Did you find another water-devil in the spring?"

"That's just what I did!" bellowed Jud. "When I started to dip out a pail of water, up pops about six feet of snake. Now you know, boys," he went on, panting, "I hate snakes, an' I jumped clear across the spring at the sight of this one; but what do you suppose that Injun did?" he continued excitedly. "Pats the snake's head an' tells me it's tame an' there to keep the spring free from frogs. Now what do you think of that?"

"He was quite right," observed Professor Ditson, soothingly. "It is a perfectly harmless, well-behaved serpent, known as the mussarama. This one is a fine specimen which it will be worth your while to examine more carefully."

"I've examined it just as carefully as I'm goin' to," shouted Jud, stamping into the house as Pinto came grunting up the path carrying a brimming bucket of water.

As they sat down for supper, a long streak of black and white flashed across the ceiling just over Jud, who sat staring at it with a spoonful of soup half-way to his mouth.

"Professor Ditson," he inquired softly, "is that thing on the ceiling another one of your tame snakes?"

"No, sir," responded the professor, impatiently; "that is only a harmless house-lizard."

"I just wanted to know," remarked Jud, rising and taking his plate to a bench outside of the door, where he finished his supper, in spite of all attempts on the part of the boys to bring him back.

In front of Will stood a pitcher of rich yellow cream. "You have a good cow, Professor Ditson," he remarked politely as he poured some into a cup of the delicious coffee which is served with every meal in Brazil.

"Yes," agreed the scientist, "I have a grove of them." Then he explained to the bewildered Will that the cream was the sap of the cow-tree.

Will was not so fortunate with his next investigation. Taking a second helping of a good-tasting stew which Pinto had brought in from the kitchen, he asked the Indian what it was made of.

"Tinnala," replied the Mundurucu.

"What is it in North American?" persisted Will.

The Indian shook his head. "I not know any other name," he said. "Wait, I show you," he went on, disappearing into the kitchen to return a moment later with a long, hairy arm ending in a clenched fist. Will started up and clasped his stomach frantically, remembering all that he had read about cannibalism among the South American Indians. Even when Professor Ditson explained the stew was made from a variety of monkey which was considered a great delicacy, he was not entirely reassured and finished his meal on oranges.

Jud was much amused. "You always were a fussy eater, Bill," he remarked from the porch. "I remember you would n't eat mountain-lion meat up in the north when we were after the pearl. You ought to pattern after Joe. He don't find fault with his food."

"All I want about food," grunted Joe, "is enough."

That night the whole party slept side by side in hammocks swung in a screened veranda in the second story.

During the night, Jud, who was always a light sleeper, was awakened by a curious,



rustling, crackling sound which seemed to come from the storeroom, which opened into the sleeping-porch. After listening awhile he reached over and aroused Professor Ditson, who was sleeping soundly next to him.

"Some one 's stealin' your grub," he whispered.

The professor stepped lightly out of his hammock, followed by Jud and the boys, who had been awakened by the whispering. Opening the door noiselessly, the scientist peered in. After a long look, Professor Ditson turned around to find Jud gripping his revolver and ready for the worst.

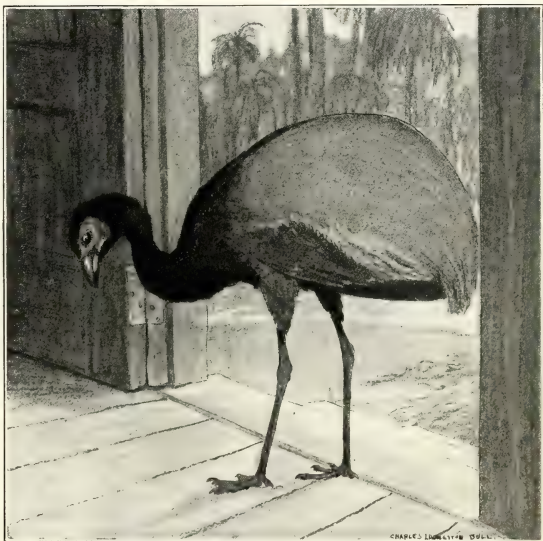
"You can put up your gun," the scientist growled. "Bullets don't mean anything to thieves like these," and he flashed the light on a strange sight. On a long table stood native baskets full of cassava, that curious grainlike substance obtained from the root of the poisonous manihot and which takes the place of wheat in South America. The floor

was covered with moving columns of ants, large and small, which had streamed up the legs of the table and into the baskets. Some of them were over an inch long, while others were smaller than the grains they were carrying. The noise which had aroused Jud had been made by their cutting off the dry leaves with which the baskets were lined, to use in lining their underground nests. Professor Ditson told them that nothing could stop an ant-army. Once on the march, they would not turn back for fire or water and would furiously attack anything that tried to check them. "A remarkably efficient insect," concluded the professor, "for it bites with one end and stings with the other."

"This is what I call a nice quiet night! What next?" murmured Jud, as he went back to his hammock. "Sea-devils, snakes, lizards—and now it's ants. I wonder what next?"

"Next," however, was daylight, blazing

with the startling suddenness of the tropics, where there is no dawn-light. With the light, the tumult of the night ceased, and in place of the insect din came a medley of bird-notes. When Jud opened his eyes Professor



"THROUGH THE DOOR STRUTTED A LONG-LEGGED BIRD, NEARLY THREE FEET TALL"

Ditson's hammock was empty (for the scientist usually got up long before daylight), and through the open door strutted a long-legged, wide-winged bird, nearly three feet tall, with a shimmering blue breast and throat. Without hesitating, it walked over to Jud's hammock and, spreading its wings with a deep murmuring note, made a low bow.

"Good morning to you," responded Jud, much pleased with his visitor.

The bird bowed and murmured again and allowed him to pat her beautiful head as she bent forward. Then she went to the next hammock and the next and the next, until she had awakened all of the sleepers, whereupon, with deep bows and courtesies and murmurings, she sidled out of the room.

"Now, that," said Jud, as he rolled out of the hammock and began to look for his shoes, "is an alarm-clock worth having!"

Pinto, the Mundurucu, who appeared at this moment with a pail of spring water, told them that the bird was a tame female trumpeter which he had picked up as a queer, frightened little creature, all legs and neck, but which had become one of the best-loved of all of his many pets. Each morning the tame, beautiful bird would wander through the house, waking up every sleeper at sunrise. When Pinto took trips through the forest the bird always went with him, traveling on his back in a large-meshed fiber bag; and when he made camp it would parade around for a while, bowing and talking, and then fly up into the nearest tree, where it would spend the night. Tente, as it was named, was always gentle except when it met a dog. No matter how large or fierce the latter might be, Tente would fly at it, making a loud, rumbling noise, which always made the dog turn tail and run for its life.

As Pinto started to fill the pitchers, Will, the bird expert of the party, began to ask him about some of the songs that were sounding all around the house. One bird which squalled and mewed interested him.

"That bird chestnut cuckoo," said Pinto.

*(To be continued)*

And as Will listened he could well believe it. A little farther off, another bird called constantly, "Crispen, Crispen, Crispen."

"One time," narrated the Indian, "a girl and her little brother Crispen go walking in the woods. He very little boy and he wander away and get lost, and all day and all night and all next day she go through the woods calling 'Crispen! Crispen! Crispen!' until at last she changed into a little bird. And still she flies through the woods and calls 'Crispen!'"

At this point, Jud finally found his missing shoe and started to put one on, but stopped at a shout from the Mundurucu.

"Shake it out!" warned Pinto. "No one ever put on shoes in this country without shaking out."

Jud did as he was told. With the first shoe he drew a blank. Out of the second one, however, rattled down on the floor a centipede fully six inches long, which Pinto skilfully crushed with the heavy water-pitcher. Jud gasped and sank back into his hammock.

"Boys," he said solemnly, "I doubt if I last out this trip!"

## A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE

By KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR

As I look back, I realize that many, many things I felt to be unfortunate proved quite misfortune's opposite, and that lots of times a cloudy sky absolutely guarantees the sunniest sort of a to-morrow. For an example take my learning French. I did n't want to at all. I thought I was learning a great deal more than I could ever use, anyway, and that the necessity of studying was overrated by my family, so I really was entirely averse to adding another study. But my aunt, who paid my tuition at the girls' school where I went as a day-scholar, said she would n't pay it unless I studied French and did well at it. And when I think of that, the way I fumed over it, and the sunny day it brought to me, I realize—as I said at the beginning—and I feel a little foolish.

This story, which happened to me, is a story about the most fortunate kind of misfortune; and to explain things a little, I will

begin two evenings before it happened, when we, the Carrolls, were all in our library. Daddy, who is a manufacturer, was sitting by the big center-table; Mother was across from him, darning the holes that Daddy had cut in the towel with his razor. Ethel, my elder sister, was putting on her hat—she was going out to a picture-show with the man she is going to marry. Mary, who is younger than I, was studying her Latin and doing it all half aloud, and I was drawing. And as I drew I was thinking a lot about Paris and wondering whether I should ever get there. I wanted to go so much, for I intended to be an artist and, of course, seeing great pictures is a part of any artist's study.

"Drawing, dear?" asked Mother, who has a way of being interested in the things other people do. (I think the nicest mothers all have this quality.)

I said I was, and then I held up the picture,

which was of Ethel putting on her hat, and I will say that it was like her. In my portrait she looked desperately in earnest and absorbed, and she always does look this way over the angle of her hat. Mother laughed, Daddy looked up, smiled, and asked to see it, and I took it to him. When he looked at it, he frowned.

"Marcia," he said to Mother, "Eleanor ought to have some instruction. She deserves it—the thing's *real* all right. You have it in you, child—"

I thanked him, although I don't like his calling me child. I am two months past sixteen and in no time at all will be seventeen, but one's family never realize that one is grown up. It is one of the things which you must suffer, that absolute opaqueness in grown-ups as to *your* growing up.

However, to get on, Mother said, "Well, you're set on being an illustrator, are n't you, dear?" I said I was. Then the door-bell rang, and Ethel went to answer it, because she knew it was Henry Lynch, her fiancé. After she was gone, Father folded his paper so that it crackled and creaked, and then spoke in an undertone. "If it were n't for *that* affair," he said to Mother,—he meant Ethel's wedding and the trousseau and the expense they made,—"if it were n't for *that* affair, I think I could manage to send Eleanor to an art school next year; but what with business in such bad shape—" And then his voice faded, and I felt so sorry for him—so very sorry for him that I asked him please not to worry and told him I could wait.

"I will manage it," he promised, "by the time you're twenty-three or -four."

I thanked him just as hard as I could, but I must confess that *that* made a lump in my throat, for I wanted to conquer the world while I was still young, and before I was a dried-up old maid with no ambition for anything but warm rooms, hot tea, and purring pussy-cats. And again I must confess that my drawing blurred before my eyes, for that was so far ahead and I wanted so much to begin my career.

I think Mother understood how I felt, although I did not let her see, for I hate her being worried or hurt.

"We'll see," she said, and very lovingly, "whether we can't do something before *that*!" And I felt better. Then Mary began to talk about the winter picnic we'd planned to have at our little bungalow on Saturday, which was then "day after to-morrow." And just

as she was saying, "Won't those *Wiener-wursts* taste good?" the telephone rang, and she and I were invited to a dance for Saturday night.

We were both very much pleased, because there had n't been a dance for three months to which we, the younger set, were invited.

"It seems to me that that makes quite a day for you—" said Father.

"Afraid you'll be pretty tired," put in Mother; but I knew we would n't be. Nothing like that ever exhausts me. Study alone leaves me tired. I was very happy over the party, because I had a new dress. It was made over from one of Ethel's, but it was really beautiful. It was white chiffon draped over pink, and it had little pink ribbon roses on it, and *quite* a low neck. It, of course, made me crazy to go somewhere where I could wear it. I went to sleep imagining myself in it at the party—if I had dreamed then that I could not go, I'd have considered it the very worst of misfortunes! But I did not go, and my missing it was not a misfortune, but, instead, the rainbow which promises clear weather, and in this case a wishing rainbow which granted my dearest hope.

SATURDAY dawned clear and crisp, with just a little silver snow on the ground and lots of snap in the air. It was an ideal day for our winter picnic! And it seemed as if everything would be very pleasant and happy. Ethel was to go with us, and we were to cook our own lunch in our little bungalow by the creek, to slide and skate, and, when we got cold, come in and dance. At the last moment the mother of the oldest girl in our set telephoned that she had mumps (not the mother, the girl), and that left thirteen for our party. But I did n't believe in its being bad luck at that time, and so it did n't worry me.

We all met at our house, took the suburban car to Pleasant View, which is the nearest stop to our little place, and from there walked. And we did have the best time! The boys pulled us on sleds for some of the way, we coasted down two long hills, and we sang and larked and it could n't have been nicer.

When we reached the bungalow we started a roaring fire right away,—rather we started two of them, one in the big grate and one in the stove,—and in no time at all it was comfortable and cheery and snug. Then Charley Slocum found an ice-cream freezer and made some snow ice-cream. He worked awfully



hard over it, and it might have been good if he had n't flavored it with some hair tonic that Ethel had left in the bungalow last summer. She 'd put it in a bottle marked "Vannilla," so it really wasn't Charley's fault. We had heaps of fun over that, for he took a big spoonful before he knew what was wrong, and every one kept inspecting his tongue all day, for we insisted it would look like Ethel's muff before the day was over!

After we 'd skated a while and made a wonderful slide down to the creek,—the boys poured water on it and it froze right away,—Ethel called us and we went in to lunch.

And was it good?

Never in my life have I eaten so much or had it taste so good!

We had hot rolls, with *Wienerwursts* between them; bacon, sizzling and crisp; baked potatoes, watermelon pickle,—I am especially fond of that,—dill pickles, because Marjory Lampton eats them all the time and can hardly get through a meal without them; hot mince-pie, chocolate cake, cocoa, and a big box of fudge that Gladys Smith brought. And we made toast and joked and everything was just as jolly as it can be on a picnic.

After we 'd eaten, Willy Russell played his uke and we danced. He can't play well; in fact, can only render half of one selection, which is "My Mammy," but we had just as much fun as if it had been the best sort of music imaginable.

Every one said it was the nicest picnic they 'd ever been to, and much nicer than summer ones, although Terry Williams said he missed the ants and the caterpillars!

Before we knew it, it was four, and Ethel said we *must* go. Of course we objected, but she was firm, and at last would n't grant us the "just ten minutes more!" and we started out.

And here comes in The Event.

At the foot of our hill we found a pretty, gray-haired woman sitting on the step of a very smart gray limousine; there was blood on the snow by her feet,—it looked so red on the silvery white,—and her chauffeur was bending over her. When Ethel saw her she went right up, and this is what had happened.

The woman, whose name was Miss Louise Huntington, had seen some bittersweet by the roadside and wanted to get it. She said it had grown near the spot where she 'd lived as a girl, and that it held associations for her; so, from sentiment, she wanted to pick it herself. She spoke to her chauffeur, told him to stop, and then went up on the hillside. And

there she stepped into a trap. I think it had been put there by boys, for no hunter would leave one so near a roadside and it was too large for rabbits, which were the only things around. Jackson, her chauffeur, thought it was a bear trap; but in any event, it had n't caught a bear this time, but had trapped *her*, badly sprained her ankle and broken the skin. "Is there a place near here that I could go," she asked of Ethel,—we had all drawn near, so we heard her,—"while my man goes to the nearest town for a doctor?"

Ethel said our bungalow would do, and then she said: "I wish I could stay with you—it seems all wrong to leave you alone! You must be in a good deal of pain."

"It does hurt rather fiendishly," admitted Miss Huntington, and she smiled; which made me like her lots, for she was so pale that you knew she was suffering dreadfully.

"I have these chicks to get to town," explained Ethel (sometimes she acts as if she were Mrs. Methuselah—it is simply silly!). "If I had n't, I would stay—but I don't see how I can. I'm responsible for getting them home—"

"I could n't think of imposing myself on you, in any case," answered Miss Huntington, "but—the nearest farm?"

She set her teeth on her lip at that point, and I could see how badly her ankle was hurting.

"The Brown farm is two miles away," I put in, "but there 's our bungalow, Ethel; and if the lady would let me, I 'd *love* to stay with her—that is, if she would take me back to town so that I could go to the dance—"

Then she said, "No, my dear, I could n't bother you!" and I said I 'd really *like* being bothered, if the arrangement suited her.

Well, to make a long story short, it was finally arranged that I should stay with Miss Huntington, and we all turned back to the bungalow. The boys started fires again and carried in what I considered more wood than we could possibly use (but it was luck that they did), and then Miss Huntington's chauffeur motored our picnic party to the trolley-car, and then went on to the town to get the doctor Ethel recommended.

Then things began.

I had noticed that the sky was dark, and that the air was less sharp, but I had n't thought much about it, for things had been happening too quickly to permit much reflection. Now, all in a second, it seemed, the world was cut away from us by swirling flakes. I never saw the snow fall so hard, or so



quickly! The wind, which had risen, just tore around, and beat at the windows, shook the shutters, and crept in beneath doors and between casements, making the flame of the candle I'd lit quiver and dance. It was only

There would be a lull, during which the flakes would fall fast and steadily; then the wind would come, the snow would whirl in every direction, stick to the window-panes, creep in at every littlest crack. Then again would come a lull, and the snow would fall sedately, although swiftly once again. And it was increasingly dark every minute.

Well, I was frightened; I might as well admit it now. I did n't see how that chauffeur would ever get back from town, for one could n't see two feet ahead. I was dismayed at the idea of the night out there in the woods,—we two alone,—and I remembered the time we'd found that a tramp had slept in the bungalow and I wondered what I should do if one came. I had n't a thing better than a rolling-pin for protection, and I knew how useless that would be. I really felt sick, and I swallowed a whole lot, the way you do when your knees shake in spite of you!

"I hope you're not frightened," Miss Huntington said; and I said I was n't at all, because I think that is one of the sort of things you *should* n't own up to. And then Miss Huntington groaned a little and I

began to think of her, which helped a lot.

I think if more people could learn that, there would be less suffering in the world. Thinking of other people's pain does help a great deal! It leaves you much less room for yours. I realized it acutely as I began to heat water for Miss Huntington's foot, and hunted around in the kitchen cupboard in the hope that Mother might have left some sort of lotion that would help.

After I got her foot in water, she felt better.



"THE BOYS CARRIED IN MORE WOOD THAN WE COULD USE"

five at that time, but the light was gray. "Do you think," asked Miss Huntington, "that they got to the car?"

I said I thought so, and it was with real relief I realized that they *had* had time to make it by motor.

Then the wind swooped low and became so loud in its moaning that I could only see Miss Huntington's lips move and could n't hear a thing she said. It was enough to frighten the bravest soul. The house *shook*!

Then I put more wood on the fire, found a blanket and wrapped her up in it, made some tea to have with the tiny bit of our picnic lunch that had been left, and we began to be much more comfortable. I felt lots better, although my heart felt weighted; and if you can believe it, it was the weight of that pinky-white dress that bowed it low. I knew I would n't get to that dance! It seemed queer, the thing Miss Huntington said then—quite as if she could feel my thoughts.

"I hope," she said, "that you were n't planning to go anywhere this evening?" She had evidently forgotten my mention of the dance and I did n't remind her. Instead I said, "Oh, I'm not going anywhere!" so cheerfully that I was sure she would n't notice. I had n't exactly answered her question, for she was miserable enough without being uncomfortable about cutting into my social engagements.

As I moved around getting the tea and heating up the one *Wienerwurst* that was left, I told her about my family,—she had asked,—and about how I wanted to be an artist, but about how Ethel had to be married properly, and how my little sister had to go away to school first. And she was very nice and interested.

Then she asked me which of my studies I liked best, and I said French. And I told her how funny that had been, because I had been so sure I did n't want to learn it. Then she said something to me in French and I answered, and we talked for some minutes. It was interesting and I enjoyed it—then suddenly something clattered somewhere. She jumped and said, "It is dark, is n't it?"

And I said, just as carelessly as I could, "Oh, a little; but you must n't worry. I think it's rather fun!"

And then—I heard steps on the porch, and I knew it was too soon to expect the doctor! Well, I swallowed about forty-seven thousand times, and it did seem to me I could n't get to the window to look out. I said a prayer, and *very* hard, as I went across the room; and after a deep breath, I pulled aside the curtain and looked.

What I saw was the back of a rocking-chair we had forgotten to bring in, knocking against the house every time it tilted from a gust of wind. The chair had evidently worked itself across the porch in the gale, until it got to the spot where it could go no farther.

I laughed and told Miss Huntington about who was walking across our porch and she laughed and we were suddenly friends.

Then I sat down and we talked and waited. And it grew darker and darker and no one came. And I kept thinking of my pink dress and *hoping* I could get back in time for the last part of the party, anyway; and then I changed that, and only hoped I'd get in for *one* dance; and then I gave it up entirely, and that hurt! It did seem to me that I had never wanted to go to a party quite so much as I wanted to go to that one. You see, the dress was made for a Christmas party, and then I got tonsillitis and could n't go, and it had been hanging in a cupboard, and I *did* want it to hang on me! As I said before, it is a *beautiful* dress!

"It's half past nine," said Miss Huntington, "what do you suppose has happened? The wind's died down, has n't it?"

I said it had.

"Are you cold, child?" she asked, and I said, "N-n-no," but my teeth chattered and we both laughed. Then I heated some more water, and we made the last teaspoonful of tea into two weak cups, sipped those, and then waited some more.

It was two o'clock when we got to town, and I made Miss Huntington come home with me. The chauffeur, who had had tire trouble after he left Ethel and the rest at the trolley-car,—they were too large a crowd for the motor and Ethel did n't want them to separate,—had got lost in the storm, which overtook him right in the middle of his fixing the tire; he did n't get into town until ten, and of course not back to us for a considerable time after that.

And were we glad to see him? Well, almost as glad as my family were to see me, and I have never before been so fussed over. It took us over an hour to settle down, and after I was in bed Mother came in and sat down by me. She held my hands and stroked them, and kept asking me whether I'd been much frightened, and I had to say I had been.

"However," I confessed, "I most hated missing the dance, but—I suppose there'll be another some day—"

She said she knew there would be and then she kissed me and left and I went to sleep. And of course, I dreamed of a dance and of steps on a hollow-floored porch and of being left alone in the woods in a blizzard—dreamed of these things so hard that it was a surprise to wake up in my own room, which was flooded with morning sun.

After I blinked twice, I saw Ethel at the door, with my breakfast on a tray.

"Wake up, invalid," she said, "I have some cocoa and orange marmalade and hot

toast and a beautiful omelette. I suppose you know you 're a heroine?"

I said I did n't, as I sat up and fixed my knees for the tray.

"Well, you are," said Ethel and she sat down on the edge of the bed. "You see, we supposed Dr. Grant had gone out with Miss Huntington's man and that you were waiting out there for the storm to die; but when

she helped me into my kimono and I paddled off. I found Miss Huntington sitting near a window. Mother was by the bureau, looking happy and yet teary,—I can't explain, but it was that way,—it made me feel the secret was important.

"Ethel said you had something nice to tell me," I said.

"I hope you 'll think it nice," said Miss



"I PLAN TO SPEND THE SUMMER ABROAD; DO YOU THINK YOU 'D LIKE TO GO WITH ME, ELEANOR?"

Father telephoned Doctor Grant at ninety-three and found that no chauffeur had been near him—well, things did blow up! However, just a little after that, he turned up and things calmed. I have two surprises—"

"What?" I asked, "please, Ethel!"

"Miss Huntington is a friend of one of Mother's old friends—"

"How funny!" I said, "and how nice—what 's the other?"

"Not at all funny," she replied, "and *much* nicer! Go over to the guest-room and find out—here, Ducky, here 's your kimono—" She had lifted the tray from my knees and

Huntington. "It 's this— I 'm tired of traveling alone, and I hate the average stodgy companion. You proved last night that you were adequate to a difficult situation. I plan to spend the summer abroad; do you think you 'd like to go with me, Eleanor?"

I could n't speak! I think you never can when you want to speak best and most emphatically; but I think she understood, for she smiled very gently as she added, "And we 'll see that you have a drawing-master, my dear—the best that we can find!"

And now all my friends are saying, "Send me a post-card from Paris."



# The ADVENTURE of KEEWANIS

by

Lindsay Gordon Lucas



In his wigwam sat Keewanis,  
Sat Keewanis of the Sioux.

By his side reposed his quiver,  
While his bow he strung anew.

But a stripling was Keewanis—  
Eighteen summers marked his age,  
Eighteen passing years had taught him  
To be fearless, bold and sage.

Now at last the time was coming  
When his valor he must prove.

On the war-path fraught with perils,  
Fraught with dangers, he must move.



Far away, among the Hurons,  
Lay his comrade Hawk-that-sings—  
Lay a captive in their village,

Taunted by their gibes and stings.

Taken prisoner in the battle,

Carried eastward o'er the lake,

Even now he might be dying,

Tied and tortured at the stake;

For the Hurons were a people.

Savage as the fiercest beast,

Naught could save a captive foeman

Held for torture at the feast.

Thus, upon an autumn morning  
When the leaves were turning gold,  
Brave Keewanis launched his birch-bark  
Where the big-sea waters rolled.

Seven days he journeyed eastward,  
Eastward toward the rising sun,  
Till at length he reached the rapids,  
Reached the pass which none might run.

Here his birch-bark he secreted,  
While his course he pressed afoot;

Every leaflet he avoided,  
Stepping high o'er twig and root,





**F**or his foes lay hard before him -  
**E**very rock and every tree  
**M**ight conceal a stalwart *Huron*.  
**B**ackward now he could not flee.  
**L**ate one night he reached their village,  
**W**here the *Hurons* slept inert;  
**M**arked the tent which held his comrade,  
**B**ound and guarded, but unhurt;  
**S**oftly stole between their numbers,  
**W**riggling snake-wise o'er the ground;  
**C**ut the thongs which held the captive;  
**R**oused him from his slumber's sound.

**B**ut before the sleeping village  
**H**ad been left behind their feet  
**S**tirred a sleepy *Huron* warrior,  
**S**aw the stealthy forms retreat.  
**I**n a trice the silent village  
**H**ad been awakened by the cry,  
**A**nd the valiant western warriors  
**B**ackward flung their grim reply.  
**A**fter many hot encounters,  
**A**fter crossing brook and dale,  
**H**owk-that-sings and brave *Keewanis*  
**T**hrew the *Hurons* from their trail.

**T**hree stout braves lay stretched behind them,  
**S**enseless all to earthly sounds -  
**A**ll their mystic course had taken  
**T**o the happy hunting-grounds.  
**W**estward now they pressed their passage  
**T**o the portage at the fall;  
**B**ut before their goal they sighted,  
**N**ew adventures needs befall;  
**L**ate one even, just at sundown,  
**W**hen the branches downward turn,  
**S**prang a warrior in their pathway,  
**S**prang a warrior tall and stern.



Of the *Hurons* was his head-dress,  
Of the hated eastern foe;  
In his belt was slung a hatchet,  
But he bore not knife nor bow.  
*Singing Hawk* espied the stranger,  
Marked him with his falcon eye,  
Loosed an arrow from his bowstring,  
Pierced the *Huron* through the thigh.  
Downward o'er the fallen runner  
Bent the *Soux* <sup>and</sup> learned the truth!  
Though of stout and stalwart stature,  
He was scarce beyond his youth.



“We must kill him with our weapons—  
He must die,” said *Singing Hawk*.  
“If we leave him, he’ll betray us,  
Point the pathway which we walk.”  
“Nay, not so,” replied *Keewanis*.  
“He is but a lad, as we.  
We will take him to our lodges;  
Like a brother he shall be.”  
Thus the stranger’s wound was bandaged,  
And, like comrade tried and true,  
*Running Panther* of the *Hurons*  
Westward journeyed with the *Soux*.

And at last they reached the thicket,  
Reached the thicket at the gault,  
Where, among the tangled willows,  
Lay the stately birch canoe.  
But before the wood they entered,  
On all sides arose a shout,  
And from ambush leaped the *Hurons*;  
Savage foes sprang all about.  
“We are lost!” exclaimed *Keewanis*;  
“Naught can save us from our fate.  
To their village they will take us,  
There to satisfy their hate.”



**B**ut before a blow descended,  
*Running Panther* raised his hand,  
 Pointed to his helpless comrades,  
 Signed for silence to the band.  
 "They have spared me with their mercy;  
 They have granted me my life;  
 Let them then depart in freedom;  
 Threaten not with spear and knife."  
 And the vengeful *Huron* warriors  
 Laid aside their weapons grim,  
 Signed for friendship to the strangers,  
 Bade them leave with life and limb.

**W**hen the *Sioux* and his companion  
 Had bestowed their last farewells,  
*Running Panther* and the *Hurons*  
 Watched the birch-bark o'er the swells,  
 Westward o'er the heaving waters  
 Day by day their course they bore,  
 Toiling ever toward the sunset,  
 Camping nightly on the shore.  
 Once they slew a prowling panther  
 As he stalked their camp at night,  
 Stripped him of his soft fur jacket  
 As a trophy of the fight.



**A**nd at length they reached their wigwags,  
 Neared the land where dwelt the *Sioux*.  
 "Glory be to brave *Keewanis*!"

Thus they hailed the birch canoe.

After feasting and rejoicing,  
*Singing Hawk* his story told.

Sang the prowess of *Keewanis*,  
 Sang his deeds and courage bold.

Of the richest furs they gave him,  
 Gave him of the stoutest bow.

*Hawk-that-sings*, the son of *Agua*,  
 Had been rescued from the foe.

The End.



# THE WORKSHOP OF THE MIND

By HALLAM HAWKSWORTH

## CHAPTER II

### IN THE WONDERLANDS OF MEMORY

PARDON me, but may I ask you a question? Which shoe did you put on first this morning—the right or the left? You can't remember. I thought not.

And now what will you say if I tell you that I know which shoe you put on first this morning? It was the same shoe you put on first the day before, and the day before that, and for many days previous; the same shoe you have been putting on first for a year or years, probably. The reason I feel so sure about it is that we all fall into the habit of doing these every-day things in a certain way—a certain 1, 2, 3, order; so much so, that if you change your waistcoat, in dressing for a party, for example, it's ten to one you'll wind your watch, particularly if your mind is occupied with the good time you expect to have.

And these two common little incidents of our daily lives are as good examples as you could want of two of the most striking things about these memories of ours: the fact that we've all of us a great many more brains than we carry in our heads, and that these little brains know one of the greatest laws of mind and memory—the Law of Association, the law that helps us catch our trains of thought, the locals, the slow freights, and the "Twentieth Century Limiteds."

About all this, and some secrets of the memories and memory systems of great men, this and the following chapter will tell. We'll also find out why it is that Father can carry in his head cost prices, selling prices, amount of stock on hand, what each of his men on the road is doing, all the hundreds of details of his business that he cares to remember. (And yet did n't he fail to mail Mother's letter to the dressmaker about that new party-gown of yours this very morning?)

### I. STORING THE BRAIN'S TREASURE-HOUSES

THE great philosopher Kant calls memory the most wonderful of all the faculties. "It is," says another famous philosopher of the mind, John Locke, "the storehouse of our ideas; for the narrow mind of man not being capable of having many ideas under view

and in contemplation at once, it was necessary to have a repository to lay up those ideas which at another time it might make use of."

It would be impossible to imagine yourself building a brick house without a certain number of bricks, would n't it? And if it was to be much of a house, you'd have to have a big lot of bricks—thousands of them. Or if you were a sculptor and wanted to carve a statue, you'd not only have to have marble, but a mind-picture of what the statue was going to look like, or at least what you wanted it to look like when you got it done. For such things, and all the wonderful creations of the human mind since the world began, the memory-chambers of the brain have not only furnished the material, but, to a considerable extent, the plans. Shakspere's borrowing of plots and working them over is only an example of how great men work in all lines. "The greatest creators," says Emerson, "are the greatest borrowers."

Yet great as is the importance of the memory in the operations of the mind, this importance may be exaggerated. School education used to consist largely in memorizing what books said about things and what other people thought about them, instead of training the pupil to do some thinking of his own. As a result, it often happened that mere words were memorized that had little or no meaning to the boy and girl who recited them to the teacher and so got the marks and passed on to higher classes, where they did the same thing over again. But we'll see that it is n't these mere memorizers who afterward made marks in the big world outside the school. Darwin, for example, said of his memory:

My memory is extensive, yet hazy. It suffices to make me cautious by telling me that I have observed or read something opposed to the conclusion which I am drawing, or, on the other hand, in favor of it; and after a time I can generally recollect where to search for my author. So poor, in one sense, is my memory, that I have never been able to remember, for more than a few days, a single date or line of poetry.

And yet nothing in the whole history of science, of men's views of the world of nature, ever produced so profound a change as Darwin's book "The Origin of Species"—his announcement of the law of evolution, sup-



ported as it was by a vast array of facts collected, organized, and reasoned over for many patient years. Not only that, but he made many important contributions to science in other fields not related to evolution. He wrote a whole book, for example, on the habits of the earthworm.

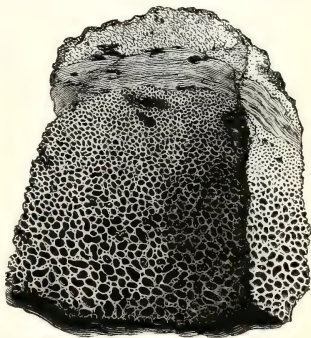
What I want to emphasize just here, as this chapter is devoted to the subject of our memories and how to make the most of them, is that we must not make too much of them in the sense that we are to suppose that the mere act of memorizing is, by itself, of special importance. We find that great men, including those we call "geniuses," were like other people in this respect—some had wonderfully good memories, others had very poor ones; just as they differed in some being tall, some short; some light, some dark; some fat, and some lean. All of us are apt to remember best the things in which we are intensely interested, and in this, great men are like us; but like the rest of us, they differ in native retentiveness.

And yet to read what they write about them, you'd think the memory systems that are constantly being advertised by the "memory doctors," and as constantly being sold, were an absolute insurance of success. "Develop your memory, and the world is yours!"—such, in effect, is the claim. Now in the first place, I don't need to remind you, I'm sure, that there is no such thing as a separate faculty of memory, only separate memories stored in different compartments of the brain. As a consequence, men have good memories for some things, poor memories for others. Napoleon, for example, could remember incredible details about things that had to do with his military operations, yet he never did learn to spell; as an instance, he constantly wrote the name of Talleyrand, his great minister of foreign affairs, "Tayerand," or "Tailleran."

And even yet I have n't told you the worst thing about these artificial memory systems: this very loading of the mind with a lot of mere facts is bad in itself. "The mind," said a great American educator, the late Dr. W. T. Harris, "can become so overloaded with lumber that there is no room for a workshop." All of us have more facts in our heads already than we make use of. The important thing is to learn to use them, and the most valuable things we remember are those we acquire in the act of using those we already have—geographical facts, for instance, that we learn when we write a story of an imaginary busi-

ness trip to New York, or a travel paper telling about an imaginary visit to France and the people and things we saw. But far more valuable than the mere facts, even when learned in this way, is learning how to make your way about in this great world of people and thoughts and books and opportunities.

Business men do not carry any more details in their heads than are necessary for the



From Darwin's "Researches in Natural History and Geology." Courtesy D. Appleton & Co.

#### HOW DARWIN SOLVED THE BOMB PUZZLE

While, like many other thinkers of the philosophic type, Darwin had a poor verbal memory, he was a very close observer; and this, combined with the reasoning powers he developed in connection with his observations and his reading, made him the man he was.

The interesting story he read in the inside of a volcanic bomb (shown in our picture) will give you a good example of the workings of the scientific mind. These bombs are masses of lava, shot whirling through the air from the mouth of the volcano. Cooling, they assume shapes roughly resembling a sphere or a pear. Knowing this, suppose I ask you why the cells in the center are largest (you see they are); why they decrease toward the exterior of the bomb; why the bomb has that strip of solid shell; and why this shell is overlaid on the outside by finely cellular lava. See how near you can come to the answers before you read how Darwin worked them out—remember he saw only what you see in the picture.

(1) The exterior cooled rapidly in the state we now see it, and the cells are of their original size. (2) The centrifugal force, caused by the whirling of the bomb, crowded the lava toward the surface and so made the dense shell. (3) This same centrifugal force, relieving the pressure from the center, allowed the heated vapors to expand the cells, and so made them much larger than they were originally.

particular part of the business they are concerned with. They have books and bookkeepers, and card-catalogues with brief notations of correspondence with customers and

prospective customers—what are called “follow-up” systems. A piece of carbon paper in the typewriter remembers for them just what they wrote. Moreover, tending to one’s business, whatever it may be, creates in the brain a system—those little library files we saw at headquarters—that takes care of the facts and plans relating to that business. You’ll not catch Father failing to get off one of his business letters, as he did Mother’s letter to the dressmaker; not because he would n’t to anything in the world for her,—you know that,—but because he is n’t in the habit of taking letters out to post them. If Mother would only give him an envelop to mail, just an empty one, addressed to herself, every day for a week or ten days, Father would get so he would never fail to mail the real letters when they came along. But you see, it would n’t pay. It would be too much like burning a house to roast a pig, as the Chinaman did in Lamb’s funny story. And it’s a good deal that way with artificial memory systems. They train you to remember a lot of miscellaneous things that you would n’t want to use once in a thousand times, in order that you may remember some one thing you really require. The attending-to-your-daily-business memory system remembers for you the things you habitually need, and you don’t have to take any time off to learn it. Just tend to your business, that’s all!

Lawyers don’t attempt to remember the endless court decisions that are constantly being ground out in the mills of the law. They keep posted on the general trend of these decisions, but whenever they want the details, they look them up by means of the excellent indexes of the law reports. Moreover, the mind has a way of seizing on things of special interest, so that when, among the decisions in the reports, the lawyer comes on a case bearing on one of his own, the main facts and principles involved lodge in his memory.

This habit of the mind, by which new thoughts, arguments, ideas, and so on, seem to hunt out and “snuggle in” with their relatives in the brain,—birds of a feather flocking together,—is called the Law of Apperception. It is so important that it was given that big name to hold it down. One curious thing about this law is that it shows that people often think they think things that they don’t really think at all! And because it’s a bad habit to get into, I am going to say more about it in some future chapter.

Life is too busy and precious a thing to

waste any of it trying to remember things just for the sake of the memory training. Engagements and telephone numbers and things like that should be written down. History information should be grouped around a few dates, and the great movements and facts for which they stand. In science, get hold of the big principles.

In spite of all I have been saying against memory systems in general, there is one memory system which I can’t say too much for. While this system costs a little something, it costs no more than what each of us have. The system I am speaking of, of course, is “Mother Nature’s Memory System.” All we have to give in return for the use of it is the free loan of our five senses. As we saw when we went through the “Palaces of the Mind,” all its wonderful treasures in the Art Gallery, the Auditorium, and the rest, were acquired in exchange for use by the brain of the five senses of touch, taste, sight, smell, and hearing. Obviously then, the thing to do to improve our memory habits, as well as increase these treasures of the brain, is to cultivate the senses by exercising them; by observing closely things worth seeing, and by forming the habit of always listening carefully to things worth hearing.

One of the greatest benefits of nature study is that it not only stores our minds with things which it is most interesting to know, and that form the basis and beginning of so many of the sciences in which men specialize, but it trains the senses; for example, in getting to know the various trees by their leaves and fruit and comparative anatomy; the birds by their notes as well as by their color and form; the various types of clouds, the color, form, and odor of flowers, and the habits of animals. And what is more, the cultivation of the memory in this way is closely related to the cultivation of the greatest thing of all, the thinking habit, the ability to think, say, and do things that will be of value and interest to the world. We can think of things and combine things, put two and two together, and so create new ideas, only in proportion as we can vividly conceive these things in our minds; and if these memories are the images of things we have seen, as most of our memories are, our vividness of conception will depend upon closeness of observation.

Some people can best remember a word, a name, or a fact if they see it in writing or in print; these are said to be “visual-minded.” Others can remember best if they themselves

write it down; these are the "motor-minded." Others remember best what they hear, and so will get more when being read or talked to than when they read to themselves; these are the people of auditory or ear memory.

While I have just classified people as visual-minded, motor-minded, and so forth, I only did so so that you might distinguish these various ways of remembering in order to use them. The fact is that most people are not wholly of the auditory, visual, or motor-minded type. We all have ears, eyes, and fingers, and are helped by using them—by hearing a thing, seeing a description or picture of it, and by writing about it; and above all, by making experiments with regard to it; or if it is a thing to be constructed, as in manual training, actually producing it.

Because sight plays such a prominent part in most of our impressions of the great pageant of life, the visualizing habit is of corresponding importance. There is much significance in the expression "I see," meaning, "I understand"; and so with many other popular phrases which were first coined when the world was younger and there were fewer trashy books and no newspapers and people took a more spontaneous interest in their mental operations than we do to-day, when our mental warehouses are often so overloaded with lumber that we are pinched for room in our workshops.

And speaking not of this lumber, but of the brain, it is to be noted that it is n't the people who have the best natural memories that remember best. Owing to the unusual strength of their nerve tissues, there are people who can remember, without an effort, names, dates, prices, telephone numbers—all sorts of miscellaneous things, but who are unequal to the higher efforts of the mind and are not interested in things of that sort. The world of literature and art lies behind closed doors, as far as they are concerned. When it comes to remembering things worth keeping, the educated get on much more rapidly than the uneducated.

Another thing. Children, it is popularly assumed, have better memories than grown people, but this is not true. Careful experiments made with children themselves show this. Children, it is true, remember without effort more than adults do, but if both are set the same thing to memorize,—something the children as well as the adults can understand, of course,—the result is that the adult will memorize first and retain the longest. Not but that the child has the better of the

adult in the strength and plasticity of its brain, its readiness to record impressions, but the adult has a much greater power of concentrating attention; of "drawing a bead" on a thing, as Daniel Boone used to do on a bear, and so, like Daniel, they "get the bear."

Paying attention is not only the first great principle in memory, but it is pretty much the whole thing. You pay attention, and nature does the rest. Of this fact you will see notable examples when we come to the matter of remembering people's names, as we shall in a few moments. Sir William Hamilton, one of the distinguished explorers of the land of the mind, says the habit of paying attention is, "the eye of the mind." It is to the mind, he says, what the microscope and the telescope are to the bodily eye and "constitutes the better half of our intellectual power."

The trouble is that during school-days much of a child's attention in learning is apt to be of the push-cart variety; that is, it is forced from behind, and not pulled from in front by his interest in the thing to be learned. Yet the push-cart type of attention is n't the real thing at all. Listen! Carlyle is speaking:

Thy very attention, does it not mean an *attention*, a stretching to? Fancy that act of the mind which all were conscious of, which none had yet named, when this new poet felt bound and driven to name it. His new, glowing metaphor was found adoptable, intelligible, and remains our name for it to this day.

The "new poet" Carlyle refers to, of course, was n't anybody in particular; he was simply one of those imaginary "first men" who, looking in on the Little People of the Mind, watched them at their work. You can see that Carlyle feels deeply what a fine thing it is for us that we have this faculty of reaching out and taking things in. And the beauty about it is that the more attention we pay out, the more we have left; for nature evidently regards it as a loan, and it all comes back with big interest.

## II. MAKING PEOPLE STICK TO THEIR NAMES

EVERY one who has been introduced to many people—and who has n't?—knows how hard it is to make them stick to their names. The names come off, as it were, in our memory-files. There are the pictures of our new friends, as natural as life, but, for the life of us, we can't find their labels—the names that belong on these pictures. Yet no little thing



you can do will give so much pleasure to some one you have recently met as to call him promptly by name the next time you meet him! And looked at from a worldly standpoint, no investment compares in earnings with this name-remembering habit. It's a large part of the merchant's stock in trade, and in the equipment of his salesmen; and if it hasn't sent many a man to Congress, it has put him a long way on the road. It was said of Henry Clay that he could be introduced to a hundred people at an evening reception, and a year afterward, on meeting any of them, he could at once call them by name. James G. Blaine had the same faculty; and most public men acquire it. Cæsar, it is said, knew the names of all the veterans in his devoted Tenth Legion of the Gallic Wars; and I'll warrant you that was one great secret of his calm assurance when he said to the rest of his soldiers (who were in a panic at the thought of their first hand-to-hand fight with the blond giants of Ariovistus) that they were at liberty to remain behind while he alone, with the Tenth Legion, would march on. The fact that he remembered them as individuals and called them by name must have been one of the strongest reasons for their attachment to him.

Napoleon also had a remarkable memory of this sort, and had the reputation of knowing thousands of his veterans by name; although here, as in so many other things, he was up to his tricks. For, according to Bourrienne, at one time his private secretary, he would say to one of his aides:

"Ascertain from the colonel of such a regiment whether he has any man who served in Italy or Egypt, and learn his name and what he did and bring me the information." On the day of the review, Napoleon, the man having been pointed out to him, would approach, address him by name, and say: "Oh! So you are here! You are a brave fellow. I saw you at Aboukir. How is your old father?"

How Cæsar remembered the names of his men, or how Napoleon remembered so many, as he certainly did, it is doubtful if either of them could have told, although both were great practical psychologists, as all men who succeed in dealing with other men must be; that is, they understood human nature. The reason they probably could n't have told is that there is so little to tell—provided you remember in Nature's way. If you employ an artificial memory system, there is a great deal to tell. For example, if a man's name happened to be "Gielow,"—I met a man once by that name,—you can fix it in mind by re-

membering that "gee," in horse-language, means "turn to the right"; this idea contrasted with "low," which is a direction neither to the right nor the left, helps in remembering it. Rather ridiculous? Yes, but as the memory expert who taught me the trick said, "The more ridiculous the association, the better it fixes in the mind things that have no logical relation"—such as people and their names. But this sort of association gets the mind into bad habits and merely serves a temporary purpose. In my case, I resorted to the memory trick only because I had failed to pay proper attention to the name at the time of introduction—the precious moment of the first impression. So I had to do the next best thing.

Such devices are useful in emergencies, but should be used only in emergencies. The simple way, and the one that fixes a name most firmly, is to pay close attention the first time you hear it; and in case of an introduction, look your new friend squarely in the face, instead of shifting the eyes, as in our natural shyness at meeting strangers we are so apt to do. The name and face are then duly entered in the "memory books" together and will come back together when wanted. But you must "catch the name." (How descriptive and significant some of these common phrases are!) And you must not only catch the name, but hold it; you must n't "fumble." Repeat it a few times to yourself. If you have an opportunity for conversation, address your new friend by name occasionally, as: "So you keep your back numbers of St. NICHOLAS, Mr. Williams? I'm always looking up things for our history and other research work at school." Or, "How do you like the new serial story, Mr. Williams?"

If there is no opportunity for conversation for a while, and you are introduced to several people in succession, run back over the names of the people to whom you have already been introduced. If you go out much, or if, in later years, in your business or social life, you meet many people, you will find you will acquire the faculty of taking in a new name in one little room of your brain while a "recitation" in previous names is going on in another! You will also become more self-possessed when introduced, and this is a great help. But to recall the names of a lot of people to whom you are introduced in rapid succession is one of the most difficult feats of memory. When you can do it, you can feel you're about ready to graduate from the "memory school."



In my natural ability to let people's faces come loose from their names I yield to no man; but having felt keenly the embarrassment of the thing, I resolved to see what could be done about it. I succeeded in patching up the leak in this section of my memory compartments so well that I came to be regarded among my many friends in the school world as quite a phenomenon.

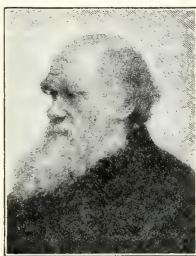
The first time I did it was in a history

We agreed that this was a method open to any one, and consisted in the simple act of paying attention; of being careful to "catch" and hold names until they become fixed in the "auditory area" of the brain, and, along with the names, the conversations of the owners.

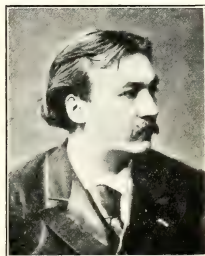
Here I would like to point out to you how you can use my experience with the history class in your school work. Of course, you al-



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE



CHARLES DARWIN



PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ

### THREE TYPES OF MEMORY—NAPOLEON, DARWIN, AND DORÉ

*Napoleon never could remember the proper pronunciation of French words, nor could he spell correctly; he always wrote the name of his minister of foreign affairs, "Tayerand," or "Tailleran," for example. And yet "he stored up in his memory," says Masson, "each of the units which formed his armies; man by man, squadron by squadron, battery by battery, he reckoned his soldiers; he followed them along the roads of Europe; knew all their resting-places and their halts."*

*Doré, whose wonderful illustrations are known to every one, had such a marvelous memory for form that he seldom made any sketches from nature. After merely glancing at a face or a building or a scene, he could reproduce it months or even years afterward almost with the accuracy of a photograph. When asked why he did not make preliminary sketches, as artists are accustomed to do, he replied, laughing, "Oh, I have plenty of collodion in my brain!" (How he put this collodion in his brain we shall see in the article which deals with the mind of the artist.)*

*"My memory," says Darwin, in his autobiography, "is extensive, but hazy. After a time I can generally recollect where to search."*

class, where I tried to fix in my mind the name of each of about twenty pupils who recited, running back over them from time to time as the recitation proceeded, like a boy saying his "piece" to himself. This was at a small college in one of the western States. When the recitation was over, in conversation with the professor, I told him how interested I had been, and commented briefly on what each of the students had said, naming them.

"What a remarkable memory you have for names!" said he. Whereat I was as proud as the proverbial boy in his proverbial red-topped boots.

"No doubt I have," said I, with proper modesty, "but I had n't when I came into this room. I never succeeded in remembering a series of names like that before in my life." And I told him just how I had done it.

ready know the names of all your classmates; but nothing would be more valuable in the way of memory training than for you to summarize in your mind, as a recitation proceeds, what each one says on the lesson topics. From time to time, during the recitation, run over this summary; then, after the recitation is over, try to recall the whole of it. Not that any of the boys or girls are apt to make any profound or memorable observations; but that is n't the point. The thing is to learn to remember what people say when you want to. The habit will be invaluable in after life; and in school, too, of course. Think how it will help you when examination day comes, and, quite as important, when you take part in what may be made one of the most valuable things in school life, the debates. You know what a big difference there is between one of those "cut and dried"

speeches, that pays no attention to the speeches on the other side—all evidently written and memorized beforehand—and one which recognizes and meets what an opponent has said. Demosthenes, for example, the prince of all orators, not only wrote his speeches so that they sounded, as he said such speeches should sound, as if "spoken on the spur of the moment," but he never failed to weave through these prepared speeches replies to what his opponents had said.

If you ever become a lawyer, you 'll just have to acquire the habit of remembering what your opponents say, what the witnesses testified to, and the rulings of the judge; although you can help yourself, to a certain extent, by taking notes. Similarly, at meetings of citizens to discuss public questions. And in the discussions of business men in their chambers of commerce, and at meetings of the directors of corporations, you 'll have to acquire this habit of paying attention and remembering, or you 'll be out of it when it comes to taking part in affairs. So why not begin now? You 'll find it 's lots of fun when you get into it—as good as any game. "We do our best easily and in sport," says Emerson; so get all the fun you can out of it.

### III. EDUCATION AND MEMORY

THERE are several reasons why educated people learn more quickly the things worth while, retain them better, and can do things with what they remember. Here are some of these reasons:

1. They have trained themselves to concentrate; to pay attention.

2. They fix things in their minds by recalling from within—looking into their minds to see that things find their way into the proper compartments, instead of just repeating over and over, without these "look-ins."

3. They increase their interest in things by thinking them over. This thinking things over—not just repeating them—results in:

4. The formation of connections between new things and related facts and ideas that are older residents in the mind. If given a chance, as a result of the "thinking-over" habit, these old residents are most hospitable in welcoming and taking in their new kith and kin.

5. Properly educated people don't cram, as foolish young people sometimes

do for "exams." While a good meal makes you feel good all over, an overloaded stomach means trouble. The food does n't digest properly; and in case of an overloaded mind, it does n't either.

6. They don't tease and annoy their memories, as the cramming type of student is apt to do; for the latter knows he is n't giving his memory a square deal, and is afraid it will go back on him at the critical moment. A contemporary said of Lord Stratford, "His memory was naturally great, and he made it greater by confiding in it." And says Thomas Fuller, in that dear, quaint way of his:

Spoil not thy memory by thine own jealousy, or make it bad by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust?

7. The trained mind learns, in paying attention, not to make this a *strained attention*; not to get over anxious. Good golf-players learn that it does n't pay to get too worked up over a drive.

"But," you say, "how are you going to take it easy when you don't feel easy?"

Just do. Begin by trying, and after awhile—usually a little while—you can. You simply let them alone, the things you 've been trying to remember,—these tricky elves of memory land, that would n't come when you called them,—and, like the sheep of Miss Bo Peep, they 'll finally come trotting home, bringing all their little details behind them!

8. In memorizing, don't dwell too long on a given topic, but go on and come back to it. The Little People of the brain, to whom you keep repeating, seem to get annoyed about it and say:

"Yes! Yes! Yes! That 's ten times you 've told us that. We heard you the first time. This nagging habit of yours simply confuses us. And besides, you make us weary. You ought to know the memory can't work when it 's weary; have n't you often heard the expression, 'I 'm so sleepy I don't know my name?'"

So say the Little People; and they 're entirely right. This nagging habit—a common fault of young folks who put off getting their lessons until the last moment, and then rush things—really wastes their time and wastes the Little People's time, and sets them against you—if you 're of that sort.

9. And here is a final caution—one of the most important of all. In the quotation from Darwin,—back on the first page,—he spoke about his memory. In another place in his autobiography, whence the quotation is taken, he says:

I followed the rule, whenever I came across a published fact, observation, or thought that was opposed to my own conclusions, to make a note of it without fail and at once; for I had found by experience that such facts or thoughts were far more apt to escape from the memory than favorable ones.

The mind has a tendency to forget or overlook not only things that oppose our views, but unpleasant things in general—unless they are so painful or so terrible, so associated with some dear friend, that they leave a scar, as Professor James used to say. This accounts

for the strange fact that, in spite of the frightful nausea of the first cigar, the smoker, later, lights another; that the dyspeptic persists in eating things he ought not.

When you prepare for a debate, have n't you noticed that, in hunting up facts and arguments, you are apt to overlook those that favor the opposition and to exaggerate the number and importance of those that support your side? And, possibly—although the thing itself is an unpleasant memory and therefore slippery—you recall how your side has lost debates for that very reason!

Remember what Darwin did. That's the way to do, if you want to get to be a scientist or a successful business man,—as you'll see when we come to the Story of the Magic Penny,—or a successful lawyer, or anything. And what's to hinder you?

## SAID BOYHOOD UNTO AGE

SAID Boyhood unto Age:

"Man's wisdom I would know,  
The secrets of all hidden things:  
Why seasons come and go,  
The rules that move the heavens,  
The laws that sway the sea,  
The ways of plant, of bird and beast—  
All must be known to me!"

"Agreed," said the Ancient,  
"But great will be thy pain  
Unless thou learnest first, thyself,  
Each power, stress, and strain!  
The deeds that make for happiness,  
The traits that make for woe—  
The wisdom of the world can wait,  
But these things thou *must* know!"

Said Boyhood unto Age:

"I 'd be a magistrate,  
And sternly deal with evil men,  
As sure and grim as Fate;  
And those that sin, I 'd punish—  
I 'd rule with iron hand;  
My court would stand for justice  
Throughout a wicked land!"

"Agreed," said the Ancient;  
"But e'er that court doth mete,  
Bring thine own thoughts and fancies  
Before that judgment-seat,—  
The little thoughts and fancies  
That creep so slyly in,—

Judge *them* before thou judgest  
For other men their sin!"

Said Boyhood unto Age:

"A general I 'd be,  
And lead great hosts to battle  
To crush the enemy!  
I 'd make the nations tremble;  
I 'd terrify the foe;  
I 'd bring them cringing to my feet,  
Like Cæsar long ago!"

"Agreed," said the Ancient,  
"But note, ere thou depart,  
A thousand thousand foemen  
Lie lurking in thy heart!  
Great nations thou mayst conquer,  
But traitors, hid within,  
May bring thine empire tumbling  
Before thou dost begin!"

Said Boyhood unto Age:

"Then tell what I should do  
That I might reach to man's estate,  
Brave, strong, and happy too!  
May I not strive for honor?  
May I not strive for fame?  
May I not strive till all mankind  
Shall marvel at my name?"

"Agreed," the solemn answer,  
"But this we must observe:  
The world will give us honor  
Only as we serve!"

Charles K. Taylor.



## NOT I!

By WALTER DE LA MARE

As I came out of Wiseman's Street,  
 The air was thick with driving sleet;  
 Crossing over Proudman's Square,  
 Cold clouds and lowering dulled the air;  
 But as I turned to Goodman's Lane,  
 The burning sun came out again;  
 And on the roof of Children's Row  
 In solemn glory shone the snow.  
 There did I lodge; there hope to die:  
 Envying no man—no, not I.



# THE TURNER TWINS

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

NED and Laurie Turner, twins, new boys at Hillman's School, decide that it is their duty to go in for athletics, although both are inexperienced, and the privilege of upholding the honor of the Turners on the gridiron falls to the unwilling Ned. "Kewpie" Proudree, a candidate for the team, currying favor with the captain, introduces Ned as a star player. Ned protestingly accepts the rôle and manages to conceal his ignorance. Kewpie gives him private instruction in punting and soon declares that he is a born kicker.

## CHAPTER VII

### HIGH SCHOOL ACCEPTS DEFEAT

A WEEK passed, and the twins began to feel like old residents. They had ceased being "the Turner twins" to acquaintances, although others still referred to them so, and their novelty had so far worn off that they could enter a class-room or walk side by side across the yard without being conscious of the rapt, almost incredulous, stares of the beholders. To merely casual acquaintances, they were known as Ned and Laurie; to a few friends they had become Nid and Nod. Kewpie was responsible for that. He had corrupted "Ned" into "Nid," after which it was impossible for Laurie to be anything but "Nod." Laurie had demurred for a time, demanding to be informed who Nod had been. Kewpie could n't tell him, being of the hazy belief that Nid and Nod were brothers in some fairy story he had once read, but he earnestly assured Laurie that both had been most upright and wholly estimable persons. Anyhow, Laurie's objections would n't have accomplished much, for others had been prompt to adopt the nicknames and all the protests in the world would n't have caused them to drop them. These others were n't many in number, however: Kewpie and Thurman Kendrick and Lee Murdock and George Watson about made up the list of them at this time.

Kendrick was Kewpie's room-mate, a smallish, black-haired, very earnest youth of sixteen, which age was also Kewpie's. Thurman was familiarly known as "Hop," although the twins never learned why. He was a candidate for quarter-back on the eleven and took his task very seriously. Lee Murdock was one of the baseball crowd, and Laurie had scraped acquaintance with him on the diamond during a practice game. The word "scraped" is used advisedly, for Laurie, in sliding to second base, had spiked much of the skin from Lee's ankle. Of such incidents are friendships formed! Lee was

two years older than Laurie, a big, rather raw-boned fellow, with a mop of ash-colored hair and very bright blue eyes.

George Watson was sixteen, an upper middler and, as Laurie frequently assured him, no fit associate for a respectable fellow. To the latter assertion, George cheerfully agreed, adding that he always avoided such. He came from Wyoming and had brought with him a breeziness of manner that his acquaintances, rightly or wrongly, described as "wild and woolly." Of the four, Kewpie and George were more often found in company with the twins.

There had been four lessons in kicking on an open lot behind the grammar school, two short blocks away, and while Ned had not yet mastered the gentle art of hurling a football through the air, Kewpie was enthusiastic about his pupil's progress. "Why, geewhillikins, Nid," he broke forth after the fourth session, "you're a born kicker! Honest you are! You've got a corking swing and a lot of drive. You—you've got real *form*, that's what you've got. You understand. And you certainly do learn! Of course, you have n't got it all from me, because you've been punting in practice two or three times, but I take some of the credit."

"You've got a right to," responded Ned. "You've taught me a lot more than I've learned on the field. Gee, if it had n't been for you I'd have been afraid even to try a punt over there! You ought to see the puzzled way that Pope looks at me sometimes. He can't seem to make me out, because, I suppose, Joe Stevenson told him I was a crackajack. Yesterday he said, 'You get good distance, Turner, and your direction is n't bad, but you never punt twice the same way!'"

"Well, you don't," laughed Kewpie. "But you'll get over that just as soon as I can get it into your thick head that the right way's the best and there's only one right!"

"I know," said Ned, humbly. "I mean to do the way you say, but I sort of forget."

"That 's because you try to think of too many things at once. Stop thinking about your leg and just remember the ball and keep your eyes on it until it 's in the air. That 's the secret, Nid. I heard Joe telling Pinky the other day that you 'd ought to shape up well for next year."

"Next year!" exclaimed Ned, dubiously. "Gee! mean to tell me I 'm going through all this work for next year?"

"Well, you might get a place this year, for all you know," replied Kewpie, soothingly. "Just keep on coming, Nid. If you could only—well, if you had just a bit more *speed* now, got started quicker, you know, Pinky would have you on the second squad in no time, I believe. You 're all right after you get started, but—you understand."

"I do the best I know how," sighed Ned. "I suppose I am slow on the get-away, though. Corson is always calling me down about it. Oh, well, what do I care? I don't own it."

"I 'd like to see you make good, though," said Kewpie. "Besides, remember the honor of the Turners!"

Ned laughed. "Laurie will look after that. He 's doing great things in baseball, if you believe him, and it would n't be right for us to capture all the athletic honors."

"You make me weary!" grunted Kewpie. "Say, don't you California chaps ever have any pep?"

"California, old scout, is famous for its pep. We grow it for market out there. Why, I 've seen a hundred acres planted to it!"

"You have, eh? Well, it 's a big shame you did n't bring a sprig of it east with you, you lazy lummo! Some day I 'm going to drop a cockle-bur down your back and see if you don't show some action!"

Hillman's started her season on the following Saturday with Orstead High School. As neither team had seen much practice, the contest did n't show a very high grade of football. The teams played four ten-minute quarters, consuming a good two hours of elapsed time in doing it, their members spending many precious moments prone on the turf. The weather was miserably warm for football and the players were still pretty soft. Kewpie derived great satisfaction from the subsequent discovery that he had dropped three quarter pounds and was within a mere seven pounds of his desired weight. Had he played the game through, instead of yielding the center position to Holmes at the beginning of the last half, he might have

reached his goal that afternoon. Ned and Laurie wounded him deeply by declaring that there was no apparent improvement in his appearance.

Ned saw the game from the substitutes' bench, and Laurie from the stand. High School turned out a full attendance and, since Hillman's was outnumbered two to one "O. H. S." colors and cheers predominated. Laurie sat with Lee Murdock, who, as a baseball enthusiast, professed a great scorn of football. (There was no practice on the diamond that afternoon.) Lee amused himself by making ridiculous comments in a voice audible for many yards around.

"That 's piffle!" he declared on one occasion, when the ground was strewn with tired, panting players. "The umpire said, 'Third down,' but if they are n't three quarters down, I 'll treat the crowd! The trouble with those fellows is that they did n't get enough sleep last night. Any one can see that. Why, I can hear that big chap snoring 'way over here!" Again, "That brother of yours is playing better than any of them," he asserted.

"Ned? Why, he is n't in! He 's on the bench down there."

"Sure! That 's what I mean. You don't see him grabbing the ball away from Brattle and losing two or three yards at a time. No, sir, he just sits right there, half asleep, and makes High School *work* for the game. Every time he does n't take the ball, Nod, he saves us three or four yards. He 's a hero, that 's what he is. If Mulford would get all the rest of them back on the bench, we might win."

"You 're crazy," laughed Laurie.

During the intermission, Laurie's wandering gaze fell on two girls a dozen seats away. One, whom he had never seen before, displayed a cherry-and-black pennant and belonged unmistakably to the high-school cohort. She was a rather jolly-looking girl, Laurie decided, with a good deal of straw-colored hair and a pink-and-white skin. Her companion was evidently divided as to allegiance, for she had a cherry-and-black ribbon pinned on the front of her dress and wore a dark-blue silken arm-band. For a moment, Laurie wondered why she looked familiar to him. Then he recognized her as Polly Deane. The two girls appeared to be alone, although some boys in the row behind were talking to them.

So far, the twins had not been back to the little shop on Pine Street, but Laurie re-

solved now that he would drop around there very soon and pay his bill before his money was gone. After paying his school-bill for the first half year, he and Ned had shared slightly more than twenty dollars, but since then there had been many expenses. They had each had to purchase playing togs and stationery, and, finally, had donated two dollars apiece to the football fund at the mass-meeting Friday night of the week before. Viewed from a financial standpoint, that meeting had n't been a great success, and it was no secret that, unless more money was forthcoming, the team would be obliged to cancel at least one of its away-from-home games. But it had resulted in bringing out a big field of candidates, and there had been a lot of enthusiasm. The next day, viewing his reduced exchequer, Laurie had ruefully observed that he guessed a dollar would have been enough to give, but Ned had called him a "piker" and a "tight-wad" and other scornful things. Yesterday Ned had borrowed half a dollar, which was more than a fourth of Laurie's remaining cash; and the first of October was still a week distant. Realizing the latter fact, Laurie changed his mind about settling his account at the Widow Deane's. But, he reflected, with another friendly glance in Polly's direction, it would n't be right to withhold his trade from the store. And he was n't anywhere near the limit of indebtedness yet!

Two listless periods followed the intermission, the only inspiring incident coming when, near the end of the third quarter, Pope, Hillman's full-back, foiled in his attempt to get a forward-pass away, smashed past the enemy and around his left end for a run that placed the pigskin six yards short of the last white line. From there, the home team managed to push its way to a touchdown, the third and last score of the day. The final figures were 10 to 7, in Hillman's favor, and neither side was very proud of the outcome.

Ned returned to Number 16 half an hour later in a most critical frame of mind and spent ten minutes explaining to Laurie just when and how the school team had failed. At last, Laurie interrupted him to ask, "Have you told this to Mr. Mulford, Ned?"

"Mr. Mulford? Why—oh, go to the dickens!"

"Seems to me he ought to know," said Laurie, gravely.

"That 's all right. You can be sarcastic if you like, but I 'm talking horse-sense.

You see a lot of things from the bench that you don't see from the stand. Besides, you 've got to know football to understand it. Now you take—"

"I beg your pardon! Did you say anything about understanding football?"

"Well, I understand a lot more about it than you do," replied the other, warmly. "I 've been playing it a week, have n't I?"

"Sure, but I 'll bet you don't know how much a safety counts!"

"I don't need to. That 's up to the referee. But I know some football, just the same. And I punted forty-seven yards yesterday, too!"

"In how many punts?" inquired Laurie, innocently.

Ned threw a book at him and the subject was closed.

In his own line, baseball, Laurie was not setting the world on fire. He was gaining a familiarity with the position of center fielder on the scrub nine, and batting practice was at least not doing him any harm. But he certainly had displayed no remarkable ability; and if Ned had gained a notion to the contrary, it was merely because it pleased Laurie to fool him with accounts of imaginary incidents in which he, Laurie, had shone most brilliantly. As Ned knew even less about baseball than he had known of football, almost any fairy-tale "went" with him, and Laurie derived much amusement thereby; decidedly more, in fact, than he derived from playing!

On Monday morning Laurie dragged Ned over to the Widow Deane's for ginger-ale, professing a painful thirst. The Widow greeted them pleasantly, recalling their names, and provided them with the requested beverage. Laurie's thirst seemed to have passed, for he had difficulty in consuming his portion. When, presently, he asked politely about Polly, it developed that that young lady was quite well enough to attend high school as usual. Laurie said, "Oh!" and silently promised himself that the next time he got thirsty it would be in the afternoon. Ned ate two doughnuts and was hesitating over raspberry tarts when Laurie dragged him away. "Can't you think of anything but eating?" demanded the latter, disgustedly. Ned only blinked.

"Ginger-ale always makes me hungry," he explained calmly.

Two days later, the twins awoke to cloudy skies, and by mid-forenoon a lazy drizzle was falling, which later turned to a downright

tempest of wind and rain. At four, the baseball candidates scooted to the field-house for cover, although, peering forth through a drenched window, Laurie discerned the football players still at work. Lee Murdock said he guessed the equinoctial storm had come, and that if it had, there 'd be no practice for a couple of days. Laurie tried to look broken-hearted and failed dismally. Taking advantage of a lull in the downpour, he and Lee, with many of the others, set forth for school. They were still far short of the gymnasium, however, when the torrent began again, and it was a wet, bedraggled, and breathless crowd that presently pushed through the door. George Watson, who had been playing tennis before the rain started, was philosophically regarding a pair of "unshrinkable" flannel trousers which, so he declared, had already receded an inch at the bottoms. It was George who suggested that, after changing to dry clothing, they go over to the Widow's and have ice-cream at his expense. Not possessing a rain-coat of his own, Laurie invaded Number 15 and borrowed Kewpie's. It was many sizes too large, but it answered. The Widow's was full when he and George and Lee got there, and the pastry counter looked as though it had been visited by an invading army. There was still ice-cream, though, and the three squeezed into a corner and became absorbedly silent for a space. Polly was helping her mother, and Laurie exchanged greetings with her, but she was far too busy for conversation. Lee treated to a second round of ice-cream, and afterward Laurie bought a bag of old-fashioned chocolates. He hoped Polly would wait on him, but it was Polly's mother who did so and asked after his brother as she filled the paper sack.

"I do hope you 're looking after him and that he has n't eaten those raspberry tarts yet," she said pleasantly.

"Yes 'm," said Laurie. "I mean, he has n't." He thought it surprising that the Widow Deane was able to tell them apart. Even Kewpie and George frequently made mistakes.

It was still pouring when they went out again, and they hurried up the street and around the corner into School Park, their progress somewhat delayed by the fact that Laurie had placed the bag of candy in an outside pocket of Kewpie's capacious rain-coat and that all three had difficulty in finding it. Lee had just popped a big chocolate into his mouth and George was

fumbling into the moist bag when the clouds opened suddenly and such a deluge fell as made them gasp. In distance they were but a long block from school; but with the rain descending on them as though poured from a million buckets, their thought was of immediate shelter.

"Wow!" yelled Lee. "Let 's get out of this! Here 's a house. Come on!"

There was an opening in a high hedge, and a short brick walk from which the drops were rebounding knee-high, and, seen dimly through the deluge, a porch at the end of it. They reached it in what Laurie called three leaps and a jump, and, under shelter of the roof, drew breath and looked back into the gray welter. The park was invisible, and even the high lilac hedge was only a blurred shape. Lee had to shout to make himself heard above the rain.

"Wonder who lives here," he said. "I don't remember this house."

"Sure you do!" said George. "This is the Coventry house. We 're on the side porch."

"Oh!" Lee gazed doubtfully into the rain. "Well, anyway, it 'll do. Gee, my trousers are soaked to the knees! How long do you suppose this will keep up?"

"You said for two days," answered Laurie, cheerfully, trying to dry his neck with a moist handkerchief.

"I mean this shower, you chump!"

"Call this a shower? What 's a cloud-burst like in this part of the country then?"

"We don't have such things," answered George, who was peering through a side-light into the dim interior. "Say, I thought this place was empty," he continued. "I can see chairs and a table in there."

"No, some one rented it this fall," said Lee. "I noticed the other day that the front door was open and the grass had been cut. I would n't want to live in the place, though."

"Why?" inquired Laurie.

But before any answer came, the door was suddenly opened within a few inches of George's nose and a voice said:

"You fellows had better come inside until it 's over."

## CHAPTER VIII

### IN THE MISER'S HOUSE

THE invitation came from a boy of about sixteen, a slim, eminently attractive chap, who smiled persuasively through the aperture. Laurie knew that he had seen him



somewhere, but it was not until they had followed, somewhat protestingly, into a hallway and from there into a large and shadowy drawing-room that he recognized

"Might as well get dry a bit first. The fire 's all laid." The boy held a match at the grate and in a moment the wood was snapping merrily.

"Pull up some chairs, fellows. Here, try this. Some rain, is n't it?"

"Rather," agreed Lee. "By the way, do you know Turner? And Watson?" The three boys shook hands. "I did n't know you lived here," Lee continued. "Saw the house had been taken, but did n't know who had it. Corking big place, is n't it?"

Starling laughed. "It 's big all right, but it 's not so corking. Let me have that raincoat, Turner. The rooms are so frightfully huge that you get lost in them! I have the bedroom above this, and the first morning I woke up in it I thought I was in the Sahara Desert! This was the only place we could find, though, that was for rent, and we had to take it. Dad came here on short notice and we did n't have much time to look around. Pull up closer to the fire, Watson, and get your feet dry. I 've got some slippers upstairs if you want to take your shoes off."

"No, thanks. I guess the wet did n't get through. I 've seen you over at school, have n't I?"



"YOU FELLOWS HAD BETTER COME INSIDE UNTIL IT 'S OVER "

him as one of the day pupils. Lee, it seemed, knew him slightly and called him by name.

"We ought n't to come in here," Lee apologized. "We 're soaking wet, Starling."

"It does n't matter," answered their host. "Wait till I find a match and we 'll have a fire here."

"Don't bother, please," George protested. "We 're going right on in a minute."

"Yes, I 'm a day boy; one of the 'Hep, heps!'"

Lee grinned. "Sort of a mean trick, that, Starling, but they always do it every year."

"Wish I 'd known about it beforehand. I 'd have sneaked over a fence and through a window. It was fierce! I was the last fellow to get in this fall. Dad made application in August, and some fellow who had

entered in the spring changed his mind; otherwise, I 'd have had to go to the high school."

"That would have been an awful fate," said George, gravely.

"Oh, I would n't have minded. I like Hillman's, though. Do any of you chaps play tennis?"

"I try to," answered George.

"Wish you 'd give me a game some day. Tennis is about the only thing I know much about, and I saw some dandy courts over at the field."

"Glad to," George assured him. "Any day you like, Starling. I 'm not much of a player, though, so don't expect a lot."

"Guess you 're good enough to handle me," laughed the other. "I like it better than I can play it. How about to-morrow afternoon?"

"Suits me," answered George. "Three-thirty?"

"Fine! I 'm going to get Dad to build a court in the yard here if I can. There 's lots of room, but there 's a tumble-down old grape-arbor right in the middle."

"Yes, there 's surely room enough," agreed Lee. "We used to come over here last fall and get pears. There 's a dandy seckel tree back there. I 'd say there was room for two or three courts if some of the trees were cut down."

"What could he do with three of them?" asked Laurie.

"I suppose we 'd have to get the owner's permission to even take that rickety old arbor down," Starling said.

"I thought the owner was dead," Lee observed.

George chuckled. "If he was dead, he would n't be the owner, you simple! Old Coventry died three or four years ago, but somebody owns the place, of course. If what they tell of the old chap is true, it must have broken his heart to know he could n't take the place with him! Maybe he took his money with him, though. Anyway, the story goes that he had slathers of it, and they could only find a couple of thousands when he died."

"What was he, a miser?" asked Starling.

"Yes, one of the sort you read about in the stories. Lived here all alone for years and years with only a negro servant. They say you could never see a light in the place at night, and he never went off the front porch more than a couple of times a year. Then a carriage came for him and he got in and went

down to the boat. He did n't use the train because it cost too much. Of course, when he died, folks expected to find that he had left a mint of money; but all any one could discover was about two thousand dollars in one of the banks here—that, and this property. The heirs, whoever they were, pretty near tore the insides out of the house, they say, looking for coin, but they did n't get anything."

"And at night the old codger's ghost walks around," added Lee; "and if you follow him, he 'll take you to the place the money 's hidden."

"Honest?" exclaimed Starling, joyfully. "Gosh, that 's great! I always wanted to live in a house with a ghost."

"I 'm sorry then," said George, "for I just made that part up."

"Where did it?" Lee looked incredulous. "Where do you come in? I 've heard that ever since I came here."

"No, sir, you may have heard the rest of the story, but not the part about the ghost. I wrote the yarn up in my junior year for an English comp., and tucked on the ghost feature as a sort of added climax. Got good marks, too, and the Orstead paper published the thing. I 'll show it to you, if you like."

Lee looked unconvinced still, and Starling disappointed. "Well, it 's a good story, anyway, and makes the place more interesting. Some day I 'll have a look myself for the hidden millions."

"Guess the old chap never had that much," said George. "Thirty or forty thousand is about what he was supposed to have salted away."

"Scarcely worth bothering about," observed Laurie, with a yawn.

"But look here, what became of the servant?" asked Starling. "Maybe he got the dough and made off with it."

"Lots of folks thought that," replied George; "but the theory did n't pan out for a cent. The negro stuck around here for quite awhile and then ambled off somewhere. He claimed that old Coventry died owing him a month's wages, and tried to get some one to pay him, but I guess he never got any of it, if it was really owing."

"Where did he go to?" asked Starling.

"I don't know. New York City, I think."

"I 'll bet he either had the money or knew where it was," declared Starling, with conviction. "Don't you see, fellows, he did just what any one would do in his case? He stuck around so he would n't be suspected.

If he 'd gone right off, folks would have said he was trying to avoid being asked about the money. And then he faked up the yarn about the old gentleman owing him wages. A first-class detective would have got trace of the coin, I 'll wager!"

"You 've been reading *Sherlock Holmes*," laughed Lee. "Why don't you follow up your clue, find the negro, and restore the lost wealth to the starving heirs?"

"Huh! If he *did* get the money, he 's where even *Sherlock Holmes* would n't find him by this time. Some one should have followed the fellow and kept watch on him right then. How old was he, Watson?"

"About fifty, I guess. They say he had white whiskers, anyway. Oh, he did n't know any more than he said he did. He was all right. He had been with old Coventry for years and years, one of those old-time family servants, you know, honest and faithful. Why, he went on something fierce when the old chap died!"

"Say, how much of this guff is real and how much of it is English composition?" asked Lee, suspiciously. "How do you know the negro took on when the old codger died? You were n't here."

"Maybe I heard it," replied George, grinning.

"Yes, and maybe you just made it up, like the stuff about the ghost," Lee retorted sarcastically. "I 've heard the yarn two or three times, but I never heard that the negro had white whiskers or that he went into mourning!"

"It 's a fact, though," declared the other, warmly. "I prepared mighty well on that comp.; talked with half a dozen persons who knew the story. Got most of the stuff from the Widow Deane, though. Old Coventry had been dead only about two years then and folks were still talking about him. The Widow does n't think the old chap had nearly as much money as he was supposed to have."

"She has the little store around on the back street?" asked Starling.

"Yes. She took that as her share."

"Her share of what?" demanded Lee.

"Why, of the estate. Old Coventry owned the whole half block right through from Walnut Street to Pine. She rented that house from him until he died; paid a good stiff price, too; and then, when the estate was finally settled, she took it as her share, although she had to pay the other heirs something because they claimed that it was worth more than she had a right to."

"Look here," said Lee, "do you mean that the Widow Deane was one of old Coventry's heirs?"

"Of course! Did n't you know it? She was a half-sister. She lived over in New Jersey, she told me, until her husband died. Then she wrote to old Coventry, asking him to help her because she did n't have much money, and he invited her to come here. She thought he meant to give her a home with him; but when she got here, the best he would do was rent her that little house around on Pine Street and stock it up for her as a store. Then he built a fence between the two places. It used to be open right through."

"Gee, you certainly know a lot of ancient history!" marveled Lee.

"I believe in being thorough," laughed George. "When I tackle a subject I get a fall out of it."

"So when I trail the murderer—I mean the thief," reflected Starling, "I 'll be doing the old lady back there a good turn, won't I?"

"Surest thing you know!" agreed George. "And she needs the money, I guess. I don't believe she makes a fortune out of that emporium. And that daughter of hers is a nice kid, too."

"How many other heirs are there to share in the money when Starling finds it?" asked Laurie.

"I don't know. Quite a bunch, I believe. The old chap was n't married, and the heirs are nephews and nieces and things like that. The Widow 's the only one living around here, though."

"Well, when I do find it," laughed Starling, "I 'll keep it quiet and hand it all over to the Widow."

"He wants to make a hit with Polly," said Lee. "He 's a fox."

"I 've never seen her," Starling denied.

"Well, she 's a mighty pretty girl," George avowed. "If you don't believe me, ask Nod."

Laurie looked intensely innocent and very surprised. "Why me?" he asked blandly.

George shook his head, grinning. "You can't get away with it, son! Think I did n't see you making love to the old lady this afternoon?"

"Well," Laurie laughed, "I thought it was Polly you spoke of."

"Sure," but she was busy waiting on a bunch of juniors and so you made up to the Widow. We saw you smirking and talking sweet to her, did n't we, Lee? Butter would n't have melted in the dear lamb's mouth.



And I thought the old lady seemed rather taken with him, too; did n't you, Lee?"

"Rather! It was positively sickening! Talk about foxes—"

"Oh, dry up and blow away!" muttered Laurie. "Say, the rain 's stopped now—pretty nearly."

"Wants to get away from the embarrassing subject," George confided to Starling. "Well,

"Not worth it, thanks," answered Lee. "After that deluge, this is just an April shower. So long!"

Lee's statement was n't much of an exaggeration, and the three continued their way to the school unhurriedly. George remarked gloomily that it did n't look awfully promising for tennis on the morrow, adding: "I 'll bet that chap 's a corking good player, too."



"'THAT 'S A SWELL WAY TO RETURN A FELLOW'S COAT!' HE ACCUSED"

I never desert a pal, Nod. Come on, we 'll trot along. Much obliged for taking us in, Starling. Hope we have n't ruined your rug. Half-past three to-morrow, if the courts are dry. I 'll meet you in School Hall."

"Glad to have you drop around at my room some time," said Lee. "I 'm in West; Number 7."

"Same here," added Laurie. "Sixteen, East Hall. Thanks, Starling."

"You 're welcome. Come in again, fellows. When I get that tennis-court fixed up, we 'll have some fun here. You need n't wait for that, though. I 'd like you to meet my father and aunt. No one 's at home just now. I say, better take a couple of umbrellas."

"Maybe you 'll learn a little about the game from him," said Laurie, sweetly. "How old do you say he is?"

"Starling? Oh, seventeen, maybe. He 's in upper middle."

"Sixteen, more likely," said George. "He seems a decent sort, eh? How did you come to know him?"

"I did n't really know him. He 's in some of my classes and we 've spoken a couple of times. Rather a—an interesting kind of chap. Wonder what his father does here. Funny place for him to come to. He spoke of an aunt, but did n't say anything about a mother. Guess she 's dead. Auntie probably keeps house for them."

As they entered the gate George chuckled



and Laurie asked, "What 's your trouble, Old Timer?"

"I was just thinking what a joke it would be if Starling took that stuff seriously about the hidden money and began to hack away the woodwork and dig up the cellar floor!"

"Why, was n't it true?"

"Sure! At least, as true as anything is that folks tell. You know, Nod, after being repeated a couple of hundred times a story sort of grows."

Lee grunted. "After some smart Aleck has written it up as an English comp. its own mother would n't know it! The real joke would be for Starling to wreck the woodwork and find the money!"

"No, that would n't be a joke," said George, "that would be a movie! Come on! It 's starting again! Last man in East buys the sodas! Come on, Lee!"

Lee and Laurie ran a dead heat, and all the way to George's room, on the second floor, each sought to shift to the other the responsibility of providing soda-water for the trio. In the end, George appointed himself referee and halved the responsibility between them.

When, twenty minutes later, Laurie climbed onward to Number 16, he found a very disgruntled Ned curled up in the window-seat, which was now plentifully supplied with cushions. "Where 've you been all the afternoon?" he demanded aggrievedly.

"Many places," replied Laurie, cheerfully. "Why the grouch?"

"You 'd have a grouch, I reckon, if you 'd messed around with a soggy football for almost two hours in a cloud-burst!"

"Did you—er—get wet?"

"Oh, no, I did n't get wet! I carried an umbrella all the time, you silly toad! Or maybe you think they roofed the gridiron over for us?"

"Well, I got sort of water-logged myself, and don't you let any one tell you any differ-

ent! Wait till I return this rain-coat and I 'll tell you about it."

"I 've got troubles enough of my own," grumbled Ned, as Laurie crossed the corridor.

Kewpie was n't in when the borrowed garment was returned, but Hop Kendrick was, and Hop said it was quite all right, that Nod was welcome to anything of Kewpie's at any time, and please just stick it in the closet or somewhere. And Laurie thanked him gratefully and placed the rain-coat, which was n't very wet now, where he had found it. And the incident would have ended then and there if it had n't started in to rain cats and dogs again after supper, and if Kewpie had n't taken it into his head to pay a visit to a fellow in West Hall. Which is introductory to the fact that at eight o'clock that evening, while Ned and Laurie were conscientiously absorbed in preparing to-morrow's Latin, a large and irate youth appeared at the door of Number 16 with murder in his eye and what appeared to be gore on his hands!

"That 's a swell way to return a fellow's coat!" he accused.

He brandished one gory hand dramatically, and with the other exhumed from a pocket of the garment a moist and shapeless mass of brown paper and chocolate creams. "Look at this!" he exhorted. "It—it 's all over me! The pocket 's a regular glue-pot! Ugh!"

Laurie looked and his shoulders heaved.

"Oh, Kewpie!" he gurgled, contrition—or something—quite over-mastering him. "I 'm s-s-so s-s-sorry!"

Kewpie regarded him scathingly a moment, while syrupy globules detached themselves from the exhibit and ran along his wrist. Finally he exploded. "Sorry! Yes, you are!"

Whereupon the door closed behind him with an indignant crash, and Laurie, unable longer to contain his sorrow, dropped his head on his books and gave way to it unrestrainedly.

(To be continued)

## OUR GREAT LEADER

L owly and humble the cabin that stood

I n the dim light of the pioneer wood.

N ow to his humble beginning we trace,

C alling him, rightly, a prince of the race.

O h, by that "Honest Abe" standard again

L et us be strong in our measure of men—

N ow, the great Lincoln may lead us—as then.

*Nina Hatchitt Duffield.*

# THE ROYAL SNOWBALL FIGHT

## A BALLAD of BATTLE

by  
CHARLES F. LESTER.

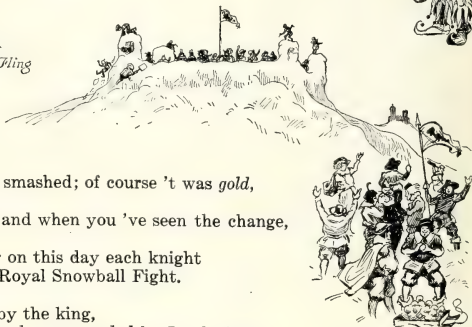


In spinning spirals swiftly swirled the shifting sifting snow;  
The king, consuming cake and coffee, crossly quoth, "Heigh-ho!  
Whene'er I eye that window the prospect gives me pain.  
This snow 's no joke—I fear 't is interfering with my reign!"

Quoth Jack the Jester, "I 'd suggest a rather pretty plan  
To neatly and completely circumvent the Weather Man.  
A snowball fight—" "Gadzooks! You 're right; 't is done!"  
exclaimed the king;  
And flinging up his coffee-cup, he danced a Highland fling.



*The King  
has his fling*

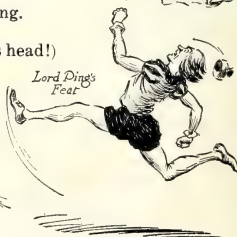


(Cheer up! The cup did not get smashed; of course 't was gold,  
you know!)  
And now let 's change the scene; and when you 've seen the change,  
I trow  
You 'll find the sight exciting, for on this day each knight  
Has met to try his mettle in the Royal Snowball Fight.

Upon a hill a noble fort, erected by the king,  
By many men of might was manned, commanded by Lord Ping.  
(He once had run the hundred in ten seconds flat, 't is said,  
And swaggered so, 't was rumored that his feat had turned his head!)



*Lord Ping's  
Castle*



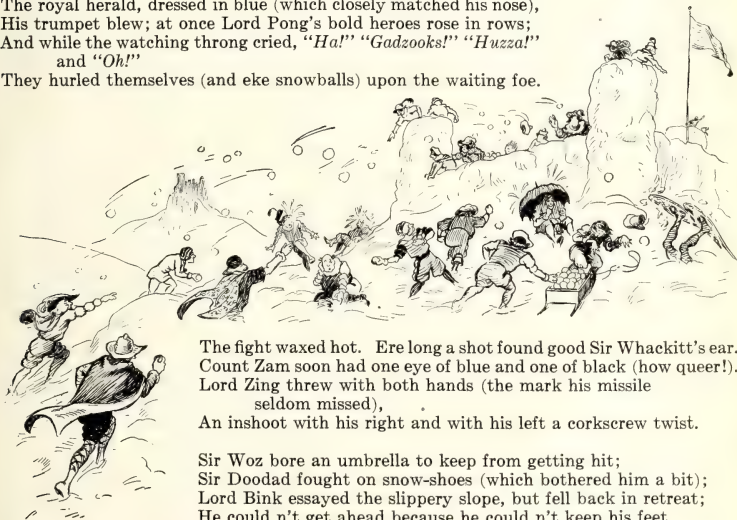
*Lord Ping's  
Feat*

The other leader was Lord Pong (a most eccentric man);  
His castle was constructed on a very puzzling plan;  
The postern-gate was in the front; the tower, underground;  
And it had a patent barbican that never made a sound!



(Perhaps, now 't was an astragal)— Well, well, we must n't lag,  
For lo! on high behold the bold Lord Ping display his flag!  
That stern redoubt, no doubt, no doughty knight of might might  
near  
Without, within, the will to win within without a fear.

The royal herald, dressed in blue (which closely matched his nose),  
His trumpet blew; at once Lord Pong's bold heroes rose in rows;  
And while the watching throng cried, "Ha!" "Gadzooks!" "Huzza!"  
and "Oh!"  
They hurled themselves (and eke snowballs) upon the waiting foe.



The fight waxed hot. Ere long a shot found good Sir Whackitt's ear.  
Count Zam soon had one eye of blue and one of black (how queer!).  
Lord Zing threw with both hands (the mark his missile  
seldom missed),  
An inshoot with his right and with his left a corkscrew twist.

Sir Woz bore an umbrella to keep from getting hit;  
Sir Doodad fought on snow-shoes (which bothered him a bit);  
Lord Bink essayed the slippery slope, but fell back in retreat;  
He could n't get ahead because he could n't keep his feet.



Well, 't was a royal battle and a battle royal, too!  
The king decided it a draw (a tactful thing to do),  
And gave each knight a medal for distinguished bravery;  
So everybody gave three cheers—and then went home to tea.





Photograph by Irving L. Stedman

A SPEED OF A MILE A MINUTE IS MADE ON THIS TOBOGGAN SLIDE

## WINTER AT WILDYRIE

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

FOR the sake of new ST. NICHOLAS readers who have not heard of Wildyrie, it is necessary to repeat that in New York State there is a wilderness of forest, lake, and mountain, river, pass, and pond, larger than Yellowstone Park, called the Adirondacks. In this wilderness at latitude  $44^{\circ} 17' 14''$  N., longitude  $78^{\circ} 54' 41''$  W., there is a group of buildings made of logs, moss-chinked, set in a particular section called Wildyrie, which we named Wilderness House. At Wilderness House live Essex Lad, an ex-city chap of fifteen plus, Prunier, the French-Canadian guide, a descendant of the old *coureurs de bois*, who is mellow with wisdom and wood-smoke, and myself, who am not yet bent with years.

It is a beautiful spot near a lake called Dark-eyed Water and a mountain, Clouds' Cobble, and we live there the year round. We have two chief amusements—living and answering letters. Since it is considered unusual for three men to live of their own accord in a place that is so lovely, so healthful, and so interesting, we get a great many letters. These collect for us at the Lake Placid Club post-office and have to be carted in on our backs, along with books, bacon,

wool socks, lollypops, and the other necessities of a forest life.

But they are worth their weight in amusement. On an evening when the snow is piling silently down upon the spruces, and Prunier is pulling at his old pipe before a blazing birch-log, E. L. and I drag out the wood-box in which we keep the unanswered correspondence and have a good laugh. We are as cosy as toasted cheese, having just had a supper of broiled venison and tarts made from some of Prunier's wild raspberries, then E. L. will read questions like these:

"How on earth do you get enough to eat?"  
 "What do you mean, forty-five below zero?"  
 "Why on earth do you remain in that heat-forsaken spot?" "What on earth do you find to do?"

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, FORTY-FIVE BELOW?"

To begin with, forty-five below zero means that the mercury has to rise seventy-seven degrees before it reaches freezing point. That makes you safe—no thaws, no wet feet, the ice will stay hard, the snow will stay soft. This feeling of security is very comforting to anybody who has lived where every snow-storm turns to rain and every



hour of skating is likely to be the last. Security is, then, the first boon granted us by the Frost King.

The second is lack of wind. I have seen an entire week of zero weather without a breeze. Going out of Wilderness House is like going from one room to another, except that as you breathe the motionless air it burns a little, like soda-water in summer. Color flames everywhere. The shadows of trees are an intense blue, and the fields of snow on the far plains or on the mountainsides are not white, but heliotrope or gold or purple or canary. The fir-trees glisten, the pines glow in green fire. The sky shines like polished steel by day, and at night is of bluer, darker steel, set with ragged, glittering stars.

Seventy-five degrees of frost brings new colors into existence, new exhilarations, new sounds—new sounds especially. E. L. and I put on tam and mackinaw and gloves some nights and go down to the shores of Dark-eyed Water to hear the frost at work. At first, it is all so still that you could hear a wood-mouse squeak over in the next county. Suddenly there is a *zip-crack!* And we jump. But it is not a bomb; just a tree. There was a bit of sap or moisture caught, then, and something ripped. Now, down in the valley, we hear a fusillade, several trees cracking at once. The cold has gripped the night and is squeezing, squeezing, until there is no moisture left. That is why we feel nothing.

Not always, of course, can one stand around and philosophize. There comes a day when the skirts of a blizzard are swishing out of the southern door of the world and a cold wave pouring in through the northern; then it is very different. The mercury may be fifty degrees higher, but the wind is blowing. The whole landscape is a hurricane of howling gray. The forest roars. You might suppose the north Atlantic Ocean was beating on our shutters. One drift tops the southern eaves of Wilderness House. Tomorrow it will be fun seeing what the storm has done. To-day we repair ski-harness or go on a short snow-shoe walk in the woods, for a few minutes of wind like that will freeze you. Which brings us naturally to the next question.

#### "HOW ON EARTH DO YOU KEEP WARM?"

THERE are four rules for that: wear wool; wear it loose; eat the right things; and don't be afraid. With two pairs of socks, an extra

pair of mittens, a flannel shirt (or maybe two), a sweater, and some wind-proof outer garment, E. L. and I can ski all morning at twenty below and sit down in the snow for a thirty-minute lunch and be more comfortable than in June. In June, there are flies in the forest. In winter, there are no problems of insects or of swamps, of sudden rains, of wet wood, or of spoiled food. In winter the human furnace burns better, and you have the pleasure of being able to eat more sweets and still maintain that righteous feeling. A little ax-work will bring a glow. You have the satisfaction of lording it over the elements. In the forest, there is never much wind; and where there is little wind, it is small trouble to keep warm. Keep out of the wind and wear wool.

But the last rule is the most important. A little care and a little courage—that is the secret of the winter sportsman. You can shiver worse in anticipation than in any reality.

#### "WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU FIND TO DO?"

At last, after this brief introduction to the weather you will meet, and with our assurance that you will not freeze to death, I propose to list the sports in which E. L. and I personally indulge. The list is n't complete, because we are not accomplished athletes. Neither do we do all these things at Wildyrie, for some, as you will see, require an equipment already established, or a crowd of people with whom to do them. But we are not so very far from Lake Placid Club, which is the winter capital of America, and there, as everybody knows, are to be found the best facilities for winter sports in America, the best teachers to school one in these sports, and a crowd of girls and fellows, old and young, all learning and enjoying the same thing. In addition, there are the International Speed-skating Championships, the International Figure-skating Competition, the International Curling Competition, and the International Ski-jumping Competition to watch. But I shall content myself with telling about what any fellow or girl can do; because not everybody can get to Placid, but everybody can have a sort of Wildyrie Junior of their own at home.

Winter can be divided into three parts: ice, level snow, and hills. In our country, there is so much snow (often 150 inches; that is, over 12 feet, the record for the last twelve years having been 226 inches, government figures), that we can not depend on the wind

and thaws keeping the lakes clear. So we either scrape rinks on the lake or flood tennis-courts. But it is worth doing, for there are many sports possible on clear ice: *Plain skating, racing, figure-skating, hockey, skate-sailing, ice-boating, motor-cycling* (in which a steel runner has been substituted for the wheel), *motor-joring* (in which you are dragged behind a motor-cycle while on skates—a practicable pastime on good ice), *curling, ice-tennis* (on skates, exciting enough and worth trying), *ice-baseball* (on sneakers, a lively and upsetting pastime), and *gymkhana* (a carnival of foolishness, being an adaptation to the ice of Hal-low'e'n games and other antics. A peanut-race on skates makes ordinary fun look solemn).

So much for the ice, and we have scarcely drawn on winter's account as yet. These are three ways of getting over snow: on snow-shoes, on skis, and on runners. Let's consider snow-shoes first, since they come first historically, being the way the Iroquois trod these same hills so many moons ago.

*Plain snow-shoeing* is not so plain as it sounds. By the time you have tied the thongs a few hundred times (though there is a regular strap harness now which is easier to manage) and stubbed your toes and crossed your heels, you will have discovered how very clever it was to be an Indian. But just the same, the snow-shoe is the one way possible to thread our underbrushy forests and to climb our close-growth mountains. And after all, if you get the right equipment, it is as easy as walking in the woods in summer.

*Snow-shoe racing* is a good way to discover who has the best lungs. Best lungs can beat best legs, given a hard course. A cross-country snow-shoe hike on a moonlight night to a place where you are sure of hot chocolate and Adirondack griddle-cakes (the special kind with powdered maple-sugar and cream that will just pour) is one apex of winter sport.

*Snow-shoe climbing.* To stand on a slippery peak, perched up in the infinite, with a whole world of white and blue beneath you and a good slide to come, on the tail of your shoes—that is another glorious sensation.

*Relaying.* We play a game in which the fellows are stationed a half-mile apart and have to carry not a ribbon, but a pack-basket, as in a relay-race, combining speed with obstacles, and very good fun.

*Plain skiing.* Plain skiing is the easiest, the most practical, and most delightful way

that has yet been discovered of being an angel in this world.

*Ski-running* is cross-country flying on earth.

*Ski-racing* tells you what kind of a man you are.

*Ski-jumping* is the only way yet found of falling a hundred feet without hurting yourself.

*Ski-joring* is the art of managing a horse, your skis, your partner, and the rest of you while being whirled *prestissimo* along a road.

*Sledding* sounds tame after all that I have said about skiing, but if you take one of our upland pastures filled with stumps and glacial boulders, incline it at an angle very like a roof, and have a slight crust on the snow, sledding can be made attractive to the most venturesome.

*Shuting.* If the extra-venturesome cry for danger, they can try a flexible flier on the iced toboggan-shutes.

*Tobogganing.* An accurate way of dropping down a gulf so that you continue on your way rejoicing at the bottom. On the Lake Placid Club shutes we make sixty miles an hour, and as one is only an inch from the ground it seems more! "*Swisheel!* walkee back a milee" is the Indian notion of it.

*Toboggan racing*, six a-breast down a free hill is good fun.

*Tobojoring* is done by hitching a toboggan to a horse and allowing him to do the rest. This is a dangerous sport unless you know your horse very well, for you come very close to his heels.

*Sleighing*, the coldest known form of merrymaking.

*Sleigh-joring*, in which you follow a sleigh on skis is equally cold, but more interesting.

Straw-rides have a place in the program, and hitching-parties, particularly those in which a horse with a taste for practical jokes takes the lead, can provide a very charming moonlight soirée.

The sports mentioned partially answer the question of what E. L. and I find to do; and yet I have not mentioned the grand climax of winter sport, the exploring trip.

This always begins with a look at the map. Some mountain view that we have never seen; some route, through passes and over lakes, that looks as if it would consume two or three days without doing us up, and we are afire. We add the last touches to our equipment, the last parcel of food to the pack, and turn our backs on Wilderness



Photograph by Fred Harris

STARTING OFF ON A CROSS-COUNTRY HIKE ON SKIS



House. But not on comfort, for we have Prunier with us this time—he on snow-shoes, we on skis, with snow-shoes on our backs for emergencies, and with just a little bacon, a little tea, and a bite of sweet chocolate for lunch.

Perhaps we make some cabin for the night; perhaps not. If not, then the work begins. Snow must be cleared, browse cut to unroll the sleeping-bags on, much wood piled for the long night—then supper, darkness, turn-in, talk-a-little, *morning!*

#### SKIING; OR, HOW ON EARTH TO FLY

SKIING is the easiest of all sports to learn well enough to enjoy. The beginner on skis has to choose a gentle slope, keep his feet moderately close together, and go; he is skiing. The thing to do is to get your equipment and begin. I 'll describe E. L.'s equipment, which includes just what is necessary for our forest ski-running, and nothing more.

*Skis*—hickory, about seven feet long (determined by how high you can reach above

shoe and (most important of all) straight sides to the sole (instead of the ordinary shaped sole), that is all that you need for comfort. The idea of the straight sole is to let the foot have no play sideways. It must be held firmly along the ski or you can not make your turns. The shoe ought to be large enough for you to wear two pairs of socks. *Ski-sticks*—there is much good-natured quarreling done, I am told, about whether to use sticks or not. E. L. and I would as soon think of going skiing without our skis as without our sticks. They are invaluable for climbing, for dividing the exertion with the legs on the level, for braking on perilous slopes. The ordinary stick is of wood, a poor material. Get bamboo sticks and wrap them with tire-tape, and see that the ring at the bottom is six inches across and made of aluminum, leather-wrapped. You had better dull the steel point, too. And never carry these sticks across you when going down hill, because you may lose an eye. It is very easy to trail them behind. Your hand goes through the leather thongs at the top. Rest it on the bottom of the loop when pushing and see what a purchase it gives you. *Wax*—when it is warm, or when the snow is new, we use a dark wax, rubbing it in, and, if the day is going to be very sticky, ironing it in with a warm iron. This gives a glassy surface almost impossible to climb with, but swift on the level. Linseed oil is nearly as good if rubbed a while. For most of the winter we need nothing except a slight going over the ski surface with emery-paper. Before doing up the skis for the summer, they should be surfaced with oil and then tied at each end with a four-inch wood-block in the middle, to keep the spring in. *Clothing*—two pairs of mittens (one of horsehide), a wind-proof outer garment, knickers of wool, with golf-stockings (and puttees for long trips), a tam, and a sweater tied around the waist, to put on when you stop. These are the essentials of outside wear. Always start off on a run a little cool; you 'll soon warm up. It is possible to ski in almost the same things you would play tennis in, and not be uncomfortably cold. Have outside surfaces as smooth as possible, so that the snow can not cling to them.

AND now *you* are in our clutches. You are going skiing for the first time with E. L. and me this afternoon. Keep up your courage; we will get you back safe—a skier!



Photograph by Irving L. Stedman

CURLING—A POPULAR SCOTTISH AMUSEMENT ON ICE

your head) straight-grained. *Harness*—this is bought separately and consists of toe-irons, which lock in the slot after you find out just how wide they must be by trying them on your shoe. There 's a toe-strap and a heel-strap and a lever at the back which snaps backward when the ski is being put on. Some wear another strap over the instep. E. L. carries an extra strap, also extra rawhide for an emergency. *Shoes*—the regular ski-boot is the best, but expensive: If you have a concave heel on your





Photograph by Fred Harris

THE SKI-JUMP AT LAKE PLACID DURING THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL SKI-JUMPING COMPETITION, FEBRUARY, 1921

E. L. has helped you fasten on your harness; I have explained that there are but two things to remember at first: keep your skis parallel as you push one ahead and then the other; and think of yourself as a carriage spring when you go down hill—that is, keep your knees a little bent, a little flexible, and, if there is a steep hollow, bend a little more to offset the lurch. By keeping low, there is less danger of upset, and yet you want to keep your balance. It is ten times easier than learning to skate, for you have a platform to stand on (if you keep your skis close) instead of two separate steel ridges. Now we will start.

"Seven Spill," our favorite run, begins very easily, for we don't want to discourage you at the outset. There is almost a mile of wood-road. You soon catch on to the knack of sliding first one ski straight ahead, and then the other. And pushing with alternate sticks comes natural. Pretty soon you have forgotten the queerness of gliding ahead over two feet of snow with no apparent effort, and you begin to notice the woods—a partridge-track here, a mouse-track

there. You are getting conceited, thinking how clever you are to "catch" on so easily to a sport that you have always imagined very difficult. What an idiot you were not to have tried it years ago! And how immensely expert you are—you have n't fallen once!

E. L. and I look at each other and smile a smile which reads, "Poor thing, little he knows!" We judge that it is now time for you to begin to learn, now that your first confidence is established. We turn from the wood-road into the woods, taking a trail that winds gently upward. "*Help!*"

We look behind. You are flat on your back, your skis are above you, your poles criss-cross, and you are disappearing slowly. "*Don't struggle!*" yells E. L. We go back.

"*Don't struggle,*" say I, looking compassionately down, but offering no assistance. Now, once and for all, we are going to tell you how to arise.

First, do *not* struggle. It only gets you over-heated and out of breath. The less haste, the more skiing. Second, wiggle your skis so that they are parallel and *below* you. There! Now you are lying comfort-



Photograph by Irving L. Stedman

"SKI-JORING—THE ART OF MANAGING A HORSE, YOUR SKIS, AND YOUR PARTNER"

ably in the snow with your skis together and below. Pull them up a little by bending your legs. Now, grasp a stick in each hand, just above the ring, plant each firmly, and push up, slowly, keeping your balance. You are standing! It's easy if you take it slowly. "What made you fall?" Look, you tried to take too steep a slope straight up. See how we zigzagged just a little on the trail?

The stage of the first fall has been passed. You are less conceited now, and your education can begin.

"You might have given me a hand," says your reproachful look, when you have taken the snow out of your ears and neck. But we know better. Every time we help you up, you are postponing learning by that much.

The trail rises more steeply now, and your skis slide back unmercifully until you begin

to judge a little with your eye as to what slope they will take. You notice how we have tacked like a sail-boat in the woods where it is open, and you marvel at the quick kick turn that we make. It is very easy. Stand with your left ski firm on the level; lean, if you must, a trifle on your left stick right beside you (not slanting off), get your right stick out of the way, and then, lifting the right ski high, *high*, turn your foot out and back. It will come down almost parallel to your left ski, but facing the other way, yet without dislocating anything. When it is firm, lift your left ski gently around, parallel to it, and you have made the turn in your tracks. You will be immensely proud of yourself—for no reason at all. To-morrow you will not think of crowing about it, any more than you would feel superior to a baby because you can lace your shoes and it can't.



Photograph by Irving L. Stedman

"TOBOJORING—HITCHING A TOBOGGAN TO A HORSE AND ALLOWING HIM TO DO THE REST"

We have now gone two miles, and you have learned to glide on the level, have learned the sort of slope a ski will not take without throwing you, have learned the kick turn which enables you to tack. The trail comes out on an upland pasture, and all at once you feel ready to admit that you know nothing. "Down *that*?" you say in astonishment, "*never!*"

"Lots of times!" says E. L., grinning.

Walking, you know, is merely a scientific process of falling forward; and conversely, skiing at least, you should fall not quite backward, but a little to one side or the other; never forward. We tell you this for use only in the final emergency. We don't want you to fall, and we advise you not to expect to fall. For in skiing, what you expect happens. Our final instructions are: keep the knees limber, the shoulders a trifle forward, the sticks held behind, the skis parallel and close together, and *have confidence!* If you want to steer around a rock on the right, advance the right ski a few inches and press on the inner edge; you will curve a little to the left.

You are surprised how smooth, how easy, and, immediately, how fast is your motion! You crouch lower, remembering something of what we said, bend a little as a gully appears ahead of you, and emerge upright, much to your surprise. "This is glorious. Whew! Just missed that stump—must n't get conceited," you think. There is no more time for thought—a long, descending snow-slope, a speed that seems ridiculously fast, and yet somehow not unsafe. The scenery is a blur; but the scenery can wait; you will come back and look at it to-morrow. The snow sizzles from your skis, you brake a little with your sticks. And now you go faster, *faster*, FASTER! and—totter, fall, splash!

Three somersaults, and you are now sitting in the pleasant snow watching E. L. flash by like an albino cannon-ball.

The first good downhill run usually convinces the beginner that skiing is the sport to stick to till death intervenes. E. L. goes up the hill and does the Telemark turn, the Christiania, and a few other stunts while you get your wind. And then we move on. The shadows are getting longer and are an intense blue. A distant range, the Sentinels, is turning rose-color and salmon and flame in the sun's last fire. The ozone in the air, the zest of speed in the blood (for you have got on to the swinging stride by

now), the cold, the color, the beauty everywhere, make you think you are gliding on air. The mercury is below zero now, but you would n't believe it, and the air holds you up like a steel brace; you are perspiring.

And now we stand before the last long coast into our home clearing. "Have a care!" I yell to E. L., disappearing in the dusk.

"You bet!" he shouts back, scooting around a downward curve like a scared rabbit. You and I stand listening until the silence of the arctic night is complete. I tell you to be cautious, wish you luck, and watch you go. You crouch now, gladly. You spill at that second turn and hope I did n't hear; and quickly get under way again. The dusk gives you confidence. You keep in E. L.'s track, flying down the almost invisible way, the cold air on your



Photograph by Irving L. Stedman

THE GYMKHANA—HALLOWE'EN GAMES ON THE ICE

cheeks, a new exhilaration in your heart. Finally, you shoot out into the clearing, your knees trembling a little from the unaccustomed strain, but with an exultation singing inside you. *You can ski.* At least, you have come five perilous miles without losing a limb. E. L. is chuckling as you pull up excitedly beside him. I join you with the feelings of Mercury alighting from the air. Through the windows of Wilderness House a welcome light shines. A still more welcome odor of broiled venison will greet you through the opened door. And yet, for all your hunger, your fatigue, you are sorry to quit; you take a last look at the immense, blue, arching beauty of the night.

"Great, was n't it?" says E. L.

"Great!" you echo, heartily. There is a feeling of band-music in your blood, but you can not put it into words—any more than I can.



# SNOW FUN

*Photographs by Kenneth D. Smith*



MAKING A TELEMARK TURN ON SKIS



DARTMOUTH OUTING CLUB ATOP MT. LAFAYETTE



SKATING ON THE ICE-COVERED CONNECTICUT



A DARTMOUTH BOY JUMPING EIGHTY FEET



HANOVER (N. H.) BOYS MAKE A DOUBLE JUMP



SHOVEL SLIDING—AN OLD-TIME WINTER SPORT





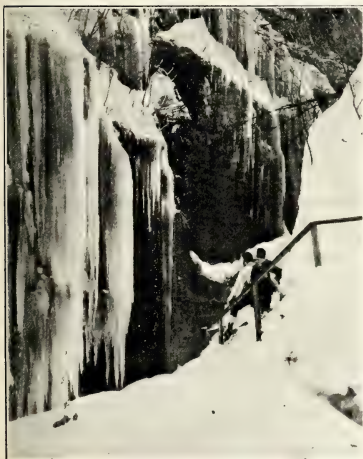
SKI-JUMPING AT DARTMOUTH COLLEGE



MT. LAFAYETTE IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS



BOYS OF HANOVER IN A 100-YARD SKI DASH



FORTY-FOOT ICICLES—THE FLUME, FRANCONIA NOTCH



OFF ON A TWENTY-MILE SKI TRIP

# THE KING OF MOUNT BALDY

By CLAUDE T. BARNES

As we rode through stretches of pungent sage, Baldy loomed wonderfully distinct and near through the crystalline atmosphere of a western valley. The luminous whiteness of its upper peaks against a clear, Yale-blue sky was inspiring in its appeal; and as we approached closer, the painted autumnal loveliness of its lower hills held us in deep admiration. We rested beside an icy brook that rushed from the mouth of a deep cañon, a stream that was fed by the very snow that from afar had held our eyes.

My companion, Jake Willis, was a grizzled mountaineer, wiry, resourceful, courageous, and keen; and as he surveyed the upper slopes with his telescopic eyes, I knew that he was pondering over the wild adventures that had fallen his way in these very mountains. We plodded on.

How wondrous was the transition of the seasons! The temperature was mild and invigorating, neither warm nor cold; some of the trees were stripped, some still covered with gorgeous foliage; save for the occasional voices of oncoming winter visitors, the birds were silent; and there was scarcely a sign of wild life among the oak copses of the lower hills. Now and then a solitary flower peeped by the side of the woodland trail; but far more delightful to me was the rustle of the carpet of green leaves beneath our feet.

"Did you ever hear of the King of Mount Baldy?" inquired Jake, suddenly, as we stopped to give our panting horses a breathing spell.

"Man, animal, or fairy-tale?" I quizzed incredulously.

"Animal," said he, "the most magnificent mule-deer that ever browsed in the Divide Mountains."

"No," said I, "but I should like to see him."

"Well, it 's his trail we 're after," said Jake; "and somehow I feel that we shall find him. He 's the biggest and wariest deer in these wilds. I have seen him twice; in fact, so many of us have trailed him and given him up that we have called him the King of Mount Baldy."

"But how can you distinguish his trail?"

"Easily enough," said he. "His right hind footprint measures exactly two and one quarter inches across, and when running he

often jumps thirty-one feet, which I personally consider champion measurements for a mule-deer."

All the way up the cañon we discussed the King of Mount Baldy, and by the time we reached the log-cabin, which nestled beneath pines by a spring not far below timberline, my curiosity to see this splendid animal was keenly aroused.

While I was chopping some wood for the evening's fire, several Clark nutcrackers and long-crested jays hopped noisily about, begging for food. My companion must have been habitually kind to these feathered visitors, for the nutcrackers are usually very shy. I threw some crumbs to them after supper.

In the crisp and pure balsam-scented air, how soundly I slept under many quilts! In the morning to my astonishment the ground was laden with two or three inches of snow.

"Fine!" said Jake, as he stretched himself at the cabin door. "This snow will have many advantages for us to-day—it will deaden the sounds of our steps, help us to follow tracks, and make a splendid background for the King of Baldy. It has its disadvantages, too."

"What can they be?" I inquired, as I struck a match to the coffee.

"Well, snow will make us more discernible to the deer; it conveys dead sounds, such as the crushing of rotten sticks; and unless you put your foot into it toe first, it gives a packing or grinding sound as you walk. Deer, you know, are all eyes, ears, and nose, and you have a quarry worthy of your best efforts when you match your wits against theirs."

Soon after daylight we were on the trail, having left the horses and all surplus baggage at the cabin. It was a joy to walk behind Jake, for he had the slow, sleuth-like gait of a panther, never hurrying and never going straight up a hill. It was marvelous to me to note how easily he picked out trails through heavy timber, over precipices, and beneath ledges. He walked in absolute silence, and if by chance my clumsy feet snapped a little twig he turned upon me a sharp look of disapproval. He scanned the hills on every side and stood sometimes for a minute or more looking at a thicket not over a hundred yards away and in which I could not see the slightest thing worthy of attention.

"Why do you do that?" I once whispered.

"Because, in hunting deer, you must forget the appearance of the animal in city parks; look for brown or gray spots the size of your hat, or for dead twigs that do not point exactly like tree limbs."

"Are they that hard to see?" I inquired meekly.

"See? why, man, half the time one may be looking right at a deer and not know it, so clever is the animal in taking advantage of

that, the edges of the holes made by the deer do not glisten like the ones we have made. This is because the snow crystals have lost their keenness of edge by evaporation; furthermore, if you stoop down, you will see little specks of fine tree-dust in them. No, the deer crossed this ridge last night soon after the snow ceased falling; and he may be miles away, now."

With the greatest caution, we proceeded, always being careful to go around the head



"HE 'S THE BIGGEST AND WARIEST DEER IN THESE WILDS'"

even the thinnest willows or pines. Furthermore, they are the cleverest hidiers in the world, and if they are confident you are not aware of their presence, they will let you go by within a few feet. In fact, I once was going down the side of a little timbered gully after a bunch of deer below. All at once the horse that I was leading snorted, and as I looked back, twelve deer jumped across my trail from within a few feet of where I had passed. It was so sudden that they were all gone before I could get ready to shoot."

As we were walking over a ridge Jake stopped abruptly and pointed to the ground ahead.

"A deer's tracks!" I exclaimed, "and so fresh that I can almost get the scent of him."

"There 's where you are mistaken," said Jake. "Do you notice that the snow thrown out ahead of the holes lacks the sparkle of that cast out by our own feet? Not only

of a gully and to inspect every bit of ground before us. Once we came upon the track of a doe and two fawns, straggling about here and there as if they had browsed tidbits.

"Looks as if a hundred deer had been here," said I, astonished at the many foot-prints.

"No," said Jake, "just the doe and two fawns. I 'll show you presently where they went. Would it surprise you to know that we frightened them away?"

"Oh, surely not!" said I.

"Nevertheless, that is just what happened. You remember that as we stood looking over this ridge you took your hat off for a second? Well, that slight movement caused them to scamper down through that clump of willows and around that cliff."

We went down to prove what he said, and he was right. We examined the tracks, and sure enough! even as we looked, tiny bits of snow fell back into the depressions, the first



effect of evaporation. I was greatly surprised.

"No use to follow them; they know we are present and will not stop for miles," said Jake.

Over hills and across gullies, down ridges and through thick timber, we followed those tracks. Once we came to a place where the wary old buck had deliberately followed in

the footsteps of a man, as if himself on a hunting-trip, and then, with a single bound of thirty feet or more, he left it. He had not stopped to browse and the distance he covered was remarkable.

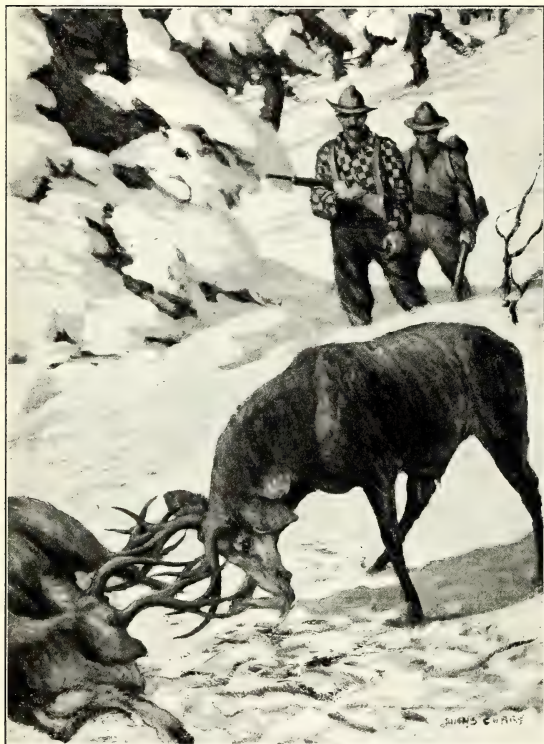
Finally, the trail led through a grove of cedars over a ridge. Below stretched a willowed flat, a splendid rendezvous for deer. Jake led the way cautiously, informing me that he could tell by the footprints that we were very, very close. We advanced an inch at a time to the crest of that ridge; and then, just as it seemed that success was ours, I caught sight of the most majestic deer I have ever seen, bounding swiftly toward the flat below. He was about two hundred yards away, and, with a whistle, dashed from one patch of willows to another, snorting and shaking his head, as if angered at the intrusion into his domain. Like a streak of lead he was gone.

Shoot? why I had not half time enough

to do that; and besides, it seemed that I was so struck with admiration for his beauty, size, and grace, that shooting was an afterthought.

"It's the king," said Jake, "and now, as ever, just a few seconds ahead of the calculations of the hunter. Do you see that thin grove of quaking aspens over there? You would not think a deer could hide in it at all, would you? I scanned it carefully as we came up; yet that is where he was."

We went across the gulch, and the long



"THE KING WAS STANDING, HIS HORNS LOCKED WITH THOSE OF A FALLEN FOE"

We walked on, and it seemed to me that we were not going to see any more trails.

Suddenly Jake stopped and knelt down.

"By Jove, it's the King of Baldy!" he exclaimed, as he measured the tracks.

"Why, it looks more like the trail of a yearling cow," said I.

"No, it's the king," said Jake, "and we are only half an hour behind him. He's going strong, but we may overtake him. Notice the distance between the steps. My, he's a beauty!"



bounds from the aspens proved that Jake had surmised correctly. The very first jump was over thirty feet.

"Shall we go on? He will run a long distance now," said Jake.

"Yes, let 's go on," I replied.

All the remainder of that day we tracked the king; and it was interesting to note how the clever deer went above rock slides, through thick patches of woods, and over ledges, always picking his way with the greatest accuracy and care.

In fact, so determined had we now become that we camped on the trail, building two big fires and resting between them all night.

In the morning about ten o'clock, we saw where the king had met two does, and, after the three, we followed. Suddenly, as we were approaching a pine grove near a ridge we could hear low bleats, as if a sheep were in distress.

As we approached, a most startling spectacle met our wondering eyes. The king was standing helplessly blatting, with his horns locked with those of a fallen foe. The other buck, covered with blood and snow, was motionless, dead; and the agonized king had for hours, it seemed, been dragging the victim about in an effort to unlock his antlers. The king's head was covered with blood and foam, and his tongue protruded as if his last gasp were near. Every muscle of the magnificent beast shook with exhaustion, and as we came within view, the look of distress, agony, and appeal in his eyes was beyond the power of words to describe. There remained in him no thought of escape, but rather that strange, incomprehensible appeal to man, his greatest enemy. A jack-rabbit will run, terrified, right into camp to avoid pursuing coyotes, and then tremble helplessly and appealingly before man.

Well, that is how this wonderful buck appeared—as though, when face to face with a lingering death, man could do nothing worse or more terrifying.

The horns were locked beyond our power to pull apart. The fallen buck must have died from the wrenches and twists his superior had given him in the desperate efforts to be free, for the snow many yards each way told the story of the struggle.

The king never resented in the least our efforts; in truth, he seemed about to fall.

"I never saw anything like it before," said Jake. "It would be murder to shoot an animal so helpless. I once found the locked horns of two white-tailed deer, but never the mule-deer."

"Let 's cut the horns apart," I suggested taking out my hunting-knife.

As I held the king's head, Jake cut into the dead buck's antlers. There was one tip that seemed to be the key lock, and to our great delight, when finally this was severed, we wrenched the heads apart.

The king never attempted to move, and he was too weak to resist.

Neither of us had the heart to harm the beautiful animal. Jake insisted that no one would ever give credence to our story unless we left some mark to prove it by.

Taking the knife, he made a neat notch on one of the delicate hoofs.

"There," he said, when it was done, "the one who eventually takes the King of Baldy in a fair chase will know that we once set him free."

It was over half an hour before the king regained sufficient strength to walk; and then, as we patted his back, he looked at us with an expression of thankfulness that I shall never forget. Slowly he plodded away into the pines.

## A YOUNGSTER'S LAMENT

By CLARA HERSOM WEEKS

At school there 's "Bob" and "Billy,"  
And "Gassy," "Si," and "Jim,"  
"Old Scout," "Kanaka," "Reddy,"  
And "Booksy," "Snipes," and "Kim."

I know I 've got a lot of things—  
A cart, a ball and bat,

A pair of skates, a search-light,  
A cow-boy suit and hat.

But I want what the others have!  
I 'd give up all my toys  
If I could have a nickname,  
Like all the other boys!

# THE HILL OF ADVENTURE

By ADAIR ALDON

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

IN the small town of Ely, in the Rocky Mountains, Beatrice Deems, her sister Nancy, and their Aunt Anna settle down for the summer, ostensibly for their aunt's health, although the girls begin to surmise that there may be another reason for their coming. The town is full of foreign laborers, at work on a local irrigation system, who, led by a Finn named Thorvik, begin rioting and burning when the irrigation company ceases work on account of lack of funds. Thorvik's sister, Christina Jensen, befriends the girls and helps them to settle down in a cabin on the mountain-side after they have found the town untenable. The nearest neighbors are a girl named Hester and her father by adoption, John Herrick, who is head of the irrigation company. A newspaper reporter, and amateur detective, Dabney Mills, appears, trying to ferret out the mystery of the company's lack of funds when it had seemed prosperous. John Herrick also comes to suggest that a famous specialist, now retired and living on the other side of the mountain, be called to see Aunt Anna. Beatrice insists on going alone to fetch him, and in crossing the pass, encounters some sliding shale and falls with her horse over a wall of rock.

## CHAPTER VII

### CHRISTMAS-TREE HILL

WHEN Beatrice opened her eyes, a soft, insistent nose was passing over her face and hands and breathing warmly against her cheek. She sat up, holding her whirling head, to discover that Buck was standing over her, apparently puzzled and distressed at the mishap to his mistress. It seemed strange, after her last glimpse of that barren mountain-side of sliding shale, to find herself lying half buried in grass and flowers, with the warm sunshine laying a last level ray across her face. She got to her knees, then to her feet, and found that she was possessed of a dizzy head and an aching shoulder, that she was bruised and lame, but otherwise uninjured. Looking up, she could see where the slope of loose stone, down which she and the horse had slid, ended in a straight wall, a drop of eight or ten feet, over which she had plunged into the soft grass below. Buck, wiser than she, had evidently managed to slide less precipitately, and in the end had saved himself by jumping. His legs were cut by the sharp stones and he was still nervous and quivering, but he was not seriously hurt.

Although she made an effort to climb into the saddle, Beatrice found that her knees were shaking and her head so unsteady that she was forced to give up the attempt. With her hand upon the horse's neck, she walked along the crooked path trodden in the tall grass of this high mountain meadow. Bright flowers, whose names she did not know, brushed her skirts. The whole hillside, sloping to the west, was bathed in the last brightness of the waning sunlight. They passed through a tangle of poplar woods,

whose dense underbrush showed that it was second growth springing up after the pine forest had been cut. Then out into the open they came again, to look down into a broad, irrigated valley whose checker-board of fields followed the winding silver ribbon of the river.

And this hillside at her feet—was it a forest or a garden into which she had stumbled? Hundreds of little spruce-trees, as tall as her shoulder and all of the same height, marched in straight rows across the slope of the mountain, clothing the steep ground in a smooth mantle of lusty green. A stream wound downward through the plantation, with—on a level bench below her—a clump of willows on its bank and a white cottage with a red roof and a wide-open door.

"That must be Dr. Minturn's house," Beatrice reflected, and, a moment later, caught sight of Dr. Minturn himself.

He was sitting on a knoll at the edge of the woods, gazing down over his domain and humming a song to himself in a deep, buzzing voice, like a bumble-bee. He was a very tall man, with tremendous shoulders and a heavy thatch of gray hair. He did not notice Beatrice and Buck, even when they came close, but sat very still, his big hands lying idle on his knees. He had the air, however, of being intently busy about some special project of his own. Beatrice watched him, fascinated, wondering what it could be that so absorbed him.

"What—what are you doing?" she asked at last.

He turned around to her, smiling slowly, seeming neither startled nor surprised.

"I'm getting rich," he said.

She looked so bewildered by his reply that he jumped up at once.

"That is one of my stupid jokes, and I've startled you with it!" he exclaimed in a tone of self-reproach. "And you have come over that trail all alone—why, you've had an accident! Come down to the house at once and let Miriam and me see what we can do for you."

He helped her into the saddle, took Buck's bridle, and conducted them down through the rows of spicy-smelling little trees to the door of the cottage. On the way, Beatrice managed to explain why she had come and at whose suggestion. The doctor nodded his head in immediate agreement.

"To be sure I'll go!" he said. "I would do anything for John Herrick or a friend of his. So that's all settled. Here's Miriam coming to the gate to meet you."

The cottage was square and neat and white and had a garden before it, surrounded by a white paling fence, the first garden Beatrice had seen since she came to Broken Bow Valley. It gave her a pang of homesickness to look at the tangled hedge of pink wild roses, the clumps of yellow lilies and forget-me-nots, and the bright borders of pansies. Miriam, at the gate, was a plump, quiet-voiced person, with smooth gray hair and a placid smile.

"Miriam would have a garden," Dr. Minturn said when the greetings were over and Beatrice had admired the flowers. "Almost everything in it is just what runs wild over the mountains, but she prefers them behind a fence. I think she dreams at night of how to make those big, wild forget-me-nots look like the little cultivated ones."

"The doctor likes to make fun of my garden," Mrs. Minturn said in her pleasant, soft voice, "but it is not very different from what he has done with the whole mountain-side. It was as bare as your hand when we came here, and he has planted every one of the little pines himself and has nursed each tree as though it were a baby. We call it Christmas-tree Hill. But come in, my dear you must rest and wash that cut on your cheek."

She led Beatrice to the house and, taking it quite for granted that her guest was to spend the night, conducted her to what the girl thought was the smallest and cleanest bedroom she had ever seen. Here Mrs. Minturn insisted that she must lie down and be tucked up under the patchwork quilt and go to sleep for an hour if she could. Beatrice did not sleep, but lay very peacefully, star-

ing at the rough plastered walls of the tiny room, or through the window at the myriad little trees stepping in their straight, decorous rows across the side of the hill. Long before the hour was over, she was beginning to feel quite rested and herself again; and when her hostess came to announce that supper was ready, she was sitting at the window, gazing out at the sunset light on the white peaks of the range of mountains opposite.

After they had eaten, Dr. Minturn insisted that she make a tour of the place.

"Oh no, my dear, I don't need any help with the dishes," Mrs. Minturn had said when her guest wished to stay and assist her. "It is n't often that the doctor has a chance to show things off to a new person, so don't deny him the pleasure."

Beatrice, accordingly, saw everything—the horses, the contented cows, even the cheerful pig grunting happily to himself in his spotless sty. The chickens occupied a substantial residence, on account of the owls, coyotes, martens, and other wild animals that lent difficulty and excitement to poultry-raising in the Rocky Mountains. Then the doctor led Beatrice beyond the garden and the clump of willows to where she could see the whole sweep of the mountain and the shadows flooding the valley as darkness crept up the hill.

"It was a plan of my own, this replanting where the pine forest has been cut," he explained, as he sat down by Beatrice on the grassy slope, evidently delighted to have some one to listen to his enthusiasm. "The Government does a good deal of this reforestation where tracts have been cut over or burned, but they can't give the trees the care that I do—nobody could, except a man who loves them. As they grow big, I keep taking out some for Christmas trees or for small timber, but the bulk of them shall never be cut until they have got to be giants a hundred feet high. I love to sit here and watch them—each year a little bigger, each year more valuable. It will be a wonderful piece of timber-land fifty, sixty, seventy years from now."

"But—but—" began Beatrice, and stopped. She had almost blurted out that a man who was gray-haired at the planting of these trees could not hope to see them grow to that mighty forest of which he dreamed.

"Oh, I know I will be gone long before then," he replied serenely; "but what does it matter? We live here in the mountains to keep Miriam well—she does n't get on

in the valleys and towns. She has her garden and I have my trees, and we are happy enough, thinking about the future, even if it is a future long beyond our time. Mines that we never heard of will be timbered from these trees, to yield gold and silver for our children's children. With these pines for masts, there will be ships that will sail to ports I never saw. There will be houses built—I can almost see the people that will be born and live and die under the roofs that my trees will make."

His eyes had been on the far distance, but he turned to fix them intently on Beatrice's.

"If you live on a mountain," he said, "you can see much more than if you belong to the crowded, pushing, hurrying people that stay in the valley.

"And now," he declared, after a little pause, "here I have talked and talked, just as Miriam said I would, but I want you to have a turn. You have told us your name and that you know John Herrick, but may I hear the rest? Where are you living, and how did you happen to come to Ely? Strangers are not so common but that we backwoods people like to know all about them."

Rather to her own surprise, Beatrice found herself telling not only what she hoped he would do for her aunt, but all about why they had come to Ely, even to her own puzzle as to what Aunt Anna's special reason had been for insisting so earnestly that she would not go away. She told him of the strike, of her acquaintance with Christina, the visit of Dabney Mills, and her new-found friendship with Hester Herrick. He looked concerned over some portions of her tale and smiled over others. He laughed aloud when she described the midnight departure of Joe Ling.

"You were right to give up when he went away," he commented. "The Chinamen in these valleys seem to know everything, and just when to get out of the way of trouble. I know Joe; he has a little house and truck garden outside of Ely. He will stay there quietly until, in his own strange way, he has found out that the disturbance is over for good, and then he will come back."

He nodded with satisfaction when she spoke of the Herricks. "I am glad you know them," he said. "We—we ourselves think a lot of Hester, and John Herrick—there are few men I like and admire so much."

"I like them too," agreed Beatrice. "I don't understand just how they belong to

each other; she says he is n't really her father."

"I'll not forget," Dr. Minturn began slowly, "I'll not forget in a long time the day I first saw John Herrick. I was up at the edge of the woods where you found me and he came riding down the trail—had been riding all night, or longer than that, perhaps. By the look on his face I could see that black trouble rode behind him and that he had not been able to gallop away from it. I did n't say much to him, but I brought him home,—he and the horse were dead tired,—and we got him to stay with us for three days, until that strained look began to disappear from his face. I did n't know what had happened to him and I did n't dare to ask. That was ten years ago, and I know him nearly as well as I know myself, but I have never asked him yet."

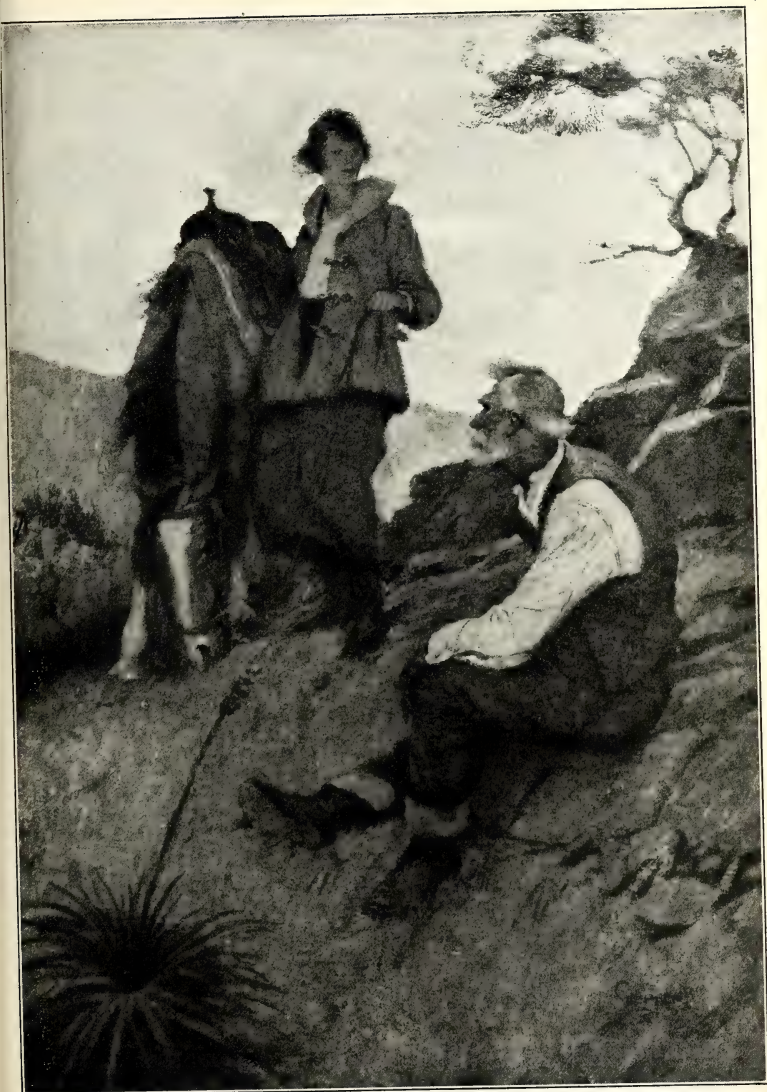
"And did he have Hester with him then?" Beatrice asked.

"Bless you, no! Hester lived with us. She was born at our house, and her mother died there; her father had died before. They were some far kin of Miriam's, and we kept the baby when the others were gone. Our own two children were grown up and married, so we were glad enough to have her ourselves. She was five years old, a fat, merry little thing, and the way she and John took to each other would have done your heart good. He would sit on the doorstep and play with her for hours, or they would take walks together, up and down the rows of pine trees, the first ones that had been planted then. He came back to see us many times, for he rode back and forth among the mountains, looking at mines, buying up ranches. Everything he touched seemed to prosper, but he never looked happy. It was a year after, that he came one day and said he wanted Hester."

"Oh, how could you give her up?" exclaimed Beatrice.

"I thought I could n't," returned the doctor, rather glumly, "and I vowed I would n't; but Miriam said to me, 'Look at his face; can't you see how he needs her?' and of course, in the end, I had to give in. The care of a small child was really too much for Miriam. If John had not seen that, he would never have asked for her. He is better off than we; he can do a great deal for Hester that we never could. While she has been growing up she has had everything that a sensible rich man's money could give her. He built that house just





"HE DID NOT NOTICE BEATRICE AND BUCK, EVEN WHEN THEY CAME CLOSE"

for her, and oh, he is a lonely man in it when she is away at school! She came back to stay with us when he went overseas, during the war, but they surely were glad to be together again."

"And you never knew where he came from?" the girl questioned wonderingly.

"Neither that nor what trouble drove him to our mountains. We don't go too deep into a man's past in the West; we like him and stand by him for what he is."

It was quite dark now, and a white blot, moving through the dusk toward them, proved to be Mrs. Minturn's gown, as her quiet voice presently proved. "I am sure the doctor must have told you the history of every tree by now, even to the ones that the badgers dug up and the rows the deer nibbled."

"Only think, she lives in the cabin where you planted the pansies!" her husband returned as he raised his long length from the bank where they had been sitting.

"Oh, did you plant them?" asked Beatrice. "I believe they were what made me love the place the first time I saw it."

"Yes, it was I who put them there. We had been over to see Hester and I had bought a basketful of the plants in Ely, though the doctor laughed at me and said I had no room for them in the crowded garden. He was quite right; so when Hester and I took a walk while he was talking business with John, we happened to go by that cabin and it looked so lonely that we just stopped and planted the pansies by the steps. I am glad they are growing. And now you must come in, for you need sleep, I know. As I say, the doctor loves to talk of his trees, but I feel sure he has told you everything."

"All but one thing," Dr. Minturn said as he tucked Miriam's arm under his and turned toward the house; "that is that Christmas-tree Hill is to belong to Hester some day when you and I can't enjoy it any more."

## CHAPTER VIII

OLAF

SPED by the kindly farewells of Miriam, Beatrice and Dr. Minturn set out next day on their return ride across the pass and reached the cabin without undue adventure. During the doctor's long interview with Aunt Anna, the two girls sat beside the fire, holding each other's hands tightly, neither speaking a word to voice her hopes or fears. When

the doctor came out, however, one glimpse of his smiling face was enough to cheer them both.

"Nothing seriously wrong," was his verdict, "and you have brought her to just the climate and just the sort of life to make her well." He gave them long and careful directions as to what they were to do, and then got up to say good-by. "I am going over to John Herrick's to spend the night, and I will see you again before I go back."

He visited the village before his departure, for he seemed interested in the progress of the trouble there, and he had a long talk the next morning with Nancy and Beatrice, out under the pines beside the stream.

"Your aunt will get well," he assured them. "She is anxious and unhappy and troubled, besides her illness. You say that you don't understand why, but in time she may tell you."

"Did she tell you?" Nancy asked him suddenly, for he was the sort of person to invite confidences.

"No, she told me very little; but old doctors guess a great deal. She will tell you herself some day."

He went on to explain that a porch must be added to the cabin, since it was imperative that the invalid should sleep out-of-doors.

"I spoke about it to John Herrick, and he can send some one over to build it for you," he said. "Old Tim, who works for him, is a carpenter of sorts, though his work rather seems to drag. Now I believe that is all."

"I wish I could tell you—" Beatrice began as he got up. She wanted to thank him for breaking out of his long retirement and rendering services for which he would accept no fee. He cut short her halting words.

"I don't want to hear anything about that," he declared. "Just be careful of your aunt and get her confidence if you can. I will be here again before so very long. That situation in the village bears watching and I want to see how it turns out. I never saw anything quite like it—all the idle men wrangling and quarreling, since there is no one outside to quarrel with. The fellow that got away with the money and shut down the works, he is the one they are after; but since neither they nor the sheriff nor that clever reporter fellow can find him, they have to take out their bad humor on one another. It is a dangerous place, a town full of ugly-tempered men, especially when they have some one like that Thorvik to keep the agitation boiling."

"But who could have taken the money?" asked Nancy.

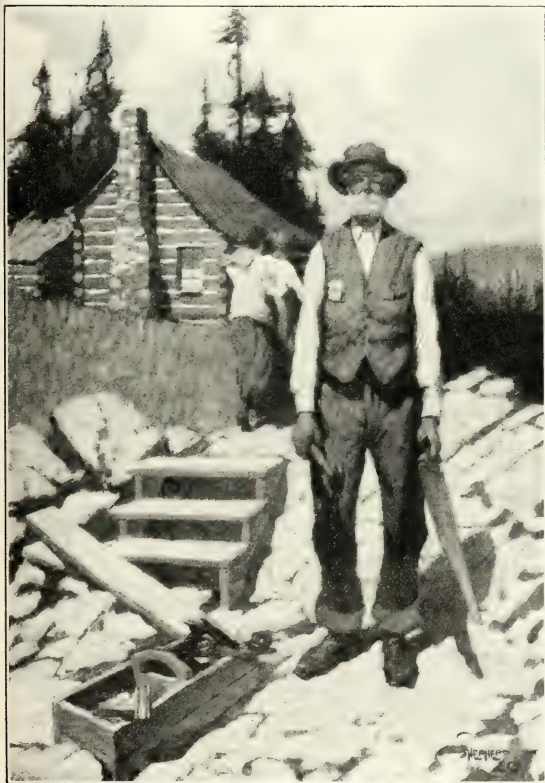
"Blest if I know," returned the doctor. "Well, I must be getting back to Miriam. Good-by."

He clambered, with his awkward length,

that he worked very slowly and that at the end of ten days the porch was not finished; but his efforts to make everything as comfortable as possible were so earnest that the girls could not grow impatient with him.

At the end of that time he appeared one morning with a helper, a broad-shouldered boy of about eighteen, with tow-colored hair and the widest and most bashful smile that Beatrice had ever seen.

"Who is he? Did he come from the village?" she asked; but old Tim answered evasively. He was just some one staying at John Herrick's for a while; he thought he would come over and help. Beyond that, she could learn nothing, although she noticed that when supplies were wanted from Ely it was always old Tim who went for them, never his young helper. The boy worked hard and was as shy of speech as Tim was fluent. After his coming, the building went on rapidly. All sorts of improvements were made besides the porch, cupboards in the kitchen had been demanded by Nancy, but the two girls had not dreamed of dormer-windows for their little rooms under the roof, high-backed settles for the fireplace, and a palatial box-stall for Buck. Nancy's



"NEXT DAY OLD TIM CAME TO BEGIN ON THE SLEEPING-PORCH"

into the saddle, and set off, leaving the girls much lighter of heart than they had been before his visit. It would be hard to measure the extent of their gratitude.

Next day old Tim, with his tools over his shoulder and a creaking wagon-load of lumber following him up to the gate, came to begin on the sleeping-porch. It was quite true

request "for a few shelves for pots and kettles," had materialized into a spacious pantry rich in cupboards, shelves, drawers, and pegs for the hanging of each utensil, and into a transformed kitchen with everything rearranged, to the great increase of comfort and convenience.

"We wanted John Herrick to come over



and see what we had done," Tim said one day; "but somehow he does n't do it, though he is always asking about the work. A lot of the things we have done were his suggestion; those sliding shutters on the porch were his special idea. There could n't be anything better to keep out the rain and snow."

"Snow!" echoed Nancy, who was standing beside him to admire his work, as he loved to have her do. "Why, we are only going to be here for the summer."

"It can snow any day it wants to, in these mountains," Tim returned. "There's more in January than in June, to be sure, but you may wake up any morning and find the ground white. It can snow just as easy as rain hereabouts."

Beatrice had been watching Tim's helper keenly, from day to day, with a growing suspicion lurking within her mind. Besides giving assistance with the building, he came to the house daily with the milk and eggs that Hester supplied. One morning, when she was astir early, she saw him meet Christina on the path below the house, and watched him take from her the basket in which she was bringing their marketing. In the thin quiet air, their voices came up to her window more clearly than they seemed to realize.

"Is n't it too heavy?" he questioned. "And you're looking pale and tired. That—that Thorvik has been abusing you again. I'd like to get my hands on him."

"No, no!" cried Christina, in terror; "you must not let him or any one in the village see you. You promised John Herrick you would not go near the town until he found out how things stood for you. He said it was safer and easier that no one at all should know you were here. Thorvik does not harm me; it is only the things he says about my so good friends."

"I can't stand by and see him make you miserable," protested the boy, hotly.

"You promised," repeated Christina, obstinately. "You can't break the word you gave."

"Then some day I will be giving John Herrick the promise back again," he returned, his voice rising louder. "Thorvik will find—"

Christina, glancing anxiously at the windows, warned him to silence. They went together into the kitchen, leaving Beatrice to ponder what she had heard.

"That letter to Olaf got such a quick answer that it must have found him just

back from a voyage," she was reflecting. "And we never read what he wrote in that letter that Thorvik destroyed; it must have been to say that he was coming home. I suppose they kept his being here a secret even from us, so that if any one asked us, we should not know. There is always that Dabney Mills hanging about, trying to find out things."

The day was so full that she had little time to talk of the matter with Nancy until they sat by the fire late that evening. The blaze was always a grateful one on these nights that grew so chilly the moment the sun was gone. Aunt Anna had finally gone to bed on the new sleeping-porch. Nancy sat on one of Tim's settles by the hearth, knitting busily, while Beatrice, openly idle and dreaming, sat opposite, gazing into the changing flames. Her mind was running afar upon such various things that even now she did not come immediately to the question of Christina's son.

"Nancy," she said, "don't you begin to feel like an entirely different person from the one you were when you came here?"

Her sister nodded in quick assent. "I never knew before that I could do so—so much thinking," she agreed rather vaguely. "I am busy every minute, but there is time to turn things over in my mind, ever so many things about you and Aunt Anna and Dad and about myself and oh—just about living. When I look back at last winter and all the time before, it seems as though we were always in a crowd of people—people who were all talking at once and all wanting me to do something with them in a hurry. I liked it, but I never had time to think about anything at all."

"Yes," returned Beatrice, slowly, "there was always something to do and somewhere to go, and that seemed all there was to living. Think of my head being so full of things that I forgot about our having an uncle! I must have seen him and have heard Dad and Aunt Anna talk of him, but I never noticed it when he never came any more and was never mentioned. But I think about him now. I think about him more—and more."

Nancy laid down her knitting and leaned forward.

"Do you?" she questioned. "So do I. Do you think it could be because of him that Aunt Anna wanted to come here?"

"It may be," said Beatrice, "but if so, where is he?"



They looked at each other, an unspoken question in their eyes.

"There is another thing," pursued Beatrice. "That boy who has been helping Tim is Christina's son Olaf. I had thought so before, but to-day I am certain."

"I had been suspecting that, too," said Nancy. "One day I asked her if she did n't want us to write another letter for her, and she laughed and said, 'Not just yet.'"

The door from the bedroom opened softly and Aunt Anna came in. Her cheeks were pink from the fresh air outside, her fair hair was ruffled, and she was wrapped in the dark robe that the girls had laid over her bed. She looked very pretty as she sat in the big chair that they pulled out for her, the glow of the fire lighting her face.

"I heard your voices," she said, "and, though it is glorious out there with the sound of the water and with the tops of the trees showing against the stars, I was not able to sleep, so I thought I would come in and talk to you a little." She leaned back in her chair and sighed blissfully. "What good care you take of me and how well I feel! I do not seem to be the same person."

The girls laughed in unison, it was so like what they had been saying.

"Beatrice," her aunt went on suddenly, "Dr. Minturn told me about your falling over the cliff when you went to fetch him for me."

"It was not much of a cliff," returned Beatrice, sheepishly, involuntarily rubbing the bruised elbow that was now the one memento of her misadventure. She had thought to keep that incident from Aunt Anna's knowledge.

"It frightened me," her aunt said, "but it opened my eyes to what you were willing to do for me. We are all of us changed and we are all beginning to understand one another better. At home, with your rounds of shopping and motoring and dancing, I used to think we were not much more than casually acquainted. And there was something about which I always wanted to talk to you, but I wondered if a day would ever come when you would have time to listen and to understand. I did not want you to hear unless you could see it all as clearly as I did."

"And do you think," asked Beatrice, earnestly, "that the time has come now?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I think the time has come now. It is right that you should hear at last what has been hanging heavy on my heart for these ten years, about why I came here—about my brother."

*(To be continued)*

## NIGHT AND MORNING

By A. H. FOLWELL

THE hardest part of being ill is waking up at night  
And wondering what time it is and when it will be light.  
A night-lamp on the dresser, though it 's s'posed to break the gloom,  
Makes the darkness all the blacker in the corners of the room;  
And you think you 'll call your mother—then you guess you 'd better not,—  
'Cause it is n't easy sleeping on that little springless cot;  
And you know she 's pretty tired, what with 'tending you all day,  
Being doctor, reading stories, thinking things for you to play.  
So you just keep still and let her sleep and never make a sound,  
And then—oh, joy!—you hear at last the milkman coming round!

There 's a rattle of a wagon and the thud of horse's feet;  
Then a clatter and a jingle, as of bottles, in the street.  
There 's the flashing of a lantern for a moment on the wall,  
And you know it is the milkman just as though you 'd heard him call.  
It is still as black as midnight, but you feel the dark is past,  
That the lonely time is over, and to-morrow 's come at last!  
The clock whose tick was dreadful just a little while ago  
Now seems to tick, "Good morning!" with a brisk, "I-told-you-so!"  
Oh, there is n't any medicine, none ever has been found,  
That makes you feel as good as when the milkman comes around!

## THE DREAM DEBT—A HINDU STORY

IN a city of India, there lived a money-lender whose greed and trickiness were a byword among all the people. When any one borrowed from him, he charged interest at a rate that soon doubled the principal; and if the unfortunate borrower failed to repay when due, he took him to court, seized his property, and sold him and his family into slavery. By such means he became the richest, and yet the most hated, man in the whole city.

In this same city there also lived a Brahman, honest, kind, and trustful, but poor; and one night he had a marvelous dream. It seemed that he borrowed a hundred thousand rupees from the money-lender, bought himself a fine house and garden, where he lived happily with his family on the best the land afforded, and then, by a number of successful business ventures, increased his wealth until he was the richest man in the kingdom. At last, after months of prosperity, taking a hundred thousand rupees, he set out for the money-lender's office, meaning to repay the loan; but strangely, just as he reached his creditor's door, he was suddenly awakened. Thus the debt remained unpaid.

His dream was over; his life of poverty was before him again; but the memory of his happiness could not be taken away. So he told his wife about the loan and the good-fortune, and he and she told others, until before long the affair was known to all the city.

The money-lender, too, heard of it, and at once his wakeful avarice saw a chance for profit. Summoning the police, he went to the Brahman's house.

"My friend," he said to the surprised man, "I have come to collect the money you owe me."

"What money?" asked the Brahman.

"The hundred thousand rupees you borrowed the other night!"

The Brahman argued, but in vain. The money-lender had him dragged to court. There he proved, by the defendant's own admission, that he had lent him the hundred thousand rupees, that the defendant had lived on them in luxury, and had even increased them, but that the loan had never been repaid. Then he begged for justice and the return of his money.

The judge listened gravely to the argument, seemed to weigh the matter most carefully, and then rendered his decision.

"It is clear," he said, "that the Brahman borrowed the money and failed to repay it. Borrowers must repay! Therefore the Brahman must return the hundred thousand rupees to the money-lender or be sold into slavery."

Impressed with the wisdom of the judge's reasoning, the audience burst into applause, for the case had been looked upon as very difficult; but when the applause died out, a laugh was heard at the rear of the room.

The audience looked around in astonishment to see who was so disrespectful, and saw the boy Raman, whose clever solution of several puzzling cases had been the talk of the town.

The judge flushed. "How dare you," he said to Raman, "show such contempt of court? Why do you laugh?"

"Because of your foolish decision!" was the reply.

"Then how would you decide the case?"

"Let me show you!" answered Raman; and in a moment he was seated on the bench.

"Sir," he said to the bailiff, "fetch me a hundred thousand rupees from the city treasury!"

In a trice they were brought.

Again he commanded the bailiff, "Bring me a tub of water!"

In a moment it was there.

"Now," said Raman to the money-lender, "stand beside the tub and look into the water!"

The mystified money-lender obeyed.

"And you," he said to the Brahman, "take the money in your hands and stand on the other side of the tub!"

The Brahman, equally mystified, took his place.

"Money-lender," said Raman, "what do you see in the water?"

"The Brahman holding out a hundred thousand rupees to me!" he answered, gazing at the reflection.

"Then," pronounced Raman, "reach into the tub and take your pay; for thus should money be repaid that was borrowed in a dream."

Hereupon he dismissed the case, released the prisoner, happy to have escaped slavery, and returned the money to the treasury.

But from that day the money-lender was the target for the people's jokes.

*W. Norman Brown.*

## A LITTLE JOURNEY TO MT. VERNON

It was difficult, in Washington, to find out the hours for visiting Mt. Vernon in the winter. One said that it was closed to the public during that season, another said that it was open only on Sundays and holidays; and yet another, that Sunday was the only day when it was not opened to the public throughout the entire year. This last one spoke the truth, I'm quite sure—though I did n't go on a Sunday to make sure if it was closed then. In the summer, the grounds are closed later than in the winter, but it was early winter when I went, and a week-day afternoon.

And somehow I'd advise you, when dreaming your dreams of the places you will sometime visit,—along with the Nile and the trip to Venice and the shores of the Mediterranean,—to put Mt. Vernon on the list—if not first.

There it is, the white colonial house in its lovely, old-fashioned grounds, on the banks of the Potomac, as we all know, some little distance out of the city of Washington.

The house itself we've seen reproduced very often on picture post-cards, but these

do not give an animate idea of it all. You'd recognize the house from the post-cards, of course, but when you really see it, it is almost as though you saw a very wonderful person—the house has so much personality. Almost you can see those who once lived in it. The old-time furniture and simple rooms, the many adjoining sections, such as the kitchen and the gardener's house and the servants' quarters, all look so real, that the Father of his Country no longer seems a mighty figure-head, but a real person, very human, although he had risen to such heights.

There are the lovely lawns, the terraces, the trees, the sloping banks, the garden, the old school-house, and there, too, is Washington's tomb.

But as the sun shines over those grounds where once Washington lived and walked and thought and dreamed his dreams of the country which he loved, it seems as though, when one begins to yield to the wanderlust, the first place on the list to visit should be Mt. Vernon. *Mary Graham Bonner.*

## THE MONUMENT



© Harris & Ewing

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT

BESIDE the broad Potomac,  
Where fair the city lies,  
A mighty shaft of granite  
Points upward to the skies.

Up, up, where clouds are coursing,  
It mounts in stately grace,  
Till domes and spires and towers  
Seem nestling at its base.

From hill and plain and river,  
From street and mart and mall,  
We see its lofty summit,  
Majestic over all.

It stands without inscription,  
Yet no one has appeared  
To view its matchless grandeur  
And ask for whom 't was reared.

No need of deep engraving  
By skilful artisan,—  
The grandest shaft of granite  
Is for the greatest man.

*Amer Mills Stocking.*



Photograph by U. S. Geological Survey

VIEW FROM ANAKTUVAK PASS, ALASKAN ROCKIES, SHOWING UNIFORM HEIGHT OF MOUNTAINS

## A PATHFINDER OF THE YUKON

*"Uncle Sam's" Adventurers*

By ROBERT FORREST WILSON

It was in the spring of 1900. The eyes of the adventurous of the world were then turned toward Alaska and its newly discovered gold. The Government was doing everything in its power to increase men's knowledge of that vast, then almost unknown, region. Its secrets were being revealed in official publications, its riches charted, its trails and rivers mapped.

Yet there still remained one tremendous, forbidding spread of Alaskan wilderness which had defied the white man's daring. A broad belt of territory between the Yukon River and the coast of the Arctic Ocean, an area roughly 250 miles across and 500 long from east to west, was entirely unexplored. This was Alaska's mystery land. No savage tribe lived in it, and only the most courageous of red hunters had ventured to penetrate the interior.

The district stood as a challenge to the Geographical Survey, dedicated as was and is to the task of uncovering and appraising Uncle Sam's natural resources. What were these mountains that had been observed by prospectors and explorers making their way up the rushing currents of the northern tributaries of the Yukon? What natural wonders,

what riches did they hold? What streams and what other natural trade routes were there? What were the possibilities of development?

In short, it was proposed to send Frank C. Schrader, an explorer in the service of the Survey, to find out; to send him across the most northern mountain pass in the world to discover the route from the Yukon to the Arctic Ocean, a journey beset with unknown terrors and from whose perils he might never return.

Even in 1900, Schrader was a veteran of Alaska. Long before the first gold rush, he was there, far in the interior, picking away at the rocks with his geologist's hammer and securing the data which have since been of so much aid in Alaska's development.

He responded to his chief's summons, accepted his assignment as calmly as if called upon to visit one of Washington's suburbs, and left the capital in December, 1900, taking a single assistant with him. Traveling by way of Seattle and the Pacific, in February he found himself in Skagway, which is the town at the head of ocean navigation at the end of one of the fiords of southeastern Alaska. Here Schrader hired one or two men as helpers and took the railroad over the pass to Whitehorse, where



he recruited more picked mushers, as the Alaskan sledgemen are called, and bought sleds and dogs.

Then he began a remarkable twelve-hundred-mile trip in dog-sleds down the Yukon River in the dead of the northern winter, an exploit that would have been the great adventure in most men's lives, but which for Schrader was commonplace. Down the Yukon, in this region, means down-stream, but northward in direction; for until the Yukon makes the great bend at the arctic circle, it runs for hundreds of miles almost due northeast. Through the Canadian Klondike the party sped, the snow-bound mining-camps turning out to a man to cheer them as they passed.

At Dawson, in the Klondike, Schrader rested his men and dogs for a few days. Here, too, he hired two expert dog-drivers and canoeists, bringing his party up to eight in number. Then he hurried on. Already the days were lengthening perceptibly; the sun was daily gaining power. Schrader had to be within striking distance of the great unknown northland before the spring break-up should overtake him. He crossed the Alaskan border at Fort Egbert, went on through Charlieville, passed Circle, and then reached Fort Yukon, at the junction of the Porcupine River.

It was late in April now and he could not

pause. The Yukon below this point is an immense river, miles wide in places. Fort Yukon is exactly under the arctic circle. The river goes no farther north, but runs westward along the circle for some fifty miles, then turns southwest toward the Bering Sea. Just at the southwest turn, Schrader and his party bade good-by to the Yukon and turned into the Chandlar River, which flows in from the northwest. He followed up this stream to the settlement at Caro, then struck across country for a drive of ninety miles over deep snow to Coldfoot on the upper Koyukuk. Here he found his canoes and supplies waiting for him.

Coldfoot is well inside of the circle, and this means that in June the sun shines at midnight. Already the nights were becoming but brief periods of twilight. To the north rolled out the mystery region. Here nature is in her most savage mood. Wild life of air, earth, and water holds undisputed dominion over a tangled wilderness of primeval forest, foaming, icy streams, glaciers, mountains, and, north of them, the moss plains of the Arctic.

As Schrader saw it then, the region was still gripped in the steel embrace of the long dark winter. The earth was buried in snow, lakes were frozen to their bottoms, the rushing streams were stilled, the teeming game holed up in dens for the annual hiber-



Photograph by U. S. Geological Survey

RAPIDS ON THE JOHN RIVER, A STREAM TOO SWIFT FOR TRAVEL BY CANOE



Photograph by U. S. Geological Survey

THE COLVILLE RIVER, ALASKA. THE HIGH BLUFF, IN THE BACKGROUND, ACTS

nation. But spring was about to strike off the fetters of frost. On any day the white silence might end.

At night the voyageurs could hear the cracking and groaning of the ice as nature roused herself from sleep. One morning when Schrader stepped from his shack and looked at the Koyukuk River a strange phenomenon met his gaze. The ice in the middle of the river had bowed upward until it was on the level of his eyes. Down each side of this smooth ridge the green water was rushing in torrents on top of the shore ice.

"Turn out, boys!" shouted Schrader, "she's come. Hydraulic pressure from upstream bent that ice. The break-up has arrived. There is enough water now on that ice to float a steamboat."

There was the bustle of departure. Hot breakfasts were hurriedly eaten, and the outfit was packed aboard the canoes. Saying farewell to the settlers at Coldfoot, and also to the faithful dogs who had to be left behind at this point, the explorers pushed off, and were shot downstream at a dizzy speed. Their destination on the Koyukuk was the mouth of its principal northern tributary, the John River, fifty miles below. Their speed in the torrent on the frictionless ice was so great that they reached this point that same night. They made camp at the junction of the John, and next morning they saw that the ice in this stream was running freely. All was ready to ascend this river and penetrate into the unknown.

This proved to be the most arduous part of the undertaking. The John River is white water from source to mouth, the current being too swift for the stoutest paddlers. This meant it was a towing job, and each canoe carried 1400 pounds of outfit. Often the banks were steep and wooded, where progress was literally made hand over hand,

as the canoeists pulled their craft along by the roots of the trees protruding from the banks.

Two weeks of this wearing struggle brought the expedition to the source of the John River, one hundred miles above its mouth. The men were lean as wolves from their work. There had been no serious accidents, but several narrow escapes.

In the valley of the John River, Schrader saw one of the strangest sights that existed on earth in that day. Where the valley widened out, he observed a remarkable moraine, which is a great pile of earth, rounded pebbles, and rocks deposited by a glacier. Moraines are common throughout the northern States. This moraine, however, was peculiar in that it had precipitous sides, and Schrader went over to examine it. He found that the precipices were ice. In other words, stranded in this cold, northern valley was a genuine relic of the great ice-cap that once came down from the north to cover half of this continent—the last splinter left from the glacial age.

At the headwaters of the John, Schrader cached much of his supplies. The pass in the mountains was in sight. The long portage was about to begin. What food they could carry was packed into the canoes. Two men carried a canoe. Since there were eight men in the party, this always left two men with no load. Thus they were able to take turns resting and to make fairly good time in spite of their burden.

Schrader cached more of the food than he would have done had he not expected to find plenty of game in the mountains. On the first day of the portage, their guns brought down a bighorn sheep; but next day the air was filled with an ominous sign—great swarms of mosquitos, breeding so thickly in the warming weather that they fairly darkened the sky. Let one of the men remove his glove for a second, and the back of his



AS A LEVEE, KEEPING THE STREAM FROM FLOWING INTO ITS FORMER VALLEY

hand would be black with the stinging pests. The men wore veils, but even under this protection their faces were swollen from the bites of gnats.

The leader's heart began to fail, for he feared that this might drive him back to his food supplies. Arctic mosquitos are so ravenous that even the larger animals can not endure their bites. Schrader knew that it was no use to hunt,—the big game would not stay where the mosquitos flew,—yet he pressed on. Three days later they reached the summit of the pass. The men were then subsisting on a measured ration of tea, biscuit, and a little bacon.

On the pass the famine threat ended in the presence of the strangest natural phenomenon which Schrader had ever seen. This was a lake of solid ice—not glacial ice, which is compact and frozen snow, nor was it a former lake of water which had been frozen to the bottom. At that latitude and at such a height the rays of the sun, falling obliquely upon the level ground, were scarcely strong enough even in midsummer to thaw ice and snow. But the rays do fall perpendicularly upon the slopes above the pass, melting the snow there. The water bubbled up in springs on the pass, flowed out upon the ice lake, and froze again. The ice in this lake was fifty feet thick in places. Schrader believes that this lake is unique.

The phenomenon furnished not only notes for his future report, but also food for the famishing men.

"We will find meat here, boys," predicted Schrader, scanning the crystal expanse. "Mosquitos will not swarm above that ice."

And so it proved. Out on the ice lake the hunters found herds of caribou and other big game seeking a chilly refuge there from the poisonous insects. Some of these animals seemed never to have seen men before, they were so tame. A few, their curiosity

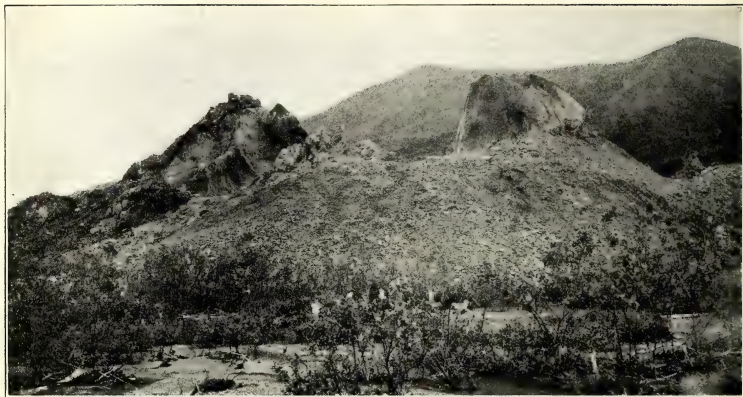
overcoming timidity, would even venture into camp.

The leader of the expedition resolved to give his men a well-earned and much-needed rest and a period of feasting in the relative comfort of the pass, which he named Anaktuvak, from the arctic river of that name which he hoped to find. The most perilous part of the journey lay ahead, because its character was entirely unknown. He desired to have his followers in the best possible physical condition for the test of their mettle. Accordingly the tents were pitched on the ice and the men given liberty to hunt, eat, and loaf to their hearts' content. It was now July. The declining sun still made the circuit of the heavens, shining at midnight, and day and night were terms used by the men because there were no others to denote sleeping and waking periods of time. Far outside, in the States they had left, picnickers were seeking the shade to escape the heat, while fireworks were being set off to celebrate the Fourth of July; and that same night a furious snow-storm, weirdly punctuated with stabs of lightning and resounding peals of thunder, half buried in drifts the little tents on the pass. This storm warned Schrader of the severity of the weather that might be expected there a few weeks later.

Nevertheless, he tarried to conclude his observations, climbing to a number of high eminences that he might view the country on all sides. On these summits he could understand why the northern Indians came to believe that these mountains were the haunts of evil spirits. All of the peaks are of about the same height and level on the summits, giving the scene an unreal appearance, as if a giant hand had planed off the peaks.

From his knowledge of geology, Schrader was able to explain how this came about; and, indeed, to identify the mountains as





Photograph by U. S. Geological Survey

THE LAST SPLINTER OF THE ICE AGE—A STRANDED GLACIER IN THE JOHN RIVER VALLEY

the northernmost part of the great range of the Rockies—the most important discovery made by the expedition. Once the whole region had been a flat, low plain. Some mighty convulsion of nature had uplifted this plain to an altitude of 5000 to 6000 feet; and the erosion of rains and streams had eventually cut the deep valleys, leaving the flat-topped peaks. Since the Rocky Mountains in our own country were formed in the same way, Schrader correctly concluded that these Alaskan mountains are part of the same range, and that the Rockies, instead of ending in northern Canada, as was previously supposed, actually cross Alaska and reach the Arctic Ocean, forming Cape Lisburne as their northwestern extremity.

At length, Schrader was ready to leave this interesting, but dangerous, region. Once more the heavy toil of packing canoes and supplies was taken up; but now the trail led down, making progress faster. They were still plagued by mosquitos, still forced to depend on the small meat supply which they were able to carry away from Anaktuvak Pass. At length they came to the headwaters of a stream deep enough to float the canoes. The worst of the physical toil was over.

But the greatest terror was at hand. The stream, which Schrader surmised was the Anaktuvak River or some tributary of it, rapidly increased in size and swiftness of current, and the rapids were becoming dangerous to canoe navigation. At this point a

less resolute man than Schrader might have hesitated. It was not yet too late to turn back and win the way to safety over the pass again and down the explored John River. Ahead of them on this unknown torrent there might be fearful cataracts to engulf them, impassable cañons from which, once entrapped, they might never escape. But Schrader kept on.

Their progress down the rapid Anaktuvak, as the stream proved to be, was slow. For much of the distance the men were forced to walk the banks and let the canoes down over the rapids by their tow-lines. Often the portage became necessary. Schrader was becoming alarmed. He feared they would reach the coast too late to catch the revenue cutter *Bear*, which usually left Point Barrow late in August. Winter was already beginning to close down. It had driven away the mosquitos, so that the party again fed on fresh meat. When the canoes at length floated out of the mouth of the Anaktuvak upon the placid tide of the Colville, the largest Alaskan river emptying into the Arctic Ocean, Schrader felt that the worst of the hardships was over, and that thenceforth it merely became a race to get out before winter locked up all transportation.

Even in his haste, Schrader took time to observe and photograph the curious phenomenon of that strange stream, the Colville, which for much of its course lies higher than one side of its own valley, and which is gradually sliding down hill. The river flows



north parallel to an eastern range of hills and actually part way up on the slope of the hills, so that if the stream's western bank were cut, the water would abandon the present bed and flow down into the bottom of the valley. The western side of the river is deep, where the current is eating into the bank year after year, but the eastern side shallows out into a broad, stony beach, which shows by its great width how far the river has already traveled sideways.

The explanation of the Colville's eccentric conduct is that after it formed its bed and valley, as a normally behaved river does, there was a later contortion of the earth's crust, lifting the stream bodily part way up the side of the slope. Ever since then the river has been trying to get down to its old level again.

When the expedition reached the Arctic Ocean at Nigaluk it was August; the season was threatening; there had been several snow-storms; from the heights, Schrader could see the arctic ice-pack, far out at sea as yet, but steadily closing in. Even if the revenue cutter *Bear* left at her normal time, there remained to the voyageurs only two weeks in which to paddle to Point Barrow, 150 miles up the coast to the northwest.

derness could have done. Danger continually beset them. Storms were becoming frequent. They kept the canoes just outside the line of surf, so that in case of a capsize they might reach the shore by swimming. The nights were becoming very cold. Part of the time the canoes were running through leads in the forming shore ice.

On the second day of this dangerous voyage they overtook a party of Point Barrow Eskimos leisurely returning from a two-year hunt in the Mackenzie River country in Canada. Their big, seaworthy "oomiaks," beautiful boats made by stretching walrus skin perfectly over walrus ribs and joining this structure with ivory pins, were laden with a magnificent cargo of furs taken in the great hunt. They had their dogs along, powerful Malamutes, savage as wolves, who would ride on board the oomiaks when the wind was astern and sails were spread, but who were harnessed in teams and driven along the beach to tow the boats against adverse winds.

Schrader bargained first for one of the oomiaks so that he might take his men out of the canoes, which were not adapted to ocean cruising. He failed at this, but the Eskimo invited the white men to ride in the oomiaks



Photograph by Frank C. Schrader

ESKIMO PARTY WHICH WAS OVERTAKEN BY SCHRADER ON THE ARCTIC OCEAN

But the *Bear* might leave earlier in such a threatening season. Schrader grimaced at the thought of another year in the Arctic.

He decided to make a race for it. The men tumbled into the canoes and bent over their paddles as only men inured to the wil-

ness with them, towing the canoes behind. Falling in with the white men's desire for haste, the Eskimo kept going. Twice the voyage was interrupted by storms too severe for safe travel, one blizzard, which blew for thirty-six hours, piling the drifts over the boats,

which had been upturned on the beach for shelter.

On the eighteenth day after leaving the Colville, the expedition reached Point Barrow. The entire population of the settlement had gathered to watch the landing.

"Where 's the *Bear*?" shouted Schrader, as the boats drew near shore.

"Gone," came the laconic reply.

low funnels of a tramp collier with steam up ready to sail—the last boat of the season. Schrader had whale-boat and all loaded aboard, so that in case the steamer was wrecked, he and his men would have a means of escape. Two days later they reached Nome and safety.

The gold excitement there was apparently as strong as ever. At anchor off the road-



Photograph by Frank C. Schrader

AN ESKIMO OOMIAK—WALRUS HIDE STRETCHED OVER WALRUS BONES

It was not to be wondered at. The ice-pack was now near, threatening in the next storm to come crushing upon the land with the full force of the Arctic behind it.

It was then that Schrader showed his resolution. One less courageous than he might have resigned himself to a year of idleness, snowed in at Point Barrow. Schrader determined to push on to Cape Lisburne, three hundred miles down the coast, where there was a coal-mine and a possible belated collier yet to sail south. Heedless of the warnings of the settlers, he abandoned his canoes, bought a whale-boat, and loaded his party into it. Even seasoned sailors might have hesitated to embark on such a voyage. All the way to Cape Lisburne the coast was abrupt and entirely without human settlements. Shipwreck meant sure death to the whole party. Because the shore now bent southward, Schrader and his men thought they could keep ahead of the ice pack coming down from the north. How rash this undertaking was, they would have known had they been sailors.

Nevertheless, they made the voyage safely. As they rounded the cape they saw the yel-

low were a dozen or more ships, some of which had just arrived. That night a terrific storm came in out of Bering Sea, wrecking the flimsier shacks of the town and shaking even substantial structures. Some of the gold hunters aboard the vessels riding out the storm safely insisted upon coming ashore through the surf. A number of small boats were swamped in the waves, and in all nearly twenty men drowned. Schrader shuddered to think what might have befallen his party had such a storm caught them in their open whaleboat.

So Schrader came through, as his chief said he would, undaunted by any obstacles along 2000 miles of journey in sleds, canoes, and open boats on the Arctic Ocean. His achievement gained for him a two-line notice in the few newspapers interested in scientific attainment.

But Uncle Sam's adventurers do not work for public applause, any more than they do for private gain. Schrader showed that, when he wrote a dry document describing his discoveries in jaw-breaking terms, but with never a word about the perils of his expedition.

# THE CARELESS LITTLE



## PRINCESS

by  
Ellen Manly



A DEAR little princess once lived, long ago,  
Whose name was Clotilla Rorilla de Bowe.  
She was very much like little girls of to-day—  
Fond of dollies and toys, and devoted to  
play;

She was merry and lively, good-tempered and  
sweet,  
But one fault she possessed—she could never  
be neat!

Now, of course, a real princess has playthings  
galore,  
And Clotilla had dollies and toys by the  
score—

Many more than were good for her, we are  
afraid,  
For you never could think how much trouble  
they made!

Her lady in waiting worked hard all the day  
To keep them in order or put them away.

Not one of the beautiful dollies, 't is said,  
Was properly cuddled and tucked into bed;  
But they slept on the tables, the chairs, or the  
floors,

And sometimes were cruelly left out-of-  
doors;

And the queen called the dolls' house a  
"shocking disgrace!"

For it never had anything kept in its place.

Now, even a princess should learn to be neat,  
And keep her possessions in order complete;  
But 't was useless Clotilla Rorilla to scold  
For she cared not a bit for the things she was  
told,

But grew more and more careless, till some-  
thing most strange

Unexpectedly happened her manners to  
change.



"THE QUEEN CALLED THE DOLLS' HOUSE A  
'SHOCKING DISGRACE!'"

She was playing, one day, with  
her toys on the floor  
When an odd-looking fairy  
appeared at the door.  
Her wings they were ruffled,  
her gown was awry,  
She 'd a scowl on her face, and  
a cross, frowning eye.  
She bowed to the princess,  
then said, with a leer,  
"I 'm the fairy Disorder—an  
old friend, my dear;  
You 've called for me often,  
and now I am here,  
And I hope you 're delighted  
to see me appear!

"A charming surprise I have  
brought you to-day—  
A boxful of beautiful silks,  
bright and gay,  
With some lovely gold bobbins  
on which you can wind,  
Very smoothly, each color, each  
shade, of each kind.

"With the greatest of neatness this work  
must be done,  
And if 't is not completed by set of the sun,  
Without any supper just hasten to bed,  
And finish the task in the morning, instead."  
So saying, the fairy Disorder unlocks  
With a tiny gold key a carved ivory box,  
And, smiling maliciously, then disappears,  
Leaving Princess Clotilla quite ready for  
tears.



"TILL AT LAST, IN DESPAIR, SHE GAVE UP  
AND CRIED!"



"AN ODD-LOOKING FAIRY APPEARED AT THE DOOR"

She looked in the box, and 't was perfectly  
true  
That the colors were lovely,—pink, yellow,  
and blue,  
With green, and vermillion, and lilac, and  
white,—  
But oh, what a tangle! the snarl was a sight!  
The loveliest silks, but of no earthly use  
Until *somebody's* fingers could order produce!

The princess began, with the best of her skill,  
The skeins to untwist and the bobbins to fill;  
But worse grew the tangle, the harder she  
tried,  
Till at last, in despair, she just gave up and  
cried!

Then, close at her elbow, a soft voice she  
hears,  
And, looking up eagerly, sees, through her  
tears,  
A dainty wee fairy, in silvery white,  
With a star at the tip of her wand shining  
bright,  
Who said, "I 'm the good fairy Order, my  
dear;  
You were wishing to see me, and so I am  
here!"

"My ill-tempered cousin 's been meddling, I  
see;  
She always delights to make trouble for me;



And she loves to play tricks upon dear little girls—  
 To rumple their dresses, and tangle their curls,  
 To mix up their toys, and their dollies mislay,  
 And throw their books carelessly 'round in the way.  
 Don't cry any longer—I see what is wrong,  
 And we 'll have all this trouble set right,  
 before long!"

Then a tap of the wand and a touch of the hand,  
 And the silks all unrolled at the fairy's command,  
 And straightened out nicely, each kind and each hue,  
 Till purple, and orange, and scarlet, and blue,  
 And the rest of the beautiful colors, behold,  
 All ready to wind on the bobbins of gold!

Then Order said, "Call on me often, my dear,  
 And my troublesome cousin will never come near."

With a smile and a wave of the wand, she was gone,  
 And Clotilla Rorilla was sitting alone  
 And winding the bobbins both quickly and well,  
 For the fairy had laid on her fingers a spell.

It is said she was ever thereafter so neat  
 That she kept her possessions in order complete;

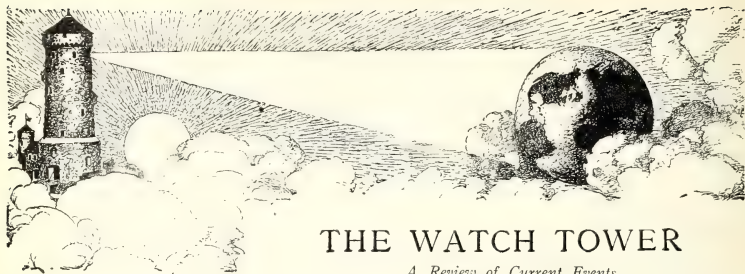


"DON'T CRY ANY LONGER—I SEE WHAT IS WRONG"

For the fairy was summoned so often, in short,  
 That she finally spent all her time at the court.  
 And the dollies were happy, and so was the queen,  
 For the fairy Disorder was never more seen.

And we're sorry this story is all that we know  
 Of the Princess Clotilla Rorilla de Bowe.





## THE WATCH TOWER

*A Review of Current Events*

By EDWARD N. TEALL

### WHAT MR. HARDING WANTS TO DO

ON December 6, President Harding delivered his address to the new session of Congress. He did not offer a "program of world restoration," but indicated that each nation must solve its own problems, and expressed belief that America could help best by getting its own affairs in order. He spoke of legislation as largely a matter of compromise, and urged liberality and coöperation between the various branches of the Government.

The President spoke strongly about the bill requiring, as a means to encourage American shipping, that our commercial treaties with other Governments be terminated. The Wilson administration had not enforced the act, and Mr. Harding declared that to do so would cause great confusion in trade without gaining any advantage. He said that he was not willing to take such a step, and asked Congress to wait "a very few weeks," until he could propose a different and better plan.

Taking up the tariff, Mr. Harding asked for a "flexible tariff"—that is to say, a law permitting the President himself to decide, with the help of the Tariff Commission, when a rate was unfair, and to make changes in it. The power to fix rates belongs to Congress and to it alone, but the President argued that Congress could authorize him to act as its agent in this particular matter. It was suggested as an emergency plan, to be used during the term of the present unsettled conditions. It is hardly to be supposed that such a suggestion will meet with much favor. While the present system may be slow and clumsy, it is the one we have always been used to—and the suggested change involves placing too much power in the hands of the executive.

The President then, referring to the farmers and their troubles, urged that special attention be given to the marketing and distribution of farm products. This, of course, brought up the subject of freight-rates, and this again led to consideration of labor and wages. Mr. Harding's message did not suggest definite measures to be taken; it was rather a plea for good sense and fair play.

There is a great deal of difference sometimes between a President's message to Congress and the finished work of a congressional session. The President can not say, "This must be done," or, "That shall not be done." He can only tell what he thinks ought to be done, in a general way. Mr. Harding's address boils down to this: "Hold hard, everybody! Play fair; work hard; and be steady!"

### "THE GREATEST EVENT IN NINETEEN CENTURIES"

THAT is what Lloyd George said the Washington Conference might be, and that is what it may fairly be said to have been, now that it is over. Even if, in the time between the writing of this and the time of its reading by the great WATCH TOWER family, the early promise of the conference should be seen to have been false—even if, instead of a move toward world peace, its final effect should have been harmful, it would still be one of the most remarkable things in the history of mankind.

It is quite impossible to imagine such a fate for the negotiations so auspiciously begun. After the naval-recess program has been adopted, after the relations of the powers to China and of China and Japan to each other have been set on the road to friendliness, it is almost inconceivable that any-

thing can be permitted to destroy the good results so swiftly achieved.

But the last week of December began with indications that it would be vital. The idea of bargaining began to appear, and of course that is a dangerous spirit for such a conference. There were disorders in Japan. The Anti-American Young Men's League sang a song of hate about America. But the very name of this organization shows that it existed before the Conference, and that the Conference was only material of the sort it desired. The outbreak in Tokio did not represent the masses of the Japanese people—any more than we can suppose that the powerful classes are unanimously for or against the policy of the Government. It was a serious bit of news, but there was no reason to doubt either the ability or the readiness of the Japanese government to take care of it; and as for the "*Strafe America*" song, surely America could afford to laugh at such futile nonsense as that.

The Conference had achieved, as this was written, a most admirable record of accomplishment. The four-power treaty was made fun of by critics who could not see why, after turning down the League, we should enter upon such an agreement. Indeed it is difficult to see any great difference in principle between such an association and the League; but friends of the League had to welcome it as a step in the direction in which they desired to see us travel.

President Harding had a great advantage over President Wilson in having the representatives of the powers meet here in America, where such matters can be handled in a simpler way than is possible in Europe.

#### THE FREE STATE OF IRELAND

MR. LLOYD GEORGE spoke about the possibility that the conference at Washington would prove to be the greatest thing in history since the birth of Christ; but as a step toward clearing away the clouds of hate, his

own conference with the Irish delegates scored ahead of Mr. Harding's conference. When Great Britain made, and the Irish delegates accepted, the offer of a place for Ireland in the empire as a Free State, a quarrel centuries old was—not settled, to be sure, but brought to a point where it seemed almost inconceivable that anybody could be willing to return to the armed hostilities of a few months ago.

As this number of THE WATCH TOWER was written, the acceptance by the delegates of the Dail had not been officially ratified, and Mr. de Valera was opposing ratification



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ROOM AT NO. 10 DOWNING STREET, RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER, WHERE THE TREATY WAS SIGNED BY IRISH DELEGATES

with all his might—even going so far as to accuse the delegates of treason. But there was a very strong party in the Dail that stood stoutly back of the negotiators, and it looked as though the greater part of the people of southern Ireland were too well pleased at the prospect of peace with honor to permit the bitter-enders to prevail and reject the Free State offer.

Ulster, the North of Ireland, would have nothing to do with the Free State idea. It even accused Great Britain of dishonorable dealing, and the charge was made that Mr. Lloyd George had betrayed England's friends in order to obtain peace with its enemies. In case of rejection by Ulster, North Ireland was to retain its separate parliament and continue in its previous relation to Great Britain.





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THE DAIL EIREANN (PRONOUNCED "DTHAWL ARAN," THE "ASSEMBLY OF ERIN") CALLED TO ACCEPT THE TREATY CREATING THE "IRISH FREE STATE"

True friends of freedom everywhere rejoiced when the news that the offer had been made and accepted was flashed over the cables. A pretty story was published in some newspapers, to the effect that the room in the prime minister's official residence, at Number Ten Downing Street, where the Irish peace treaty was signed, was the same room in which the treaty between England and America was signed, in 1783; but our Class in History knows better! That conference-room in London, however, as shown in the picture, is now as "historic" as any room has a right to be.

### REPARATIONS

IN December, Germany came to another crisis. As the time for another payment on her bill for damages approached, she began to talk about not being able to pay, and there was discussion of a moratorium, or extension of time. For a while France and England indulged in their favorite argument—whether the extreme course favored in France or the more moderate one advocated by England should be followed. French experts have asserted that Germany could pay, and British experts have replied that she should not be forced to make payments that would prevent her from regaining prosperity.

Germany has been busy; she has been producing about eleven million tons of coal a month, or one quarter as much as is mined in this country; and she has been importing

large shipments of American cotton. But where Germany's paper money had, last year, a value of 70 marks to the dollar, it now takes 300 marks to equal the purchasing power of the dollar. This means, as you will see, that Germany has to pay high for imported materials, that German people have to pay extraordinary prices for goods, and that wages do not support a high standard of living. If manufacturers have to pay higher wages, dealers will have to charge higher prices; such things work in a circle.

The danger was that Germany might go on increasing her issue of this cheap paper money until it would become actually valueless in paying for goods bought from other countries; then Germany would be bankrupt. In the third week of December she issued 4,500,000,000 marks of new currency.

After the Franco-Prussian war, the German motto was, "Bleed them white"—take everything they have, so that France shall never again be a first-class power. That was Germany's own statement of her policy. But the French people paid taxes and paid taxes; and by the use of their money, the French Government was able to wipe out the debt that had been expected to crush the country.

In Germany to-day the people who have money are holding back. If they were to support their Government as the French people did fifty years ago, the problem would be solved.



It is true that to grind Germany down and impoverish her by her payment of the partial bill for damages would be to postpone the return of prosperity for all the nations; but it is also true that to be too easy with Germany would be bad for her. We do not base any argument on the fact of what Germany would have done if her armies had not been defeated. But we do base an argument on the truths of moral conduct and the old, old fact that sin calls for atonement.

And it is a fact that the idea of letting Germany off as easily as possible is working against the best interest of Germany herself. There are many, many Germans who see the truth of that for themselves.

If you are in doubt about these things, just look for the right answer to this question: If the United States were in Germany's present position, what would this nation do? Of course, you can not even imagine the United States of America having committed such a sin as was Germany's in setting out to conquer the world; we simply are not built that way. But if we had been defeated in a war and were required by the victors to pay a bill of damages (even one representing all the destruction caused, instead of a bill cut down to the last possible dollar, as Germany's was), why, then we would set to work, every man and woman, boy and girl of us, and pay that bill!

#### JAPAN'S NEW RULER

WHEN the daddies of the present-day WATCH TOWER boys and girls were youngsters, Mutsuhito was Emperor of Japan. In those days, Japan was just getting well started on the way to the high place of international power in which she is now established.

When his son, Yoshihito, came to the throne—not so very long ago, as time flies—there was much curiosity, and some anxiety, as to the course Japanese history would take under his rulership. Broad policies prevailed, and Japan traveled steadily forward on the road of international relations. She prospered. She made her treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain. The war came, and she stood with the Allies and rendered important service.

Then Yoshihito fell ill, and the young Crown Prince Hirohito became chief of the Imperial Government. He had long been in training, and had traveled through Europe, studying Western ways.

The assassination of Prime Minister Hara had made Japan's future more than ever a

problem; he represented the liberal side in Japan—the modern idea of international relationship. The new emperor gave promise that progress in Japan would continue.

Japan's conduct at the Washington conference went far toward setting at rest any fears that might have been entertained as to Japanese readiness to play the game, and play it fair. Her reception of the Hughes



© Times Wide World

CROWN PRINCE HIROHITO, NOW REGENT OF JAPAN

naval program and her attitude toward China showed that she meant business, both in protecting her own interests and in joining the other powers in the effort to remove possible causes of war in the Pacific.

In the December WATCH TOWER we asked if some of our readers could tell us the meaning of the names of the Japanese princes, printed with a photograph. It was a great pleasure to receive an answer from Miss Rosemary Street, of Princeton, N. J., and we reproduce it for the benefit of boys and girls who may have shared our curiosity:

PRINCETON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS WATCH TOWER: In the December WATCH TOWER, you ask what the words No-Miya, following the names of Japanese imperial princes, signify.

Under the religion of Shintoism, the state religion of Japan, the people are taught that the imperial family is sacred, being descended in a direct line from Jimmu Tenno, the first emperor of Japan, who ruled 2600 years ago and is believed

to have been a direct descendant of the Sun Goddess.

The word *No* means "of" and *Miya* means "shrine." *No-Miya* consequently means literally, "of the shrine," and follows the names of members of the imperial family, denoting their divine origin.

It may be worth adding that in Japan there are two kinds of princes—princes of imperial blood and princes not of the blood.

Prince I. Tokugawa, who is here as delegate to the conference at Washington, is not an imperial prince, but is a member of the higher nobility.

Very truly yours,

ROSEMARY STREET.

There ought now to be an end to the old habit of regarding Japan with suspicion. Japan is not perfect (are we?), and there will be more hard places to get past. The millennium is not here yet! But it will be a great pity, after all that was achieved in the era-marking "pow-wow" of the nations, if new quarrels and suspicions are allowed to spring up. The field has been cleared; we must keep the weeds out.

#### THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

WHILE England was negotiating with Ireland, there was discontent in India and Egypt. Some folks wondered if they would want to be made free states within the empire, too.

YOU hear talk all the time about inflation and deflation. Does the word convey any clear idea to you? Here is an explanation that would make a professor of political economy laugh,—or perhaps cry,—but it may help. If you blew up a football bladder too much, it would blow up—over-inflation. To get it to fit inside the cover, you must deflate it partially. If you stuck a pin into it, you would deflate it so thoroughly that you could never blow it up again unless the hole were to be patched; and it would never be as strong as it was at first.

But if you let a little air out through the neck of the bladder, and then fasten it up again, all will be well.

When wages and prices are blown up almost to the exploding point, it is necessary to reduce them all round by easy, natural methods. The pressure must be kept equal at all points. The strain must be shared by all—distributed evenly.

BEFORE the war, the expense of government was running high, but such figures as the six

billion dollars spent in 1920 were never dreamed of. The first annual report of General Dawes, as director of the budget, showed that expenses for 1922 were expected to be cut to a little less than four billions, and the budget or estimate of expenditures for 1923 comes down to about three and one-half billions. Slow work? Yes, and a long way to go—but we are moving in the right direction.

EGYPT rejected the proposed abandonment by England of her protectorate over the land of the Nile. The Egyptian delegation in London thought that the provision permitting England to keep her troops in the country, and to retain control of communications, was the same thing as occupation, even though the actual work of government were to be turned over to native officers elected by the people.

THE Canadian election in December was a land-slide for the Liberals. The extreme progressives and the stand-patters lost. Canada means to go ahead, but not to exceed the speed laws.

THEY move fast in Guatemala! In the spring of 1920 the government of President Cabrera was overthrown, and President Herrera came in. In December of 1921, the Herrera government went down and a provisional government headed by General Lima took its place. The revolution was not supported by the people of Guatemala.

MR. HOOVER asked for \$10,000,000 for Russian relief, and Congress voted \$20,000,000. Too bad the United States is so "isolated"!

THE commander of the German "sub" that sank the *Lusitania* went to Paraguay, became a naturalized citizen, was made captain of a warship—and in December was killed by his crew, rebelling against his brutality. Some Americans were sorry to hear of his tragic fate. THE WATCH TOWER man read the news with perfect calm.

SECRETARY HOOVER says the world is settling down. The way to hasten it is for everybody to settle up.

FEBRUARY—George Washington's month. What would the Father of His Country have thought of such history as America is making these days?

# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

## MILLIONS ON THE WIRE

"You are wanted on the wire," is a familiar expression to most of us, and it suggests a message coming over a telephone-wire from the distant speaker to a single listener. But an event which took place very recently has proved that the speaker may give his



THE THREE-ELECTRODE VACUUM-TUBE

spoken message to thousands of persons, all of whom hear his actual words reproduced with marvelous fidelity, even as regards all the delicate modulations and inflections which give not only emphasis, but individuality, to human speech.

On Armistice Day, November 11, 1921, President Harding's oration, delivered at the Arlington National Cemetery, was

heard by no less than 150,000 persons, 30,000 of whom were in New York City, in or near Madison Square Garden, while 20,000 were actually in San Francisco, on the other side of the continent! And since this marvelous feat was accomplished essentially through the use of the instruments known as amplifiers, it is entirely possible that in the near future not merely thousands, but millions of hearers may

listen spellbound to eloquent words speeding to them with the swiftness of light itself from some notable speaker thousands of miles away.

We are justified in this conclusion because of the fact that there is practically no limit to the number of amplifiers which can be employed.

The essential part of the amplifier, whose name admirably expresses its function, which is to increase the supply of electrical energy available, is the three-electrode vacuum-tube, which is rapidly assuming the greatest importance in the field of practical electricity. As our picture shows, this device resembles an ordinary electric bulb in general aspect, but it contains a more complicated arrangement of filaments.

The simplest way in which to regard this vacuum-tube amplifier is as an electric valve, so highly sensitive that by its means a very feeble electric current is enabled to control a very much stronger one. In other words, the amplifier is connected with a battery from which it obtains a new source of energy—a fresh supply of "juice," as electricians like to say. Thus a very slight current coming over a telephone-wire, and vibrating in unison with the tones of the speaker's voice as caught by the transmitter at the other end of the line, will impart its undulatory movements

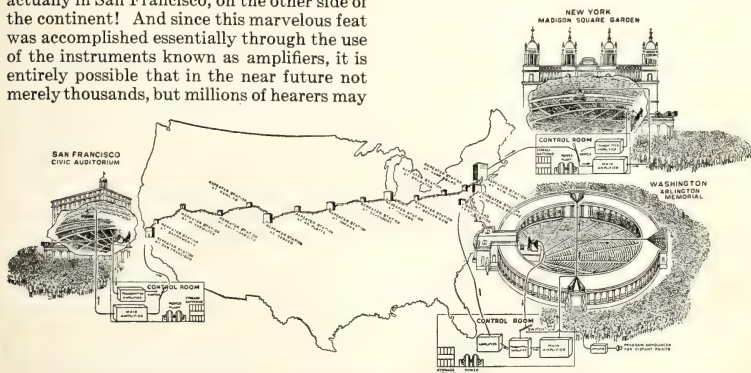


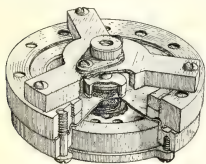
DIAGRAM SHOWING THE AMPLIFIER STATIONS BETWEEN WASHINGTON, NEW YORK, AND SAN FRANCISCO



to the amplifier, and this will, in its turn, pass them along to the stronger current coming from the battery associated with the amplifier. Thus the feeble original current may have all its fluctuations reproduced with absolute accuracy in a current a million times stronger!

Professional electricians employ two very picturesque terms to express this process; they call it "stepping up" the energy, or "boosting" the energy. The first amplifier station used to step up the energy so that it might carry the President's voice at Washington across the continent, was at Newtown Square. From here the message came over the wire to New York. As shown in our diagram, fifteen stations were needed to boost the energy sufficiently to make it reach the Pacific coast. These stations are called repeater-stations, and the amplifying apparatus is ordinarily termed a telephone-repeater.

But besides the amplifiers, we must have in our equipment special transmitters to receive the speaker's words. The transmitter is constructed on the same principle as that in our ordinary telephone, and is about the same size. It has certain modifications, however,



THE SPECIALLY SENSITIVE TRANSMITTER

which make it far more sensitive. The transmitter contains loosely packed grains of carbon, about the size of the particles of granulated sugar. The waves of the voice cause

these to vibrate, and the agitation thus caused gives rise to an electric current in the connected wire. The variations of this current precisely correspond to those of the voice. At the other end of the wire, of course, there is an electro-magnetic receiver, whose office it is to reconvert the electric waves coming over the wire into sound-waves once more.

In all long-distance telephoning, these three elements enter: the transmitter, the telephone-repeater, and the electro-magnetic receiver. But the great achievement of Armistice Day required still another device for its accomplishment. This is the apparatus known as the loud-speaker.

The loud-speaker comprises a sensitive transmitter, like the one just described, an amplifier for stepping up the energy as it comes from the transmitter, a receiver to

change the electric waves into sound-waves, and a great wooden horn (or cluster of them) not unlike an ordinary megaphone. In the present instance, these horns, or "projectors," were ten feet long, while their large rectangular mouths were about three feet by a foot and a half in size.

We are now ready to understand just what took place on Armistice Day. President Harding's words were caught by a transmitter placed on the speaker's stand in front of him. His voice thus generated a small current which flowed as far as the first amplifier, growing gradually weaker all the time; but when it reached the amplifier, a fresh store of energy was set free from the latter's battery. This new and larger current flowed on to the Newtown Square battery, where it was again boosted so that it could reach New York, where it was again stepped up, and so on across the country, obtaining fresh strength at each repeater-station. Arrived at the city by the Golden Gate, the current from the telephone-line passed to the amplifier of the San Francisco loud-speaker, where it was enormously augmented from the power-plant connected with the loud-speaker. This final current directly operated the receivers of the loud-speaker, whence it issued in the form of sound-waves to the listening multitude. Each word came to their ears at practically the same instant it was uttered in Washington, since the actual time required for the cross-continent trip is not more than one fiftieth of a second.

Since the transmitter of the loud speaker at Arlington was some three or four feet below the speaker, it received only a small part of the sound-waves from his lips. For this reason, the energy of the weak current coming from the transmitter was boosted over a billionfold (as we learn from Mr. Robert W. King, who had the matter in charge) by the loud-speaker at Arlington. He tells us, too, that the total amplification along the transcontinental line was over a hundred million millionfold. When we combine with this the original amplification at Arlington and that at San Francisco, we get the staggering total of an increase of the initial energy generated by the speaker's voice to an amount *ten trillion trillion* times as great! Just try to set that down in figures and see how many ciphers you have marching across the page!

But more thrilling than these vast numbers is the thought that science has given





A 16-FOOT HORN OR PROJECTOR USED IN A LONG-DISTANCE TEST AT ELLENVILLE, N. Y.

us here not merely a means of swift communication, but has accomplished the spiritual triumph of projecting *personality*, as shown in all the delicate shadings of the human voice which express the emotions of the human soul, over thousands of miles to inspire untold multitudes of people.

M. TEVIS.

#### SAVING BIRDS FROM DESTRUCTION

BIRD lovers all over the world have long mourned the fact that many migrating birds are lured to destruction by the glare of lighthouses. The slaughter of birds in this way is very great, far larger than is commonly supposed. As an instance of this, at the beacon on St. Catherine's Point, England (one of Europe's brightest lights), on one autumn morning last year, the bodies of no less than five hundred birds were picked up at the foot of the lighthouse! At a beacon in the Gulf of Mexico huge pelicans weighing forty pounds or more dash themselves to pulp against the building. Curiously enough it is only the isolated lighthouses that seem to attract the birds; such as are close to

towns, where there is an independent glare of light, are hardly noticed by the birds at all.

It is tragic to think of all these feathered travelers dashing themselves to their death during the migration seasons. But apart from this, the matter is of economic importance. Many of the birds that are killed are such as are of great service to farmers in keeping down pests that destroy crops. Naturally, the very object of a lighthouse is to show its light, and nothing that interrupts the glare which draws the birds is permissible.

Luckily, a means of saving the birds without interfering with the light has been tried with good results in Holland. It has been found that if the birds were given something on which to perch, they rested for awhile looking at the light and then resumed their flight uninjured. At a certain lighthouse, rails made of gas-pipe were provided. These were adjusted so that they were a little below the direct glare of the light. Hundreds of birds were seen to pitch straight onto the perches, instead of flying at the light. Then, after an interval, they winged their way onward toward their destination. Since providing these perching-places, not a single bird has been killed—a most gratifying result. Probably it will not be long before all isolated lighthouses will be provided with perching-places upon which the winged wayfarers can rest.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

#### AN ICE BURNING-GLASS

A FASCINATING little pastime for the winter is the making of an ice burning-glass. For the purpose, secure a bowl with a rounded bottom. This should be made of enameled ware or some metal, so that it will not crack. Fill the bowl with water and then place it outdoors in freezing weather. When the water has frozen solid, place a cloth wrung from hot water on the outside of the bowl, and the ice soon thaws sufficiently to release the lump. You will then have a rough lense which, if it is not less than eight inches in diameter, will act as a very efficient burning-glass. Place the ice so that the rays of the sun fall directly on either the flat or the convex side. The heat rays will pass readily through the ice; and if the hand is put somewhere near the visible focus, a burning sensation that can not long be borne will be felt. A piece of paper placed so that the focus of the rays are steadily concentrated on it will soon catch fire.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

### THE CONSTELLATIONS FOR FEBRUARY

STRETCHED across the meridian, due south, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening in the early part of February, lies Orion, The Warrior, generally considered to be the finest constellation in the heavens. Orion is directly overhead at the equator, and so is visible from all parts of the world except the extreme northern and southern polar regions.

A group of three faint stars mark the head of Orion. His right shoulder is marked by the deep-red star Betelgeuze (meaning arm-pit), and his left shoulder by the bright white star Bellatrix, The Amazon. Orion stands facing Taurus, The Bull, and brandishes in his right hand a club, outlined by a number of faint stars extending from Betelgeuze toward the northeast. The top of the club lies near the tips of the horns of Taurus. In

six stars; that is, it is a sextuple star. Even with a small telescope, four of these stars can readily be seen, arranged in the form of a small trapezium (a figure contained by four straight lines, no two of which are parallel). The lowest star in the sword is a triple star, and the entire constellation abounds in double, triple, and multiple stars.

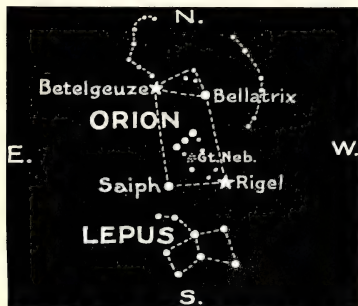
From the central portion of the nebula extend many branches and streamers of nebulous light, and it is known that the entire constellation of Orion is enwrapped in the folds of this nebosity, which forms a glowing, whirling mass of fiery gases rapidly rotating in certain parts. This constellation is remarkable for the fact that all of its brighter stars, with the exception of the deep-red Betelgeuze, form one great group of stars occupying the same part of space. They are all more or less associated with the great nebula and its branches, and are all extremely hot white or bluish-white stars, known as helium stars, because the gas helium occurs to such a great extent in their atmospheres. The Orion stars are the hottest and brightest of all the stars.

Blazing Rigel, Bellatrix, and Saiph, marking three corners of the great quadrilateral, of which Betelgeuze marks the fourth corner, are all brilliant helium stars. So are the three stars in the Belt and the fainter stars in the Sword and the great nebula.

It has been estimated that the great Orion group of stars is over six hundred light-years from the earth, or about forty million times more distant than the sun. For more than six centuries the rays of light that now enter our eyes from these stars have been traveling through space with the speed of lightning. So we see Orion not as it is to-day, but as it was six centuries ago. The extent of the Orion group of stars is also inconceivably great. Even the central part of the great nebula, which appears to our unaided eyes only as a somewhat fuzzy star, would extend from here to the nearest star and beyond, while our entire solar system would be not much more than a speck in its midst.

Betelgeuze, the red star that marks the right shoulder of Orion, is, as we have said, not a member of the Orion group. It has been estimated that it is about two hundred light-years from the earth, which means that it is only about one third as far away as the other stars of the constellation.

Betelgeuze very recently has attracted universal attention, and will probably be considered an object of historic interest in the



THE CONSTELLATION ORION

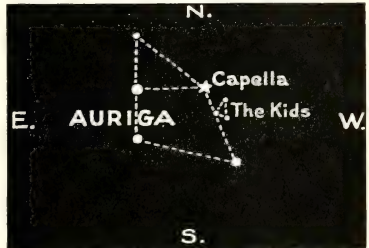
his left hand he holds up a lion's skin, which we can trace in another curving line of faint stars to the west and northwest of Bellatrix. The brilliant, blue-white, first-magnitude star Rigel lies in the left foot, and the second-magnitude star Saiph, a little to the east of Rigel, is in the right knee. Three evenly spaced stars in a straight line that is exactly three degrees in length form the Belt of Orion, and from the Belt hangs the Sword of Orion, outlined by three faint stars. The central star in the sword appears somewhat blurred and is the multiple star Theta, in the midst of the great Orion nebula, the finest object of its kind in the heavens. Entangled in the meshes of this glowing nebula are a number of brilliant suns, appearing to us as faint stars because of their great distance. The star Theta, in the heart of the nebula, is seen with a powerful telescope to consist of

future, because it is the first star to have its diameter measured with the new Michelson Interferometer, as it is called, which is now being used so successfully to measure the diameters of the largest stars. The truly sensational discovery has been made that Betelgeuze is a supergiant of the universe, with a diameter of about 275,000,000 miles. Our own sun, which is an averaged-sized star, has a diameter of 864,000 miles. That is, Betelgeuze would make more than thirty million suns the size of our own. If placed at the center of the solar system, it would fill all of the space within the orbit of Mars; and the planets Mercury, Venus, and the earth would be mere specks, lying far beneath its surface. Measurements of the diameters of other giant stars which are now being made with the interferometer give results quite as startling as have been obtained in the case of Betelgeuze; and it has been found that several of these stars may even exceed Betelgeuze in size. Such a star is Antares, the fiery-red star in the heart of Scorpio, which is such a conspicuous object in the summer evening skies. All these huge stars are deep red in color, and some of them vary irregularly in brightness. Betelgeuze is one of the stars that changes in brightness in a peculiar manner from time to time. When shining with its greatest brilliancy it is a brighter object than the near-by star Aldebaran, in Taurus; but a few months or a year later it may lose so much of its light as to be decidedly inferior to Aldebaran. We may observe this remarkable change in the brightness of Betelgeuze by comparing the two stars from time to time.

Directly south of Orion lies the small constellation of Lepus, The Hare, which is made up of third- and fourth-magnitude stars. The four brighter stars are arranged in the form of a small, but distinct, quadrilateral, or four-sided figure, which is easily visible in our latitudes. The small constellation of Columba, The Dove, which lies just south of Lepus, is so close to the horizon that it can not be seen to advantage in the mid-latitudes of the northern hemisphere. Neither Lepus nor Columba contain any object of unusual interest.

Due north of Orion, and lying in the zenith at this time, is Auriga, The Charioteer, who is represented, strange to say, with Capella, a goat, in his arms. This beautiful first-magnitude star Capella, golden-yellow in color, serves to identify the constellation. Close at hand are The Kids, represented by

a group of three faint stars. Capella is one of the most brilliant stars of the northern hemisphere. It is almost exactly equal in brightness to Arcturus and Vega, of the summer months, and it is a shade brighter than magnificent blue-white Rigel in Orion. Capella is nearly forty light-years distant from the earth and is fully two hundred times more brilliant than our own sun. At the distance of Capella, the sun would appear to



THE CONSTELLATION AURIGA

be considerably fainter than any one of the three stars in the near-by group of The Kids.

Capella is attended by a companion star so close to its brilliant ruler that it can not be seen as a separate star with the aid of the most powerful telescopes. Its distance from Capella has been very accurately measured, however, by means of the new interferometer, which is also giving us measurements of the diameters of the giant stars. It is known that this companion sun is closer to Capella than our planet earth is to the sun.

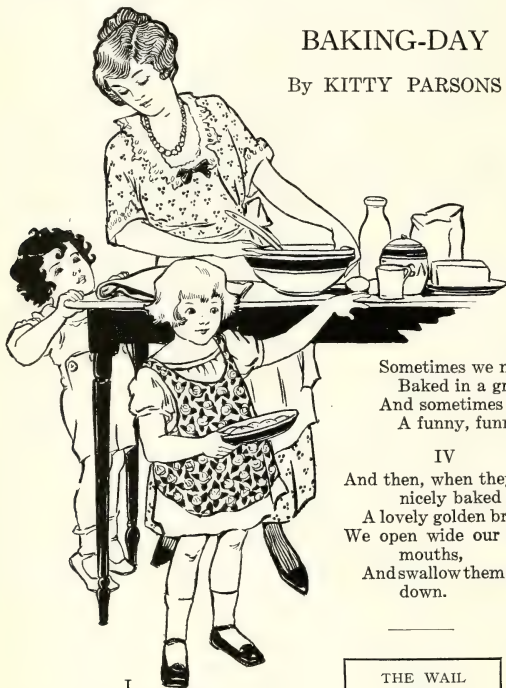
At no time of the year shall we find near the meridian so many brilliant and beautiful stars as appear in the month of February at this time in the evening. In addition to Capella, which is one of the three most brilliant stars in the northern half of the heavens, we have, in Orion alone, two stars of the first magnitude, Betelgeuze and Rigel, and five stars of the second magnitude, Bellatrix and Saiph and the three stars in the Belt. In addition, we have not far distant in the western sky fiery Aldebaran, in Taurus, and close on the heel of Orion in the east, Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens, in the constellation of Canis Major, The Greater Dog, as well as the first-magnitude star Procyon in Canis Minor, The Lesser Dog. Of these two groups we shall have more to say under the constellations for March.

ISABEL M. LEWIS.

# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## BAKING-DAY

By KITTY PARSONS



### I

ON baking-day my mother says  
We make a frightful clatter,  
With china bowls and spoons and forks,  
While mixing up our batter.

### II

We mix and mix and stir and stir,  
And beat with all our might,  
Because it takes a lot of work  
To make a cake just right.

### III

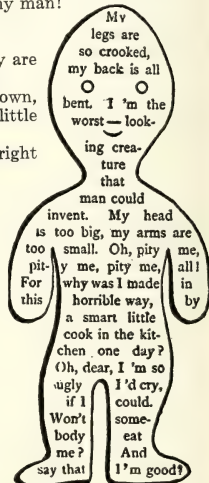
Sometimes we make a single cake,  
Baked in a great round pan;  
And sometimes cookies shaped just like  
A funny, funny man!

### IV

And then, when they are  
nicely baked  
A lovely golden brown,  
We open wide our little  
mouths,  
And swallow them right  
down.

### THE WAIL OF THE GINGERBREAD BOY

BY  
MAGGIE  
WHEELER  
ROSS







## THE BUBBLE

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

I LOVE to play the livelong day;  
Night with its quiet comes too soon,  
With shadows walking long and gray,  
And the gold bubble of the moon.

And when at last to bed I go,  
And hear her song dear Mother croon,  
I wonder who has strength to blow  
A big, big bubble like the moon.

## MY SHADOW

By JOHN MATTER

I HAVE a little shadow,  
And when the sun is bright  
Across the hill and meadow  
He sticks to me so tight.

But when the sun is hidden,  
My shadow stays abed;  
No matter where he 's bidden  
He lets me go instead.

My shadow 's very lucky  
To always miss the rain;  
And I am very plucky—  
It seems to me that 's plain!



## RAIN RIDERS

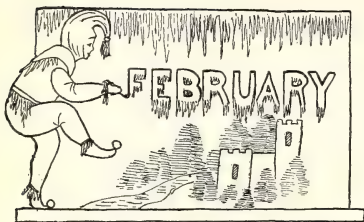
By CLINTON SCOLLARD

LAST night I heard a *rat-tat-too*;  
'T was not a drum-beat, that was plain;  
I listened long, and then I knew  
It was the Riders of the Rain.

But with the rising of the dawn  
There was no sound of any hoofs;  
The Riders of the Rain had gone  
To tramp on other children's roofs.



# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY CHARLOTTE E. INGWERSEN, AGE 14

WELCOME indeed for timeliness and cheer are these pictorial tributes to Jack Frost and St. Valentine, which so appropriately introduce the LEAGUE pages this month. And all the drawings here presented are of high quality, while so many other admirable sketches were received that the task of selection was far from easy.

The prose writers, too, pressed to the front line with a list of "strange occurrences" that were almost as full of thrills as a moving-picture film. A goodly number, however, were of a mirthful sort, and several of these will be found in the following

pages. Whether serious or lively, all the anecdotes recorded are well worth the appreciation they are sure to win from LEAGUE members and readers—as also are the photographs and contributions in verse.

Finally, there is never a February issue of the LEAGUE that fails to contain some word of homage from our young folk to one or both of the great Presidents whose birthdays fall so near together in the shortest of all the months. This time we get a double glimpse of Lincoln in the opening poem and in an every-day incident characteristic of his simple kindness of heart.

## St. Nicholas League.

February

1922



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY RUTH WHITTEN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

### PRIZE COMPETITION No. 263

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

**PROSE.** Gold Badges, **Kathryn Louise Oliver** (age 16), California; **Esther Laughton** (age 14), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Tom Avent** (age 16), Virginia; **Louise Richards** (age 12), Illinois; **Beatrice Blake** (age 15), Minnesota; **Marie L. Tricou** (age 15), Louisiana.

**VERSE.** Gold Badge, **Margaret B. Oleson** (age 16), Illinois. Silver Badge, **Lucia C. Jenny** (age 11), New York.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold Badges, **Jean McIntosh** (age 16), Michigan; **Marjorie E. Root** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Allison Flynn** (age 17), Nebraska. Silver Badges, **Ruth Whitten** (age 13), Indiana; **Katherine Rodgers** (age 14), California; **Barbara Knox** (age 14), Arizona.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold Badge, **Doris E. Rigby** (age 17), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Ann Baillio** (age 14), Kentucky; **Genevieve Derschug** (age 12), N. Y.; **Evelyn Blaich** (age 14), North Dakota; **Martha Johnson** (age 12), Michigan; **Eunice Cooke** (age 13), Massachusetts.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold Badge, **Betty Hooper** (age 12), Oklahoma. Silver Badge, **Mildred Hooper** (age 11), Washington.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold Badge, **Betty Terry** (age 13), New York. Silver Badges, **Dorothy Johns** (age 13), New Jersey; **Helen C. Sayward** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Katharine Shand** (age 15), Canada; **Mary Perkins** (age 13), New Jersey; **John R. Hopkins** (age 10), New York.



BY EVELYN BLAICH, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)



BY EUNICE COOKE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

"TAKEN IN WINTER"

## TO ONE BORN IN FEBRUARY

BY MARGARET B. OLESON (AGE 16)  
(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1921)

Out of the Middle West he came,  
His heart with undying love aflame—  
Love for a nation, far-flung, wide;  
Love for a people, love and pride,  
Thrusting his own desires aside—  
Lincoln.

Out of a nation's heart there grew  
War, and soldiers in gray or blue;  
War, and a trembling mother's fears,  
Hope and daring, blood and tears.  
He led a nation through those years—  
Lincoln.

Out of the bloodshed came at last  
Peace; and the sounds of war were past.  
Peace to the land! And, his labors done,  
With love to all and hate for none,  
Dead lay the nation's honored son—  
Lincoln.

## A STRANGE OCCURRENCE

(Founded on Fact)

BY KATHRYN LOUISE OLIVER (AGE 16)  
(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1921)  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.  
October 7, 1921.

Dear Buddy:

You know, I am always having wild experiences, but I believe this caps the climax. It reminds me vividly of my freshman days—now that I have become a staid junior!

I boarded a street-car the other day, worn out from shopping. I went inside. Every seat was taken, but a handsome chap, whom I recognized as our senior class president, rose and offered me his. I accepted gratefully; he stepped to the doorway and I should have forgotten him, had he not kept looking at me with the queerest expression. I thought my hair was mussed and began smoothing it, but that only intensified matters. He looked shy, miserable, yet determined, and suddenly he stooped down and began *crawling* toward me. I honestly was frightened for a moment, for fear he 'd gone crazy. He stopped in front of me, and in clarion tones (you would never guess it) began to *propose*.

First, I was angry; then I realized it must be a joke, because he 's from a fine family. Mother knows them, but I 'd never happened to meet him.

Every one stopped talking and stared at us both. I wanted to *die* of embarrassment. But finally he ceased raving, turned around, crawled back, resumed his place, and did n't look at me again!

At school he cornered me and apologized beautifully, explaining that he was being initiated and that was his job to propose to a girl at that particular moment. He said he *knew* he was more embarrassed than I! That evening he came over with a box of candy, and we had a jolly time. Mother likes him.

I might add—I have the "frat" pin. He said it was only fair, since I helped him earn it and was a good sport and—everything.

We're going to the junior prom together.

Yours,

"SLIM."

## A STRANGE OCCURRENCE

BY TOM AVENT (AGE 16)  
(Silver Badge)

A STORY is told of an old man who lived in Japan. On one occasion this old man did a very strange thing. He and his little ten-year-old grandson lived alone in a small house on a hill. He had worked hard to pay for this little home. There



"TAKEN IN WINTER." BY DORIS E. RIGBY, AGE 17  
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOVEMBER, 1920)

was an earthquake and the water was going out from the coast.

A large crowd had gathered down on the beach to watch it. The old man knew that very soon the water would come back again and destroy the city. He told his grandson to bring him a lighted torch. The boy did as his grandfather had bidden him to do. The man took the torch and set fire to his house. It was his own house and all his property was in it. This man knew that if he would set his house on fire, the crowd would see the burning building and come to try to save it. When some of the people reached the house, they wanted to put the fire out, but the old man said, "Let it burn." The boy said, "Grandfather is crazy." After a while the old man asked if all the people had reached the house. Some one told him that everybody in the city was there.

The old man told them about the earthquake and about the waves that would soon be back. He said that he did not have any other way to make them leave the shore. It was not long before the waves really did come back. They destroyed the whole city, but the people were saved.

The story of this man's brave act will long be remembered by the people of Japan.

## A STRANGE OCCURRENCE

(A True Story)

BY LOUISE RICHARDS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

ONE day in the time of the Civil War, a Confederate soldier came limping up the path to my great-grandfather's home, which was near Gettysburg. My grandfather, who was a Northerner, thought it was queer when this sick and wounded Confederate asked to be hidden. The Confederates were coming and they might arrest him as a deserter.

It was all this man could do to pull himself up the walk, as he was wounded, discouraged, and a deserter from the Southern cause. He begged so hard that Grandfather decided to help him until

As an illustration of an almost unbelievable incident, he told the following:

A friend had a coin which he kept as a pocket-piece. He had marked it in a certain way so that he could not possibly mistake it. One day when tramping through the German mountains he lost this coin. He felt sorry over the loss of it. About a year later when he was walking through Boston Common poking the leaves with his cane, he hit something that jingled like metal. Picking the object up, he saw to his surprise that it was the very pocket-piece he had lost in the mountains of Germany.

## TO ONE BORN IN FEBRUARY

(To a Snowdrop)

BY MARGARET MACKFRANG (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

A LITTLE white flower, on a late winter's day,  
Raised her head from a blanket of snow;  
And the whisper that came from her small golden heart  
Caused the neighboring elms to bend low.

For her message brought hints of warm breezes  
and birds,

Of meadows with bright colors throbbin';  
So the first thrill of Springtime was borne to the world

By this harbinger small of the robin.

## A STRANGE OCCURRENCE

BY BEATRICE BLAKE (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE queerest incident I ever witnessed was a thunder-storm viewed from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais. Although this mountain is but one half-mile high, it is above the clouds and commands a beautiful view.

When we started from San Francisco it was clear and bright, but when we neared the mountain the clouds began to look threatening.

The trip up, on "the crookedest railway in the world," was wonderful; every turn brought into view some unexpected delight. About half-way up it commenced to drizzle, and the atmosphere grew rapidly colder. When we had reached the top, every one was surprised to find that the sun was shining and the sky very blue. This fact had not been discovered before, because the latter part of our journey had been through a giant-redwood forest. This also accounted for our not noticing the absence of rain.

We looked down and saw five tiny villages fast being concealed by the gathering clouds.

Soon little forks of lightning darted in and out among the clouds, and faint murmurs of thunder were heard. As the storm grew more violent, these murmurs became loud grumbings, and the tiny forks of lightning became long snakes of fire. Then gradually the storm abated and the clouds became transparent and melted away, bringing again into view the five "toy towns" at the base of Tamalpais. It became warmer, and the mists, which had obscured other peaks, floated away. This enabled us to gaze at the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas, many miles distant. We also saw Mt. Shasta's cone outlined sharply against the blue.

When the next thunder-shower came, wherever we were, we remembered that on the high mountain-tops the sun was shining.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY JEAN MCINTOSH, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON AUGUST, 1919)

he was well. After the man got stronger, he told Grandfather that he was from Georgia and he was going away, and that as he had no money to pay he would give Grandfather his gun, which was a Confederate sharp-shooter's musket.

After the man left, a letter came from the West saying that he was going to start life all over again. The letter was unsigned. Letters kept coming even after Grandfather's death. Finally, they stopped and he has never been heard from since.

So in our family the gun has been passed down until my brother has it to-day. We keep the gun with a Confederate flag in memory of that strange occurrence.

## A STRANGE OCCURRENCE

BY ESTHER LAUGHTON (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1922)

SOME very strange things really happen. Many years ago Mother was at a lecture given by Arlo Bates. In his talk he said that writers could not always use the exact truth in their stories, because facts are so extraordinary at times that readers would think them far-fetched and unnatural if they were used in a story.





BY ANN BAILLIO, AGE 14  
(SILVER BADGE)



BY CHARLOTTE GOWAN, AGE 13



BY GENEVIEVE DERSCHUG, AGE 12  
(SILVER BADGE)



BY ALICE MCNEAL, AGE 15



BY MARY CLAXTON, AGE 17  
"TAKEN IN WINTER"



BY ELIZABETH RAUCH, AGE 11

## A STRANGE, AND TRUE, OCCURRENCE

BY MARIE L. TRICOU (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

"GIRLS," cried Shirley, as she bounced into the club-room, "come while I tell you what just happened to me.

"Margie Wagner asked me to go with her to her daddy's office, which I did; there was just one man sitting in the general office, so I told Margie that I would wait there while she went into her daddy's private office.

"All of a sudden a band down in the street started to play 'Peggy O'Neil,' and this man who was in the office turned to me and said:

"Do you want to dance?"

"Well, I was so surprised I nearly fell off my chair, because I never would expect an offer like that from a man of about forty—and Margie told

me later he was married and had three children!

"I am not a very good dancer," I answered, but I said to myself, 'I must know how just as well as you.'

"Oh! that's all right; I'll show you how," he answered.

"Oh! you will, will you?" Of course, I just thought that, but I got up.

"Well, he danced wonderfully; I only wish one of the boys in our crowd could dance as well."

Shirley looked around and enjoyed the consternation on all of the girls' faces, then continued: "And he showed me the medals he received as the best dancer in New York in —"

"Oh, I guess in 1900," interrupted May.

"Is that so?" said Shirley. "Well, it was for the year of 1920."

"Did you ever!" cried Peg; "the funniest things happen when you least expect them."

## A STRANGE OCCURRENCE

BY MILDRED PHIPPEN (AGE 13)

JACK OWENS lived in the "slums" of Chicago. He owned a dog-fighting cat which would fight any dog in the neighborhood.

One day a large collie walked down the street. A boy caught him and was playing with him, when along came Jack and his cat. The cat's tail stiffened and her back arched at sight of the collie.

"Come on, boys, and watch the fun!" cried Jack.

Kitty and the dog were hemmed in by a large crowd of boys.

The animals sniffed at each other and then rubbed their heads together. Kitty then walked out of the ring, the dog following.

"Aw, what do you think of that!" remarked Jack, in a disappointed tone.

## TO ONE BORN IN FEBRUARY

BY LUCIA CHASE JENNEY (AGE 11)

*(Silver Badge)*

I KNOW a maiden lovely,  
With hair of a sunlight hue,  
Whose cheeks are like two rosebuds,  
Whose eyes are turquoise blue.

Her lips are red as rubies,  
Her teeth like shining pearls;  
This maid, 't is you, my darling,  
The fairest of sweet girls.

True to the month you were born in,  
You capture from each his heart.  
Nothing could break my love for you,  
And I hope we shall never part.

You are my little sweetheart.  
Oh, love, won't you be mine?  
I love you more than words can tell,  
Oh, be my valentine!

## A STRANGE OCCURRENCE

BY BARBARA SIMISON (AGE 14)

THE grass was wet with dew, and from it issued a plaintive "cheer-up!" From the huge maple overhead came another mournful robin-call. A lawyer, riding along the path, stopped an instant to find its whereabouts, but what did it matter to him? He was n't lost! Besides, his companion hurried him on with, "Too bad! Anyway, one can't help them. It's just a robin coaxing her birdies back to the nest. Come!" And without further hesitation, the pair clucked to their horses and hurried on.

The chirping still continued, but not long; for in a few minutes a tall, gaunt man, astride a horse, came into view. He halted and dismounted on hearing the pitiful sounds. This lawyer, Mr. Lincoln by name, stooped low and found two wee birds, cuddled in the tall grass, and decided their home must be in that big tree. As he had a tender heart he soon discovered the bird's home, nestling in a fork of the maple. Tenderly caressing the culprits and putting them with the two birds still in the nest, he climbed down and was off, none the worse for his trouble, save a rent in his coat and a hat askew.

Some time had passed since this man had

stopped by the way, and his friends, the other lawyers, had just become worried over his absence, when Lincoln rode up.

"Well, Abraham, it's time you appeared! I suppose you've been helping those poor birds." And Mr. Speed and his companion Mr. Hardin began to laugh.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lincoln; "but if I had n't, I'd have lost sleep in thinking of those helpless robins."

Of course, years later it was Abraham Lincoln who became one of our greatest presidents, and whether or not this "strange occurrence" helped him to be so ready to aid and comfort so many people, it is for us to guess!



"AN OLD FRIEND." BY ALLISON FLYNN, AGE 17  
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEBRUARY, 1921)

## TO THOSE BORN IN FEBRUARY

BY CHARLOTTE LOUISE GROOM (AGE 13)

WASHINGTON and Lincoln,  
Lead this wondrous band;  
Dickens' "Christmas Carol"  
Is read in every land.

Longfellow and Lowell,  
Poets we all know;  
Thomas Edison, to whom  
The phonograph we owe.

Sherman, Greeley, Darwin,  
Come on one by one;  
Surely, children can't forget  
Joseph Jefferson.

And Victor Hugo's writings,  
Of the long ago;  
But February lost us  
Michelangelo!



BY ELIZABETH MIZNER, AGE 14



BY HARRIET DOW, AGE 15

## "TAKEN IN WINTER"

## A STRANGE OCCURRENCE

(A True Story)

BY ESTHER CLARK BAILEY (AGE 14)

ONE dark, silent night, my father was driving along a lonely country road. He was alone in the little roadster and his thoughts wandered over the happenings of the day. Nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. It had been one of those days when everything seemed slow and uneventful.

Just then he passed a sign, "Danger! Sound Klaxon!" So, complying with this, he went by the treacherous cross-road without harm. A very little way from here, he came to a railroad crossing. I have said that the night was a dark one. Also, a dangerous curve preceded this part of the railroad. My father slowed down, and, neither seeing nor hearing anything, was preparing to cross. At that moment, the stillness was broken very suddenly by the sound of an auto-horn. Daddy was startled for a moment, so that the car did not move. And then, with scarcely a second's notice, a fast express-train whizzed by! If he had started across—

He looked about for the machine which he was sure must be near, from the continuous sound of the horn. But there was not a sign of another auto. Daddy happened to glance down. The button he had pressed back at the cross-road was caught. He touched it lightly and immediately the noise ceased. His own horn had warned him of the oncoming danger!



BY MARJORIE E. ROOT, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON DEC. 1921)

BY BARBARA KNOX, AGE 14  
(SILVER BADGE)"AN OLD FRIEND." BY  
MARY CANDACE PANGBORN,  
AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER)

## TO ONE BORN IN FEBRUARY

BY ELVA VAN WINKLE (AGE 15)

I WAS born in February, yes,  
And, oh, how mad I am!  
I'd rather be born on Christmas,  
Just like my brother Sam.

Although he says he hates it,  
He's better off 'n me;  
For he has all his fourteen years,  
And I have only three.

That is to say, I should have twelve,  
If I were born on a proper day;  
But I had to be born in Leap Year,  
And it takes all the fun away.

If you only get one birthday,  
In every four long years,  
It's celebrated the first of March,  
A grievance that still brings tears.

Why, Sam calls even Jenny  
Older, far, than me.  
And she is just a baby;  
She's only six, you see.

So, little girl who reads this,  
If you were born on Leap Year, too,  
I send you all my sympathy,  
For I'm writing this to you.



BY MARTHA JOHNSON, AGE 12  
(SILVER BADGE)



BY ALICE WEIL, AGE 13



BY HARRIET C. NELSON, AGE 12

### "TAKEN IN WINTER"

#### A STRANGE OCCURRENCE

BY JANE BUEL BRADLEY (AGE 13)  
(Honor Member)

"I WONDER what poor Staunton meant."

It was a crisp October morning in the year 1846, and young Benjamin Hadley was walking briskly down a street in Bristol, England, his thoughts busy with the will of a late friend, of which he and a lawyer, Edward Leslie, had been made executors.

When the property was examined, a scrap of paper had been found on which was written, "Seven hundred pounds in Till."

Ben and Mr. Leslie had searched everywhere for the money; but finding nothing, they were much puzzled. Now the legacies were paid, and Mr. Staunton's library sold to a bookseller.

Suddenly Ben thought of a solution to the matter. At once he sought Leslie and said to him, "You recall, Mr. Leslie, an edition of Tillotson's 'Sermons' in Staunton's library?"

At an affirmative nod from the older man, Ben continued, "Is n't it possible that the 'Till,' referred to by our friend, might be an abbreviation of Tillotson, and had n't I better go to the bookseller who bought the volumes, to inquire if he is still in possession of them?"

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed the lawyer, "I believe you have solved our problem. Make haste to the man's shop!"

Ben Hadley's goal was not far, and soon the bookseller was amiably exhibiting Tillotson's "Sermons" to his eager young patron, who procured them immediately.

Upon searching the pages, Ben found bank-notes among them, the total sum of which was seven hundred pounds!

"Well," exclaimed he, "that was a lucky ending to a most curious occurrence!"

#### TO ONE BORN IN FEBRUARY

BY VIRGINIA FARRINGTON (AGE 13)

Hail to thee, Saint Valentine,  
And to thy much loved day!  
'T is then with glee our sharp eyes see  
The postman on his way.

Hail to thee, O king of hearts,  
And to thy valentines,  
With ribbons and laces and pretty faces  
And fervent "Oh, be mine!"-s

Hail to thee, dear Valentine,  
Thou February saint!  
On bended knee, we bow to thee,  
In posture quaint.

#### SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

##### PROSE

Elizabeth E. Hughes  
Alvena Osburn  
Mary E. McCullough  
Frances K. Beckwith  
Mary M. Fitzgerald  
Anna V. Zapp  
Betty Fry  
Dorothy M. Jones  
Wilhelmina Rankin  
Margaret Nichols  
Lucile F. Malott  
Ruth A. Blount  
Betty Olmstead  
Gertrude D. Hill  
Margaret Harkness  
Lael Tucker  
Virginia Cyrus  
Elizabeth Bissell  
Marquerde Coney  
Jessica Hill  
Margaret Bradley

##### Howland H.

Sargeant  
Alice M. Johnson  
Leslie Marsh  
Rosalie Stork  
Elizabeth Harrison  
Katrina E. Hincks  
Ruth P. Fuller  
Elizabeth Cleveland  
Grace Hunter  
Lillian C. Pritchett  
Eugenia Evans  
Selma Hollander  
Katherine E. Younger  
Alice E. Hooker  
Margaret H. Eckerson  
Elizabeth S. Livermore  
Beatrice Greenough  
May Cheney  
Frances G. Ivens  
Mary Bryan

Phyllis Dale  
Hilda Wright  
Esther L. Cottingham  
Hope Sterling  
David D. Lloyd  
Ruth Rhinock  
Glanville Downey  
Russell Matsen  
Elizabeth Stuart

##### VERSE

Florence E. Jackson  
Margaret Humphrey  
Ruth Gillam  
Herma Nealand  
Jean Harper  
Dorothy R. Burnett  
Ellen M. Ryan  
Margaret L. Griffith  
Emily Lee Brandt  
Caroline Harris  
Irene Remk  
Mary Palmer



Katherine Foss  
Orale Williams  
Charlotte E.  
Farquhar  
Betsy Rosenheim  
Helen L. Whitehouse  
Roma Kauffman  
Mary S. Curtis  
George Jobson  
Elizabeth Dargan  
Reid Parker  
Arlie Werth

## DRAWINGS

Lucille Murphy  
Alison Farmer  
Shirley Strouse  
Virginia Quarles  
Marie Shannon  
Katherine E.  
Harrison  
Ellen Carpenter  
Lilla Roberts  
John Welker

Frances E. Duncan  
Lillian Aspell  
Adeline Greenleaf  
Margaret Buck  
Howard B. French  
Eudora A. Welty  
PHOTOGRAPHS  
Louise Hudson  
Rebecca P.  
Fitzgerald  
Ruth Dimick

## WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes." THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

## PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 267

**Competition No. 267** will close March 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for June. Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "In Meadows Green."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "An Every-day Hero."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "A Familiar Scene."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Waiting," or "A Heading for June."

**Puzzle.** Must be accompanied by answer in full.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League,  
The Century Co.  
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

## ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

## PROSE

Marquis Lewis  
Isabel C. Bosworth  
A. Lawrence Clark  
Leah Gordon  
Caroline Everett  
Margaret Leach  
Clara Rue  
Miriam Strong  
Jane Heath  
Virginia Vaughan  
Isabel Trask  
Gwynne M. Dresser  
Rose Zimmerman  
Gertrude Green  
Marion E.  
Mac Arthur  
Ruth H. Thorp  
Anne P. D. Lester  
Luella Sharpe  
Ruth T. Smith  
Theodora Gott  
Mabel Merriam  
Esther R. Gorton  
Mary I. Caldwell  
Sylvia Santom  
Regina Wiley  
Helen F. Perkins  
Ada Ann Ireton  
Margaret O'Reilly  
Louise F. Paine  
Anna W. Hale  
Richard Barrow  
Violet Holgate  
Florence F.  
Johnson  
Arthur Carson  
Mabel R. Hartleb  
Julia F.  
Van der Veer  
Gene Muhling  
Mary M. Mahony  
Ethel Fitzpatrick  
Bertha Reinhardt  
Annie Rivers  
Margaret E. Moss  
Elinor Gron

Helen Spurrier  
Jeannette R.  
Pennoch  
Mary L. Myers  
Clarissa Thurston  
Elizabeth  
Hardaway  
Dorcas E. Gallaher  
Harriet Febigier  
Alice G. Kenyon  
Carolyn E.  
Lombardi  
Douglas Anderson  
Hazel Kuno  
Sylvia Atwater  
Nancy Hodgkin  
Maxine Wiley  
Margaret  
Montgomery  
Katharine  
Davidson  
Homer Kells  
Betsy Muzzy

## DRAWINGS

Edith E. Bond  
Harriet L. Jones  
Irene Oakley  
Doris E. Miller  
Edith Waxham  
Marie Peyré  
Winifred P.  
Wilkie  
Boyd D. Lewis  
Robert Cressey  
Lores McCloskey  
Eleanor Higby  
Virginia Pratt  
Sylvester  
Gatewood  
Jessica G. Abel  
Virginia Holdrup  
Elizabeth Enright  
V. La Mountain  
Marceyn Lichty  
Lois Gilbert  
Harriet Sutton

Margaret  
Whittlesey  
Alice M. Brockway  
Frances S.  
Vorrall  
Frederick Hammer  
Louise  
Abernathy  
Carolyn Arnsen  
Ruth Durbrow  
Oril Browne  
Louise Okie  
Dorothy Brown  
L. O. Field  
Virginia Cherrill  
Mary Armstrong  
Elizabeth R.  
Balmer  
Margaret Nelson  
Jean Arnold  
Frances Carmichael  
Jean Poindexter  
Barbara Jack  
Margaret Grannis  
Dorothy Andrews  
Elizabeth Hughes  
Adele Dunlap  
Margaret Colwell  
Bertha  
Berolzheimer  
Gordon W. Lindsay

## PUZZLES

Rosalind Howe  
Janet Watson  
Violet A. Rankin  
Clara M. Kellogg  
Kingley Kahler  
Dereka Pentreath  
Leslie Friend



"AN OLD FRIEND." BY KATHERINE RODGERS, AGE 14  
(SILVER BADGE)

Mary Louise Craig  
Margaret P.  
Coleman  
Elizabeth Carly  
Elizabeth Merriam  
Elizabeth Greenleaf  
A. L. Steelman  
Mary Selling  
Molly Mattis  
Celia Read  
Betty Huse  
Frances Martin

## VERSE

Mary Berson

## PHOTOGRAPHS

Barbara Taylor  
Anna Arnold  
Mary Lower

Mary Wissler  
Jeannette Whitty  
Walter Gutmann  
Martha  
Zimmerman  
Mary Jane Pollock  
Gertrude M.  
Seymour  
Marshall Mureloo  
Cornelia Anderson  
Winchester Wood  
Elizabeth Pollis  
Ellen Forsyth  
Charles Davis  
Sarah Baker

## THE LETTER-BOX

BURLINGTON, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you four years and expect to take you many more.

I had just received my November number and was reading THE LETTER-BOX, when I saw in one of the letters it mentioned General Howard's recapturing an old stage-coach from the Indians. Perhaps it would be of interest to you to know that General Howard was my grandfather. I do not remember having heard the story of the stage-coach before, so I was very glad to see it.

I think you get more interesting every month, and I am especially interested in the new continued story, "The Turner Twins," as I am a twin myself. You are also very useful in school and I find that I can use you in history, current events, and literature.

My sister and I always want to read you, and after we finish one magazine, we wait impatiently for the next.

Your loving reader,

HARRIET HOWARD (AGE 13).

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you now for three years, and how I ever did without you is more than I can tell.

Nearly every summer I spend in Plymouth, Massachusetts, so of course, with the great celebration there, I could hardly have stayed away last year. I saw the pageant. It was lovely! I saw it four times, and really I would n't mind seeing it again!

I am especially interested in Plymouth as I am a descendant of Elder Brewster.

Wishing you the best of luck, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

BAYLIES BREWSTER (AGE 12).

MILTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years and I love you better than any other magazine in the world! It seems to me as if we, the LEAGUE members, were all brothers and sisters, and I just wish I knew some of them. You receive so many letters that sing your praises that I should think your ears would burn. But they're all true, every single one! I can hardly wait for you each month. One of my friends said to me once, "I don't do any outside reading, because then my school work falls behind; but I always read ST. NICHOLAS!" Almost every one in my class takes you and loves you, and those who don't, I think are missing a lot. And after all—What is home without dear old ST. NICK?

From your most loving reader,

ESTHER E. OSGOOD (AGE 13).

SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I don't believe I'd live a minute longer if I was told I could n't take you. I just adore you!

I love "The Hill of Adventure" and "The Turner Twins" and "Phantom Gold!" I'm terribly sorry that the "Tiptoe Twins" ended. I enjoyed them so much. I think those sixteen more pages add to the fun. I have looked through the advertisement pages and written down what I want for Christmas. I have filled both columns and I have a lot more I wish to put down.

I'm trying to get a friend of mine to subscribe. I said she would enjoy it so much. I think she will subscribe soon, because she keeps borrowing mine and says she just loves it. I feel like giving every one a present of ST. NICHOLAS for one year, I love it so dearly myself.

Your most devoted reader,

POLLY OLCOTT (AGE 10).

ARLINGTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps you would like to know what became of "Jesse James," the hold-up bear. I had the joy also of a trip through Yellowstone Park this summer, but I did n't have the joy of seeing Jesse James, because we went late and found that only the day before he had been killed. A woman had offered him candy and then snatched it away before he could get it. The bear snapped at her and her husband hit the bear, who knocked the man down. Of course, no one blames the bear, but he had to be killed, anyway, for they say that once it happens, the bear usually will do it again. That is why they ask the visitors not to feed or bother the bears. At the rate which it is going on now, there will be no bears left in a few years.

There is only one thing in the Park we did n't see, though we wanted to very much—the Teton Mountains. We had one small glimpse of them, which made me want really to see them all the more; but we went out the west instead of the south entrance, because we were going through Salt Lake City.

We had a wonderful time at Salt Lake City. We had a swim in the lake, which was lots of fun unless the salt water got in your eyes, then it was n't so much fun. Our rooms at the hotel were just across the street from the Mormon Temple, so we had a good view of it. We heard the famous organ in the tabernacle, and saw lots of old things in the museum.

We came back to Denver (where my home is) and then in a week we were in the car again for a ride to Massachusetts, so I have ridden over three thousand miles this fall.

There are seven children in our family, and every one who is old enough to read loves you. We have taken you for seven years, and my mother took you when she was a little girl. We have all her ST. NICKS bound and are going to have the newer ones bound soon.

Your faithful reader,

MARTHA BLACKWELDER (AGE 14).

COLUMBUS, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you the same thing that hundreds of others tell you daily: "You are the best, nicest, jolliest, and most interesting magazine in the whole wide world."

I just love Augusta Huiel Seaman's serial stories. I believe I have read just about every one that was published in you. I also like to read THE LETTER-BOX.

Well, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I hope that you will live to be a thousand years older than you are now, so that other boys and girls will have the pleasure in reading you that I am having to-day. I remain,

One of your many readers,

RUTH E. ALBRIGHT (AGE 12).



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Beethoven; third row, Minuet. Cross-words: 1. Bump. 2. Evil. 3. Erne. 4. Taut. 5. Heed. 6. Oats. 7. Void. 8. Edna. 9. Nags.

PI. Laugh out again, sweet music and delight, In happy homes a moment hushed to hear The midnight strokes boom out the old year's flight. ZIGZAG. Robert Edward Lee. Cross-words: 1. Rambling. 2. Soldiers. 3. Sibilant. 4. Speedily. 5. Spurrier. 6. Tenantry. 7. Transfer. 8. Hogshead. 9. Swallows. 10. February. 11. Environs. 12. Gardener. 13. Plaster. 14. Feverish. 15. Eligible.

DIAGONAL, Ruskin. 1. Kitten. 2. Luther. 3. Luster. 4. Market. 5. Chopin. 6. Russia. WORD-SQUARE. 1. Tone. 2. Over. 3. Near. 4. Eris.

CHARADE. In-tact. PICTURED POEMS. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 1. The Crescent and the Cross. 2. Tiger Lilies. 3. Castles. 4. Frost-work. 5. The Queen's Ride. 6. Maple Leaves. 7. Masks. 8. The Parcae. 9. Moonrise at Sea.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than February 27 and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 445) and give answers in full, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Peter T. Byrne—Helen C. Sayward—Elizabeth B. Noyes—Betty Terry—Dorothy Johns—John R. Hopkins—Mary Perkins—Allil and Adi—Helen A. Moulton—"The Days"—Florence E. Jackson—Elizabeth Tong—Katharine Jones—Katharine Shand—Helen H. McIver—"Kemper Hall Chapter"—Ruth D. Rowley—Rosalie Bailey—John F. Davis—Carlus S. Messler—Rosalind Howe—"The Three R's"—Unsigned—Henry and Virginia Jeane—F. E. Tompkins and C. E. Dennis—A. Movus and E. Voorhees.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Lillian Weiss, 8—H. S. and H. Dormitzer, 8—M. E., 6—M. Willard Messler, 6—St. Anna's Girls, 6—Elinor Kendall, 5—C. Leroy Custer, 5—Catharine M. Dawson, 4—Mary Scattergood, 4—Norma Steiner, 4—Kenny and Buckle, 3—Marian M. Purinton, 3—Janice Reed, 3—Unsigned, 2—Violet Winn, 2—M. Belden, 1—D. Ferguson, 1—M. Stimson, 1—V. Leak, 1—W. Irwin, 1—E. Grimes, 1—S. Barrett, 1—E. Forsyth, 1—R. Lee, 1—R. M. McKamey, 1—E. V. Aman, 1—G. E. Leich, 1—V. L. Thompson, 1—M. Rau, 1—E. Voigt, 1—S. D. Morford, 1—N. Pulsifer, 1—E. Stauleup, 1. Neri Corsini, Florence, 3 (October).

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Thomas, but not in Read;  
My second, in Benjamin, but not in Franklin;  
My third is in Joaquin, but not in Miller;  
My fourth is in Robert, but not in Southerly;  
My fifth is in Sidney, but not in Lanier;  
My sixth is in Washington, but not in Irving;  
My seventh is in Alfred, but not in Tennyson;  
My eighth is in John, but not in Keats;  
My ninth is in Eugene, but not in Field;  
My tenth is in Leigh, but not in Hunt;  
My eleventh is in Felicia, but not in Hemans;  
My twelfth is in Robert, but not in Burns;  
My thirteenth is in Walt, but not in Whitman;  
My fourteenth is in Walter, but not in Scott;  
My fifteenth is in John, but not in Whittier;  
My sixteenth is in William, but not in Collins.  
My whole was a great American poet.

JEAN E. HAYS (age 13), *League Member*.

## TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose limping and make a repeat. ANSWER: Lame, meal.

1. Transpose a famous city, and make additional.
2. Transpose duration, and make a paragraph.
3. Transpose a certain river, famous in ancient times, and make a strong cord.

SOME CURIOUS "ANS." 1. Ad-amant. 2. Ad-hera. 3. Ad-miral. 4. Ad-versary. 5. Ad-vice. 6. Ad-venture. 7. Ad-mire. 8. Ad-vance. 9. Ad-dress. 10. Ad-ipse. 11. Ad-minister. 12. Ad-just.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds.

*The Bells of Atri.*

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Clara Barton. 1. dea-Con. 2. Ham-Let. 3. err-And. 4. hat-Red. 5. Ten-Ant. 6. rab-Bit. 7. pal-Ace. 8. car-Rot. 9. pan-Try. 10. det-Our. 11. pin-Ned. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Pershing. A LITERARY ACROSTIC. Initials: Tanglewood Tales: 1 to 9. Hawthorne; 10 to 17. Minotaur; 18 to 23. Europa; 24 to 30. Anteus; 31 to 35. Ceres; 36 to 40. Aetes. Cross-words: 1. Tithes. 2. Attest. 3. Native. 4. Grasps. 5. Latter. 6. Emerge. 7. Window. 8. Ounces. 9. Oriole. 10. Daring. 11. Thanks. 12. Avenue. 13. Lowing. 14. Erases. 15. Survey.

4. Transpose to change direction somewhat, and make always.
5. Transpose to arrest the progress of, and make an imperfection.
6. Transpose final, and make a condiment.
7. Transpose animal food, and make deficient in spirit or animation.
8. Transpose a raised platform, and make assists.
9. Transpose the ending to a prayer, and make an appellation.
10. Transpose to conduct, and make a valley.
11. Transpose to flay, and make colored liquids.
12. Transpose to crush, and make a pretence.
13. Transpose hurled, and make a multitude of persons.

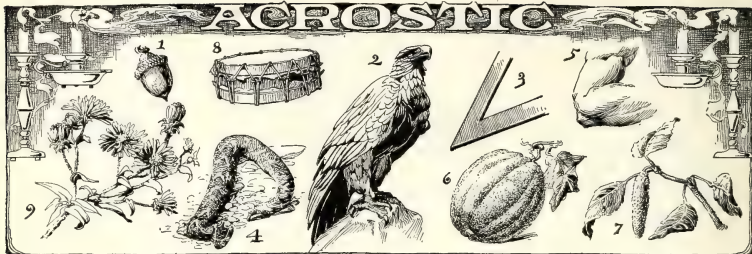
When these transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the new words will spell the name of a famous Pilgrim.

DEREXA WHITCOMB PENTREATH (age 15),  
*League Member*.

## DIAMOND

1. In January. 2. A disorderly throng. 3. A humorist. 4. An insect. 5. In January.

MARGUERITE A. BUSHNELL (age 12),  
*League Member*.



All of the nine objects shown in the above picture may be described by words of the same length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a February festival.

### A TIMELY ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

- |      |       |                                      |
|------|-------|--------------------------------------|
| * 6  | 11    | CROSS-WORDS: 1. A dark               |
| * .  | 9     | fur. 2. To deride. 3. Worth.         |
| * .  | 5     | 4. A very deep chasm. 5. To          |
| * .  | 8     | fail in duty. 6. Impetuous. 7.       |
| * .  |       | A feminine name. 8. A plant          |
| * .  | 4     | having aromatic leaves. 9. A         |
| * 14 |       | sugar coating. 10. High-             |
| * .  | 15    | minded. 11. A musical study.         |
| * .  |       | 12. Something worth seeing. 13.      |
| * .  | 3     | A military station where stores      |
| * .  | 10 13 | and provisions are kept. 14. At      |
| * .  |       | a later time. 15. A pleasure         |
| * 2  |       | boat.                                |
| * 1  | 7     | When these words have been           |
| * .  |       | rightly guessed, the initial letters |

(indicated by stars) will spell an old time festival. The letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 8 will spell the month in which the festival occurs, and the figures from 9 to 15 will spell the day of the week on which it will fall this year.

MILDRED HOOPER (age 11).

### CHARADE

My first has its own day set aside,  
It's quick completion, the housewife's pride;  
My next is a measure, it rhymes with "bun,"  
My whole you suspect, now that I'm done;  
Of a man and a place is my little rhyme,  
You've heard of it many and many a time.

E. L. HOURWICH (age 15), *League Member*.

### ENDLESS MYTHOLOGICAL CHAIN

(Gold Badge, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the sixteenth word will be the same as the first two letters of the first word. The sixteen words which form the answer are not all of the same length.

1. A daughter of Oedipus and Jocasta. 2. The god of the sea. 3. The beverage of the gods. 4.

The daughter of Minos. 5. The wife of Athamas. 6. The mother of Castor and Pollux. 7. The mother of Perseus. 8. A name given to part of the Mediterranean. 9. The wife of Hector. 10. The goddess of youth and spring. 11. The queen whose hair was changed into a comet. 12. A Celtic people who crossed the Alps under the leader Etitovius. 13. The wife of Amphion, king of Thebes. 14. The aged nurse of Juno. 15. The ancient name for the mountain now known as Katavothra. 16. A name for Tabriz.

BETTY HOOPER (age 12).

### PI

Eht sbrid heav nebe snging toyad,  
Dan syangi "Eht grips si rean";  
Het nus si sa wram sa ni yam,  
Dan eht pede bule saehven ear creal.

Het letlit brids tretwit nad peche  
Ot trehi voles no teh slealfes charl,  
Tub veens tefe depe eht nows-strewh peels,  
Dan eht yare haht ton wron ot charm.  
HELEN DEMETRY (age 9), *League Member*.

### NOVEL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell a famous country, and another row of letters will spell one of its most famous men.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To let. 2. Indian corn. 3. A feeling of weariness. 4. To come back. 5. A hard, white substance. 6. The outer covering of a flower. 7. To pester.

NATICA NAST (age 13), *League Member*.

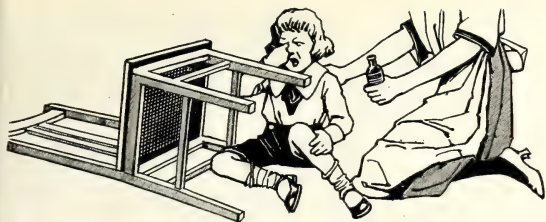
### ZIGZAG

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of a very famous person.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A spice. 2. A messenger. 3. A brief fall of rain. 4. Divides. 5. To attack. 6. To alter. 7. To write carelessly. 8. Shatters. 9. Knowledge. 10. A filament. 11. A native of a certain Eastern country. 12. A baby. 13. To compute. 14. A season. 15. An official critic. 16. A clergyman.

JOHN W. BODINE (age 9),  
*League Member*.





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NO man is going to place his name or his trademark on the product he manufactures unless he has reason to know that his goods are just a little better than unidentified products. You can depend on the *quality* of the goods advertised in these pages.



## SKULL & BONES RING

Something New. **THIS IS A BEAUTY.** Nicely finished in **ROMAN GOLD.** The eyes are set with stones resembling Rubies or Emeralds which give a beautiful appearance. It is a **RICH** looking ring. Very good for secret societies and clubs.

Price 15c, 2 for 28c

CLAXO TRICK CO., Dept. N. R. New Haven, Conn.

# Addressed To All Advertisers

**M**OST of St. Nicholas boys and girls are of high school age. Have you ever furnished the money for things boys and girls in their 'teens just must buy? Not only skates, sleds, cameras, canoes, toboggans, bicycles, tennis racquets, baseball goods, guns, tires, tents and other play goods, but fountain pens, stationery, needlework materials, dentifrices, soaps, flower and vegetable seeds, shoes, hosiery, musical instruments, records—and that is only a beginning. Look into St. Nicholas and you will advertise in St. Nicholas.

**\$250.00 for a page a month** will take your messages into the best homes, where you are sure to get action.

## St. Nicholas Magazine

353 Fourth Avenue  
New York

# Burpee's Flower Seeds



Boys and girls, there's a treat in store for you this summer if you have a garden and plant some of Burpee's Flower Seeds.

The flowers offered in this advertisement are the special kinds that we recommend to all of our young friends because they are so easy to grow. If you plant the following flower seeds you will be able to have flowers every day from early in the spring until Jack Frost comes along next winter.

### Four Cut Flowers 25c

These 4 packets of seeds will give lots of flowers for cutting. They all last long in water. One packet each:

**White Aster**      **Giant Mignonette**  
**Crested Zinnia**      **Velvet Flower**

This collection of 4 cut flowers will be mailed to your door for 25 cts.

### 4 Bedding Flowers 25c

These will make a beautiful bed of bright flowers. One packet each:

**Lilac Alyssum**      **Bush Dolichos**  
**Defiance Balsam**      **Golden Daisy**

These 4 packets will be mailed to your door for 25 cts.

### Four Climbing Flowers 25c

The climbing flowers in this collection will grow all over your fence and porch. They will provide shade and will give beautiful flowers.

**Dolichos Darkness**      **Tall Nasturtium**  
**White Morning Glory**      **Spoon Gourd**

The 4 climbing flowers will be mailed for 25 cts.

### Four Spring Flowers 25c

This collection contains 4 beautiful flowers that bloom very early in the spring.

**Lemon Calendula**      **Brilliant Petunia**  
**Santa Barbara Poppy**      **Shirley Poppy**

All 4 packets will be mailed to you for 25 cts.

### Four Fall Flowers 25c

This collection contains 4 of the most beautiful fall-blooming flowers. They will keep right on blooming until killed by Jack Frost.

**Blue Daisy**      **Double Sunflower**  
**Amaranth**      **Large White Cosmos**

The Fall Collection of flowers will be mailed for 25 cts.

### Burpee's Dollar Bargain of Flowers

If you want to have all kinds of beautiful flowers in the spring, summer, and fall, we recommend that you plant all the seed listed on this page. As a special bargain, we will mail you all five collections—20 large size packets of flower seeds—for \$1.00. Just send a dollar bill and Burpee's Dollar Bargain of Flower Seeds will come to your door by return mail.

**Burpee's Annual** is the leading American Seed Catalog. It will be mailed to you free upon request.

## W. Atlee Burpee Co.

Seed Growers Philadelphia.

# Here's Your Opportunity!

*Boys, listen to this!*

For the sum of Ten Dollars we are offering the five volumes of the Memorial Edition of Charles E. Van Loan's famous stories of sports together with a year's subscription to

## The American Golfer The Sport Pictorial

The books themselves sold for Twenty-Five Dollars per set, and the regular subscription price to the magazine is Five Dollars per year—a thirty dollar order for one-third that price.

Of course you know the Van Loan stories of baseball, golf, boxing, racing and the movies. None better are to be found anywhere. And there are only a few hundred sets left.

In addition you get twenty-six issues of THE AMERICAN GOLFER, THE SPORT PICTORIAL, edited by Grantland Rice, the liveliest and most interesting sports magazine of the day.

Both Dad and yourself will be interested in this offer. Maybe he has not yet learned of it. Call it to his attention today and have him order for you now.

*The attached coupon can be used to enter your offer.*

CENTURION PUBLISHERS, INC.  
353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

S.N. 2-22

Enclosed find \$10.00, for which send me THE AMERICAN GOLFER, THE SPORT PICTORIAL, for one year (26 issues); and the 5-volume Memorial Edition, boxed and express paid.

*Magazines and books  
may, if desired, be sent  
to separate addresses.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

*Postage in Canada, 50 cents; foreign countries, \$1.00.*



## LOOK AT THIS ! A BEAUTIFUL WRIST WATCH

**FREE**



**FOR  
BOYS  
AND  
GIRLS**

All you need do is to sell 40 packets of our vegetable seeds and we will send you—FREE—this guaranteed time keeper with latest style gold finish dial. Seeds are easy to sell at 10 cents per pack. Send no money, we trust you until seeds are sold. Get sample lot at once and secure this handsome premium.  
Dept. L-33 American Seed Company, Lancaster, Pa.

## BOYS or GIRLS Earn \$1.00 in an hour

"Seeds received yesterday all sold out in half hour," Richard Lewis, Concordia, Kan.

Others are doing it, selling our vegetable seeds at 10c per large packet. Easily sold. Get 40-pack sample lot. Send no money. **WE TRUST YOU.** When seeds are sold, keep \$1.40, return balance to us.

**AMERICAN SEED CO., Box H-93, Lancaster, Pa.**

**MOVIES**

**BOYS!**



Or anyone interested in Movies, write to-day for valuable free information. Do it NOW.

**PARAMOUNT MFG. COMPANY**

Box 1371 Dept. 54-A Boston, Mass.

### LETTER PAPER JUST LIKE DAD'S

100 Junior Correspondence Sheets of good quality Bond Paper and 100 envelopes to match, neatly printed with your own name and address. When seeds are sold, keep \$1.40, return balance to us. Be the first fellow in your vicinity to have letter paper just like Dad's. Junior sales representatives wanted.

CHAS. E. MURPHY, 28 Coal & Iron Exch., Dept. N, Buffalo, N. Y.

### School Service for St. Nicholas Readers

This department is maintained for the benefit of our readers. It helps parents in the selection of the proper schools for their sons and daughters, always remaining conscious of the particular needs of each pupil.

There are a number of excellent schools advertising in these columns, but if you are perplexed and do not know which to choose, we will gladly advise you without charge.

#### THE SERVICE COVERS

Boarding Schools	Military Schools
Preparatory Schools	Correspondence Schools
Finishing Schools	Business Schools
Travel Schools	Training Schools
Music Schools	Special Schools
Art Schools	Summer Camps

Give as much information as possible when writing. Address

**SCHOOL SERVICE DEPARTMENT**

**ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE**

353 Fourth Avenue New York City

Unless stamped  
like this it is not  
an Educator.



A good looking,  
long wearing,  
boys' Educator

## Going to have Peacock Feet?

**R**EMEMBER the story about the peacock — how his beautiful, fan-like tail slumped down whenever he looked at his twisted, ugly feet?

How do you suppose you're going to feel, later on, when you look at *your* feet?

Narrow, pointed shoes will twist your foot bones. Educator Shoes will "let the feet grow as they should." Wear them and you'll never know what a corn, a bunion, an ingrowing nail, or a fallen arch is. You'll have healthy, supple feet — not "peacock feet."

Ask mother to let you write for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"—a book of facts you'll be glad to learn.

**Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.**

**RICE & HUTCHINS**  
**EDUCATOR**  
**SHOE**   
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**FOR MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN**



## When Abraham Lincoln Was a Boy

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a great reader, — your history has told you that many times, — but he had few books with which to gratify his desire for knowledge. So he read over and over again the volumes he had. Each was a cherished friend.

Have you ever thought of the difference between those days and the ones in which you live — the difference as measured in the opportunities our boys and girls have, and the pleasures they enjoy?

The number of books that are written for you, the magazines you dip into each month — it would take a long, long list to name them all! And yet Lincoln kept his whole library in the chinks between the logs above his bed.

One of the chief joys of boys and girls of this day and age is ST. NICHOLAS. It is indeed a fortunate literary era that produces such a magazine as ST. NICHOLAS at the small cost to a subscriber of about eight cents a week.

Thousands and thousands of boys and girls are aware of this, and subscribe to the magazine in advance so that they shall not run the risk of missing a single copy. The newsdealers are often sold out, and in the public libraries ST. NICHOLAS is never on the reading-room shelf. If you wish to enjoy it *early* in the month, all the month, and then have it for future re-reading and reference — put your name on the attached coupon.

THE CENTURY CO. { Concord, N. H., or  
                                  { 353 Fourth Ave., New York City.

S.N. 2-22

Gentlemen: Please find enclosed \$4, for which send ST. NICHOLAS for one year, beginning with the March number, to

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....



### Sponson, the Family Canoe

Here's a canoe that children can play in. Doesn't tip over. Air-chambers on the side make the "Old Town Sponson" safer than any rowboat. \$54 up from dealer or factory. New catalog shows popular models in colors. Free. Write for it.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 242 Fourth St.  
Old Town Maine, U. S. A.

*"Old Town Canoes"*

### Delivered to You Free

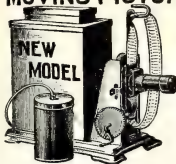
for 30 days' trial on approval. Your choice of 44 Styles, colors and sizes of famous **Ranger Bicycles**. **Factory-to-Rider** lets you buy at wholesale prices, express prepaid, direct from maker.

**12 Months to Pay** lets you enjoy at once. Many boys and girls easily save the small monthly payments. The **Ranger** is a better bicycle than you can buy anywhere at any price. lamps, horns, wheels, parts and equipment at half usual prices.

**Send No Money** Simply write for our big, illustrated free **Ranger** catalog with lowest prices and terms; also **MEAD CYCLE COMPANY** special Rider Agent Offer.



### MOVING PICTURE MACHINE FREE




This genuine, New Model American made Moving Picture machine with film—ALL GIVEN for selling 20 pcks. Blaine at 16c a pkg. Write for them. We send them postpaid. When sold return \$3.00 and we send machine, film and extra premium free of set of admission tickets. postage prepaid.

BLUINE MFG. CO.,  
556 Mill St.  
Concord Junction, Mass.

### TELESCOPE FREE



Brass bound. Opens over 2 feet long. You can see objects a mile away. Given for selling 10 pcks. Blaine at 16c a pkg. Write today. **BLUINE MFG. CO., 691 Mill St., Concord Jct. Mass.**



**Moore Push-Pins**  
*Glass Heads—Steel Points*  
**Moore Push-less Hangers**  
To hang up things  
*Ask your dealer to show them*  
Sold Everywhere **10¢** per packet  
**Moore Push-Pin Co.**  
Wayne Junction Philadelphia



### CLASS PINS FREE CATALOG

GIVE NAME OF SCHOOL OR CLASS AND NUMBER IN CLASS. Either pin illustrated made with any equal amount of lettering, one or two colors enamel. Silver plate, 20¢ ea., \$2.00 doz. Sterling silver, 40¢ ea., \$4.00 doz. Write to-day for catalog. **BASTIAN BROS. CO.**  
385 Bastian Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.



**T**O PLACE an advertisement in **ST. NICHOLAS** means that you are bringing the name of your product to the attention of thousands of children and their families all over the United States. These children come from the best homes in the land, and will soon become influential citizens in their communities.

To impress on their young minds the qualities of your merchandise is a big step towards molding the opinion of future customers, as well as a wedge into a tightly closed pocket book today.

A page in the advertising section of **ST. NICHOLAS** is an excellent investment, and one that pays a high rate of interest.

For further particulars, address

**ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE**

353 FOURTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS



## NEW ISSUES

THE editor is surprised at the increasing number of letters which he receives—letters expressing interest in the new stamps which we illustrate. This month we present those which seem to us the most attractive of the later arrivals. Instead of taking these up either in the order of their issue or in alphabetical sequence, we propose to give first place to the stamps which have been sent to us by friends of ST. NICHOLAS who live in distant lands, and who wish their fellow-readers of STAMP PAGE to see as promptly as possible such new stamps as come within their sphere of activity. Before we describe any of these stamps, perhaps it would be well to express again to their senders how very much we appreciate their courtesy and thoughtfulness. We know all the other readers of STAMP PAGE unite with us in this expression. And we should all be pleased indeed if only, with the stamps, the sender would tell us a bit more about these new and strange issues. Tell us, if possible, why they were issued; tell us what scenery is pictured, or whose portraits appear; and translate into English all foreign inscriptions. We all want to know these things about our stamps, and such information is always difficult, often impossible, for us to obtain promptly. The first stamp we illustrate comes from Rome, where it has recently been put on sale. We have seen four values, the five-cent in green, the ten, in red, the fifteen, slate, and the twenty-five, blue, the design being the same for all four. We imagine it is a Victory stamp, and that the winged female typifies History writing upon a tablet of bronze the words which appear at the right: "Vittorio Veneto—XXIV Ottobre MCMXVIII." The words on the left (Poste Italiane) and the value at the top make a very well balanced and artistic stamp. ¶Many of the newer countries whose names appear in our albums have fallen into the habit of frequent issues of stamps. The

Free City of Dantzig is by no means the least of these offenders. We illustrate the five-mark value of a recent issue. In the center of the coat-of-arms, the crown and two crosses are upon a background of red. The arms and wording are in light green, while the outer margin of the design is a scroll of red lines upon black. ¶The Italian colony of Libia has issued an "express stamp," which seems worthy of a place upon this page. The wording is sufficiently large to be easily read, except that in the lower right corner, which is in Arabic. The color of the main design is a soft red. All around the central head are fronds and fruit of the date-palm, while on either side is a row of dates. The head of the "Goddess" (?) is brown, making a pleasing contrast to the rest of the stamp. She wears a wreath, one side of which is of oak-leaves and acorns; the other side is of olive-leaves and fruit (we think). This wreath is surmounted with a sort of crown which bears a strong resemblance to the outlines of an old Moorish castle. A rather remarkable design. ¶While the stamps of Jamaica were never so beautiful as the early issues of some of the other British West Indies, still they have always been very popular with American collectors. One reason for this may be the fact that so many of them have visited Jamaica on the highroad to Panama. There is now appearing from there a new pictorial issue of stamps of which we illustrate the half-penny. The stamp is in two shades of green, and the central design shows the Exposition Building of 1891. ¶We illustrate one of a new series from Argentine. The stamps are rather effective, but perhaps a bit too much has been crowded into the design. In the label at the top are the words "Primer Congreso Postal Panamericano," and at the bottom "Buenos Aires, Agosto de 1921." To give added emphasis to the Pan-American feature of the Postal Congress, the center of the design is occupied by a female letter-carrier; behind her appears a globe showing the map of the two

(Concluded on second page following)



## THE ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and as reference the name of your parent, or teacher, or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.

**Why my approvals are the best:** (1) No trash. (2) Lowest price: 50 per cent. with extra discounts for quick returns. (3) Attractive Sheets arranged by countries. (4) War stamps and Late issues at MODERATE NET PRICES. (5) Prompt Service. Hundreds of St. Nicholas boys have tried them. Why not YOU?  
D. M. WARD, 608 Buchanan St., GARY, IND.



**158** Genuine Foreign Stamps—Mexico War issues, Venezuela, Salvador and India Service, 10c Guatemala, China, etc. Only ..... Big Finest Approval Sheets 50 to 60¢. Agents Wanted. 72-page Lists Free. We buy Stamps. Estab. 25 yrs. Hussman Stamp Co., Dept. 52, St. Louis, Mo.

**BARGAINS** EACH SET 5 CENTS  
4 Iceland; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 8 Honduras; 8 Costa Rica; 10 Russia; 8 Dutch Indies; 4 Siam. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free.  
CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY

**FREE** 10 Scandinavian, millimetre scale, gauge, book, lists, etc., to all sending 10c for 57 diff. Siam, Ceylon, Guatemala, etc.; 200 diff. 25c; 300 diff. 75c.; 100 diff. U.S. 25c.  
HAWKEYE STAMP CO. \* \* CEDAR RAPIDS, 49, IOWA

## TRIANGLES

4 VARIETIES (2 AUSTRIA, 2 FIUME) FOR 10c And a nice set of Ukraina thrown in for good measure. Good?  
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Stamps 50 all diff., Africa, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Ceylon, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 40c. 50 diff. U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 10c. Agts. wtd., 50%. List Free. I buy stamps.  
C. Stegman, 5940 Cote Brillante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



65 Different Foreign Stamps from } including Africa, Asia, Aus-  
56 Different Foreign Countries } tralia, Europe, West Indies  
and our pamphlet, which tells you "How to make your collection of stamps properly." For only 16 Cents—A BIG BARGAIN.

Queen City Stamp & Coin Company,  
Room 32, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

**FREE** Packet of desirable stamps, exceptional quality to approval applicants furnishing satisfactory references.  
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**FREE** Packet of fine stamps for names and addresses 2 live collectors, and 2 cents postage.  
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**10,000** Stamps at one cent each. Send for trial selection on approval, and receive a Watermark Detector Free.  
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## GET THIS BOYS—Free

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SCOTT STAMP AND COIN COMPANY  
33 West 44th Street New York City

**WORLD'S LARGEST** Wholesale and Retail Catalogue of Postage Stamps now ready. 128 pages. Single stamps, sets, packets, albums, mixtures, supplies, etc. **Price 10 cents. Worth \$5 to you. Send 10 cents today.**  
**Bargain Sets** We offer these great bargains at low prices. No two stamps alike in any set. All fine. 50 Africa 24c; 15 Arg. Rep. 11c; 50 Asia 17c; 35 Austria 10c; 35 Bavaria 23c; 10 Brazil 5c; 100 Br. Col's 23c; 25 Bulgaria 25c; 20 Chile 11c; 10 China 7c; 50 Cuba 49c; 10 Czecho's 12c; 10 Egypt 7c; 7 Iceland 20c; 50 Italy 19c; 40 Japan 7c; 8 Liberia 25c; 17 Mexico 10c; 13 Nyassa 45c; 10 Paraguay 10c; 25 Persia 25c; 6 Reunion 3c; 20 Russia 10c; 7 Siam 15c; 10 Straits 7c; 30 Sweden 11c; 100 U.S. 20c; 10 Uruguay 8c; 50 French Col's 34c; 50 Portuguese Col's 35c. Following wonderful collections guaranteed to satisfy or your money back: 1000 varieties \$2.90; 1500 varieties \$5.45; 2000 varieties \$8.90. Postage extra. Remit in stamps or money order. We buy stamps. MARKS STAMP CO., Dept. 1, N. TORONTO, CANADA.



## TRIANGLE

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**9c**

## 55 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS

Including China, Japan, French Colonies, etc., given to applicants for our high grade approval selections. Send references and 2c stamp to the EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., Dept. S, MILFORD, CONNECTICUT.

## UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY

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**STAMPS!** 50 All Diff. British Guiana, Cuba, China, India, Jamaica, Japan, Portugal, Venezuela, etc., only 10c! 100 all diff., 13c; 1000 all diff., fine collection in itself, \$4.50; 100 diff. U. S. 25c; 1000 hinges, 10c. 50% approvals sent every order. List free. I Buy Stamps! L. B. Doyer, Dept. F, Longmont, Colo.

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**FREE** 200 PACKET, containing animal and picture 20 Different stamps, to applicants for my 1-2, 3-4, and 5-6 cent stamps. 2c approvals; also the higher priced desirable stamps at 5 per cent discount. Send reference and you will get an additional premium. CHAS. T. EGENER, 1835 Pike St., Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued on next page)

**DANDY PACKET STAMPS** free for name, address 3 collectors, 2c postage, with 50% apprs. 125 dif. U. S. inc. high values, 50c. U. T. K. STAMP CO., UTICA, N. Y.

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**FREE** UNUSED TRIANGLE STAMP to Applicants sending 50 cent deposit for merit approvals. EDWIN H. BAILEY, Box 25, Farmingdale, N. Y.

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**1000** Diff. Stamps, \$2.80; 500, \$1; 300, \$.45; 200, \$.20. F. L. ONKEN, 630 79th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**FINE STAMPS** at half catalogue. WICKWEL STAMP CO., 42 Manchester Ter., Springfield, Mass.

**ALL FOR 10c** 20 STAMPS FROM 20 COUNTRIES, 10 unused and 2 Malay (Tigers). FOYE STAMP COMPANY - Detroit, Michigan

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**FREE** Beautiful set Austria 1919 3-12 hellers unused to approval applicants sending reference and 2c postage. HOBART STAMP SHOP, 177 Oakwood Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.

**Individual Service!** Personal Approvals for discriminating collectors. Free to applicants U.S. 50c Purple. Special premium for Boys and Girls! PROGRESSIVE STAMP CO. Gloversville, N. Y.

**25** Gold Coast, Newfoundland, India, etc., **FREE** with trial approval sheets. 500 different stamps 90c; 1000 all different \$2.25. F. J. STANTON, Norwich, N. Y.

**FIVE CENTS** per set, 6 sets for 25 cents: 10 Austria, 3 Guatemala, 5 Luxemburg, 4 Newfoundland, 10 Switzerland or 4 Hungary. H. E. CODWISE, Melrose Highlands, Mass.

**FOREIGN STAMPS FREE**—Big Variety Packet Foreign Stamps from all over the World. 2c postage. GRAY STAMP CO., Station E., Toronto, Canada.

Stamp saving is a fascinating game. Join the **ST. NICHOLAS STAMP CLUB** and enjoy its benefits and fun. We will send you a membership blank, if you ask for it.

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**BELGIAN CONGO 1909, 10c** Carmine and black. Cat. 25c, net 6c. A. C. DOUGLAS, Lucan, Ontario.

**20** different British Colonial Stamps 10c. R. H. A. GREEN, 821 Main Street, Evanston, Ill.

**100** foreign, 50 U. S. or 10 different Nyassa pictorial unused, **FREE**, by sending 25c for 3 mos. trial subscription. MEKEEL'S STAMP WEEKLY, Beverly, Mass.

**STAMPS—20 VARIETIES, UNUSED, FREE** to all sending for our approval sheets at 50% discount. Postage 2 cents. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

**FREE** 2 GERMAN AEROPLANE STAMPS to approval applicants. Reference required. J. R. NICHOLS, 2322 Loring Pl., New York City.

**97** Different Foreign Stamps for names and addresses 2 collectors and 2 cents postage. OGDEN STAMP SHOP, Baldwinville, N. Y.

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Concluded from second preceding page)

Americas, while her arms, with a letter in each hand, are outstretched from pole to pole. Around her feet may be seen a railroad locomotive, a steamship, telegraph-wires, etc. On each table over the figures of value is the head of some animal, while at each side is a spray of foliage, perhaps the coffee plant. ¶Let us now turn our attention to a far less ornate stamp, but one which is equally interesting. Here is a plain stamp, with just the profile portrait of Albert, King of Belgium. It is by far the most impressive likeness of him that we have seen. In color it is a dark slate, with a bluish tinge. It is a stamp which every one will desire to see in his collection, both for its innate beauty and because of all which is associated with the name of this king. ¶Mexico sends us a bi-colored commemorative stamp. The outer frame in blue bears the two dates, 1821-1921, while the central design in soft brown represents two generals greeting each other. ¶For the pleasure of those of our readers who are interested in airplane stamps, we illustrate one from Tunis which will delight them. The olive-and-blue thirty-centime stamp has been surcharged in red with a pair of wings and the words "Poste Aérienne"—a striking stamp.

## Century Books for Young People

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By **AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN**

Author of "The Boarded-Up House," etc.

**A** MYSTERY story centering about a dragon-shaped box found buried in the sands near a mysteriously haunted empty summer bungalow at the seaside. Two girls and a boy have thrilling experiences in the course of finding out what it is all about. A clean, healthy-minded story, like all of this popular author's work, it is at the same time intensely exciting, genuinely puzzling, and wholesomely stimulating.

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**A** CHARMING story, delightfully told, of how a big lad and his sister and a little blind brother take an old farm and contrive to make a living, find interesting friends, discover an open door to happiness for the little blind boy, and play an important part in some dramatic happenings. The story is full of both interest and charm. There is a hint of mystery, a breath of the sea, and, above all, a warm and appealing humanity. The author has done the pictures as only an author could, in full sympathy with the story-people.

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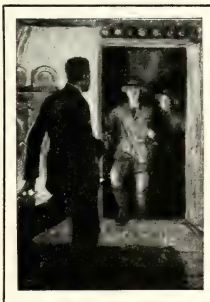
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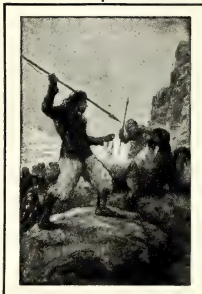
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
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No. 5

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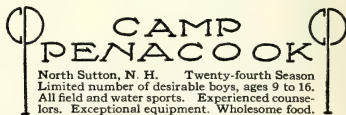
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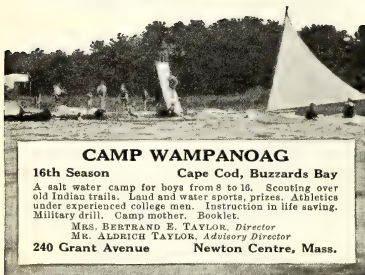
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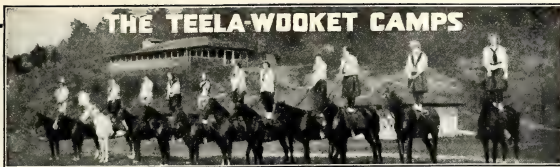
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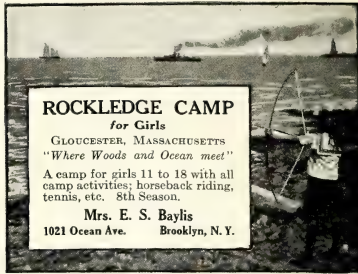
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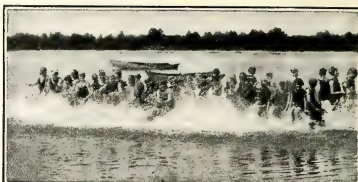
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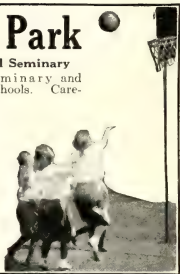
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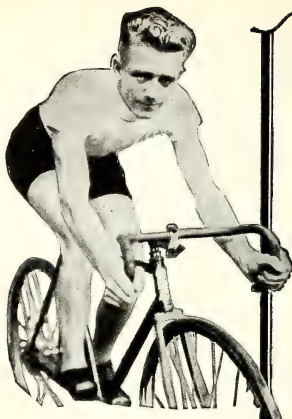
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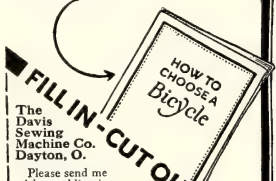
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"IN THE KITCHEN REBECCA GREETED THEM WITH A WARNING 'SH-SH'"  
(SEE PAGE 457)



# ST. NICHOLAS

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## MUFFINS, ROAST LAMB, AND MINT SAUCE

By ETHELYN SEXTON

GRADUALLY, grudgingly, the train drew to a stop. The engineer disliked these rules about fast trains stopping for passengers "from Chicago and all points west." They always lost time and they were late as it was. This stopping and getting under way again took just so much out of the schedule run. Let the folks that wanted to come to these dinky little towns ride on the local trains.

With one hand on the throttle, the engineer looked out to catch the starting signal. Then, in spite of himself, the scowl left his face and he grinned. Two girls in middy blouses were scrambling from the big automobile which had just pulled in. They advanced upon the girl in the blue suit who had just stepped from the train, and above the slow starting puffs of the engine came the sound of their laughing voices.

"Becky! You old darling!"

"How come they stopped the fast train for you? A pull with the engineer, I suppose!"

And as the three stood watching the train pull out, the engineer, his grouch forgotten, waved a jovial hand.

But now Helen and Marjorie Stafford were ushering Rebecca to the car. In the driver's seat was an elderly man in khaki overalls.

"Martin," said Helen, "this is Rebecca, our cousin. She's going to stay the rest of the summer."

"Another one!" groaned Martin, as he touched his cap, his blue eyes crinkling with fun. "I swan! What will your poor Uncle George do! Seems like it's about all he can stand with two to boss him."

"Martin is our handy-man about the house," said Marjorie; "he drives the car and does all sorts of nice things for us."

"Worn to a frazzle by these girls," said Martin. "On the jump all the time!"

Rebecca Stafford had arrived in America from England but a few months before. This was her first visit to Cloverdale, the little town where Marjorie and Helen spent their vacation. Her father was a brother of George Stafford, who owned the big brick house in Cloverdale.

There had been four of the Stafford boys—Doane, Tom, Keith, and George. The latter had never married, and, after the death of his parents, had stayed on at the old home, continuing the real estate and mortgage business which his father had founded.

During the summer, the housekeeper took a vacation; then a sister-in-law or two came to keep house and look after the cousins who flocked in at various times during the summer. All of the Stafford boys had prospered except Tom, Rebecca's father. Sent to England by an American engineering company, he had become ill shortly after his arrival; and it was only owing to the

generosity of George that he was able to get squarely on his feet again.

Meanwhile, Rebecca's mother had died. Then it was that George had written Tom, suggesting that his daughter come to America.

"I'll look after her education for a while," he had written. "Doane will be glad to have her in school with Marjorie. Then as soon as you get matters settled a bit, pack up and come to America. You and Becksy both belong here."

So Rebecca had sailed alone, and had spent a half-year at the home of Marjorie in Chicago. During the first part of the summer she had been with her mother's people in Indiana, and now had come on to Cloverdale, in Michigan.

At the present time, the girls were alone with their uncle. The coming of Helen's mother had been delayed, and so for a week longer the girls were to be housekeepers.

Up the walk to the old brick house they took Rebecca.

"Why, it looks like England!" she exclaimed, noting the neat lawn, the trim hedges and shrubbery. "I know I'm going to love it!"

"Sure you will!" said Helen. "There's the dearest arbor at the side! You can just see it from here. I wonder if Uncle George is back from the office. You'll love him, too!"

"Hold on!" said a voice, "let Uncle George speak for himself!" And George Stafford stepped from one of the French windows which opened on the porch. "How do you do, Miss Johnny Bull! Well, well! Tom's girl, sure enough! The same twinkle in your eyes! The same curly yellow hair! But do come in. These chattering magpies of girls evidently intend to park you here for the night. I won't have it."

Then picking up the bag and the suitcase, he asked obsequiously:

"Where to, Miss?"

"The blue room in the north wing," chorused Marjorie and Helen.

"Forward! March!" roared Uncle George, changing suddenly from servant to commanding officer, and upstairs they all went.

During the next few days the old Stafford house was thoroughly explored and enjoyed by Rebecca. Her father had told her of the four-poster beds, the high-boy, and the rose-wood melodeon in the big parlor; but he had not told her of the big attic.

"It's like a house in a book," said Re-

becca, as she peered into corners under the eaves where the yellow streaks of sunlight could not reach. "There's a spinning-wheel! And I suppose there are all sorts of queer old clothes in those trunks."

"I'll show you," said Helen, tugging one out toward the light. "There's Grandma's wedding-dress and Uncle George's baby-clothes—"

She lifted the lid, and there on the top lay a dainty white cap and apron.

"Oh! I have the theatrical trunk!" she exclaimed. "You see, we have a summer dramatic club, 'The Cloverdale Players,' if you please, and Marjorie and I keep the costumes."

"In other words," put in Marjorie, "we are the mistresses of the wardrobe."

"What fun!" said Rebecca. "And did one of you wear these?" She had found, underneath, a dark dress which apparently belonged to the cap and apron.

"I did," said Marjorie. "I was the maid. I came in three times in 'The New Footman.' Once I dusted the furniture—that was at the opening of the play; then another time I announced dinner; and last, but not least, I served tea. I said, 'Tea, Miss?' You see, I was quite the heroine."

"You certainly were," replied Rebecca. "The whole play, I should say. I hope you are to have a play this summer."

"Oh, we're sure to. In fact—" But just at this point came Uncle George's voice from downstairs.

"Girls, come here a moment, will you?"

In the sitting-room the girls found their uncle frowning over a telegram.

"Here's a pretty howdy-do," he said. "Looks as if you infants would have to run the house all by yourselves for the next day or two."

"We can do it," said Helen, promptly. "But what's the matter?"

"I was planning to go to Hanford day after to-morrow to see about a deal in farm-lands. Now the chap who was to meet me wires that he must see me to-day or not at all. I'm expecting a man named Eldredge to come here to-day or to-morrow. Hardly think he's coming to-day; but when he does come I can't afford to miss him."

"Is he the canning-factory man?" said Marjorie.

"The very same. Eldredge represents the concern that is going to put a canning-factory in one of these towns about here. Cloverdale wants it, of course, and I want to



"THEN PICKING UP THE BAG AND THE SUITCASE, HE ASKED, 'WHERE TO, MISS?'"

sell him the site. It will be a great thing for the town and likewise for me."

"If he comes," said Helen, "we'll urge him to stay until you get back."

"I'll have to take a chance," said Uncle George. "Both deals are important and I must handle them myself. Otherwise, I'd send Norton over to represent our office. I'll try and catch the five-twenty. Help me pack a few things, will you, Helen?"

Half an hour later, as Uncle George was starting down the steps, he turned to the girls on the porch.

"I'll 'phone you before noon about my return. I don't imagine Eldredge will get here before afternoon. But if he does, don't let him go on to Kingsburg or Millington before I return."

"Leave him to us," said Marjorie.

"By the way, he's an Englishman, and very proud of the fact. And he likes things done in the dear old English way," added Uncle George, as he stepped into the car. "There's where you come in, Becksy. Tell him about your 'close-clipped lawns and fallows gray, where the nibbling flocks do stray,' and all the rest of it."

"Thanks for the tip," said Rebecca. "Mr. Eldredge shall not escape."

As the girls were having tea that night in the arbor, a sharp ring of the telephone sent Helen scurrying into the house.

"It's Mary Channing," she said, returning. "The dramatic committee wants to meet here to-night. It seems we're on, Marjie."

"Oh, are we? When and how did we get on?"

"Don't know. But I told them to come."

"The Arrival of Anne," a colonial play, was discussed that evening from every viewpoint.

"We can costume it all right," said Helen, after the play had been read. "We've plenty of dresses in the old trunk."

"How about that maid costume Marjorie wore last year?" said Eleanor Gaylord. "Is it too modern? I wonder if it would fit me."

The maid costume was brought down and examined critically.

"Too up-to-date," said Mary. "Much too skimpy."

"I'm thinking you're right," said Helen. "A modern-dressed maid in that play would make the hit of the evening: I'll never forget the high-school play we had at home once, when one of the boys appeared in white trousers and a blue serge coat and remarked that the sleighing was fine."

"No, not really?" said Rebecca.

"Surely!" returned Helen. "And he wore a straw hat."

By ten o'clock "The Arrival of Anne" had been chosen, a tentative list of characters made, and the girls were starting for home.

"I've forgotten to get the address of the publisher!" said Mary, as they went down the walk. "I'll write the letter ordering the plays in the morning and stop here for the address. It's in that catalog I gave you, Marjie."

"I'll get it for you now," said Marjorie.

"No, never mind. I'll be along in the morning. Good night."

The next morning, Helen, rooming with Marjorie, was awakened by the sun streaming brightly across her face. Marjorie was dressing.

"It's eight o'clock, my sleeping beauty!" she said. "I was just about to waken you."

"Is Rebecca awake?" murmured Helen, sleepily.

"Have n't heard a stir," replied her cousin.

"I'll skip in and see."

From the next room Helen heard an exclamation of astonishment as Marjorie gazed on a bed neatly made.

"Helen! She's not here!"

In a moment Helen had joined her cousin in the room across the hall and the two stood staring in surprise.

"She went to bed here," said Marjorie, slowly, as if trying to convince herself.

"Yes, she really did. I'll bear witness to that."

Suddenly Helen began sniffing, and said, as she started toward the stairway, "I smell coffee!"

"Breakfast will be ready in about five minutes, young ladies," suddenly said a voice from below.

By this time, both girls were leaning over the banisters, vainly attempting to see the owner of the voice.

"Becksy, you scamp! What are you doing?"

"We thought you had been kidnapped!"

"Not I," replied the voice. "Rush around now and ask me no questions."

When the girls came into the dining-room a few minutes later they beheld the breakfast-table carefully set. The coffee was bubbling in the percolator, a plate of ham and eggs steamed invitingly, and there was a plate wrapped in a napkin which, while concealing the contents, could not keep in the delicious odors.



By the door leading into the kitchen stood Becksy, clad in the maid's costume which had been left in the sitting-room the night before.

"The 'am and heggs is 'ot," she said with a little curtsy, "and you 'd best sit down and heat them."

"You better believe we will!" said Helen.

came. I cooked a great deal while Mother was sick. I like to do it. I did n't think of the maid part till I saw the costume. Then I thought I 'd talk like Hepzibah. She worked for us once. She never used an h if she could help it—in a word where it belonged."

"Well, you surely are a success as a—"



"BY THE DOOR LEADING INTO THE KITCHEN STOOD BECKSY, CLAD IN THE MAID'S COSTUME"

"And we 'll make an exception on this particular morning and allow the maid to eat with us," added Marjorie, as she marched Becksy to her place at the table.

"I 'm curious to know what 's under that napkin," said Marjorie. "Muffins! Becksy, Uncle George will never let you leave this house when he knows about the muffins."

"Yes, mum. The regular English kind," said Becksy.

"Well, how did you happen to have this Big Idea?" asked Helen, after the muffins, the ham, and the eggs had been pronounced "the best ever."

"Oh, I woke up rather early, and it just

Marjorie was beginning, when the door-bell interrupted. "It 's Mary, after that address."

"I 'll open the door and surprise her," said Rebecca, rising from her chair.

They heard her turn the key in the lock and pull open the heavy door; but instead of Mary's laugh of surprise, came the tones of a distinctly masculine voice.

"Is this where Mr. George Stafford lives?"

And Becksy's reply:

"Yes, sir. Step hin, sir. But 'e 's not 'ere, sir."

"Oh, indeed. Is the lady of the house in?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Both of them, sir. Step hin and I 'll call them."

In the dining-room the "ladies of the house" had listened with feelings of mirth not unmixed with apprehension.

"It 's that Mr. Eldredge," whispered Helen. "Becksy must n't play a joke on him!"

"I 'm afraid it 's on us," replied Marjorie.

Rebecca had ushered the stranger into the parlor and now entered the dining-room, her eyes dancing.

"Go on and talk to him," she said. "I suppose he 's the man we were to treat so charmingly."

"Becksy, why in the world did you let him think you were the maid?"

"Let him think? Dear child, I could n't help it. As soon as he saw me he *knew* I was the maid. I knew that he knew it. I could n't bear to disappoint him. Go on in, you two. I 'll be the maid all the time he 's here."

"Becksy, what nonsense! What would Uncle George think?"

"Run along," said Rebecca, giving her cousins a little shove toward the door. "Ask him to stay to breakfast. We 'll open the campaign with muffins."

As the girls passed from the dining-room door to the parlor Rebecca slipped into the hall, and, standing outside the parlor door, listened to the second act of the little drama, which she had unwittingly staged.

"Perhaps I 'd better go on to Millington," she heard the visitor say. "I have to make that town before I leave. I could return to-morrow."

"Could you not wait a short time?" said Marjorie. She remembered now that Millington was a keen rival of Cloverdale in the competition for the canning-factory. "Uncle George is going to 'phone us before noon. Then you can make your plans about the other towns."

"I believe I 'll wait until he calls. Meanwhile, I 'll have breakfast at my hotel," said Eldredge, rising. "Would you kindly telephone me when you hear from him?"

"Won't you—won't you have breakfast with us?" said Marjorie. "We were breakfasting when you came."

"Why, thank you. But that would be imposing on you. I 'd better be going."

"Not at all," said Helen. "Uncle George would wish you to stay at the house were he here."

"Well, I confess I 'm rather weary of hotel fare, and if you are sure it will not inconvenience you—"

"Not in the least," said Marjorie, and, excusing herself, left the room.

"I 've done it," she whispered, after colliding with Rebecca, who had not had time to withdraw from her listening-post.

"And very nicely done, too," said her cousin. "Now for my part."

"Yes. Come on with your 'am and heggs. I 'll help."

Helen, left in the parlor with the guest, was possessed with a sense of uneasiness. Noting that Eldredge had picked up a copy of "The New National," she was about to remark that this was her uncle's favorite magazine. But the visitor laid down the magazine and took up the conversation by introducing the topic of her uncle's maid.

"I see you have an English maid," he said, sitting back in his chair. He was happily conscious of the odor of coffee—hot and clear and just the right flavor, he knew. "Has she been in this country long?"

"Only—only a few months," said Helen, faintly.

"And does she cook?"

"Yes. Her—her muffins are particularly good. We had some this morning."

"Indeed!" The visitor sat up straight in his chair. "Do you know, it 's a peculiar thing, but here in America they can't make the real muffin. I 've had muffins and muffins, but never the kind they make in England. I 've eaten them there that were light and crisp and browned to the queen's taste."

"I 'm sure you 'll like B—B—I 'm sure you 'll like our muffins," said Helen.

"I 'm sure I shall," said Eldredge. "And how did your uncle obtain this treasure of a maid and cook?"

"Well, you see—" began Helen, desperately. Why did n't Marjorie come in? Why did n't the door-bell ring? Where was Mary, who was coming after that address? "She came over from England—"

Help at last! At this juncture, in came Marjorie announcing that breakfast was ready, and Helen, signifying in dumb show that her cousin must do the honors at the table, dashed to the kitchen.

That the muffins did not disappoint the guest was evident from the first taste.

"The real thing! The first in fifteen years! This is indeed a treat, Miss Stafford!"

"Wonder if he 's asked Marj, too, where Uncle George obtained you," whispered Helen, to Rebecca.

"Yes, he did," said her cousin. "I heard him as I came out just now."

"And what did my poor cousin say?"

"She replied quite truthfully that she had never asked Uncle George."

"Now why did n't I think of that? Good enough! Saved again."

Before the visitor left for the hotel, a telephone message assured the girls that their uncle would be home shortly after dinner.

"I'll be over this afternoon, then," said Eldredge, "and I want to thank you young ladies for one of the most enjoyable breakfasts I've had in years."

"You must come back to dinner," said Marjorie, but recently returned from a conference with Rebecca.

"Thank you, but I'm going to save a little time by telephoning Barton of the Kingsburg Chamber of Commerce to meet me at the hotel here for dinner."

Kingsburg! The other rival for the factory! Helen gasped and looked appealingly at Marjorie, who was registering extreme consternation. What to say? What to do?

Just then they heard from the direction of the kitchen a heavy crash. It was followed by a clatter of tinware and then a prolonged "Oh!"

"Why! What was that?" said Eldredge. "It sounded as if some one were hurt!"

"I can't imagine!" said Helen.

"Just excuse us a moment, Mr. Eldredge," said Marjorie, and the girls left the room.

In the kitchen Rebecca greeted them with a warning "*Sh—sh.*" On the floor lay the heavy wooden and metal ironing-board, surrounded by a dish-pan, a wash-basin, and a tin pie-plate or two.

"I did it all," whispered Rebecca. "I heard what he said, and I had to get you out here. Now, go back and tell him we're going to have an English dinner—roast lamb—yes, I can get it—and plum-pudding. And—oh yes! Don't forget to mention mint sauce with the roast lamb. I saw some mint growing in the garden."

"But suppose he won't stay?" said Helen, the fearful.

"Don't worry. The roast lamb—and the mint sauce—will do the work. It's an Englishman's joy."

A few moments later, Mr. Eldredge was relieved to learn that the ominous crash had been caused by the collapsing of the ironing-board, and that there had been no casualties.

"The maid is not used to our ironing-board," explained Marjorie.

Then the subject of the dinner was tactfully introduced; and so carefully were Re-

becca's directions followed as to the setting forth of certain dishes that the guest, after a weak refusal, hesitated—and was lost.

To this day, Eldredge talks of that dinner. The roast lamb and mint sauce, the jam, the tea, the plum-pudding—each awakened overwhelming recollections.

"Just the right flavor!" was his invariable comment as he sampled each dish.

Marjorie and Helen had entreated their cousin to reveal her identity and receive first-hand the praises heaped upon her cooking. But Rebecca refused.

"No, we'll have to carry on," she said. "It's too late now. Let Uncle George tell him if he wishes."

But it was Rebecca, after all, who brought about the dénouement of the affair.

Dinner was nearly over when from the hall came the voice of George Stafford. Some one was with him.

"Welcome home, Tom! It's good to have you here again."

"Uncle Tom!" said Marjorie and Helen, rising from the table as the two brothers entered the room.

"Hello, girls!" said Uncle George, "a little surprise I've been saving up for Becksy. Glad to see you, Eldredge; sorry I—"

But at this point the kitchen door opened and in rushed Becksy, cap, apron, and all.

"Daddy!" she said, and rushed into the arms outstretched to greet her.

Then to the surprise of all three girls and their uncle as well, Tom and Eldredge, after staring at each other a moment, began shaking hands and expressing their delight and surprise at this meeting.

At length, George Stafford lifted his voice above the hubbub and demanded an explanation of matters.

"I suppose I'm dense," he said, "but I don't seem to get it at all. I come home and find Eldredge dining with two of my nieces and a third one acting as maid. Then Eldredge and Tom fall on each other's necks and begin to babble about the good old days. What's it all about?"

"That's easy," said Tom, "at least my part. I knew Eldredge in England. I headed a surveying party for him in the interests of a project he was promoting. We were regular pals."

"Stupid of me not to connect you with Tom Stafford," said Eldredge; "you two look alike, now that I see you together. But I don't understand about the maid. Is this young lady Tom's daughter?"

"My daughter Rebecca," replied Tom.

"Becky!" said Uncle George, "don't tell me that the girls have turned over the establishment to you!"

"No, indeed! I took it away from them." And then Rebecca told the story of her surprise for the girls at breakfast, and how they had kept up the joke through the day. "And perhaps," she concluded, "Mr. Eldredge won't like it. But we did n't dare stop."

"My dear young lady!" said Eldredge. "Like it! I am charmed. I think I could forgive a plot against my life, thinking of those tempting dishes."

That evening after supper, Tom and the three girls were in the sitting-room. The girls were gathered around the long table examining with delight the laces and linens

which their uncle had brought from England. Shortly after eight, George entered.

"Well, how about it?" said Tom.

"I just took the gentleman to the train. This has been a day of surprises, and the biggest one has just occurred. Cloverdale gets the factory and Eldredge has agreed to my proposition about the site."

"Good enough!" said Tom. "That fellow is a queer lad to deal with. You can never tell how he will decide a thing. What did the trick? It was n't because of his friendship with me. That's not his style."

"No," said George. Then he walked over to the table and placed a hand upon Rebecca's bright hair, as she bent over some lace.

"He said it was either muffins, or roast lamb, and mint sauce."

## ARITHMETIC IN RHYME

### THE TOY SHIP

In a Paris factory they made three hundred toys,  
And some were meant for little girls, and  
some for little boys.  
Each toy was packed in a small box, and  
labeled, "Nouveauté,"  
And put on board the steamer *France* bound  
for far-off Bombay.  
The distance is five thousand miles to Bom-  
bay, we are told,  
The steamer left November tenth; the  
weather it was cold.  
Now, if two hundred miles, exact, the *France*  
did make each day,  
Please tell me, youngsters, if you can, when  
did it reach Bombay?

### A WEIGHTY PROBLEM

"STRING-BEAN" Jones was thin and tall and  
weighed but eighty pound.  
His brother "Chub" weighed sixty more, and  
he was short and round.

(These were not their real names, you know,  
Their parents called them Mike and Joe.)  
One day their mother took the boys to good  
old Doctor Bate,  
And asked if he could make Joe lose, and  
Mike take on, some weight.  
The doctor knit his brow and scowled; the  
doctor scratched his head;  
The doctor took down from a shelf two kinds  
of pills and said:

"The pink will make fat Joseph lose an ounce  
of weight a day;  
The blue will make thin Michael gain the  
same amount, I'll say."  
Now if the doctor told the truth about young  
Joe and Mike,  
How many days would pass before the two  
boys weighed alike?

### HARES AND HOUNDS

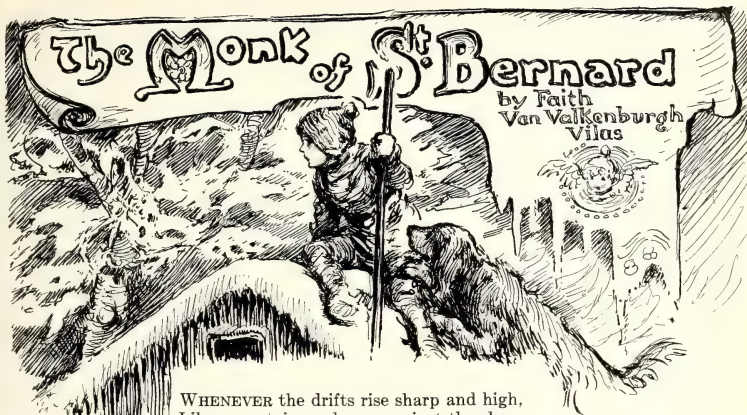
HALF a hundred Dundee hunters hunted  
hares one day.  
They took as many hounds along as there  
are days in May;  
They chased three times as many hares as  
there were hounds and men;  
But just as many got away as two goes into  
ten.  
Now if each hare weighed twice as much as  
half a pound of tea,  
What was the total weight of hares they  
brought back to Dundee?

### THE SKIPPING-ROPE

COUNT the a's within this rhyme, add to  
them the d's;  
Multiply the total by the number of e's in  
sneeze.  
Then skip the rope as often as the answer,  
when you're done.  
Arithmetic, it seems to me, is heaps and heaps  
of fun.

Alwin J. Scheuer.





WHENEVER the drifts rise sharp and high,  
Like mountain peaks up against the sky,  
Rover and I play out in the yard  
That I am a monk of St. Bernard.  
And with scuffle and shuffle around we go,  
Hunting lost travelers in the snow.



Up to the peaks of the Alps we climb,  
With a stumble and tumble half of the time,  
Until we reach the tipmost top  
And it seems as if we never should stop,  
As with scuffle and shuffle about we go  
Saving poor travelers lost in the snow.



Then Mother says it 's time to go in,  
And our downward trip we at once begin.  
We 're so white with snow that Mother can't  
see

Which is the mountain or Rover or me,  
As we scuffle and shuffle home through the  
snow

And hurry inside where the great logs glow.



# IN THE KNOB MOUNTAIN TOWER

By MERRITT P. ALLEN

As far back as he could remember, Ray Rand had loved the woods; and about the time he was ten years old he had decided to spend his life in them. This determination did not waver as time advanced; but from his early dreams of being a hermit or a trapper, he turned to an earnest, whole-hearted desire to enter the forestry service, not as a second-rate man, but as a college graduate with an M. F. (Master of Forestry) after his name.

It takes money to go to college, especially to a high-class forestry college, and there was very, very little money in the Rand family. Ray was seventeen when he graduated from high school, a time when a boy's life must necessarily take a turn, for he either goes to college then or he never goes, as a rule. Sometimes circumstances force the decision, but more often it depends on the boy himself.

When Ray graduated he had less than ten dollars of his own, but he had an abundance of clean, solid grit. Searching the papers for a summer's job, he found an announcement by the chief forester of the Adirondack Mountain region that a man was wanted to watch for forest fires from the Knob Mountain lookout-station. The salary was one hundred dollars a month and camp. It sounded good, and eventually Ray appeared in the chief forester's office.

"What can I do for you?" the broad-shouldered, keen-eyed official asked.

"I am applying for the Knob Mountain job."

"Know what it is like?"

"No, sir; but I think I can watch for fires."

"It is a man-sized job, son. The work is n't much, but it is the solitude that gets you, unless you like it. I seldom get a man to stay the season through. It is seven miles straight back in the woods. There are no camps near, and you are not allowed to leave your post night or day. There is a telephone, but you don't use it for pleasure, since it only runs to this office. Twice a month we send a man up with supplies, and I drop in occasionally; you will probably see no other persons until you come out in the fall."

"I like the woods," Ray said. "I should n't be lonesome."

The chief looked doubtful. "Why not get a pal to go with you?" he suggested. "You could make a camping-trip out of it and have

considerable fun, alternate the work and divide the wages."

Ray shook his head. "I need all the money," he said.

The chief's face became thoughtful, for he had once been a boy in need of money.

"What's the idea?" he asked kindly.

Ray told him.

The chief smiled. "Want to enter the service, eh? Well, that puts a different face on the matter. I guess, after all, there is no reason why you should n't have the job."

Within a week, Ray was established on Knob Mountain with two weeks' provisions, a few books, a clock, a camera, and a light rifle of his own, besides the professional equipment provided by the service. His camp was the watch-tower itself. It was of steel, round, and rose twenty feet above the rocks of the mountain peak. The ground floor was a tiny kitchen, the next a sleeping-room, and the third and top, the observation-post. Such a view! On clear days Ray could see through the binoculars hundreds and thousands of acres of land and water, deep forest for the most part, except for occasional small valley clearings and lakes, and on the east, the long, glistening expanse of Lake Champlain. When the sun was just right, the spires of Montreal glistened a hundred and more miles to the north; and at night, lights, none nearer than seven miles, twinkled here and there below.

Over this mighty tract it was Ray's duty to watch and, should smoke appear, to locate it as best he could on his maps and telephone the news to the chief's office. There was plenty of rain that season, and he had but two small fires to report.

The chief called up frequently, partly to keep in touch with the boy to whom he had taken a fancy, and partly in an attempt to catch him away from his post. But he never did; for though Ray longed to steal away for a ramble in the woods, he always kept within sound of the telephone-bell as he had promised to do. A man came up with fresh supplies once a fortnight, and the chief dropped in unannounced three or four times; but aside from them, Ray saw no one except at a distance through the glasses.

On a sleepy afternoon in August, the chief was on the wire. "I am going to be away

for a few days," he said, among other things. "If anything happens, ask for Mr. Adams, who will be in charge here."

"Yes, sir," Ray answered. And after more talk, he asked as usual, "Any news?"

"No. Oh, yes! the Lake Placid bank was robbed last night of a hundred thousand in cash. The police think the thieves got away through Malone. That's all. Good-by."

Lake Placid, the famous summer resort, was not so very far away, about fifteen miles through the woods to the southwest, but hidden from the Knob tower by an interposing mountain. The robbery was of no consequence to Ray, but for some reason it was so much in his thoughts after that, that at first he believed it to be a dream when he was awakened in the night by a light and opened his eyes to see three men in his room, one with a drawn revolver.

"Get up," the man commanded, "and find us some grub."

"Who are you?" Ray asked, knowing it was no dream.

"Never mind that."

Ray looked about quickly.

"We've got your rifle," the man said. "No use making a fuss. Get up!"

Ray got up, dressed, and went downstairs between two of the men. Without a word, he set out some provisions, and the men ate hungrily, one of them standing guard at the door and all of them casting frequent glances at three canvas packs on the floor. When they finished, dawn was breaking, and he could see their faces better—cruel, hard faces.

"Climb!" the leader said suddenly, pointing up the stairs with his revolver. "Go clean to the top and stay there, or I'll shoot you down like a hedgehog." And there was no doubt but that he meant it.

Ray went up the stairs obediently, for there was nothing else to do; he stood no show against three armed men.

"He can't signal from there, can he?" one asked anxiously.

"No," another answered. "Nothing there but the 'phone. I know these places."

Ray went up through his bedroom to the observation-post, and, looking through the window, saw, as he expected to, the severed telephone-wires dangling from their rock-propped pole a hundred feet away. He went back to the head of the stairs. The two flights were in line, so that from where he stood, he could look directly down on the table on the ground floor. The men were dumping the three canvas packs upon the

table—and those packs were full of money. Gold, silver, but mostly bank-notes, lay in a great pile. The leader glanced up suddenly, saw Ray, and, quick as lightning, snatched his gun and fired. The bullet missed the boy by a few inches, glanced from the steel roof over his head, and crashed through a window. Not a word was said, and none was necessary. Ray tumbled back out of range and sat down.

He had seen enough, though, to tell him that those men were the bank-robbers who, instead of going through Malone, had fled straight into the woods. While the police were searching every car on the highways and railways, the bandits were counting their loot on the mountain-top. Only one person besides themselves knew this, and that one was cooped up in the top of a steel tower, helpless.

There was no possible way of getting down, for the outside of the tower was smooth, and to jump the twenty feet to the rocks below would mean a broken leg if nothing more. There was nothing to do but wait; so he waited. If only some one would happen along! He took up his post by the window, and about noon could scarcely believe his eyes when up the trail came the man who brought his supplies.

Regardless of the circumstances, Ray leaned as far out as he dared and shouted wildly: "The men who robbed the Lake Placid bank are downstairs. They will shoot. Run!"

The man stopped in his tracks, then came on again; and out of the tower door calmly walked the leader to meet him. They were in league!

Ray sank back in dismay. His last hope was gone. There was not one chance in a thousand that another person would come that way. How long would the bandits stay in the tower? What would they do with him? They dare not let him go. Would they kill him? They looked capable of it. Whatever they did, it would not be pleasant.

Ray could hear them talking, and, dropping flat on the floor, put his ear as near the head of the stairs as he dared and listened. The supply man was relating how the search was progressing, which was the very reason for which he had been planted in the village below. The fact that they were supposed to have gone west or north pleased the men immensely, and in louder and more confident tones they began outlining their plans. At dark they would go down into separate valleys, and the next day, passing as tramp-



ers, would go to the nearest railroad points and get away by train. The supply man would go back as usual, but would soon receive a telegram saying that his brother was dead in New York, after which, of course, he might be expected to depart hurriedly. "And the boy?" some one asked. They would tie him up and leave him, they decided. It might mean his death by starvation, but they could n't help it. Ray shivered.

After a while the supply man left the others and came up the two flights of stairs.

"Make out a list of the things you want brought up next time," he said. "I'm going down about three o'clock."

He made no attempt to explain his friendship with the bandits. Ray wondered if the man thought him fool enough to be unable to put two and two together. At any rate, he decided to be as taciturn as the next one and merely agreed to have the list ready.

The man went downstairs again, and shortly after, Ray heard the tower door shut and the key turn on the outside. Looking down from his window he saw the supply man and two others spreading blankets and coats on the rocks in the shade of the tower. They were tired after their night's work and lay down heavily. Evidently the leader preferred a softer couch, for Ray heard him coming up the first flight of stairs; then the cot in the tiny bedroom creaked, and soon all was still below.

The boy sat down to think, and decided that rather than be tied in the tower to die by inches, perhaps, he would jump to the rocks, when the time came, and take his chances, slim as they were. As he laid his plans the only sound was the ticking of his alarm-clock on a shelf beside him. It was a very small clock, which he had bought because it could be easily packed up the mountain, thicker, but not much more in diameter, than a watch. It had a modest tick, for a clock, but when it was aroused, it *would* ring!

Ray's thoughts turned idly to this clock; and of a sudden he had an idea. He pondered it for a full two minutes, then, looking down again and making sure that the men outside the tower were sound asleep, he stole to the stairs and peered into his bedroom. The bandit leader was sleeping furiously. The boy went back for the clock and holding it carefully in his hands, began descending the stairs very, very cautiously. His heart was in his throat, for he knew that if he awoke the man, he might be shot. He reached the floor, and, not daring to pause, so precious was every

fraction of a second, crept past the cot on his tiptoes and so on down to the ground floor.

The three packs full of money were on the table and he had a great desire to open them, but he knew that time was more precious than money, and went about his work. Moving silently as a ghost, he took down a good-sized tin can partly full of dried hulled corn, emptied two thirds of the corn out on the table, leveled off the remainder inside the can, and on this corn placed an empty cocoa can. Taking a pencil and a leaf from his note-book, he wrote:

The three men who robbed the Lake Placid bank are in the Knob tower with the money. They will leave at dark, separately, for railroad stations. The man who brings me supplies is in with them and will get away to-night if you don't nab him. Telephone wires are cut and I am a prisoner in the tower.

RAY RAND.

This note he placed in the small can inside the larger one, then, taking up the little clock, he wound it and set the alarm at half-past five. Smiling a little, he placed the clock upon the note, put the cover on the cocoa can, then proceeded to bury it completely with the corn from the table. He felt the weight of the large can in his hands, held it close to his ear in an attempt to detect the clock's ticking, then set it back on the shelf, confident that no one could guess that it contained anything but the article advertised on its outside. Three minutes later he was safely back upstairs.

"Got that list ready?" the supply man called up from the kitchen an hour later.

Ray dropped it down to the man, who eyed it sharply to see that it contained no hidden message, then put it in his pocket.

"I wish that you would take back that package of hulled corn and tell the merchant you got it of that I ordered pop-corn," Ray said to him.

"I ain't going to fuss with that," the man growled.

"Take it along," the leader commanded.

"It will make things look more natural."

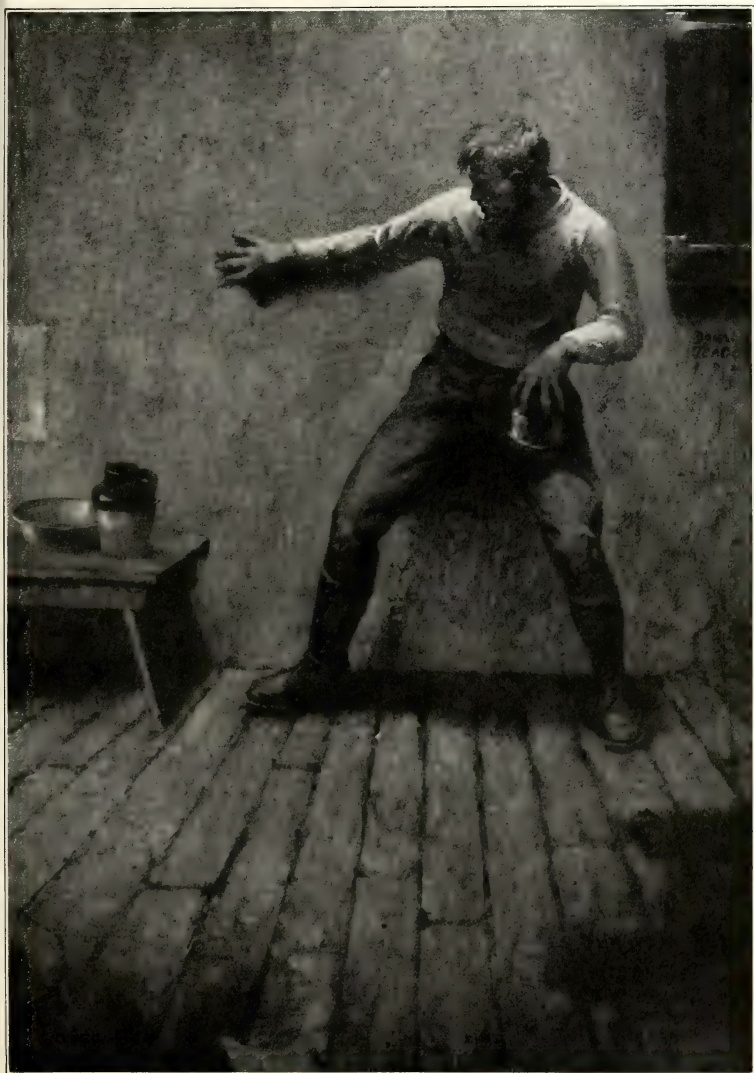
"Well, where is it?"

Ray directed him to the shelf and held his breath while he took down the can and thrust it into his pack-basket. But the man suspected nothing and soon started away.

It was already dark in the valleys when the bandit chief ordered Ray to come down. As the boy stepped into the kitchen he was seized, and in two minutes was bound hand and foot and laid on the floor.

"You're a gritty chap," the leader said,





"MOVING SILENTLY AS A GHOST HE TOOK DOWN A GOOD-SIZED TIN CAN"

standing over him in the darkness. "I hate to leave you this way, but we must get away and don't want you telling what you know too soon. If things go right, I may be able to send you help in two or three days.

never be found until it was too late. He wished then that he had jumped to the rocks as he had planned.

"We'll be moving," the bandit said to the others. "You know where to go from here."

Silently they picked up their precious packs and stepped out into the darkness. Then came the sound of many feet, blows, a couple of shots, and presently a big voice boomed:

"Got 'em tied up, boys? Anybody hurt? Good! Now where's Rand?"

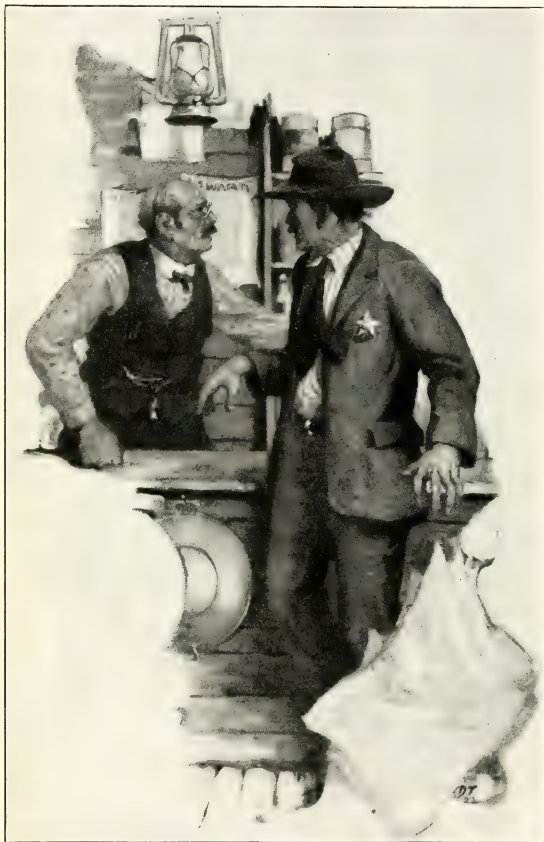
"Here!" Ray shouted, "inside!"

Two electric torches flashed through the doorway. A man wearing a sheriff's badge entered and cut Ray's bonds.

"There's your friends," he said, pointing outside, where the robbers were nicely handcuffed and guarded by a dozen men. "We got the other one down in the village. Found your note, you see. And say! that was a mighty bright idea fixing the alarm-clock as you did. I happened to be in the store when the fellow brought in that hulled corn. The clerk set it back on the shelf, and a few minutes later—*rippity bang!* We could n't think what was up till we dug into the corn and found the little clock going like a cyclone. And there was the note under it!

Best thing I ever heard of. Say, I guess you'll come in for a fat slice of the reward."

Ray did come in for his share of it, and later, after the chief had heard the story, he received a scholarship to a forestry school that is second to none. He is there now.



"'RIPPITY BANG! WE COULD N'T THINK WHAT WAS UP'"

I will leave a dish of water and some food on the floor and perhaps you can get enough of it to keep you going."

Two or three days or a week to remain bound, with only a little food and water picked off the floor, dog fashion! He might

## "KI YI"

By JOSEPH T. KESCEL



WHY for I do it? Huh? Ki yi! Why me no can stand up?" Young Lee Fat sputtered that much before brushing the snow from his loose blouse and black hair, then, with his slanting, Oriental, dark eyes, studiously regarded the pair of long skis which had been the cause of a hard tumble.

"Alla time I go flip-flop! Some day blake my neck!" and Lee turned to his companion, Jerry Kimball, a sturdy mountain lad standing on his own skis barely a rod distant and whose brown face was wreathed in smiles.

Those smiles were the cause of the young Chinese breaking out afresh, and every word showed that he was peeved. "Hey! Why for you laugh? Him no funny business! Maybe I 'most kill! You no know!"

Jerry Kimball had n't laughed, but now he let out a whole-souled guffaw and threw open his red mackinaw as if needing more air. This started Lee off again. "Haw! Haw! Haw!" he mimicked. "Velly clomical! Velly clomical! But him dliferent to me, 'cause I takee fall. Wasa good of skis, anyhow? I no see! You say, 'Learn 'em, for maybe sometime come in handy.' Go downhill, and no flip-flop. Fine splort! Zigzag uphill, hard work! At top turn round, takee long bleth, makee start—zip!" In pantomime, Lee tried to show a boy tearing over the snow at great speed, then went on, "Walk mile for minute's fun!"

Jerry wanted to laugh again, but instead gave a chuckle and said, smiling, "You 're doin' fine, Lee! A little more practice, and you 'll make the champion of the range take a back seat."

"I no want anybody to sit down," Lee snapped, getting ready to mount his skis. "I sit down plenty for all Idaho!"

"You don't get me, Lee! What I mean is this: you 'll be the best skier in this section if you keep on improving as you have since snow fell."

"Oh! I savvy, now," and the yellow face screwed into a broad grin. "China boy velly

patient, but—well, sometime I get heap mad when alla time tumble, tumble."

Within a few minutes the boys were ready to resume their journey but, before starting off, looked about them to enjoy the beauty of the mountain scenery, showing to wonderful advantage beneath a bright winter sun. In every direction were lofty mountains, sometimes covered with stately pines; while again there would be long, gleaming stretches of white which showed the effects of countless avalanches that had rolled, tossed, and tumbled down steep slopes before the heaving masses piled up in the cañon bottom with a thunderous roar. This was Northern Idaho, and among those rugged, snow-clad mountains a railroad, snake-like, wound its way. Along hillsides, across bridges, and through dark tunnels the shining steel rails linked the East with the West, and at the same time provided an outlet for the vast mineral resources of the district.

Jerry was the first to start off, and then the two began zigzagging up the hillside, each boy holding a long, light pole,—the kind usually carried in mountain skiing,—ready for any emergency. They were youngsters, this pair, neither lad seventeen, and their first meeting dated back only to the evening in the preceding autumn when Lee Fat, sick, almost exhausted, and penniless, had accidentally run onto Jerry Kimball's log-cabin, perched on a timbered slope beside a prospect tunnel.

Jerry had taken the unfortunate wayfarer in, and before morning learned his story. "I guess I must be China boy hobo," Lee began, smiling. "Have had luck, heap long time. No can tell why. Work hard, but tings him go bad. Maybe China devil-devils after me. No can tell. Long time ago me leave Seattle and lookee for job. No catchum, and pletty soon look like hobo and evely-blody say, 'Move along, Chink! We no want tlampl!' Four, fi' day ago I think maybe catchum work up here in mountains, so start lite quick on foot. Pletty soon devil-devils take me all over, head, legs, and here." Lee placed a hand on his stomach, then his eyes suddenly brightened as he added, "Maybe you give me job, huh?" Jerry grinned, passed a calloused hand over his mop of brown hair, then drawled, "Gosh! I don't

know how I'd ever pay you! I have n't got a bit of ore in the tunnel and—well, mighty little money and the grub-box is low. But I'd be mighty glad to have you hole up here with me till I go busted."

"And you let me work?" This from Lee, as he sat up.

"Sure, if you want to! But we'll talk that over when you get stronger."

So within a week, two boys, instead of one, pounded a drill in the tunnel, though Jerry thoughtfully shook his head over the almost exhausted supply of provisions and his empty pocketbook. Then, while the first snow was spreading a soft blanket of white over the country, their deliverer appeared in the person of John Dean, section-boss on a long strip of the railroad that ran through this part of the mountains.

Dean had something to say and came out with a proposition in a few words. "Jerry," he said, taking in the boy's sweating face and fine shoulders, "I guess we're goin' to have a hard winter. All the old-timers say the signs point that way. This is a bad piece of road, up here, worst on the line, and there can't be too many eyes on it in snow-time. You're right at the very worst spot, and I can make it worth your while to be on the look-out. That lad goin' to be with you all winter?" Dean glanced at Lee, leaning against the tunnel-heading, a drill in one hand and a miner's hammer in the other.

Jerry's answer was a prompt, "Yeah, most likely!" and at once the section-boss went on. "Hum! Well, I have a pretty good idea how you're fixed, so how would grub and a little money look to you for keepin' your eyes open and watching the Thundering Fork bridge in the gorge, yonder? If it looks the least bit shaky, why, set a danger-signal and get word to headquarters right quick."

The next day a generous supply of provisions and two pairs of skis had been turned over to the boys by the crew of a freight-train, and before another twenty-four hours rolled around, Lee Fat knew the delights of skiing and the thrills of tumbles. "Ki yi! Wow! Stop um!" he yelled a score of times as the long, thin, narrow boards, with curved ends, apparently tried to see how far they could go in opposite directions. "Pletty soon my legs be mile long! Stop um! Stop um!" And scores of times, while clawing his way from some huge snow-drift, he sputtered, "Ki yi! Devil-devils try take me way down under!"

The old-timers were right, for this was indeed a hard winter. Never had any of them seen such severe storms and heavy snowfalls. The gleaming carpet of white was many feet deep everywhere, and often the depth could be measured by yards.

Sometime during each day, both youngsters skied over the section allotted to them, always paying special attention to the high steel bridge spanning Thundering Fork gorge, a deep ravine at the bottom of which roared a turbulent stream. Again and again Lee had taken what he called "flip-flops," but he had stuck to it—and now, as the pair made their way to their cabin home, he was more than fairly proficient.

Before they went inside, Jerry shook his head as he looked the country over. "Reck-on we're in for a regular old norther," he said, his eyes fixing on a huge bank of clouds coming nearer and nearer. Lee heard every word, and at once started in to relieve himself. "Hey! Wasa matter this countly, anyway? Snow! Snow! Snow! Alla time! Pletty soon him be so deep we have to dig down to top of pine-tee! Al-leady now we go through snow-tunnel to get in mouth of rocky one." And this was true, for a small snow-tunnel connected the cabin with the black hole in which the boys some day expected to strike pay ore.

Suddenly, Lee changed the subject as he caught sight of several fair-sized, grayish animals which emerged from a pine thicket some distance off. "What dogs do over there?" he asked, raising his hands to peer from beneath them.

Jerry smiled before he answered. "They're not dogs, Lee. Coyotes, or wolves!"

Down came the hands with a jerk, and as the young Chinese turned to his companion, his black eyes showed a decidedly worried expression. "Coyotes! Wolves! Ki yi! Why for he come here?"

Jerry's smile was now a broad grin. "Scratchin' around for something to eat, most likely. There ain't many of 'em in this section. It's only once in a while you see one, for they usually stick to the lower country."

"Yi! Me no wanta see um no time!" Lee broke out. "Wolf, coyote, bad! Um eat people!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Lee, you're funny," and Jerry's grin changed to a good-natured laugh. "A coyote will never bother you, and—and—well, maybe they're not wolves. It's quite a ways over there and I can't tell



what they are. But don't you be scared, though, for a wolf won't bother a human unless it 's cornered—or just awful hungry."

Lee showed very plainly that he was not convinced and asked many questions before

lasses-covered flapjack found its way into a cavern-like mouth.

Shortly after eight o'clock Murphy made ready to start for his own cabin, and while outside, adjusting his skis, remarked between

grunts: "Reckon we 're in for another old buster! Never seen such a winter as this since I struck the Northwest. So long! Take good care of yourselves." And a moment later his tall frame was swallowed up by darkness and the fast falling snow. In the morning the boys found that the storm had turned into a howling blizzard. While Lee was getting breakfast, Jerry made a trip to the bridge, and, after making sure it was intact, struggled back to the cabin.

"Guh-h-h!" he exclaimed, shaking the snow from his mackinaw. "If this is n't a terror! No work in the tunnel to-day! We 're goin' to be mighty busy keepin' tab on our section."

"Yi! Him snow little more, pletty soon ski lite onto moon," was Lee's grinning comment; then he started pouring the coffee.

Before noon a powerful rotary snow-plow, with a whirring, paddle-like wheel which hurled the snow far down the mountain, was forced along the track by five huge

mountain-locomotives, their short stacks belching clouds of black smoke.

Evening came, and the storm was at its height, a sure-enough northwest blizzard, with the snow becoming deeper each minute and the wind blowing a gale. Back and forth ran the rotary and its puffing pushers,



"CLOSER AND CLOSER CAME THE SLOW-MOVING FIGURE"

the pair went into the cabin. A short time later they had a visitor. Pat Murphy, an old prospector who had a claim farther back in the mountains, and his dog dropped in and remained for supper. Lee and the dog—a full-grown St. Bernard, named Skookum—soon became good friends, and many a mo-

so that a partial passenger service was maintained over the line. Time and again the boys made the short trip to the bridge and intended to keep a sharp look-out all night.

About nine o'clock they were headed for the high, ghost-like crisscross of steel, when they brought up short, as an ominous, rumbling roar sounded above the wind. Two—three—perhaps a half dozen seconds they listened to the dull thundering sound. Then in a maze of fear and wonder, they heard the terrifying crash of breaking steel and as if some immense moving body were piling up in a yawning abyss.

Jerry guessed at once that an avalanche had slid from the mountain-side, far above, and that now the link across the gorge was nothing more than a twisted mass of steel, intermingled with thousands and thousands of tons of snow, packed like ice far down in the dark depths. He expressed his fears to Lee, and they were confirmed when, a few minutes later, the two lads worked their way to where the anchor-irons of the bridge should be, and found nothing more than broken and twisted girders hanging over the chasm.

Now, neither boy thought of what had occurred, but of what might occur if a passenger-train should come tearing along the track. Danger-signals must be set, well away from the gorge on both sides, and at once. Each carried a small huntsman's axe, plenty of matches, and a canteen full of kerosene which would greatly simplify starting a fire. A pile of blazing pine-branches heaped up between the rails could be seen for quite a distance, and no engineer would run over them. To set a fiery signal several hundred yards back on the track from where the quick-thinking pair were talking would be a comparatively easy task. But to cross the ravine and build a fire on the opposite side was a problem.

Jerry studied a moment, then came out with his plan. "Lee!" he shouted, so as to make himself heard, "I'll try and work my way across by hanging onto the broken bridge-stringers. You stay on this side."

Right away Lee started putting up a stiff objection. "No wanta stay here 'lone! Devil-devils catchee me, sure! Me hear um all time! Go, 'Moan-n-n-n! Moan-n-n-n!"

"That's the wind and creaking branches," Jerry explained. Then he talked for a good five minutes before the young Chinese consented to the plan.

Lee was feeding with dry branches a crackling blaze between the rails a scant quarter of a mile from the gorge, when he suddenly gave a startled "Ki yi!" and straightened up, his black eyes fixing on a shadowy object showing but dimly in the firelight. Wider and wider open grew the almond eyes, and closer and closer came the slow-moving figure until at last Jerry Kimball painfully hobbled to Lee's side, then slumped down in the snow.

A few seconds only he rested before panting an explanation. "Gosh! Near broke my neck!" he gasped, trying to smile. "The gorge is a terror! Don't b'lieve a cat could get down alive! I made it for about fifty feet, then—well—thought the world had come to an end. After a bit I figured it was only a sprained ankle, and somehow managed to work my way up again. Soon as I could, I started here, crawlin' most of the way and hobblin' the balance. I can't use skis, so I guess it's up to you to set the other signal. You can ski down the mountain, circle the gorge, then go up the other side to the track. I'll keep the fire goin' here, somehow."

"Huh! Was-s-s that you say?" Lee's voice was almost a wail. "Me go way in dark! No! No, you make mistake! Me no flaid, but—devil-devils all lound. Evely place! Melican boy no seeum devil-devils. China boy seeum all time. Him evely place and go long with wolves. I know! You say same all Melican boy say—help others. Velly good idea! When daylight come, me go! Huh?"

Jerry slowly arose. "No! No, Lee! Not to-morrow! Right away! Now!"

Lee's yellow face turned about as pale as it is possible for one of his race to turn, before he half choked with excuses. If the wolves did n't devour him, the Chinese devil-devils would surely lead him into some deadly pitfall, and anyway the trains had stopped running. Jerry argued and pleaded, then made for the other boy's skis.

"Hey! Where you go?" Lee yelled, looking dubiously at the limping figure.

"To set the signal," Jerry called back.

That was enough for Lee, and he sprang forward. "No! you no go fifty feet 'fore fall down and no get up. Me catchum Melican boy way quick, soon! Me go! You stay here!"

There was a very woe-begone droop at the corners of Lee's mouth, and as he mounted his skis and started off, his "Good-bly!" came



"HE KEPT ON, WITH BUT ONE IDEA IN HIS MIND—TO SET THE SIGNAL"



floating back in a decidedly mournful tone. Still, the spirit to do something for others was growing fast within him. No one knew better than he that danger lay ahead. He might wander around in the night and storm for many hours, then sink down exhausted. Again, he might be caught beneath a falling pine or crushed to death by a dreaded avalanche. And there was always danger of skiing over some high cliff, and then—as he put it to himself—the wolves!

Nevertheless he kept on, with but one idea in his mind—to set the signal that would stop all trains. Time and again he ran head-on against low branches and tree-trunks. Time and again he took bad tumbles, and often was forced to stop and catch his breath. But he kept going downhill, and thanked Jerry aloud for persuading him to become so expert on skis.

More than a mile below, the gorge opened out into a deep cañon, where the stream could be forded. It was toward this ford that Lee made his way, holding his course more by instinct than woodcraft. On he traveled, rod after rod, and then, as he mounted his skis after a hard fall, his heart seemed fairly to jump into his throat. Had n't he seen a big dark object slip behind a tree almost within reach of his hand? Of course he had! And once more he thought of the wolves.

The Lee Fat of a half-hour before would probably have reckoned only on his own safety and climbed a tree. The Lee Fat of the moment had his mind on others, so he decided to keep plodding onward. In that respect he was like an American boy. Every few seconds, now, he caught sight of the shadowy figure, and his imaginative mind pictured more than a score of big, gaunt beasts, only waiting for him to take another tumble.

Finally he did take a tumble, a nasty one, the result of skiing against a snow-covered stump; then he lay half stunned and partly buried in a deep drift. It seemed to him only an instant before a cold muzzle touched his cheek, and he closed his eyes, thinking that in a moment he would feel long, sharp fangs at his throat. His mind was still muddled from the fall, and he thought the roar of the wind the howl of angry beasts, fighting over their prey. Perhaps he would not be attacked if on his feet, so he attempted to rise. His cheek again came in contact with the cold muzzle, which made him drop back in the snow.

Then, strange as it may seem, Lee Fat began to talk. In fact to plead, but more for others than for himself—those on a passenger-train, which, although quite a distance off, was nevertheless bucking its way toward Thundering Fork gorge. "Please, Mister Wolves, let me go set signal-fire!" he choked. Then, as his head cleared, his voice became stronger. "Pletty soon, bime-by, quick, come along plassenger-train! After I fix signal, you eata me, I no care! Anyway, now I heap tough! When walk while, be heap tender. Oh please, Mister Wolves, you let me go, for I want to be all same Melican boy!"

In this strain, young Lee Fat talked on for a full two minutes; then, when he felt a big moist tongue lick his cheeks, he gave a gasping cry and opened his eyes. Was this to be the end? He thought so. Still, when he did not feel the strength of powerful jaws, but only the pressure of a big tongue seemingly licking his face in a friendly manner, he said to himself, "Ki yi! Me talkum into it!"

Little by little the slanting eyes opened wider and still wider, and as the snow-covered boy scrambled to his feet he gave a loud cry, for the big furry figure that had been standing over him was the old prospector's dog, Skookum. "Ay! Ki yi! Sklookum!" Lee yelled, throwing his arms around the animal's shaggy neck. "You my fliend! Me all same man with gun! Wolves him no come now! Me no more flaid! No care even for Chinese devil-devils! Come long!"

A short breathing-spell and they were off. The stream was crossed, and even though Lee waded through the icy water waist-deep, he did not mind the cold. Now the steep ascent was started, and up, always up, they zigzagged, Skookum oftentimes in the lead.

Suddenly, Lee stopped short and pricked up his ears. Was that a locomotive whistle or the wind moaning through the pine-branches? He listened and caught the sound again, this time clearer. The train might be near or far, he could not tell, for the track turned and twisted through the cañon. Nevertheless, in those mournful sounds was a call for more speed.

In a moment the skis were again being swung forward and upward in lengthy, regular sweeps. Never before had the lad with yellow ancestors taken a mountain-side at such a fast clip. And there was sufficient reason that he should hasten, for a long passenger-train with three locomotives was thundering over the snow-covered rails. Not like a fast



express, for the going was hard; still, rolling onward, steadily, surely.

Panting, sweating, hurrying, Lee kept plodding ahead. A score of times his heart was in his throat when he fancied that he could hear a locomotive puffing. His face was bleeding from a dozen scratches and his lungs seemed afire when he swung around a sharp turn and made out a dim, circular light that pierced the falling snow. "Headlight!" he gasped. "Now I be too late? Ki yi!" But there would be no giving up until the train had really rumbled by. Upward, faster and still faster he climbed, until he knew the track could not be far off.

The headlight came nearer and still nearer, and now it seemed to Lee nothing more than an immense yellow eye that belonged to one of his Chinese devil-devils.

Two—three—four more steps, and then he felt as if he were falling into a deep trench, directly in front of a puffing monster. In an instant he knew that he had pitched head foremost into the cut made by the rotary snow-plow. In an instant, too, he knew that he was in great danger of being run over.

Still, he was slow in getting on his feet and somewhat muddled as he frantically started to wave a stop-signal.

There was no possibility of stopping the train until part or perhaps all of it rolled by the spot where he was standing. But the only thing that concerned him was whether his signal had been seen. Well, he had done his best, and he jumped from the track and hugged the side of the cut just as the screech of a whistle sounded for all the engineers to shut off steam and throw on the brakes.

Lee Fat had been in time, and the trainmen found him sitting in the snow, talking to Skookum. A few seconds later he was sputtering, coughing, and laughing as he told his story; then, before he had fairly caught his breath, he broke out: "Why for you loaf here? Bling heap plenty lope and light! We closs gorge and see how get along my fiend Jerry!"

"How you get along plardner?" was his greeting, when, an hour later, he and several volunteers floundered through the snow to Jerry Kimball, feeding the blazing signal-fire.

## COUNTRIES WE KNOW

### *Alphabet Song*

AMERICA begins with A,  
Then comes brave Belgium with a B,  
C stands for China, well-known land,  
Where people feast on rice and tea;  
Next, D for Denmark on the sea,  
And E for England, staunch and strong;  
Then F for thrifty France, and G  
For Greece we read about in song;  
H next for Holland, small, but firm;  
And I for sunny Italy.  
J for Japan, a garden land,  
K for Korea across the sea;  
Then L for Lithuania,  
And M for stormy Mexico;  
Norway the land of fish, with N,  
A place you may not know, with O,  
Called Orange River Colony; next,  
For Persia, P, where pearls are found;  
Queensland, of course, begins with Q;  
For Russia, R, where furs abound;  
Sweden and Spain begin with S,  
And Turkey follows, with a T,  
Then next comes U for Uruguay;  
Venezuela with a V,  
West Indies with a W. X names no country near or far,  
But Yucatan with Y, and Z for Zululand and Zanzibar.

*Kitty Parsons.*

# DUCKING FOR PIRATES

By NELSON ROBINS

FIDDLER'S HILL, the home of the Mallory's, stood upon the brow of a hill overlooking the York River at a point where the river attains a width of nearly eleven miles. Except in very clear weather, when the bluffs on the opposite side are plainly seen, one might imagine that the old house overlooked Chesapeake Bay itself. First came the green lawn, which ran down to the cove; across the cove was a marsh, covered with vivid green sedge and ornamented at intervals with tall pines; and then the river, stretching mile upon mile to the James City County shore. On the left of Fiddler's Hill plantation, Fiddler's Creek ran under the hill on which the Mallory home stood. On the right, five miles up the river, Cedar Bush Creek formed another natural boundary to the plantation. Inland, the plantation was bounded by an enormous swamp, which separated Fiddler's Hill from all neighbors.

The natural boundaries of the plantation were excellent aids to ordinary farming, which Colonel Mallory carried on to the extent usual in his section; but they were serious drawbacks to the business of oyster-farming, which Colonel Mallory pursued on a rather large scale, for the reason that Fiddler's Hill was so far from everywhere, except the river, that it was difficult to get police help.

Every description of planter has his especial enemies which work to make his crop a failure. The orchardist has the San José scale; the cotton-planter, the boll-weevil; the wheat-grower, the rust; the tobacco-grower, the hail-storm; and the corn-grower, the chinch-bug. The oyster-planter has evils corresponding to these, and, in addition, has the oyster-pirate. Of course, the oyster-pirate is nothing more nor less than a thief, but upon his success the fortunes of many a planter have been won or lost.

The oyster-planter goes about his business just as if his business were on land. Oysters are planted and tended and harvested just like corn or wheat or cotton. A planter marks off his acreage with stakes, usually in water from five to fifteen feet deep and always on either sand or hard clay bottom, and throws overboard enough oyster-shells to put a good covering on the bottom. When the season comes, the mother oyster spawns

thousands upon thousands of "spats," as they are called, which float with the tide and currents and cling to the first suitable thing they find. Each spat in time will develop into an oyster. When the spat floats into an oyster-bed, where the shells are already waiting, it attaches itself to a shell and starts immediately upon its life work of becoming an oyster. When the spat finds an oyster-shell, half of the work of building a home is already done, and only one shell has to be formed. Sometimes they will lodge on an old kettle, or a boot, or anything that will give a hold, and form curious clusters of shell and kettle, or shell and boot, as the case may be.

An oyster takes three years to grow to the size set by law as marketable, and the planter, no matter what his need for cash, must wait these three years before he harvests. He gathers them with oyster-tongs, which look very much like two long-handled rakes, bolted together like a pair of scissors so that the teeth of the rakes come together. The "tonger" rakes up the oyster-beds with these tongs and deposits his catch upon a "culling-board," which reaches from one side of his boat to the other, culls out those oysters which are not of the required size, and returns them to the bed.

The oyster-pirate however is not bound by any culling law and he does not use tongs. From the stern of his vessel, usually a small schooner or sloop, he drops a dredge so made that it scoops up every oyster in its path; and when the dredge is full, he empties everything it contains into the hold of his vessel. When the pirate leaves an oyster-bed, provided he has not been disturbed, he leaves the bare bed behind him, and not until the planter begins to tong for oysters does he discover that he has been robbed.

In the shallow flats in front of Fiddler's Hill, Colonel Mallory had twelve hundred acres of oyster-beds. Along the outer edge of the beds were five little one-room houses set upon piles, and in these lived men, armed with rifles who guarded the beds during the oyster season, which commences with September and ends with April. A power "cunner," the stanch little dug-out found at every wharf in Chesapeake Bay, was tied to the piling under each little house.

Since September, Jack Mallory had looked over the oyster-beds with real interest each morning when he arose. The melon crop for two years had been a failure and a loss. The season before, an epidemic of "green gills," which has no effect upon the oyster's flavor or wholesomeness, but which makes it utterly unsaleable, had swept over the Fiddler's Hill beds and not an oyster had been sold. Jack would finish high school in the spring, and he wanted to go to college in the autumn. Whether his wish was to be realized depended upon whether or not the oyster crop was a success. He already knew that there were no green gills, and the lack of tonging the year before had allowed the oysters to attain another year's growth. The only things to be feared were markets and pirates. Neither had shown any dangerous symptoms until Christmas.

Shortly after Christmas, reports came from Mobjack Bay of swept oyster-beds. At the first report, Colonel Mallory warned his guards to be on the lookout. In January, word came from the mouth of the York that a pirate raid had been made and beds had been swept clean.

Word also came that the pirates sailed a powered skip-jack. Jack made a personal appeal to each of the guards, and spent one night with Joe Deal, their captain, in order to impress upon him the importance of keeping a close watch.

In February, Corbin Mallory, Colonel Mallory's nephew, came down from Richmond with three friends for a day or two in

the duck-blinds. The marshes at the mouth of the river are fairly alive with ducks in the winter, and the city men waxed eloquent over their sport. Judge Hundley declared



"JACK MADE A PERSONAL APPEAL TO EACH OF THE GUARDS"

he found it hard to say which was the better, the sport in the marsh or the dinner which evening brought. Mr. Calvin and Mr. Ross were just as enthusiastic. The four visitors were all middle-aged men who were held closely in their offices by business, and the outing almost made them boys again.

On the Saturday after the visitors arrived, it was arranged for Jack to sail a "bug-eye,"

a two-masted sailing-vessel, loaded with barrels of oysters, to Gloucester Point for shipment on the early morning boat. In order to save trouble, it was decided that he was to unload the oysters at the wharf and then continue down to the duck-blinds.

The wind, which had blown half a gale all night, was dying down when Jack started to get ready to sail the next morning. The flying spray had frozen as it fell, and it took a good hour to get the sails up. The first streaks of dawn were just visible when he started to the house to call the hunters, who were waiting before a fire for him to get the bug-eye ready for the trip. As he walked over the brow of the hill, there came a sudden lull in the wind, and Jack thought he heard a splash as of a heavy body falling into the water beyond the marsh. There was no repetition of the sound, however, and he called the hunters.

Had Jack but realized the significance of that splash, he would have acted differently; for it was caused by the throwing overboard of a heavy dredge from the deck of the pirate skip-jack which had been dredging the Fiddler's Hill oyster-beds since midnight. While Jack had been getting the bug-eye ready, the skip-jack had been less than half a mile from him at the eastern edge of the beds. The pirates were starting their last haul when Jack heard the splash.

All night the skip-jack had been dredging under sail. The pirates knew that as soon as the guards heard the exhaust of the engine they would investigate. In the dark the vessel could work under sail without sound. The last dredge, however, they had planned to finish with the engine. The skip-jack under power was fast enough, even with the heavy load of oysters, to distance the power cunners. Therefore they had planned to sail up the river until the dredge was half full, then turn and, under power, dredge to the eastern end of the beds, raise the dredge, and get away before the cunners could get started.

Day was just coming in earnest when Jack sailed the bug-eye out of Fiddler's Creek into the river at the eastern end of the oyster-beds. Just before he rounded the point and made ready for the long tack which would carry him nearly across the river and half way to Gloucester Point, he heard the staccato *pop-pop-pop* of a gasoline engine. A minute later, straining his eyes through the half-light, he made out a skip-jack bearing down past the last of the guard-houses

and inside the stakes which marked off the oyster-beds.

Jack knew instinctively that the pirates had come, even if he had not noticed the pile of glistening oysters on deck. He saw at a glance, by the rate at which the skip-jack was moving, that the dredge was out and was holding back the vessel. He realized, however, that both the bug-eye and the cunners of the guards would never catch the skip-jack, once the dredge was hauled in.

He formed his plan without hesitation. The skip-jack, if kept on her course, would travel in a line parallel with the long tack of the bug-eye. With the dredge out, the bug-eye could keep up with the skip-jack, and the cunners of the guards would be able to overhaul her. Jack's problem was to prevent the pirates from hauling in the dredge.

"Cousin Corbin," called Jack, excitedly, "get your guns ready, quick! There 's an oyster-pirate coming out of the beds now, loaded down. We 've got to hold him until Joe Deal and the other guards come."

"What?" Mr. Mallory appeared at a loss. "Pirates? Will they resist?"

"Certainly they 'll resist," answered Jack. "Every one of them is armed and will certainly shoot if we try to stop them. But we 've got to stop them."

"How?" asked all four hunters, who by this time had crowded about the tiller which Jack held.

"We won't make any move," answered Jack, "until we get within a hundred yards of the skip-jack. By that time they will be ready to pull in the dredge. Then you-all open up with your guns and see if you can't drive them below. If we can hold them below so that they can't haul in the dredge, the guards can catch them, or the skip-jack will keep her course and run aground near Yorktown."

It may be well to explain, in case the reader is not familiar with small boats, that a bug-eye and a skip-jack are practically the same, except that the cabin of a bug-eye is at the stern and the cabin of a skip-jack is forward. If the pirates were driven below, they would have to leave the wheel untended and the vessel would maintain the course set.

The sun was just visible on the horizon and the four pirates were making ready to haul in the dredge when the bug-eye came within gunshot range. At one hundred yards, number-four shot will hardly kill a man, but will pepper him badly. Jack saw



that there was no time to lose. The pirates were suspicious of the bug-eye and made all haste in hauling in the dredge.

The boy had rolled two barrels of oysters as a barrier between him and the skip-jack.

"Shoot at the windows!" cried Jack. "Keep it up!"

Beyond the headland, where the wind had a fair sweep, the rough water was more of a drawback to the skip-jack than to the bug-



"THE FOUR HUNTERS KEPT UP AN ALMOST CONTINUOUS BOMBARDMENT"

Each of the hunters was crouched behind barrels and their guns projected between.

"All ready," called Jack. "Shoot for their legs!"

As he spoke he threw the tiller over to bring the bug-eye broadside to the skip-jack, and the negro sailor hauled in the sheets for the long tack.

The four duck-guns roared forth a salute, and the four pirates yelled with pain as the pellets peppered their legs. They dropped the hawsers attached to the dredge and for a moment stood undecided what to do. A second roar, as the second barrels of the duck-guns were discharged, and the pirates made a dash for the shelter of the cabin.

"Stick behind your barrels," called Jack, "and shoot at anything that shows!"

A moment later, there came a crack from the little window in the skip-jack's cabin and a Winchester bullet smashed into the barrel behind which Jack was crouched.

eye. The untended sails of the former were not drawing properly, and the vessel fell off perceptibly.

The four hunters, with ammunition enough for a day's ducking, kept up an almost continuous bombardment, and the pirates, having a taste of number-four shot, remained below. Four rifles, however, answered the bombardment, and Jack, upon whom the course of the bug-eye depended, was the target. Two bullets had "smacked" against the tiller within a foot of his hand, and half a dozen had crashed into the barrels of oysters, one of them so close that his face had been spattered with oyster-shell and juice. Only one hand and forearm, however, was exposed and, in the heavy sea that was running, they made a poor mark.

Before the vessels had traveled half a mile, Jack's straining ears caught the sound of the power cunners of the guards far behind him. Peeping over the edge of an

oyster-barrel, he saw the five of them, strung out in a long line, led by the big white launch of Joe Deal, their captain, coming under all power. The guards had been

"Shoot one at a time," he called.

"Aye, aye, Captain!" chuckled Judge Hundley, behind his barrels. "I was just wondering how long I could keep up this firing-at-will before the gun became red-hot."

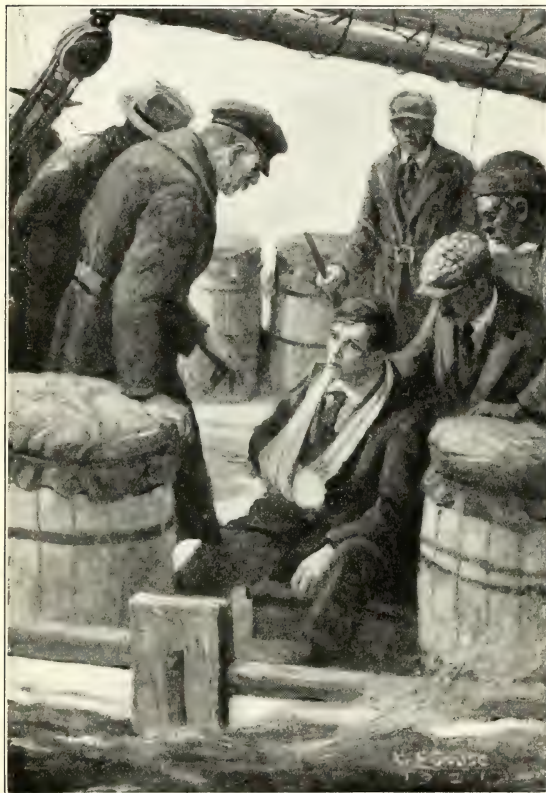
A second later, Jack felt as though someone had smashed him across the wrist with a stick. A soft big-caliber bullet had crushed through his forearm, smashing the bone. The heavy tiller slipped through his nerveless hand, and the bug-eye began to come up into the wind.

Clenching his teeth to keep back a cry of pain, Jack snatched at the tiller with his other hand and threw his weight against it. The heavy boat came slowly back into its course, and the bombardment continued as before. None of the hunters had seen what had happened.

The blood gushed out of the wound in bright red jets, and Jack knew that it would have to be tied up at once.

"Jim," he called to the sailor, "come aft. Quick!"

The negro crawled on hands and knees behind a line of oyster-barrels. A moment later, a rough bandage had been tied around the arm; and although



"YOU ARE A GAME LAD, AND I SHALL SO REPORT TO THE AUTHORITIES!"

roused by the bombardment and knew exactly what had happened.

Three miles ahead lay Yorktown, and Jack began to wonder whether Joe Deal and the guards would catch them before they reached there. Whether they did or not, he knew that as long as the pirates were kept in the cabin they were beaten. He wondered if the hunters had shells enough.

it throbbed fiercely, the flow of blood was stopped. Jim had to crawl back to handle the sails, and Jack was again left alone to steer the boat.

He felt weak and sick and was horribly afraid that he would faint. He clutched the tiller with all his strength and prayed for speed for the cunners and Joe Deal. The guards, he could see, were still far behind.

He wondered hazily whether they would ever catch up.

A loud "Boom!" drew his attention from the pursuing cunners. Dead ahead he saw a low, rakish steamer, armed with a swivel-gun forward and crowded with men. He immediately recognized the vessel as the Virginia patrol-boat, and a great relief came to him. Whether the cunners caught up or not, the pirates were safely caught.

"Hey!" he called to the bombardiers, "cease firing. It 's all right." Then he rolled forward on the deck.

When Jack Mallory came to himself he heard Corbin Mallory talking.

"One of the finest things I ever saw!" he was saying. "The boy just took charge and planned his own way. I believe we should have captured them, anyway, if the shells had held out. But that boy never wavered. We did n't even know he was hit until he fainted."

Jack opened his eyes and looked straight into the face of the captain of the patrol-

boat. The old bay-man's gray eyes twinkled.

"That 's right, old man," he said, "come up smiling. You are a game lad, and I shall so report to the authorities. And you 'll get the reward that 's been offered for these pirates, for you captured them. If you had n't held them as you did, they would have slipped past me without my knowing who they were."

Jack's heart pounded so hard at these words that he was afraid the others would hear it. A sob came up in his throat, and he swallowed hard to keep back the tears. It would n't do to cry, so he looked down at his arm, which was throbbing again.

"I expect we had better get this attended to," he said, with all the composure he could command.

The men smiled. They could see that he was making a tremendous effort to keep his self-control. Judge Hundley patted him on the shoulder and, as if it were premeditated, said in chorus with the others:

"Aye, aye, Captain Mallory!"

## THE SECOND-BESTER

By BREWER CORCORAN

THROUGHOUT the year, Phyllis Webster had done her best. But her best had never been quite good enough. She had tried for the hockey team in the fall; under her leadership, the "Scrub" had given the Manor the hard, fast practice it had needed to win its big game. She might have had a chance at basket-ball had not the seven all been veterans. But that had not kept her off the floor throughout the winter, even though all her baskets had been scored for the Second. She had tried for "The Manor News," had worked hard as a member of the junior dance-committee, and twice she had almost led her class in term standing, but never had she succeeded in reaching her goal.

It hurt. None of the hundred and fifty girls at the Manor dreamed how it hurt. Phyllis had come to the famous school under unusual circumstances. Her mother had been "Head Girl" in her day, and her grandmother had been in the Manor's first class. Phyllis was the first granddaughter in the school. She had the traditions of two gen-

erations to live up to, and not only the girls, but the older teachers, expected much of her, and she herself demanded more.

She was wondering, as she came out of the dining-hall, what her next disappointment would be—probably failure to be chosen one of the six junior ushers for commencement. But then she laughed softly. Of course that honor would not come to her. Why should it? She had done about as much to merit it as she had to have Mabel Trafford hand on to her the tattered old Manor flag, symbol of office of "Head Girl."

"What 's the joke, Phil?" demanded Alice Storm, slipping an arm around her waist. "I need to laugh after the spectacle I made of myself in English."

"That was funny," owned Phil. "Bacon might have written 'Twelfth Night,' but no one in the world but you would ever have guessed Defoe did. You can't blame Miss Weeks for nearly having a fit, Allie."

"Who 's trying to? She can have two fits without my blaming her a single blame."



I know I'm stupid. It's necessary. If I had your brain and my face, no one'd have time to do anything but sit around and look and listen."

Phyllis hugged her impulsively. "Even you don't know how pretty you are," she declared. "If you ever bothered to find out, there'd be no living with you."

"It's not my great personal beauty, Phil; it's my clothes."

"Your clothes! You have n't worn any of your own for a week," she charged. "That's her Eleanor's blouse and Helen's scarf and—"

"What's the use of having friends?" Alice laughed. "What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I think I'll lock my closet first. Then I suppose I'll play tennis some more," she added in a sober tone.

A quick frown came over the pretty face at her shoulder. "I wish things did n't mean so much to you, Phil," Alice said slowly. "You work too hard. Why don't you play with us once in awhile and let us show you how much we want you and love you? None of the crowd but you chase rainbows all the time."

"I guess they are rainbows!" she sighed.

"They are n't for the school," was the prompt rejoinder. "You're doing more for the Manor than any other junior."

"Don't be silly, Allie! We all try, of course, but that's about as far as I ever seem able to get. All my rainbows end nowhere."

"Wish a few of mine were half so lovely! The trouble with you, Phil, is that you never recognize your pots of gold. But that's what makes you you. I'm not going to tell you what you are; you would n't believe me if I did. But sometime you'll find out and then you'll be the only one in all the Manor who is the least bit surprised. Now I'll take that closet key and you go wear yourself out."

"You're not going to have my party dress," declared Phyllis, her blue eyes dancing with merriment over the characteristic ending of the lecture. "I think I'll make you put on tennis-shoes and give me some practice. I need it," she added.

"Mabel won't practise this afternoon; there's a senior meeting for Founder's Day."

"That's all the more reason I should. I want to win the tournament. I've a better chance there than in anything I've tried to do—even though I do say it myself."

Alice glanced at her an instant. Phyllis

appeared even more determined than usual, and her friend felt a quick heart-stab. Even though too indolent to play, she knew tennis and, even better, knew Mabel Trafford's brilliancy. Poor, lovable, earnest old Phil was courting one more of her characteristic disappointments. "Why's your heart set on winning this old tournament?" Alice asked. "Be satisfied with having reached the finals. Mabel's a senior and has had lots more experience."

"I know that. But I represent our class, and no junior has won the cup for years and years. Think how pleased the girls would be if we could win. Don't think that I'm cup-hunting!" she cried suddenly. "I don't care anything about the old cup—except for the class. But I've never done anything for the juniors and I'd like to succeed just once."

"You go and play tennis," laughed Alice, giving her a little push. "Some of these days you'll wake up to several things, dear. And where did you say that key was?"

Phyllis waved her hand as she hurried on to her room to change into tennis clothes, but Alice stayed in the main hall, a frown gathering on her forehead. Yet there was nothing she could do. There would be another defeat at the end of one more rainbow, but hard-working, loyal, unselfish Phyllis would look on it as another failure to uphold the honor of her class. Alice liked Mabel Trafford, but she felt as if she could bandage a sprained ankle for her without breaking her own heart.

Nor was she alone in her distress. In Eleanor's room that very afternoon the other leaders of the junior class were chattering like birds in a cage at the zoo. "It just breaks my heart to think of poor Phil coming out second best again on Saturday," owned Helen Weeks. "I don't care how much she laughs and says it does n't matter, I know it hurts to keep on doing what she calls failing."

"Wish I could fail in her way about 'steen times every day!" sighed Alice. "She has more pluck than any girl I ever knew, and she's the most unselfish girl in the world. This tennis thing's going to be pretty bad; she has n't a chance to beat Mabel."

"Wish she would!" snapped Eleanor. "Mabel's so sure of herself."

"Let's invite her to a spread," suggested little Mary Bullock, sitting up; "maybe she'd eat something which would give her ptomaines or something."





"IT JUST BREAKS MY HEART TO THINK OF POOR PHIL COMING OUT SECOND BEST AGAIN ON SATURDAY"

"Yes, and if that happened, it would be just like Phyllis to default to her," declared Alice, impatiently. "There 's only one thing to do, and that 's to comfort her the best we can Saturday evening."

"We can elect her class president next year," said Eleanor.

"Who thought of doing anything else?" demanded Alice. "She 'll get all the honors there are, and she 'll try to refuse most of them, because she 'll say they 're offered just because her family is one of the Manor traditions. That 's the whole trouble, I think—she 's trying to live up to her mother and grandmother all the time and forgetting that she 's just herself."

"Maybe Mabel will make her Head Girl," suggested Eleanor. "Mrs. Webster was."

Alice shook her golden head. "That 's going to you," she said. "You deserve it, too; you 've been on all the teams and committees."

"I don't want it; it 's too much trouble."

"I can see you, or any one else, refusing to take that flag," giggled Helen. "Don't be silly, Eleanor! Phil would be the last to want you to miss that. There 's no sense in your trying to be so modest."

Eleanor's bobbed head shook decisively. "Is n't a matter of modesty," she said; "I'd be perfectly impossible. I'm too lazy and easy-going."

"We have n't got to decide it, anyway," said Alice. "Mabel will give that flag to the girl she thinks deserves it most."

"I don't have to worry about the lightning hitting me," giggled Helen.

"Not as long as you 're late to breakfast every morning, you don't," comforted her room-mate. "What were we talking about when Eleanor began that discourse on her popularity? If no one remembers, I vote some one makes some tea."

That ended further discussion of serious affairs. None doubted Eleanor's sincerity, but neither did any one doubt that the school's

highest honor would go to her. And, had she been there, none would have been louder than Phyllis in according Eleanor her full due.

But Phyllis was busy on the courts. Two

house again, a first-year girl clinging to either arm. As they entered, Mabel Trafford came running to meet them.

"You 've been practising, Phil," she charged. "You knew I had to go to senior meeting and you 've been taking an unfair advantage of me."

"I need all that sort of advantage I can get," Phyllis retorted with a tired smile. "I 'm going to beat you, if I can."

"I 'm going to take precious good care that you don't, my dear. We seniors need that cup. We want to make a sweep of everything this year, and that 's the only thing we have n't won. Oh, by the way, here 's your list of junior ushers." She offered the paper carelessly, but her eyes were dancing.

"My list! what do you mean?"

"What I say. You have to notify the other five, you know." She leaned forward suddenly and kissed the flushed cheek. "You are a dear!" she exclaimed.

"But Mabel," Phyllis faltered, "this says I 'm chairman."

"Having written it myself, I guessed as much."

"But you 've put me first, instead of Eleanor."

"How careless of me! You run along and tell the others; they 'll want to know. You were the only girl sure of an election, you know. The others are anxious."

"But—but—" There was a rush from the stairs. The next second, and Eleanor had snatched the precious list from her fingers. The next, and a dozen girls were trying to kiss Phyllis at the same time. There was no



"THERE WAS NO QUESTION AS TO THE POPULARITY OF THE SENIOR'S CHOICE"

first-year girls had offered themselves as willing victims for her practice, and throughout the long afternoon they lobbed and smashed so that she might strengthen her defensive game. Her only chance against Mabel Trafford was in wearing down her brilliancy through steadiness. And that was exactly the game which suited Phyllis best.

She was tired as she came up to the main

question as to the popularity of the senior's choice. Only Phil was aghast. She could n't believe a mistake had not been made.

"Now what do you think about rainbows?" cried Alice.

"I think this one 's got all twisted up in itself," stammered Phil. "Eleanor, I 'm—"

But Eleanor was the one who was hugging her tightest.

That evening was all confusion for Phyllis. She could n't make herself believe it had really happened. She had dared hope she might get sixth place on the list. She felt she had done almost enough to win that. But the chairmanship was too much! Why, it always went to the most popular girl in the junior class! There was surely some mistake somewhere.

But Saturday afternoon, as she stepped out on the court to practise with Mabel before their match began, even the seniors tried to dispel that idea. They cheered her almost as loudly as they applauded Mabel, and the first-year girls along the side-lines clutched each other and whispered their hope that she might do the unexpected. She had never been too busy to help any one of them, and they loved her for her friendly way, her kindly thoughtfulness, and, above all, for her loyalty to the Manor.

But the first four games seemed to foretell the outcome. Mabel had never played in better form, and when she did not rush to the net to kill the too soft returns, her drives screamed to the lines for well-earned placements.

"I 'm glad Phil got that chairmanship," Eleanor confided to Alice; "it 'll make what 's going to happen easier."

"But she did so want to win this! She does n't seem to count the things her personality wins for her. I can't understand her at all."

"I 'm beginning to. She thinks only of the class and the Manor. She does n't care a bit about the tennis cup; she wants the juniors to win the tournament."

"We're not going to," sighed Alice. "There goes another game."

The sixth was dropped almost as quickly. Even Mabel's room-mate had not expected such easy victory. Phyllis appeared unable to do anything but play her opponent's game for her. But as the two changed courts, Alice saw there was no disappointment on her friend's face, only that calm, dogged expression she had worn while driving every second team to the full of its

power. "This next set 's going to be different," she declared.

"Hope so," agreed Eleanor; "that one was awful."

Not for a second did Mabel Trafford consider softening her game. She knew Phil, and she knew she would want to take her defeat four-square. She even increased the speed of her drives in the first game. But the pace was hard to keep up, and more and more of her shots were returned, while the score crept to three-love. And now, too, the ball seemed to go first to one side and then to the other, and constant running began to tell. She had not worked for this match as had Phyllis, and it began to dawn on her that she was not only being made to race, but that these tactics were telling on her.

As Phil made ready to serve, Mabel smiled understandingly. She was not to be so easily outgeneraled. Two could play that game. With a safe lead, she could well afford to drop two games in order to get her breath. So she let some easy returns go as placements, and was not in the least disturbed when the score reached 3-2. But her contented expression changed a trifle when she again speeded up her game. Phil had her eye on the lines now, and pulled the score to three-all, then to 4-3, and the first-year girls were beside themselves.

Mabel, disturbed by the thought that only her classmates were for her, and worried by this attack which seemed scarcely more than a defense, made the grave mistake of abandoning a winning game for the net. It was the one thing Phyllis had hoped for. Her deep lobs sent Mabel scurrying back, and the gets were promptly killed. Before Mabel knew what had happened, the score was one-all.

She had not expected to lose a single set. But she lost a second while wondering how the first had been snatched from her. Now not only the first-year girls, but the juniors, were beside themselves. Phil's friends saw the thing they had not dared hope for coming true. Alice and Eleanor clung to each other, almost afraid to cheer. "Can she keep it up?" breathed the former.

"Of course she can. She 's trained and she 's wearing Mabel out. She 'll win in straight sets now, and we 'll have the cup."

But the strain was telling on Phyllis, too. Each stroke had to be planned as well as executed; and as the fourth set got under way, she found she could no longer tease Mabel



to the net. For six games, victory went with service; then Mabel broke through. With the score 4-3, she called on the full strength of her reserve and ran out the set.

If ever intermission before decisive set was welcomed, it was by these two girls. Both were tired, and the nervous strain had told even more than the physical exertion. Phyllis had never played such tennis; Mabel was bewildered as well as anxious.

"Keep her moving, Phil dear," whispered Alice. "You're going to win!"

But Phyllis had no breath to waste on answers. Vaguely she appreciated that the crowd about her were keyed high with excitement. Two thirds of the Manor wanted her to win. Never before had a junior had such a following. She felt the weight of the responsibility they put upon her weary shoulders. If she failed them now, it would be the worst of all her long series of failures. She *must* win that cup for the juniors. How, she did not know; but win she must.

Mabel came on the court, her face still red, but her lips tight. "All ready, Phil?" she called, then tossed the ball high for her first service.

It came hard and with a deceptive top-spin. In some way Phyllis returned it. The battle was on again. But now, with the end in sight, neither stopped to count the cost in strength or breath. Yet Mabel was not to be denied. Phil could not control her first strokes. The service came too hard, and she dropped the first game.

Phyllis, too, put all she had into her first service, but Mabel's returns came low and hard, pulling her out of position and stealing the advantage which should have been hers. Yet she never faltered, never let a cross-court shot go by without doing her best for a get, and, in some way, she kept the ball in play and her opponent rushing from side to side. She knew Mabel was tired; she knew that she was, too. It would be more a question of courage than of tennis.

Slowly, carefully, painfully, her breath coming in sharper and sharper gasps, she worked the score to three-all. The girls on the lines were too thrilled to cheer. There was no applause, only the even, regular cry of Miss Sloan as she called out the score.

Now Mabel was making no effort to reach the net. She could not afford the strength. She wished she had worked as Phyllis had. It would have told now, would have given her the strength she needed to break through. And break through she must.

She won her service, then rallied all her strength for the crucial game. It was now or never, and she discarded her cross-court chops and sent her first return sizzling down the side-line. Twice more she won on the same stroke. Then Phyllis managed to serve to her back-hand and to kill the return. Again Phil tried the same tactics, but as she ran to the net, Mabel sent the ball whizzing down the side-line again. It was a perfect placement and Mabel had broken through at last.

The seniors were clapping wildly as Mabel went back to serve. With the score 5-3, the cup was as good as safe, and the traditions of the school were to remain unbroken. But Phyllis Webster was not defeated. She heard low cries of sympathy and encouragement, but her teeth set tight and she gripped her racket with all her strength in order to steady her nerve for what was to come. Mabel had broken through; what Mabel had done, she could do when her class called to her.

She had played the net but little. It seemed now to be her one chance. She followed her first return up like a swallow on the wing, and the unexpectedness of her move made Mabel send up an easy kill. But when she tried it a second time, a lob sent her flying back, and it was Mabel who smashed out the placement. Then came a service ace. She did her best, but could not reach the humming ball. A net was what made it thirty-all. A long, trying rally, and another net, brought the score to deuce. Then, because she was over-anxious, Phil drove out of court.

There was not a sound as she waited for the next serve. If she lost this point, it was set, match, and cup. She had done the unbelievable; would she now do the thing she had always done—fail in the last ditch? She drew a quick, sharp breath. This time she would win through!

The ball came with every ounce of Mabel's failing strength behind it. Phil saw her chance and she swung. Mabel had been too tired to move. The return went into the corner as Phyllis raced for the net.

But Mabel was on the ball in time. She made the get in perfect style, and the ball came back in a perfect lob. Phil turned and raced for the back court, head turned to watch the dropping ball. She could make it. Her feet flashed and her white skirt snapped as she raced. And the ball came down.



As it struck, she heard a quick, glad cry from her right, then Miss Sloan's even-voiced "Out!" and Eleanor's shout of triumph over defeat at least postponed. But slowly she turned and walked back to the net. "That ball was good," she announced, her face white; "it hit the line, Miss Sloan."

"Do you mean you concede the point, Phyllis?"

"Of course. It was good." She turned to Mabel, who had come panting to the referee's chair. "You beat me fair and square," she said, "and you deserve to win. Honestly, I congratulate you."

"But I don't want to take the cup that way. Play the point over."

"We can't. It was good. Miss Sloan could n't see. It was in her way. Oh dear, but I want to sit down for a week! I'm tired to death."

Mabel Trafford's weary arm went about her waist. "Come up to my room and watch me die officially instead," she said, with a queer laugh. "I'm supposed not to give the flag to my successor until to-morrow, but you'd better take it now, dear. A girl who has shown all the things you have, can't begin to run the Manor any too soon to suit us all."

"You mean—you mean I'm to be—Head Girl?" faltered Phil.

"Just as soon as I can make you."

"But—but—Eleanor deserves it. She always wins. I'm only a second-bester."

The juniors, racing up, had heard. There

was one quick gasp of surprise, then cry after cry of delight. It was Eleanor whose arms hugged the new Head Girl tightest.

"See the old second-bester blush!" she



"THE UNEXPECTEDNESS OF HER MOVE MADE MABEL SEND UP AN EASY KILL"

laughed. "Best, bester, bestest! Which is she, girls?" There was no wait before the answer came. There was no girl in the Manor who did not answer. This last act had been only the climax to all her long search for the rainbow's end. "Bestest!" they cried.



# Legends from County Clare

By George William Ogden



I t's well I remember my mother's aunt,—  
 She was raised in the County Clare,—  
 And the wonderful tales she told us kids  
 Of the doings that happened there;  
 And every word of them all was true;  
 She said so—and we believed it, too.

She told us about the leprechaun  
 That Dennis O'Leary caught  
 The night he was bringing home from the fair  
 The Kerry cow he had bought;  
 For he come on him unawares as he sat,  
 And covered him with his Sunday hat.

An' it's rich an' great he might have been,  
 With lands an' gold, maybe;  
 But the Kerry cow twitched on the rope,  
 An' the leprechaun got free;  
 An' no such luck came Denny's way  
 Again, from then to his dyin' day.

An' she told us the tale that she used to say  
 That *her* grandmother told,  
 About the neighbor that found a crock  
 Brimful of the fairy gold.  
 'T was when he was spadin' his pratie lot  
 That he found the gold in the earthen pot.

But a beggar met him and asked an alms,  
 In the lane by his cabin door,  
 An' the simpleton bade 'him be up an' gone  
 And threatened to beat him sore;  
 Then he thripped on a root an' had a fall,  
 An' nothin' was left at all, at all!

For when he turned to gather it up,  
 The gold was bits of straw;  
 An' what become of the beggarman,  
 There was nobody ever saw;  
 An' the old man had bad luck besid.  
 For he walked with a crutch till the day he died.

An' because he had railed at the beggarman,  
 In his grave he could n't rest;  
 But he has to come back and hunt his gold  
 When the moon hangs low in the west.  
 And there 's some have seen him beneath the trees,  
 A-gropin' around on his hands an' knees.

She never had met the Little Folk,  
 But it 's often she had chanced,  
 When she was wandering through the fields,  
 On the rings where the same had danced.  
 But her grandmother's brother, Shane McClure,  
 He 'd seen them many a time, for sure!

An' ye must n't speak ill of the Little Folk,  
 For it 's often they serve you well;  
 'T was they led the way to M'Gilligan's child,  
 That time she was lost in the dell.  
 For Pat trailed the steps of a wandering sheep  
 Till he came on the baby, fast asleep.

An' never a hair of her head was hurt,  
 An' the sheep went on before,  
 Till it came to a place where the firelight  
 Shone out from the cabin door.  
 Then all of a sudden it vanished, whist!  
 An' where it had been was a wisp of mist.

She is dead and gone. Heaven rest her soul!  
 I look at her empty chair  
 And sigh; there 'll be no one to tell my boys  
 The legends of County Clare.  
 And it 's hard, for they teach in the public school  
 There was no such person as Finn M'Cool!



# THE STORY OF THE TYPEWRITER

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ONE July day in 1867, an odd genius came into the Milwaukee telegraph office and asked the chief operator for a sheet of carbon paper.

Now, carbon paper was almost a curiosity then. About the only use that had been found for it was to make several copies quickly of newspaper dispatches as telegraphers took them from the wire and wrote them down in longhand.

The chief operator knew this visitor. He was Mr. Christopher Latham Sholes, a man already famous in Milwaukee for the many things he had done. At various times he had been a printer, a newspaper publisher, an editor, a member of the Wisconsin legislature, commissioner of public works, postmaster of Milwaukee. Now he was Uncle Sam's collector of customs in that city. He was an inventor, could tell a good story, make a clever pun, quote poetry, play a game of chess. He was tall and slender, somewhat frail, with long flowing hair, and clear bright eyes that had a far-away look. Modest, gentle, kindly, a stranger would not have thought him a fighter. Yet he would turn like a lion to defend right against might, and all the quicker if the right happened to be weak or getting the worst of it.

We want to know this man right at the beginning of our story, because he was the "Father of the Typewriter." And the telegraph operator, too, because he was present when the first real typewriter was begun. His name was Charles E. Weller, a backwoods lad who got little schooling, but was an enormous reader. Working first in a printing-office, he had later become a telegraph messenger, learned telegraphy and newspaper reporting, and was now studying shorthand with the ambition of becoming a court reporter.

What did Mr. Sholes want with a sheet of carbon paper? Young Weller was curious. He knew that Sholes had already invented a way to print the names and addresses of subscribers on the margins of newspapers for mailing, also a machine that would number dollar bills from No. 1 upward, or tickets, or print the page numbers in blank-books.

"Come to my office to-morrow about noon, Charley," said Mr. Sholes, as he went out, "and I'll show you something that may be interesting."

Next day young Weller was on hand. The inventor still edited a newspaper upstairs over the telegraph-office. Charley expected to see something new, and he did.

With some pieces of pine board, an old telegraph-key, a sheet of glass, and other odds and ends, Sholes had whittled out and tinkered together a little piece of mechanism which he was showing to some gentlemen. Taking his borrowed sheet of carbon paper and a thin sheet of white paper, he slipped them into his machine, against the piece of glass. Moving the paper slowly with one hand, he tapped the telegraph-key with the other. On the end of the telegraph-key was a letter "w" cut in brass.

Sholes's little device was a "writing-machine." It wrote only the one letter over and over, like this: WWWWWWWWWW. But he said that with thirty or forty such keys, each having a letter or figure, he could make a machine that would write anything.

He had it clearly pictured in his mind, and gave a lot of technical details which Weller, who did n't know much about mechanics, found pretty knotty. All out of such a patched-up arrangement that wrote WWW WWW!

Sholes was not the first inventor to conceive the idea of a machine that would write. As far back as the year 1714, an Englishman, Henry Mill, took out a patent for a machine which was said to "impress letters on paper as in writing." Nothing more is known about it, however; nor about an "embossing machine" invented in France in 1784; nor of the first American attempt at a writing-machine, called a "typographer," patented by a Mr. Burt, all records of which were destroyed in a great fire in Washington in 1836.

A Frenchman named Progin patented a "typographic machine or pen," in which type-bars were used, a principle still found in the typewriter as we know it to-day. An American named Charles Thurber built a typewriter capable of actual work in 1843. It wrote very slowly, but Thurber added other useful principles—the carriage that holds the paper and slides along as the line is written, and the way of turning the paper when a line is finished.

Several early inventors tried to build a typewriter that would raise letters on the



paper, to be read by the blind. One of them, a Frenchman, Pierre Foucald, received a gold medal for such a machine in 1850—he was blind himself. Sympathy with the blind was the idea with which nearly every typewriter inventor started. Blind people were cut off from ordinary reading and writing, yet needed them so much! Alfred E. Beach, an odd genius, remembered now as the first editor of "The Scientific American," also wanted to help the blind, so between 1847 and 1856, he built several writing-machines. They were mostly made of wood and as big as a bushel basket, but had ideas that are still used. His firm took out hundreds of patents for inventors, and as that involved a great deal of writing, there was probably no larger staff of longhand copyists in New York. Before Beach got very far, he saw that the real place for his writing-machine was in business offices, doing just such work as copying patent papers.

By this time, shortly before Sholes wrote his "WWW's," there was keen rivalry between English and American writing-machine inventors—a race to see which country would build the first real typewriter. A promising machine was invented in London in 1866—but by an American living there, John Pratt.

This had the whole alphabet on one plate. When its "A" key was pressed, that letter swung in place, a hammer hit it through the paper, and wrote the letter. It was the best device up to that time, and everybody talked about it. Some people said the time would come—and soon, too—when a reporter with a writing-machine would take down speeches as fast as they were spoken. Why not, with the railroad, steamboat, sewing-machine, electric telegraph, revolving printing-press, and like wonders all around them? But other folks laughed at the idea of a machine that would write faster or better than the skilled penmen in the business offices of that day.

In July, 1867, Alfred Beach wrote an article for his "Scientific American," showing the great value of a practical typewriter, and foretold what it would do. He spoke as a typewriter inventor himself. So many rec-

ords and legal papers and letters had to be written and copied as the world's business grew, that pen-and-ink copyists could not keep pace with the work much longer. A successful typewriter meant a revolution almost as great as that caused by the invention of printing in the world of books.

The real typewriter, which had Sholes for its father, had several uncles as well. One of them was Carlos S. Glidden, whom Sholes had told about his idea for a device for printing numbers, and which made such a deep impression on Glidden that he helped Sholes work it out. That gave Glidden another idea.

"If you can write numbers, why not letters?" he reasoned.

Sholes did n't seem to see the point, so Glidden showed him the article about the typewriter in "The Scientific American." Sholes read it over, and admitted that the idea was practical. But not Pratt's machine, about which so much had been said.

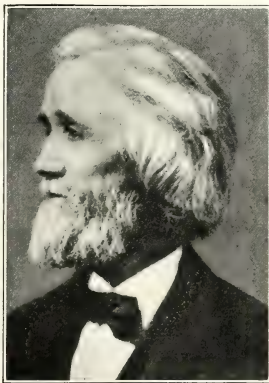
"It is too complicated,"

he objected, "and badly made. I know I can build something better."

"Why not do it together?" suggested Glidden, and Sholes agreed. They took in a third person, Samuel W. Soule, who was something of an inventor too, but more useful as a practical machinist. He could build a thing quickly, after Sholes made the idea clear, and often improved upon it. In fact, he suggested something found to-day in nearly every typewriter—the principle of having all the type strike in the same spot, called "converging type-bars."

Glidden and Soule were the men to whom Sholes was showing his first one-letter model when Charley Weller saw it. This model was built only a week after Sholes read Alfred Beach's article. He had in the meantime studied previous typewriters to learn their good points and avoid the bad ones. He had so clear an idea of what he wanted to do that the three partners started at once to build the first typewriter in a little Milwaukee machine-shop known as "Kleinstaub's."

Charley Weller was right on their heels.



CHRISTOPHER LATHAM SHOLES, THE INVENTOR OF THE TYPEWRITER

He knew that court reporters had to write hundreds of pages of records by hand. This was drudgery, and it made reports of trials so costly that few people who went to law could afford them. A machine which would write legal papers quickly and cheaply seemed about the biggest thing he had ever heard of. If he became a court reporter, he wanted one. He wanted one so badly that Sholes promised him the first machine that left the shop, and it was to be tried in actual court reporting. The work of building the first machine went slowly, because every part that went into it was strange to Kleinstaub's machinists. But Charley Weller walked a couple of miles every day to see how the machine was coming along, and watched its growth with breathless interest.

That was the only name they had for it then—just "the machine." What should it be called? "Printing-machine," said one, but the machine did not really print, like a press. "Writing-machine," said another; but that did n't seem to fit either—for it did n't really write. Finally, Sholes himself invented a name—the "type-writer." A strange-sounding word then, but it came nearest to telling what the machine really did, and is now the common name wherever English is spoken, though in some other languages, "writing-machine" is used instead.

The first "type-writer" was finished three or four months later, in the fall of 1867. It did not look much like the compact typewriters of to-day—and yet it did, in some ways. The movable carriage and the lever for turning the paper from line to line, and the converging type-bars, and even the keyboard, made it look more like the typewriter of to-day than any writing-machine that had been invented before.

The keyboard was like that of a piano. The keys were of black walnut, in two rows, with the letters and figures painted in white. The letters of the alphabet read from A to Z, the first half on the lower row of white keys and the other half on the upper row of black keys. This machine printed only capital letters, but it had figures from 2 to 9. The letter I was used for the figure 1, and the letter O for zero. There was also a comma, period, semicolon, hyphen, question-mark, dollar sign, and diagonal stroke.

Sholes and Soule soon saw that something was wrong with this keyboard. They were both printers and knew that type in a printer's case is arranged so that the letters most

often used are near at hand, instead of following in the order of the alphabet. So they worked out a four-bank keyboard, arranged as nearly like the printer's case as possible, changing some of the keys to new positions, and finally developed a keyboard very much like that in use to-day.

Something else has lasted all these years. Step into any typewriter show-room to-day, and say you are thinking of buying a machine. The salesman will sit down at a typewriter and rattle off a sentence to show how well it works. Now, that sentence is nearly always the same, and this is the reason: when Sholes's first machine was ready to write, there was an exciting political campaign going on in Milwaukee. Almost the first sentence written was, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party," and it is still used to show how typewriters work.

Charley Weller got the first machine in January, 1868. By that time he had become a shorthand reporter in St. Louis, where the machine was sent. Lawyers then were suspicious of shorthand. What did the stenographer write with his mysterious pot-hooks? They could n't read it! So lawyers took scraps of testimony in longhand, and depended upon those and their memories for the record of a trial. There were many disputes about what a witness had said, usually settled by the judge, who told what he remembered, and they stuck to that. Charley Weller joined the only firm in St. Louis that did shorthand reporting in the courts. There was n't enough legal work to keep him and his partners busy, so they took down lectures, sermons, and political speeches in shorthand for the newspapers. Some months before, there had been a long impeachment trial, and one of Weller's partners had reported it in shorthand. He had never written out his notes, however. Shortly after Weller got his strange typewriting machine, the report of this trial was needed. He wrote it out on the machine. This first typewriter wrote only capital letters, remember. It wrote those out of line. The letters often "stuttered," or stuck. The lines were unequally spaced. You could n't buy a typewriter ribbon then, but had to get a roll of silk ribbon at a dry-goods store, soak it several hours in writing-ink, hang it up overnight to dry, and put it on the machine. But this first type-written report of a trial in court answered all purposes, because it was used as "copy" for the printer.

The first typewriter was followed by others. In their little Milwaukee machine-shop, Sholes, Glidden, and Soule began five years of change, experiment, and improvement. After a better keyboard had been worked out, they changed the wooden keys to metal rods, and set their type-bars in steel bearings. The paper had rested in a flat frame against which the type struck in writing. They replaced this with a rubber roller. Machine after machine was built, and each seemed so great an improvement on the last that more than once Sholes thought they had finished the job.

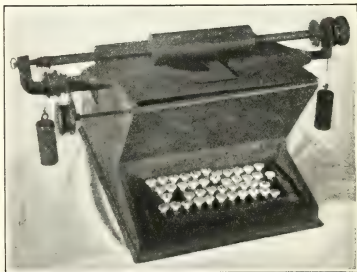
"The machine is done, and I want some more worlds to conquer," he wrote Weller. "Life will be most flat, stale, and unprofitable without something to invent."

But there was plenty of invention still ahead of him, as we shall see. The typewriter had a father and two uncles, and Charley Weller was a sort of nephew. Now it needed a godfather, and one turned up in the oddest way.

When Sholes's first machine would actually work, he wrote dozens of letters upon it, sending them to friends and public men. You can imagine what a curiosity a typewritten letter was then. One of these letters fell into the hands of Mr. James Densmore, a well-to-do business man living in Meadville, Pennsylvania. He was so impressed by it that he wrote to Sholes at once, asking if he could become a partner. Sholes talked it over with Glidden and Soule, and told Densmore he could have a quarter interest in the business if he would pay all past expenses. Densmore accepted without even knowing how much the expenses would be, sent the money when it was asked for, and thus bought an interest in an invention he had never seen. He had unbounded faith in the future of the typewriter, and this faith was now going to help Sholes through a very trying time.

Several months went by before Densmore met Sholes and saw the typewriter. Then he said it was "good for nothing except to show that the idea is feasible." He had plenty of faith in the idea, but pointed out defects in the machine and urged that they be remedied. Soule dropped out here, leaving Sholes, Densmore, and Glidden to go on. Machine after machine was built and sent out to be tried by shorthand reporters. They broke down in steady use. Twenty-five or thirty such machines were made, each a little different and a little better. They

wrote well enough for a week or two, then something would break or wear out. One reporter in Washington, James O. Clephane, ruined machine after machine, and found fault after fault, until even the gentle Sholes lost his temper, saying, "I am through with Clephane!" But Densmore said: "This candid fault-finding is just what we need. Where Clephane points out a weak lever or rod, let us make it strong. Where a spacer or an inkler works stiffly, let us make it work smoothly. Then, depend upon Clephane for all the praise we deserve." Years later, Mr.



THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL MACHINE, WITH A KEYBOARD SIMILAR TO STANDARD ONE USED TO-DAY

Clephane worked with Ottmar Mergenthaler, in the invention of the linotype.

Sholes was a man with many fine traits of character. His broad, open mind led him to be interested in a dozen different things, and his great heart made him countless friends. He was so unselfish that he seldom thought of money, and, in fact, said he did n't like to make it, because it was too much bother. For this reason he paid little attention to business matters. He made very little money out of his typewriter in the end, but was n't sorry at all, being quite as well satisfied to see his invention spread all over the world, and to be called "The Father of the Typewriter." You may already have guessed that he lacked the patience to plod at humdrum work, and hard, plugging work was what the typewriter needed now. Without Densmore, he might never have kept at it. Still another machine would be finished and sent out, and come back broken. Sholes was discouraged, but not Densmore.

"Just what we want!" said the business man. "Unless we can build machines that stand up, typewriters that anybody can use, we might as well stop right here."



He would cheer Sholes up, and set him working again. For more than five years Densmore furnished money and encouragement. They built fifty machines at a cost of \$250 each between the fall of 1867 and the spring of 1873. The typewriter grew better, but they had n't been able to build and sell it by dozens and hundreds.

Then they found out what was wrong. Neither Sholes nor Densmore were machinists, much less mechanical engineers. And the machinists they hired to do their work had never made parts fine enough for such

all his money and even mortgaged his home. Densmore was still full of faith in the machine and in his partner, but knew that something was wrong.

Up to this point, the typewriter had been the work of amateurs. Now it ceased to be an experiment. The Remington experts gathered round the machine, took it apart, talked it over, found out what was wrong, made improvements. They had fine machinery and skilled machinists to carry out their plans. In a few months they were building typewriters that could be sold to any one. They would work and not break down, and could be built by dozens, hundreds—thousands, if people wanted that many. The Remingtons were so pleased with the machine that they bought it from Sholes and Densmore. It is said that Sholes was satisfied with cash, and so got only \$12,000. Densmore was a shrewder business man, and took a royalty, which in after years paid him many times that sum. But Sholes never complained.

"All my life I have been trying to escape being a millionaire," he said humorously, "and now I think I have succeeded!"

Going back to Milwaukee, he went right on making typewriter experiments, helped by two sons. They invented a new typewriter which was simpler, had fewer parts, was less likely to get out of order, and was also "visible"—that is, one could see what was written as the keys were struck. This afterward became a very important principle in typewriters, and it is interesting to note that he had it in mind from the beginning, for his first machine that wrote only the letter "W" had a glass top through which one could watch it write.

But Mr. Sholes had never been a strong man. His health began to fail under constant work at the desk and in the shop, and the last nine years of his useful life were spent in search of health. Even when he was not strong enough to sit up, his bed became his workshop. He died in the early nineties, leaving six sons and four daughters.

Nearly every one who came in contact with Sholes while he was working on his typewriter caught his enthusiasm. A friend named Craig, who saw that all business letters would some day be written on typewriters, brought Sholes to Thomas A. Edison's laboratory in the early seventies, before he went to Ilion. Edison examined his wooden model of a writing-machine and took time to help him improve it mechanically.



ONE OF THE EARLIEST COMMERCIAL TYPEWRITERS,  
EXHIBITED AT THE CENTENNIAL IN 1876

a machine. Nor could they pass expert judgment upon the mechanical principles of such a machine.

Who would have thought of turning the job over to gunsmiths? Yet that is just what was done. As they seemed to be making little headway, Sholes and Densmore took their typewriter to one of the best mechanical experts in Milwaukee, Mr. G. W. N. Yost, who afterward became a typewriter inventor and builder himself.

"What do you think of it?" they asked. "What can be done to make it stand up in steady, every-day work?"

Yost advised various changes, and said the typewriter must be built with the accuracy and skill needed in firearms. He sent them to the Remingtons, at Ilion, New York.

When Sholes and Densmore finally brought their typewriter to Ilion, in 1872, they got help from as fine a group of mechanical experts as could have been found anywhere in the country at that time. Sholes had spent



But Edison was an inventor, too—not expert in the building of fine machines by the thousand. He thought it would be a hard thing to make commercially. “The alignment of the letters was awful,” he has said since. “One letter would be a sixteenth of an inch above the others, and all the letters wanted to wander out of line.” Edison worked on it until the machine gave fair results, and found an early use for typewriters in automatic telegraphy. Yost caught Sholes’s enthusiasm, and invented the first machine that wrote small letters as well as capitals, the Caligraph, which was ready about 1878. Densmore became a typewriter manufacturer, making a machine bearing his name. Franz X. Wagner was working with the Remingtons when Sholes came to Ilion, and helped develop his machine. Then he worked with Yost, and after that turned typewriter inventor himself, making the first front-stroke, visible writing-machine sold to the public. That was patented in 1894, and became known as the “Underwood.” Charley Weller did n’t turn inventor, but his belief in Sholes and the typewriter helped make it known to the public. To-day he is past eighty and carrying out a cherished project—to mark Sholes’s grave in Forest Home Cemetery, Milwaukee, with a memorial. This is to be a monument with a bronze bas-relief of the inventor and a tablet reading:

Erected by the men and women of America and foreign lands in grateful memory of the man whose genius has lightened labor and contributed to the comfort and happiness of millions of toilers in the world’s work.

Mr. Sholes always believed that his greatest invention would help women earn a living. He wanted to perfect the typewriter, not to make money, but to abolish drudgery.

“Father Sholes, what a wonderful thing you have done for the world!” said a daughter-in-law, shortly before he died.

“I don’t know about the world,” was the reply, “but I feel that I have done something for the women who have always had to work so hard. This will help them earn a living more easily.”

Before the typewriter was invented, comparatively few women were employed in business offices. To-day, thousands of women work in offices at tasks which were unknown before the typewriter and other office machines appeared. The typewriter has rightly been called the “great-grand-

daddy of office machinery.” Because it is so common, we lose sight of its wonders. What do you think a telephone or electric-light company would have to charge for service if its thousands of bills were written out in longhand every month, its letters written with pen and ink, its records kept by old-fashioned bookkeeping methods? Why, the



Courtesy of Charles E. Weller

THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO SHOLES

office work might cost as much as the telephone service or electric current! They would be luxuries that only well-to-do people could afford. If all office machinery, including the typewriter, were suddenly taken away from business men, they could find some way to get along without them, of course, but they could afford so few records that one of the greatest elements of business efficiency and progress would be lost. For it is upon the cheapness and abundance of machine-made information and communication that modern business grows. With his daily reports from every department, his tables and figures, the business man to-day

guides his enterprise much as a ship is steered through unknown waters by compass, chart, and soundings.

When the Remingtons bought Sholes's typewriter, it was agreed that they could put their own name upon it. Thus the first typewriter actually sold to the public bore the name "Remington." It took more than five years to invent and build this machine. Now eight years more were to be spent teaching people to use it.

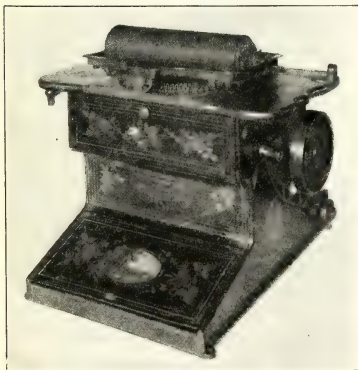
"The first efforts to sell machines were unsuccessful," says Mr. C. V. Oden.<sup>1</sup> "Sales rights were first given to an electrical, and then to a scales, company. In 1882, two years before I entered the business as a boy, the firm of Wyckoff, Seamans and Benedict was formed to really sell typewriters. W. O. Wyckoff was a court reporter at Ithaca, New York. C. W. Seamans had been typewriter sales manager for one of the previous selling companies. H. H. Benedict was a Remington-Arms man. The education of the public began—a hard job. The machine was looked

'Oliver Optic,' the beloved boys' writer of that day, was more encouraging—he said he could write about two thirds as fast on the typewriter as with a pen, that it was less drudgery, and he hoped to do better with more practice."

After the Remingtons had spent great sums, things took a turn for the better in 1882. The new sales firm was enterprising. People began to buy and use typewriters. Each sale made new customers. Soon the business grew so that better machines could be built. In 1886, the typewriter was separated from other Remington enterprises and became a business in itself.

The first machine wrote only capital letters. People wanted to write small letters, too—"lower case," as printers say. Capitals are harder to read. This demand was met by the "double-keyboard" machine, which had a separate key for each letter and character, seventy-eight keys altogether, nearly twice as many as the single-shift typewriter of to-day. Soon all typewriters wrote small letters—people would n't have any other kind. Instead of a separate key for each letter, though, the shift keyboard was invented. That is, each type-bar had two letters. The machine wrote small letters ordinarily, and if you wanted to write a capital, you pressed the shift-key. There were single- and double-shift machines—and are yet. The double-shift machine has three characters on each type-bar, so that with only twenty-eight keys, it is possible to have more characters than were possible with "double-keyboard" machines like the Caligraph.

Then, the first typewriters were "blind." That is, you could n't see the line you were writing, but had to raise the roller or the carriage, which was hinged. People wanted speed, and this caused delay. Franz X. Wagner went about a good deal among typists, and knew that speed meant their bread and butter. So he invented the first "visible" machine widely sold to the public. Don't forget that Christopher Sholes had seen the advantage of writing in plain sight. But Sholes's visible machine was ahead of its time. People had been using typewriters ten years or more when Wagner's invention was patented and the public ready for it. Mr. John T. Underwood, who had been in the typewriter supply business, saw that this new machine met a real need. So he bought the invention, gave it his own name, and built a few machines by hand in a little



THE MACHINE ON WHICH MARK TWAIN WROTE  
"TOM SAWYER"

upon as a luxury or affectation. Mark Twain bought one of the earliest, in 1875, and copied 'Tom Sawyer' upon it, probably the first type-written book manuscript ever sent to the printer. But he asked us not to let people know that he owned one of these machines, saying that whenever he sent a type-written letter to anybody he was always asked to tell what the typewriter was like, and how he was making out with it.

<sup>1</sup> From whose unpublished history of the typewriter some of the facts in this article have been taken.

three-room plant in New York City during 1894-5. Five years later he was building thousands. Other manufacturers making blind typewriters became alarmed. Clearly, the public wanted visibility. But to change blind machines, it was necessary to have new and expensive machinery in the factories. Not until 1908 was the last of the old blind machines transformed.

Then, people wanted machines that could be carried about; and one was invented which could be carried in a hand case. Today, we have folding typewriters weighing only six or eight pounds, skeleton models of standard machines, costing about half as much.

Still, the public, like *Oliver Twist*, wanted more. And one of the things it wanted caused a fright. The first inventors thought the typewriter would take the place of a pen—write letters and copy documents faster. But people quickly saw that, by using carbon paper, they could write several copies of a letter or document. That proved to be a fine thing. Thinner paper gave more copies, but not as many as its users wanted. Then Edison invented the mimeograph, by which the typewriter could write a stencil on waxed paper, and from that, thousands of copies were made. The printers were frightened! If a girl with a typewriter could make thousands of circulars, who would want printed circulars? But soon they saw that for every job of printing lost in that way, the typewriter brought them several others.

People have wanted machines which would write more than one language, and inventors have provided "type-plate" machines with all the letters on one plate or wheel, which can be taken off and another slipped on. To change from English to Spanish, or from a small type suitable for letters to a very large type needed in a sermon that is to be read, takes only a moment.

People wanted typewriters that would keep books as well as write letters—set down columns of figures, add them up, give the totals, subtract, and so forth. They had no sooner said so than inventors got busy, like obedient Imps of the Lamp. At first, bound books were replaced with loose-leaf records which would go into a typewriter, and "marginal stops" made it easy to write figures in columns. Then little adding and subtracting machines were attached to typewriters, so a girl making out a customer's bill, for instance, typed all the different items, and they were added up as fast as she wrote them.

If there were amounts to be deducted, like discounts, the machine would subtract those too.

"But we want machines that will write in real books!" people insisted.

"All right, all right!" answered the inventors, and modern bookkeeping machines



FIRST WOMAN TYPIST—ONE OF SHOLES' DAUGHTERS  
OPERATING AN EARLY TYPE OF MACHINE

began to appear—super-typewriters. They not only write in the great pages of business record books opened flat, but put down many rows of complex figures, adding and subtracting, giving names, dates and other items in one or more colors, making duplicates—indeed, it is too bad Alfred Beach could not have lived to see this "literary piano" with which, by playing on the keys, a girl can do, in five minutes, more work than an old-fashioned bookkeeper in an hour. If the bookkeeper made a slight mistake, it might take him another hour to find it. But if the girl makes a mistake, the bookkeeping machine stops and points it out.

When the typewriter was young, people sometimes took offense at a type-written letter. Just to show how queer people are, they now take offense if it is n't type-written! That is, a mimeograph letter sent to a thousand people will not be read with nearly as much interest as a thousand letters sep-



arately type-written, which make each person feel that he alone has received one. So the automatic typewriter was invented. With the automatic typewriter, you write the letter that is to be sent to thousand people—or a million, if you please. Instead of a type-written letter, you get a roll of perforated paper that looks as though it might be played in your player-piano. This goes into another device which operates an ordinary typewriter. You write, "Mr. David Crockett, Booneville, Ky.: My dear Mr. Crockett—" on the keys of this typewriter, turn a switch, a motor starts, and the roll of perforated paper writes, character by character, the letter that has been punched in it, just as though the keys were struck by human fingers.

Because the typewriter and shorthand go together, inventors long ago began thinking about machines to write shorthand notes, doing away with the pencil. There are several such machines in use. They write on a narrow paper ribbon, have only about a dozen keys, and with them the trained operator can take down words as fast as spoken. Some of them abbreviate the words, and others write a word at a stroke, as several characters can be struck and printed at once. Such machine-made notes have to be re-written on a regular typewriter, of course. There are also several typewriters for blind people—they punch raised dots in the peculiar alphabets used in books for the blind, and their writing is read by touching it with the fingers.

The typewriter played its part in the great war, showing that the world can not get along without it. An American invention, it is made almost entirely in the United States. Only the Germans ever seriously tried to build typewriters, and with little success. Ship space was needed for munitions and food, so the Allies stopped buying typewriters, thinking they were among the things not really needed. But when the great armies went into the field, it took an enormous mass of writing to direct them—orders, dispatches, letters, reports, records. Writing-machines were taken from offices and sent to the front, and soon there was a typewriter famine. When we entered the war, Uncle Sam took three out of every four new typewriters made. Experts figure that in 1919 the world made 875,000 typewriters,

of which 775,000 were American. In ordinary times, every other typewriter we make goes to some foreign customer.

The experts have also figured out the typewriter of to-morrow. Again, it will be what people want. For one thing, people are beginning to ask: "Why should we use muscle to press down keys when there are plenty of electric motors to do such work?" The experts don't know why people should, and say typewriters must be electrical—that is, you simply touch a key and a motor does the work of printing the letter. A promising electrical machine was built in the early years of this century, but it was never widely used. The machine was complex, and costly, too. The electric typewriter must be made reasonable in price. It is pretty sure to come at the right time, because it will save human strength, increase writing speed, and be particularly good at making carbon copies—when electricity operates the mechanism, twenty or thirty copies will be possible. To do that, however, they must write flat instead of having the paper run around a roller, and the experts believe that flat writing will be another point in the typewriter of to-morrow. But these are still guesses, more or less—we shall have to wait and see what is developed.

Here at the end, there is just room to say a word or two about typewriter speed and accuracy. Twenty years ago, rival manufacturers started a yearly contest for typists, each hoping to prove that his machine would write faster than any other. The winners began with seventy words a minute, steadily growing faster year by year until now the record is 143 words a minute—which is faster than most people can read a book aloud. To get speed, you must have a well-built machine. It has been figured that one of these champion typewriters, writing 143 words a minute for a whole hour, touches the keys about twelve times a second. Even champions make errors, striking the wrong keys, or writing the wrong word. But while the typewriter must make twice as many motions as the typist, because the type-bars have to move back as well as forward, and its carriage also moves, close study of the work of the champions in these contests shows not a single mechanical error.

Father Sholes could certainly have appreciated that!



# THE TURNER TWINS

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

THE Turner Twins, Ned and Laurie, enter Hillman's School in the autumn. Although inexperienced in athletics, Ned joins the football candidates and Laurie goes out for fall baseball practice. Ned, who knows practically nothing of the game, manages to conceal his ignorance and, under the tutoring of "Kewpie" Proudree, one of the players, soon shows promise as a kicker. Among the twins' first acquaintances is Polly Deane, whose mother, the Widow Deane, keeps a little tuck-shop patronized by the students. Laurie and two other boys take refuge from the rain on the porch of the Coventry house, near the school, and are invited inside by Bob Starling. The Starlings have rented the Coventry place and Bob is a day-pupil at Hillman's. The house, empty for several years, was formerly the home of an eccentric, miserly man known as Old Coventry. Rumor has it that his wealth is still concealed somewhere about the place, although search after his death failed to reveal it. Bob Starling laughingly proposes to look for the money and, should he find it, hand it over to the Widow Deane, Old Coventry's half-sister.

## CHAPTER IX

### Laurie Hears News

OCTOBER arrived, with the first touch of cooler weather, and the football candidates, who had panted and perspired under summer conditions for a fortnight, took heart. Among these was Ned. Laurie, who at first had had to alternate sympathy and severity in order to keep his brother's courage to the sticking-point, now found that his encouragement was no longer needed. Ned was quite as much in earnest as any fellow who wore canvas. Probably he was not destined ever to become a mighty player, for he seemed to lack that quality which coaches, unable to describe, call football instinct. But he had made progress—surprising progress when it is considered that he had known virtually nothing of the game two weeks before. Laurie, whose afternoons were still absorbed by baseball, viewed Ned's efforts as something of a joke, much to the latter's chagrin, and continued to do so until a chance conversation with Thurman Kendrick opened his eyes. Hop had come across one forenoon to borrow some notes and had tarried a moment to talk. In those days, when Hop talked he talked of just one subject, and that subject was football, and he introduced it to-day.

"We've got to do better to-morrow than we did last week," he said earnestly, "or we'll get licked hard. Cole's was fairly easy, but Highland is a tough customer. Our trouble so far has been slowness, and Highland's as fast as they make them. Somehow, Mulford does n't seem able to get any pep into our bunch. The line is n't so bad, but the back-field's like cold glue."

"That's up to the quarter, is n't it?"

asked Laurie, anxious to prove himself not absolutely ignorant of the subject.

"Yes, partly; but it's up to the coach first. If the backs are n't used to working fast, the quarter can't make them. Frank Brattle's a good quarter, Nod. I sort of wish he was n't so good!"

"Meaning you'd have a better chance of swiping his job?" smiled Laurie.

"Oh, I'll never do that; but if he was n't so good, I'd get in more often. The best I can hope for this year is to get in for maybe a full period in the Farview game. Anyway, I'll get my letter, and maybe next year I'll land in the position. Frank's a senior, you know."

"Is he? I have n't seen much practice so far. Baseball keeps me pretty busy."

"How are you getting on?"

"Slow, I'm afraid. Anyway, you could easily tell Babe Ruth and me apart!"

"I guess you're doing better than you let on," said Hop. "If you're as good at baseball as your brother is at football, you'll do."

"I guess I am," laughed Laurie; "just about!"

"Well, Nid is surely coming fast," replied Hop, gravely. "He's been doing some nice work the last few days."

Laurie stared. "Say, what are you doing, Hop? Stringing me?" he demanded.

"Stringing you?" Hop looked puzzled.

"Why no. How do you mean?"

"About Ned. Do you mean that he's really playing football?"

"Why, of course I do. Did n't you know it?"

Laurie shook his head. "He's been telling me a lot of stuff, but I thought he was just talking, the way I've been, to sort of keep his courage up."

"Nonsense! Nid 's doing mighty well. I don't know how much experience he 's had; some ways he acts sort of green; but he 's got Mason worried, I guess. If he had another fifteen pounds, he 'd make the team sure. As it is, I would n't be surprised to see him play a whole lot this fall. You see, he 's a pretty good punter, Nod, and yesterday he blossomed out as a drop-kicker, too. Landed the ball over from about the thirty-yards and from a hard angle. Mason does n't do any kicking, and it 's no bad thing to have a fellow in the back-field who can help Pope out at a pinch. It 's his kicking ability that 'll get him on if anything does."

"I see," said Laurie, thoughtfully. "Well, I 'm mighty glad. To tell the truth, Hop, Ned has n't had an awful lot of experience. He 's had to bluff a good deal."

"I suspected something of the sort from seeing him work the first week or so. And then Kewpie said something that sort of lined up with the idea. Well, he 's working hard and he 's making good. Much obliged for these, Nod. I 'll fetch them back in ten minutes."

When Kendrick had taken his departure Laurie stared thoughtfully for a minute into space. Finally, he shook his head and smiled. "Good old Ned!" he murmured. "I 'm sorry I ragged him so. Gee, I 'll have to buckle down to my own job or he 'll leave me at the post!"

After practice that afternoon, Laurie and Lee picked up George and Bob Starling at the tennis-courts, and, after changing into "cits," went around to the doctor's porch and joined a dozen other lads who were engaged in drinking Miss Tabitha's weak tea and eating her soul-satisfying layer-cake. After a half-hour of batting and fielding practice and a five-inning game between the first team and the scrubs, Laurie was in a most receptive mood so far as refreshments were concerned. Miss Tabitha made an ideal hostess, for she left conversation to the guests and occupied herself in seeing that cups and plates were kept filled. No one had yet discovered the number of helpings of cake that constituted Miss Tabitha's limit of hospitality, and there was a story of a junior so depressed by homesickness that he had absent-mindedly consumed six wedges of it and was being urged to a seventh when some inner voice had uttered a saving warning. In spite of very healthy appetites, none of the quartette sought to compete with that record, but Laurie and George did allow

themselves to be persuaded to third helpings, declining most politely until they feared to decline any more. Before they had finished, the doctor joined the group and made himself very agreeable, telling several funny stories that set every one laughing and caused a small junior—it was the cherubic-faced youth who sat at Laurie's table in the dining-hall and whose career thus far had proved anything but that of a cherub—to swallow a mouthful of mocha cake the wrong way, with disastrous results. During the ensuing confusion, the quartette took their departure. At the gate Bob Starling said:

"By the way, fellows, I spoke to Dad about that tennis-court, and he 's written to the agent for permission. He says there won't be any trouble; and if there is, he 'll agree to put the garden back the way we found it and erect a new arbor."

"What will it be?" asked George. "Sod or gravel?"

"Oh, gravel. You could n't get a sod court in shape under a year, and I want to use it this fall. I 'm going to look around to-morrow for some one to do the job. Know who does that sort of work here—Lee?"

"No, but I suppose you get a contractor; one of those fellows who builds roads and stone walls and things."

"I 'd ask at the court house," said Laurie. "At the court—oh, that 's a punk one!" jeered Bob. "See you later, fellows!"

The game with Highland Academy was played across the river at Lookout, and most of the fellows went. In spite of Hop Kendrick's pessimistic prophecy, Hillman's took command of the situation in the first quarter and held it undisturbed to the final whistle. The contest was, if not extremely fast, well played by both teams, and the hosts refused to acknowledge defeat until the end. Captain Stevenson, at left tackle, was the bright, particular star of the day, with the redoubtable Pope a good second. It was Joe Stevenson's capture of a fumbled ball in the first five minutes of play and his amazing run through the enemy ranks that produced the initial score. Pope kicked an easy goal after Slavin, right half, had plunged through for a touch-down. Later in the game, Pope had added three more points by a place-kick from the forty-two yards. Highland twice reached the Blue's ten-yard line, the first time losing the ball on downs, and the next, attempting a forward-pass that went astray. Her one opportunity to score

by a kick was wrecked by no other than Kewpie who, having substituted Holmes at the beginning of the second half, somehow shot his one hundred and seventy pounds through the defense and met the pigskin with his nose. Kewpie presented a disreputable

something to cherish and preserve. Laurie, however, pointed out that, since one was prohibited from further transactions at the Widow's, even on a cash basis, so long as one owed money there, it would be wise to cancel the debts. Ned recognized the wisdom of



"KEWPIE PRESENTED A DISREPUTABLE APPEARANCE FOR SEVERAL DAYS, BUT WAS GIVEN DUE HONOR"

appearance for several days, but was given due honor. Hillman's returned across the Hudson in the twilight of early October with exultant cheers and songs. Ned watched that game from the substitutes' bench, just as he had watched the two preceding contests, but a newly awakened *esprit de corps* forbade him complaining. When Laurie sympathetically observed that he thought it was time Mulford gave Ned a chance in a real game, Ned responded with dignity, almost with severity, that he guessed the coach knew his business.

The first of the month—or, to be exact, the fourth—brought the twins their monthly allowances, and one of the first things Laurie did was to go to the little blue shop on Pine Street and pay his bill, which had reached its prescribed limit several days before. Ned went, too, although he did n't display much enthusiasm over the mission. Ned held that having created a bill, it was all wrong deliberately to destroy it. To his mind, a bill was

the statement and reluctantly parted with ninety-seven cents.

Since it was only a little after two o'clock, the shop was empty when the twins entered, and Polly and her mother were just finishing their lunch in the back room. It was Polly who answered the tinkle of the bell and who, after some frowning and turning of pages in the account-book, canceled the indebtedness.

"Now," said Ned, "I guess I'll have a cream-cake. Want one, Laurie?"

Laurie did, in spite of the fact that it was less than an hour since dinner. Mrs. Deane appeared at the door, observed the proceeding, and smiled. "I'm real glad to see you're still alive," she said to Ned. "I guess he must take very good care of you."

"Yes 'm, I do," Laurie assured her gravely.

Ned laughed scornfully, or as scornfully as it was possible to laugh with his mouth full. "You should n't believe everything he tells you, Mrs. Deane. I have to look after him

like a baby. Why, he would n't get down in time for breakfast if I did n't put most of his clothes on."

"That 's no joke, either," retorted Laurie, "about you putting my clothes on. You 're wearing one of my collars and my best socks right now, and—yes, sir, that 's my blue tie!"

"Wait a bit, partner! Where 'd you get that shirt you 're wearing?"

"That 's different," answered Laurie, with dignity. "Mine are all in the wash. Besides, it 's an old one and you never wear it."

"I never get a chance to wear it!"

"It must be very convenient for you," said Mrs. Deane, smilingly, "to be able to wear each others' things. Polly, I guess there won't be any one else in for awhile; maybe they 'd like to see your garden."

Being assured that they would, Polly led the way through the back room, a pleasant, sunny apartment evidently combining the duties of kitchen and dining-room, and out to a little back porch shaded by morning-glories and nasturtiums that fairly ran riot over the green lattice. There was a braided rug on the floor and a small rocker and a tiny table on which were books and a magazine or two. The books were evidently Polly's school-books, for they were held together by a strap.

The twins liked that garden. It was n't very large, for when the peculiar Mr. Coventry had divided the estate he had placed the high board fence very close to the little frame dwelling; but perhaps its very smallness made it seem more attractive. Narrow beds encompassed it on three sides, and a gravel walk followed the beds. In the tiny square inside, a small rustic arbor, covered with climbing rose-vines, held a seat that, as was presently proved, accommodated three very comfortably. But before they were allowed to sit down, they had to be shown many things; the hollyhocks against the back fence, the flowering almond that had been brought all the way from the old home in New Jersey,—and had never quite made up its mind whether to die of homesickness or go on living,—the bed of lilies-of-the-valley that just *would* n't keep out of the path, and many other floral treasures. Nasturtiums and morning-glories and scarlet sage and crinkly-edged white and lavender petunias were still blossoming gaily, and there was even a cluster of white roses on the arbor, for, so far, no frost had come. The twins admired properly and Polly was all smiles, until suddenly she said, "O-oh!" and faced them reproachfully.

"You 've just let me go on and be perfectly ridiculous!" she charged. "I don't think it 's a bit nice of you!"

"Why, what—how do you mean?" stammered Ned.

"You have the most wonderful flowers in the world in California, and you know it!" she replied severely; "and you 've let me show you these poor little things as if—as if they were anything at all in comparison! I forgot you came from California."

"Maybe we did n't tell you," offered Laurie. "Anyway, your flowers—"

"In California they have hedges of geraniums and roses climb right over the houses and orange-trees and palms and everything," interrupted Polly, breathlessly. "Why, this garden must seem perfectly—perfectly *awful* to you!"

"Don't you believe it!" denied Ned. "Flowers and things do grow bigger, I suppose, out our way; but they are n't a bit prettier, are they, Laurie?"

"Not so pretty," answered the other, earnestly. "Besides, I never saw a geranium hedge in my life. Maybe they have them in some places, like Pasadena, but there is n't *one* in Santa Lucia, honest. There is n't, is there, Ned?"

"I never saw one. And palms are n't awfully pretty. They get sort of scraggly looking sometimes. Honest, Polly, I never saw a garden any prettier and cuter than this is. Of course, some are bigger and—and more magnificent—"

"Who wants a magnificent garden?" demanded Laurie, scornfully. "What have you got in the box, Polly?"

Comforted, Polly smiled again. "That 's Antoinette," she said. "Come and see."

Antoinette lived in a wooden box in the shelter of the porch, and had long ears and very blue eyes and a nose that twitched funnily when they approached. In short, Antoinette was a fluffy, smoke-gray rabbit. "She has a dreadfully long pedigree," said Polly, as she took Antoinette out and snuggled her in her arms.

"Has she?" murmured Laurie. "I thought it looked rather short."

"A pedigree is n't a *tail*, you idiot," said Ned, scathingly. "She 's awfully pretty, Polly. Will she bite?"

"Of course not! At least, not unless you look like a cabbage-leaf."

"I would n't take a chance," Laurie advised. "Any one who 's as green as you are—"



"She *tries* to eat most everything," said Polly, "but she likes cabbage and lettuce and carrots best."

"I wish I had a cabbage," muttered Laurie, searching his pockets; "or a carrot. You have n't a carrot with you, have you, Ned?"

"You 're the silliest boys!" laughed Polly, returning Antoinette to her box. "Let 's go and sit down a minute." And when they were on the seat under the arbor and she had smoothed her skirt and tucked a pair of rather soiled white canvas shoes from sight, she announced, "There! Now you can make up a verse about something!"

## CHAPTER X

### POLLY ENTERTAINS

"MAKE up a—what did you say?" asked Ned.

"Make up a verse," answered Polly, placidly. "As you did the other day when you went out. Don't you remember?"

"Oh!" Laurie looked somewhat embarrassed and a trifle silly. "Why, you see—we only do that when—when—"

"When we have inspiration," aided Ned, glibly.

"Yes, that 's it, inspiration! We—we have to have inspiration."

"I 'm sure Antoinette ought to be enough inspiration to any poet," returned Polly, laughing. "You know you never saw a more beautiful rabbit in your life—lives, I mean."

Ned looked inquiringly at Laurie. Then he said, "Well, maybe if I close my eyes a minute,—” He suited action to word. Polly viewed him with eager interest; Laurie, with misgiving. Finally, after a moment of silent suspense, his eyelids flickered and:

"O Antoinette, most lovely of thy kind!" he declaimed.

"Thou eatest cabbages and watermelon rind!" finished Laurie, promptly.

Polly clapped her hands, but her approval was short-lived. "But she does n't eatest watermelon rind," she declared indignantly. "I 'm sure it would n't be at all good for her!"

Laurie grinned. "That 's what we call poetic license," he explained. "When you make a rhyme, sometimes you 've got to—to sacrifice truth for—in the interests of—I mean, you 've got to think of the *sound*! 'Kind' and 'carrot' would n't sound *right*, don't you see?"

"Well, I 'm sure watermelon rind does n't sound right either," objected Polly; "not for a rabbit. Rabbits have very delicate digestions."

"We might change it," offered Ned. "How would this do?"

"O Antoinette, more lovely than a parrot,  
Thou dost subsist on cabbages and carrot."

"That 's silly," said Polly, scornfully.

"Poetry usually is silly," Ned answered.

Laurie, who had been gazing raptly at his shoes, broke forth exultantly, "I 've got it!" he cried. "Listen!

"O Antoinette, most beauteous of rabbits,  
Be mine and I will feed thee naught but  
cabbits!"

A brief silence followed. Then Ned asked, "What are cabbits?"

"Cabbits are vegetables," replied Laurie.

"I never heard of them," said Polly, wrinkling her forehead.

"Neither did any one else," laughed Ned. "He just made them up to rhyme with rabbits."

"A cabbit," said Laurie, loftily, "is something between a cabbage and a carrot."

"What does it look like?" giggled Polly.

Laurie blinked. "We-ell, you 've seen a—you 've seen an artichoke, have n't you?" Polly nodded and Laurie blinked again. "And you 've seen a—a mangel-wurzel?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Then I don't see how I can tell you," said Laurie, evidently relieved, "because a cabbit is more like a mangel-wurzel than anything else. Of course, it 's not so deciduous, and the shape is different; it 's more oblate than a mangel-wurzel; more—" he swept his hands vaguely in air,—“more phenomenal."

"Oh, dry up," said Ned, grinning. "How'd you like to have to put up with an idiot like that all your life, Polly? The worst of it is, folks sometimes mistake him for me!"

"Yes, it 's awful, but I manage to bear up under it," Laurie sighed.

"How did you ever come to think of making those funny rhymes?" Polly asked.

"Oh, we had measles once, about four years ago," said Ned. "We always had everything together; measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever, everything. And when we were getting over them they would n't let us read and so we made up rhymes. I forget whose idea it was. I 'd make up one line and Laurie would make up the other, or the other way around. The idea was to have the last word of the first line so hard that the other fellow could n't rhyme to it. But I guess I only stuck Laurie once. Then the word was lemon."

"You did n't really stick me then," Laurie denied. "I rhymed it with demon. You said they did n't rhyme, but I showed you a rhyming dictionary that said they did."

"The dictionary said it was an imperfect rhyme, Laurie, and—"

"Just the same, a rhyme 's a rhyme. Say,

us, but got laughing so he could n't. We made rhymes all the time for awhile and nearly drove folks crazy; and finally Dad said if we did n't stop it, he 'd whale us. And I said, 'All right, sir, we 'll try not to do it'; and Laurie, the chump, butted in with, 'Cause if we do, we know we 'll rue it!'

We nearly got the licking right then!"

"You are funny!" laughed Polly. "Is your mother—have n't you—"

"She died when we were kids," answered Laurie. "I just remember her, but Ned does n't."

"You think you do. You've just heard Dad and nurse talk about her. We were only four when Mother died."

Laurie looked unconvinced, but did n't argue the matter. Instead he asked, "Your father 's dead, is n't he, Polly?"

"Yes, he died when I was eight. He was a dear, and I missed him just terribly. Mother says I look like him. He was very tall and was always laughing. Mother says he laughed so much he did n't have time for anything else. She means that he was n't—was n't very successful. We were very poor when he died. But I guess he was lots nicer than he would have been if he had just been—successful. I guess the most successful man in this town is Mr. Sparks, the banker,



"JUST THE SAME, A RHYME 'S A RHYME'."

Ned, remember the one we made up about Miss Yetter?" Ned nodded and grinned. "Miss Yetter was our nurse. We thought it was pretty clever, but she did n't like it.

"When feeling ill send for Miss Yetter. If you don't die, she 'll make you better."

"She was quite insulted about it," laughed Ned, "and told Dad; and he tried to lecture

and no one has ever seen him laugh once. And Uncle Peter was successful, too, I suppose; and he was just as sour and ill-tempered as anything. He was n't my real uncle, but I called him that because Mother said it would please him. It did n't seem to."

"Was that Mr. Coventry?" asked Laurie. "The mis—I mean the man who lived in the big square house over there?"

"Yes. And I don't mind you calling him the miser, because that is just what he was. He was Mother's half-brother, but he did n't act as if he was even a quarter-brother! He was always just as horrid as he could be. When Father died he wrote Mother to come here and he would provide her with a home. And when we came, we found he meant that Mother was to live here and pay him rent. She did n't have enough money to do that, and so Uncle Peter made the front of the house into a store and bought some things for her and made her sign a mortgage or something. When he died, we thought maybe he had left Mother a little; but there was n't any will, and not much property, either—just the big house on Walnut Street and this place and about two thousand dollars. When the property was divided, Mother got the other heirs to let her have this as her portion of the estate, but she had to pay four hundred and fifty dollars for it. That took about all she had saved and more, and so we have n't been able to do much to the house yet."

"It does n't look as if it needed much doing to," said Ned, critically.

"Oh, but it does! It needs a new coat of paint, for one thing. And some of the blinds are broken. And there ought to be a furnace in it. Stoves don't really keep it warm in winter. Some day we'll fix it up nicely, though. As soon as I get through high school, I'm going to work and make a lot of money."

"Attaboy!" approved Ned. "What are you going to do, Polly?"

"I'm learning stenography and type-writing, and Mr. Farmer, the lawyer—he's the one who got the others to let Mother have the house when Uncle Peter's estate was settled—says he will find a place for me in his office. He's awfully nice. Some stenographers make lots of money, don't they?"

"I guess so," Ned agreed. "There's a woman in Dad's office who gets eighteen dollars a week."

Polly clasped her hands delightedly. "Maybe I would n't get that much, though. I guess Mr. Farmer does n't pay his stenographer very high wages. Maybe I'd get twelve dollars, though. Don't you think I might?"

"Sure!" said Laurie. "Don't you let any one tell you any different. Did n't folks think that your Uncle Peter left more money than was found, Polly?"

"Oh, yes, but no one really knew. The lawyers looked everywhere. If he did have

any more, he must have hidden it away pretty well. They looked all through the house and dug holes in the cellar floor. It was very exciting. Mother thinks he lost what money he had speculating in stocks and things. He used to go to New York about four times a year. No one knew what he did there, not even Hilary, but Mother thinks he went to see men who deal in stocks and that they got his money away from him."

"Who is Hilary?" Laurie inquired.

"Hilary was a colored man that Uncle had had a long time. It seemed to me that if Uncle had had much money, Hilary would have known about it; and he did n't."

"Where is he now? Hilary, I mean," added Laurie, somewhat unnecessarily.

"I don't know. He went away a little while after Uncle Peter died. He said he was going to New York, I think."

"You don't suppose he took the money with him, do you? I mean—"

"Oh no!" Polly seemed quite horrified. "Hilary was just as honest as honest! Why, Uncle Peter died owing him almost forty dollars and Hilary never got a cent of it! The lawyers were too mean for anything!"

"There's a fellow named Starling living there now," Laurie said. "His father's rented the house for three years. Bob says he's going to find the money and give it to your mother."

Polly laughed. "Oh, I wish that he would! But I guess if the lawyers could n't find it, he never will. Lawyers, they say, can find money when nobody else can! Is he nice?"

"Bob? Yes, he's a dandy chap. You ought to know him, Polly; he's your next-door neighbor."

"Back-door neighbor, you mean," interpolated Ned.

"I think I saw him in the garden one day," said Polly. "His father is an engineer, Mae Ferrand says, and he's building a big bridge for the railway. Or maybe it's a tunnel. I forget."

"Is Mae Something the girl with the molasses-candy hair you were with at the high-school game?" Laurie asked.

"Yes, but her hair is n't like molasses candy. It's perfectly lovely hair. It's like—like diluted sunshine!"

Laurie whistled. "Gee! Did you get that, Neddie? Well, anyway, I like dark hair better."

"Oh, I don't! I'd love to have hair like Mae's. And, what do you think, she likes my hair better than her own!"



"Don't blame her," said Laurie. "What do you say, Ned?"

"I say I've got to beat it back and get into football togs. What time is it?"

"Look at your own watch, you lazy loafer. Well, come on. I say, Polly, would your mother let you go to the game with me Saturday? That is, if you want to, of course."

"Oh, I'd love to! But—I'll ask her, anyway. And if she says I may, would you mind if Mae went too? We usually go together to the games."

"Not a bit. I'll be around again before Saturday and see what she says."

"I would n't be surprised if she said yes," remarked Polly. "I think she must like you boys. Anyway, you're the first of the Hillman's boys she has ever let me invite out here."

"Really? Bully for her! Wait till I say farewell to Antoinette, 'most beauteous of rabbits!' What does she twitch her nose like that for?"

"I think she's asking for some cabbits," replied Polly, gravely.

"She's making faces at you, you chump," said Ned, rudely. "Come on." They returned through the little living-room, empty save for a big black cat asleep in a rocking-chair, and found Mrs. Deane serving the first of the afternoon trade in the shop beyond. They said good afternoon to her very politely, and Polly went to the door with them. Outside on the walk, Ned nudged Laurie and they paused side by side and gravely removed their caps.

"We give you thanks and say farewell, Miss Polly."

"The visit's been, indeed, most jolly!"

(To be continued)



CIRCUS DAY IN THE ATTIC



# The Thring, the Borough President, and the Butcher's Boy

by  
Morgan Parker Taylor



ANY years ago, so long a time that I for one do not believe there is anybody alive to-day who ever visited it, there was a little village high up on a mountain where everybody was contented, from the Borough President down to the littlest child.

Every morning the men and the boys who were big enough went out to tend to the herds of goats, except the butcher and the butcher's boy, the baker, the manager of the general store, and the Borough President, of course. The mothers and older girls stayed home to tend to the churning, the cooking, the sewing, and all that sort of thing,—and sometimes to gossip,—while the little children who were n't at singing-school or dancing-class played all day in the sun.

Now for so many years this happy village had lived the same contented life that only the oldest inhabitant remembered the time that the Things came down from the deep wood on the very top of the mountain, shut all the people in their houses at night, stole all the treasure from the Town Hall, and drove the herds of goats up to their wood. That was a bad time for the village, and it took many years for the inhabitants to get new goats and to replenish their treasure.

But it had all happened so long ago that I 'm sorry to say the little boys would some-

times laugh at the oldest inhabitant when he spoke of it, and even the older people would occasionally wag their heads and wink at one another during the telling. Yet no one cared to try to locate the place where the Things were supposed to have hidden the treasure, for they argued if there really were such things as Things, they were well enough let alone. And no wonder! because, according to the oldest inhabitant, the Things were a very desperate little people, with sharp eyes, long beards, long noses, and very long, hairy arms; and though they were only three feet high, they were very, very strong and not at all the sort one would care to meet in a dark wood.

The only person in the happy village who was worried at all was the Borough President, and he would often call the oldest inhabitant to his palace (for like all Borough Presidents he was very rich) and ask all sorts of questions about the strength and the number of the Things. And the oldest inhabitant would answer the questions and perhaps make the Things out to be worse than they really were, because he was proud of being the only one who could tell anything about them. And the Borough President would nod his head and wrinkle his brow and look very worried indeed; for though he would be very sorry if the little people drove off the goats, yet he kept no goats himself; but he *did* have bags of treasure, all carefully hidden under the coal in his cellar. Often and often, in the dark of night, he would put on his slippers and dressing-gown, would take his candle, trudge down the cellar stairs, shovel away the coal, and sit on the floor admiring his treasure, until the dawn coming through the little grating warned him it was time to cover it up again. Then he would waddle as noiselessly as possible up to bed and pretend that he had never left it all night. Once the cook met him just as he reached the second landing, and he, blushing furiously, but with a great show as if it were nothing unusual for him to be up at that time of the day, said, "I just remembered that I did n't put the cat out last night." And

once his beautiful little daughter, whom he loved even more than his treasure, said at the breakfast-table, "Your Honor,—" even beautiful daughters call Borough Presidents "Your Honor,—" "Your Honor," said she, "did n't I hear you up and about at a late hour last night?" "Pish, tush!" says His Honor; "little girls should be seen, but not listen. Put such frivolous thoughts out of your head this instant!" And she, being an obedient daughter, at once extinguished such thoughts.

Now there came a lovely afternoon in June when the daisies were bursting into flower and the song-birds were caroling overhead or scolding their young ones because they were fooling over their flying lessons. All the children who were n't at singing-school or dancing-class were scampering over the meadow, playing ring-around-a-rosy or chasing the yellow and blue butterflies, when suddenly, over the top of the hill, who should appear but the strangest little old man! His face was all pushed together in fine little wrinkles, like a pin-seal pocketbook. On his head was a brown, high-peaked cap, and a long brown cape hung from his shoulders to the ground. On his feet were big brogues with nails in the bottom, and he marched

little girls that they were n't afraid of lions or tigers or bears or anything, were, I 'm sorry to say, the first ones to reach their mother's door-steps. But on came the strange little man. And when the mothers and big sisters heard the children's story, I can tell you they lost no time in shooin' their young ones inside and locking doors and windows and hiding under the beds with their aprons over their heads.

When the monstrous little man came to the square not a soul was to be seen, so he sat down on the bottom step of the town hall and let his feet swing.

Now the butcher's boy, who was a bold lad, instead of hiding under a bed, skipped around by the back yards and came to the rear door of the Borough President's Palace.

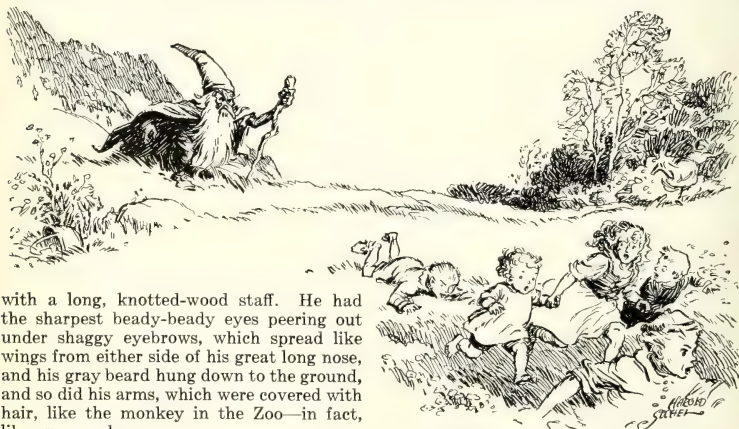
"We won't be taking any to-day," says the cook, when she saw who was there.

"And I have n't any for you," says the butcher's boy. "I came to see the Borough President."

"And what would you be doing, speaking to the Borough President and you only a butcher's boy?" says the cook.

"Be that as it may," says he, "the Borough President I must see."

And he spoke so earnestly that the cook



with a long, knotted-wood staff. He had the sharpest beady-beady eyes peering out under shaggy eyebrows, which spread like wings from either side of his great long nose, and his gray beard hung down to the ground, and so did his arms, which were covered with hair, like the monkey in the Zoo—in fact, like any monkey.

I don't suppose any children were ever quite so scared as the little children of the happy village at the appearance of this monstrous little man. And the little boys, who a moment before had been boasting to the

"WHO SHOULD APPEAR BUT THE STRANGEST  
LITTLE OLD MAN!"

finally let him in, and led him to the great hall where the Borough President, the baker, the butcher, the manager of the general

store, and the oldest inhabitant were sitting about over coffee and muffins and talking of this and that.

"Be off out of this," said the butcher, when he saw him; "you 're a bold young rascal to be coming into His Honor's presence with no invitation to do so."

But His Honor said, "Let the boy have his say."

"Well then," says the butcher's boy,

Which surprised the butcher's boy, for few enough good words about himself had he ever heard from the butcher. "In that case, perhaps you 'd rather go out there yourself," says the Borough President. Well, no, the butcher thought that if the boy really wanted to go, perhaps that would be best, and all the others agreed.

So out goes the butcher's boy, as bold as life, and walking right up to the Thring,



"OFF HE MARCHES, DRIVING THE GOATS AHEAD OF HIM"

"there 's a monstrous little man with a thousand wrinkles on him and a long nose and a long beard and unconscionable long arms sitting this minute on the bottom step of the town hall, and him scaring all the women and children so that they 've locked themselves in the houses."

"What nonsense is this?" cries the Borough President, turning pale.

But the oldest inhabitant hobbled over to the front window, and says he, wagging his head and his eyes popping out, "Sure enough, it's a Thring! I mind them well."

Then there was consternation, and a great deal of whispering.

Finally, it was decided that some one must go and find out what it was the Thring was after, but no one cared to volunteer on a matter that might turn out any which way. Then, to the amazement of all, the bold butcher's boy spoke out: "And I 'll go," says he, "to find out what sort of a bargain the monstrous little man has to ask."

At that, the butcher began to protest that his boy was the best he 'd ever had and what would he do if harm should come to him.

which never moved except to swing his legs, stands there and talks and listens for no less than twenty-three minutes by the town clock. Then back he comes.

"The monstrous little man," says he, "will have five fat goats to-day, and no less; and you 'll stay indoors until he 's driven them up to the edge of the dark wood on the top of the mountain. Otherwise, he 'll bring down all the Thrings, and will have all of the herds of goats and the treasure as well."

It did n't take the time of a fly lighting on a piece of sugar for them to decide what to do; so off goes the butcher's boy to the fields for the five goats. And I can tell you he got them from the men quick enough, though they stayed where they were in the fields, hiding behind a stone or a stump.

Not a word says the Thring when the boy brought five fat goats; but hopping down from the step, he waves his knotted-wood staff, and off he marches, driving the goats ahead of him across the square, down the street, through the fields, over the hill, and up the mountain, till he was lost to view at the edge of the dark wood.

Then the men came back from the fields, the women and little children came out of the houses, the schoolmistresses let out the dancing-class and the singing-school, and the Borough President came out of the palace, followed by the baker, the butcher, the manager of the general store, the oldest inhabitant, and the cook. And there was plenty of talk, to be sure, and many questions asked of the butcher's boy, who was made quite a hero of. But he, being a modest lad, would only say, "The monstrous little man was civil enough, but had little to say."

"It 's not so bad but what it might be worse," said the Borough President, looking relieved, and every one agreed with him, except those who had lost their goats.

So things went on again as usual in the happy village, except that one man was always stationed up in the clock-tower of the town hall, who never took his telescope from his eye and sat all day watching the edge of the dark wood on the mountain top.

Then, one hot afternoon in August, with the bees humming over the clover and the robins and sparrows splashing and shaking themselves in the little bath-tubs left between the cobbles by the last night's rain, the lazy air was shattered by the sound of the big bell in the town-hall tower, which was the signal decided on if the Thring should again visit the village. And what a scampering there was! This time, the men and boys who were tending the herds came running helter-skelter down the streets and locked themselves in with the rest, letting the goats wander where they would.

Over the hill, through the field, up the street, and across the square stumped the Thring, and sat down on the bottom step of the town hall and let his feet swing. And out came the butcher's boy from the palace of the Borough President,—where he had immediately been summoned when the great bell rang,—and walked right up to the monstrous little man who never moved except to swing his legs. But this time, after twenty-three minutes' talk, the boy walked straight away to the fields and brings back ten goats—for the Borough President told him he 'd best use his own judgment and not stand quibbling or come back until he 'd done just whatever that monstrous little man had to tell him.

So the Thring hops off his step and off he marches, driving the ten goats ahead of him, until he was lost to view at the edge of the dark wood.

Then out came all the people from their houses and gathered about the butcher's boy, who said, "The monstrous little man was polite enough, but had little to say."

And the Borough President said, "Nothing 's so bad, but it might be worse," and all the people agreed with him, except those who had lost their goats, and they were n't so sure about that.

Then came a cool day in October, with the smell of the fruit in the air and this and that kind of bird gathering together in groups and talking among themselves in very loud bird-talk about the trip they were going to take south that winter. And suddenly the big bell in the town-hall tower boomed out again, and of course every one knew what *that* meant, and into their houses they scampered.

This time, the Borough President called the butcher's boy to him and patted him on the head. "Go and find out what the Thring wants," says he, "there 's a good chap; and don't stand quibbling; give him all the goats he wants, and here 's a farthing for your trouble. Now be off with you! There 's a boy, if you like," says the Borough President, to the oldest inhabitant, rubbing his hands and smiling. "He 'll grow to be a man; and who knows, some day maybe a butcher he 'll be himself."

Then they all sat down to wait; but not for long. Suddenly the knocker on the front door of the palace began to bang, and the oldest inhabitant peered through the curtain, and there stood the butcher's boy; and off beyond, on the bottom step of the town hall, the Thring, swinging his legs and staring straight before him with his beady-beady eyes. So they let the boy in.

"How 's this?" scowled the Borough President; "away to the fields and fetch that monstrous little man all the goats he wants."

"Oh, but he wants no goats this trip," says the butcher's boy.

"No goats? Wha-wha-what d-d-does he w-want?" stammers the Borough President, getting pink in the ears.

"Two bags of treasure, the size that could be carried in his two hands; and not from the town hall either, but the best Your Honor has in the palace; and if it 's not brought him at once, he 'll bring down all the Thrings, and will have all the herds of goats and the town-hall treasure and Your Honor's, and maybe the littlest child into the bargain!" says the butcher's boy, all in one breath.



"So ho!" cries the Borough President, "he 'll have my treasure, will he? He will not! Goats if he likes, all of them. But my treasure is mine, and that 's that!"

"He gave me only five minutes to get back with the two bags," says the butcher's boy.

Then there was argument and persuasion a-plenty by the butcher, the baker, the manager of the general store, and the cook, while the oldest inhabitant tried to tell what happened ever so many years ago, "when—" But they put a pillow over his head so he could n't go on. Finally the Borough President, turning very purple, gave in, and said he 'd get the two bags of treasure if everyone there would turn their backs and stuff their ears. Then he tiptoed out, and down the cellar stairs, and into the coal-bin, and back again with the two bags, so quietly that no one knew which way he had gone to get the treasure. And off went the butcher's boy straight to the monstrous little man, who took the bags and saying, "His Honor is very light with his treasure; I 'll call again," tramped off and was soon lost to view.

Now when the people had come out and heard all about this, they looked more contented and said, "Things are n't so bad but what they might be worse." But the Borough President was very angry indeed and said nothing could ever be as bad as what had happened to him, and that anybody who could get back his treasure and find a way to keep those Thrings in their place so they would n't be bothering honest folk any more was more than welcome to have the two bags for himself and his beautiful daughter in marriage, as well as the west wing of the palace to live in, so long as he 'd be quiet after nine o'clock at night and not quarrel with his wife.

Well, when the butcher's boy heard *that*, he made up his mind at once what *he* would do, for he loved the Borough President's daughter very much, though he had never told her so. And she, the minx, would run to the window over the kitchen whenever she heard him delivering the meat, and watch until he was out of sight. And he never knew *that*, any more than her father or the cook knew it, and you may be sure they knew nothing of it at all.

So the butcher's boy bought a loaf of bread with his farthing, which he put in one pocket, and cut off a large slice of meat, while the butcher's back was turned, which he put in his other pocket. Then, sticking a butcher-knife in his belt and taking with

him a long coil of rope, he waited for night to come.

When every one had gone to bed, out starts this bold boy, through the field, over the hill, and up the mountain to the edge of the dark wood. And there he stopped, for no sensible person would try to walk through a dark wood on a dark night when they could n't see their hands before their faces, let alone knowing where next to put their foot. And being a good boy, with no cares except that of hunting the treasure, he slept soundly and only woke up when the sun first peeped over the far-away hills. Then, after making a meal out of the bread and meat in his pocket, off he starts into the dark wood, peering this way and that. And finally he thought he heard a trumpet calling the same note over and over again, and at the same time he saw a faint light ahead and pushed on very, very carefully until he came to a small clearing. And there, what should he see fast asleep in front of a cave in the rocks but the same monstrous little man who had paid the visits to the village, and the trumpet, which had sounded louder and louder as he approached, turned out to be nothing but the snoring of him.

The butcher's boy looked this way and that, but not a sign of other little men could he see. And looking again, he was surprised to see only one pan, and one cup, and one fork. "Well," says he, "the other Thrings must live elsewhere, and perhaps this is their king, and him I shall catch." So stealing around the clearing with as little noise as possible, he came behind the monstrous little man, and ever so carefully began passing the rope under his body and around it. And the Thring slept on.

And after that, the butcher's boy tied the rope around and around the legs of the Thring. And after that, he tied the rope into a tight knot, and the Thring woke up.

Then there was a howdy-do! The monstrous little man rolled and tried to kick and made horrible faces and bellowed in terrible rage. But he could n't loosen himself. Then he began to cry, and to implore, and begged to be loosened from the rope. But the butcher's boy would not do that unless he would promise thus and so. And what must he promise? the Thring wanted to know. So the butcher's boy told him how he must give back the two bags of treasure, and that a way must be found to keep the other Thrings in place, so that they would n't be bothering the honest folk of the village

any more; otherwise, he would not be loosened.

Then the monstrous little man gave a queer sort of a chuckle out of his long beard and asked did the butcher's boy know how many Thring's there were? Well no, the butcher's boy could n't say, but from what the oldest inhabitant told, he supposed there were hundreds.

"One!" chuckles the monstrous little man.

among the decent folk of the village, think you, can you mind yourself as a respectable person does and sometimes listen to what the Borough President says?"

"Could I do that?" cries the Thring with delight. "Well then, I could."

So the butcher's boy took off the ropes, first making the monstrous little man promise to say nothing about there being no other Thring's until he was well married to



"EVERY ONE IN THE VILLAGE STOOD AROUND IN A WIDE CIRCLE"

"What!" exclaimed the butcher's boy, very much surprised.

"Me!" chuckles the monstrous little man. "And I 'm very lonesome," he adds, with a sigh; "and please take off the ropes."

"Oh no, not yet!" says the butcher's boy. "First tell me why, if you 're lonesome, you don't live in the village like decent folk, instead of alone in a cave, and you thieving goats and treasure and the like."

"Long years ago," began the Thring, "before all my brothers and cousins were swallowed up in the earthquake, we used to think it no harm to scare the folk in the village, and at the same time make free with their goats and treasure. But after they were all gone, there was no fun in it."

"Then why did you begin it again, all by yourself, too?" says the butcher's boy.

"But I 'm telling you," says the Thring, "how lonesome I was, and I wanted to look on the people of the village, and perhaps pass the time of day, though it 's so long I 've been alone that I have little talk. And every one ran away, except you, who are bold, so I made an excuse to come again. Please take off the ropes."

"That will wait," says the butcher's boy. "Now tell me, if I take you back to live

the daughter of the Borough President. Then the Thring led him first into the cave, where there was untold treasure piled high, not to mention the two bags that the Borough President had kept hid under the coal. And then he led through a stretch of the dark wood until they came to a great field in which hundreds of goats were grazing. "These will be yours for your boldness and kindness," says the Thring to the boy.

A little later, the man who was watching with the telescope to his eye on the tower of the town hall was amazed to see a host of something emerging from the dark wood. "They 're coming!" he cried. "The Thring's are coming in a body!" And he was about to ring the great bell to warn the people into their houses. But first he looked again. And what was this? Not Thring's at all, but hundreds of fat goats. But then there came the Thring's behind them! Yes! There was the monstrous little man, walking arm in arm with— The man on the tower rubbed his eyes and dusted his telescope and looked again. There was no doubt about it, the monstrous little man was walking arm in arm with the butcher's boy!

This very strange-looking pair marched right up to the town hall and sat on the

bottom step, where the monstrous little man swung his legs, but the butcher's boy, who had longer legs, could touch. And they were very tired.

And every one in the village, for they had n't run away this time, stood around in a wide circle, with the Borough President in the center, and the butcher and baker on one side, and the manager of the general store and the oldest inhabitant on the other.

Then the Borough President stepped forward, and, bowing politely (for he was still afraid of the Thrings), said, "And to what are we indebted for your Worship's visit this time?"

But the Thring just rolled his eyes and nodded towards the butcher's boy, who hopped off the step and addressed the Borough President thus: "Your Honor offered the hand of your daughter and the two bags of gold here and the flat in the west wing of the palace to the one who would make the Thrings behave. I am that one. Let us begin."

Then the Borough President grew very angry, for he had no wish to have his beautiful daughter married to a mere butcher's boy. But the Borough President's daughter blushed very prettily indeed.

"What proof have I," he shouted, "that the rest of the Thrings will not be upon us, taking our goats and our treasure, and maybe the littlest child, any day at all?"

"I have the monstrous little man here, for a hostage," says the butcher's boy; "and I brought back the goats and twenty times more, and the two bags of treasure for proof."

"Then that 's not proof enough for me!" shouts the Borough President.

"Oh well, then," says the butcher's boy, looking sad, but with a side wink to the monstrous little man, "let us go back and bring all the Thrings, as was spoken of."

Then there was a crying out, and a calling of the Borough President a mean man, and a close-fisted tyrant, and I don't know what all, so that he had no choice but to do as the butcher's boy demanded.

And if he was put out over it, he looked grand enough in his magnificent robes as he gave the bride away. And the butcher's boy was very handsome as he stood at the altar in an entirely new suit of clothes, bought at the general store with one of the bags of treasure, and beside him, as curious a best-man as wedding-party ever saw, stood the Thring, with his long beard tied up off the ground by a pretty blue ribbon, and the first

smile, I suppose, mortal ever saw on the face of a Thring.

AWHILE after, when the happy village was settled down again, happier than ever, and the Borough President had found out that the butcher's boy was not a bad sort at all, they became great friends. So one evening, as they sat on the stoop of the palace smoking their pipes, the butcher's boy told the Borough President the whole story of how he found the Thring and how there was only one of them and of the vast store of treasure in the cave. "Hum," says the Borough President, "hum-m-m, maybe it 's as well for the people if they think there are more Thrings, by way of making them behave themselves. They 're well enough off as it is, always piling up more treasure and more goats than could be of use, and they always having a notion for fat little kids, themselves. Where do you say is the treasure?"

Well, the butcher's boy could n't say just where, and as there was enough and plenty for every one as it was, I don't know I 'm sure if he ever did go back for it.

And so the happy village grew more prosperous and happier year on end; and the happiest among them all was the monstrous little man they called a Thring, and no time so happy as when the old fraud was allowed to sing queer little songs and play with the pink toes of the littlest child of the Borough President's daughter and the butcher's boy. And if there was any one not quite happy in the village, it was the oldest inhabitant, on account of no one listening to his story about the Thrings any more—though sometimes the Borough President would grumble because he could n't find the treasure, until his daughter would jump up and kiss him on the shiny part of his head and call him the dearest old "Your Honor" daughter ever had!



# THE HILL OF ADVENTURE

By ADAIR ALDON

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

IN the small town of Ely, in the Rocky Mountains, Beatrice Deems, her sister Nancy, and her Aunt Anna settle down for the summer, ostensibly for their aunt's health, although the girls begin to surmise that there may be another reason for their coming. The town is full of foreign laborers, at work on an irrigation system for the valley. Led by a Finnish agitator named Thorvik, the men begin rioting when the irrigation company ceases work on account of lack of funds. Thorvik's sister, Christina Jensen, befriends the girls and helps them to settle in a cabin on the mountain-side after they have found the town untenable. Her son Olaf, a sailor, is at home on leave from his ship, but dare not go near the village, on account of a mischievous prank he played before going away to sea. The cabin's nearest neighbors are John Herrick, the head of the irrigation company, and his adopted daughter Hester. A would-be reporter and amateur detective, Dabney Mills, is trying to solve the mystery of why the company is without funds when it had seemed so prosperous. Dr. Minturn, a retired doctor who lives beyond the mountain and experiments in reforestation, is called to see Aunt Anna. He tells the girls that their aunt is not only ill, but fretting over a long-standing grief of which she has never spoken. Won at last by their constant care of her, Aunt Anna finally prepares to tell them the tale about which they have been so curious, the story of her brother.

## CHAPTER IX

### "MY BROTHER JACK"

"I HAVE often wondered," Aunt Anna said, as she began her story that was to explain so much that the girls had not understood, "I have often wondered that you did not remember your uncle, my younger brother Jack. When you talked of things you had done when you were small children, I used to listen hungrily, hoping you might speak of him; but you never did. He was with us a great deal when you were little, and he was always in the nursery or playing with you in the garden, for he loved children. That was soon after I came to live with you, and when he was in college, studying to be an engineer. He spent all his vacations with us. I wish you had not been too young to remember."

Beatrice wrinkled her brows and vainly searched for a fleeting recollection.

"I don't remember anything clearly," she said at last. "There has been so much between."

"When my brother left college he went to work immediately, and was so eager and interested in his first 'job'! It was the building of a dam and reservoir for the water-supply of a town near us—a project that was being financed by the company of which your father is a director. It was through his means that Jack was put in charge of the work, although he was very young for such responsibility—too young, I insisted at the time. And it proved that I was right. He did his work well; he was a brilliant engineer; but he trusted too much to the honor of

other people, and he—he did not take things as an older man would."

She paused, and Nancy, putting down her knitting, came to sit on the floor beside her chair.

"Poor Aunt Anna!" she said; "did something dreadful happen?"

Slowly her aunt nodded, looking steadily into the fire, as though tears might come should she allow her eyes to waver.

"Yes," she answered, "something happened that has darkened my life, every day of it, for all these years.

"We did not see so much of my brother at that time, for he was absorbed and busy. As is usual in such cases, a contractor was doing the work under his planning and supervision. Things went very well—for some months. Then, one day, like a thunderclap, came the report of gross dishonesty—that a great deal more money had been advanced for the work than had actually been spent on construction; that false records of costs had been turned in; machinery ordered and not paid for; debts incurred on every side; and many thousands of dollars had completely vanished. Some one, it was evident, had been pocketing the difference, and an immediate investigation was set on foot.

"It was a terrible blow to your father. I do not know, myself, what he thought when the facts first became known; but he at once asked some of his fellow-directors to meet at his house, and said that Jack would be there to explain matters to them before the formal meeting of the whole board next day. They called me in to act as secretary, since they wanted a record kept, but desired



the whole affair to be kept private. I can remember how my knees shook as I went in and sat down at the end of the library table. There were five men there, most of them gray-headed, all of them unspeaking, even to each other. I was in a wild hurry to have Jack come. I wanted the matter cleared quickly; I could hardly keep from crying out in the storm of impatience and suspense I felt during those endless minutes we waited.

"He came at last, and I can shut my eyes and see him still, standing before that group of grave men, so young, so white-faced and excited, so eager to explain. They asked him questions, and he answered them in the straightforward way he always had. They looked more serious and questioned him again, while my hands shook as I wrote down the answers—they were so frank and open, and they were doing him so much harm!

"Why had he not gone over the accounts more thoroughly? He had felt that his work was the engineering end of the enterprise; he had left financial matters almost entirely to the contractor, who, so he believed, was completely honest. Did he suspect the man now? It was plain from the misappropriation of the funds that the man had been robbing them. Yes, but could he offer material proof that it was the contractor, and he alone, who had been pocketing the money? No, he had no proof, so far.

"Jack was so inexperienced, so sure that every one was as honorable as he, so certain that everybody had equal faith in him. He was half-way through the interview before he realized what they suspected.

"I had thought, when he came in, how much of a boy he was still; then, all in one moment, I saw him grow to be a man. The idea that they might consider him guilty seemed to deal him a staggering blow, as though some one had actually struck him.

"*'You believe that I have profited by this dirty business? You think that my own hands are not clean?'* he cried out suddenly, and waited a long minute for some one to answer.

"In every group there is always at least one man of a certain type, hard, inflexible, strict with himself and merciless to others. Robert Kirby was the man of that sort in our company that day. He sat at the opposite end of the table from me, and I had watched him nervously as he turned his little sharp eyes on Jack and never moved them from his face. By some terrible mischance, it was he who found words first.

"*'After all you have said,'* he declared in his cutting voice, *'it would be hard for any of us to believe otherwise.'*

"Jack wheeled to your father and faced him, not with a question, but an accusation.

"*'You believe it too!'* he cried.

"Your father is slow of speech at best, and he was excited and upset. He voiced his faith in his brother—but he spoke a second too late.

"*'You all of you believe it, every one!'* Jack cried. *'It is because your eyes are as blind as the dollars you are always counting.'* He turned so quickly to the door that no one could stop him. I was the only one that managed to move as he flung it open.

"*'Not I!'* With all my strength, I called it after him as I stood up in my place at the end of the table. *'Oh, Jack, not I!'*

But the door was slammed so quickly that I think he did not hear.

"We all sat very still, unable to speak, ashamed even to look at one another. Robert Kirby again was the first to break the silence.

"*'He should be stopped, he must be put under arrest,'* he said; but your father got up and stood with his back against the door.

"*'If it is true that my brother is guilty, and Heaven grant it is not so,'* he declared, *'all the money shall be repaid at once. This matter is to go no farther.'*

"We never saw Jack again. Your father had a letter from him, saying that of course he considered himself responsible for the losses to the company, since his own folly had brought them about. *'Or people may think I am guilty if they like. If you and Anna do not believe in me, I do not care what decision Robert Kirby and his friends come to,'* he added. He had disposed of all the property left to him by our father and was turning over the sum realized to cover the defaulted amount. There was a little lacking, a few hundred dollars, and this he was obliged—you could see even in that businesslike letter how it hurt him to do so—to ask your father to advance. In return, he was delivering to him the title-deeds *'to that piece of land in Montana; Anna can tell you about it; there is no time to sell that in a hurry, and I want this miserable business closed.'* That was the only letter we ever received from him, and that was ten years ago.

"*'The land he spoke of was this bit of hillside with the cabin. We had taken a gay journey, during one of Jack's vacations,*

just vaguely 'West,' because he had always said there was the best opening for a man in the Western States, and he hoped to live there some day. His grandmother had given him a thousand dollars, 'just to see how he would invest it,' she said, and was a little dismayed when he came back and told her he had purchased a part of a mountain in Montana. We had been to the coast; we had seen the Grand Cañon and Yellowstone Park. It was a man we met in the park who persuaded Jack to buy this piece of land, saying that the timber on it was worth a good deal and there was always the chance of a mine. We came over to see the purchase and spent a day in Ely, though most of it was given to riding through the hills and scrambling over as many steep trails as we could find. We climbed so high that we could see valley after valley spread out below us, and the air was so clear one felt that it was possible to see half-way round the world, if only the mountains did not block the way. There were two or three riders scattered over the trail below, tiny black figures like toys, although everything was so still we could hear their voices shouting to one another and could hear the plunge and splash of a waterfall a mile away. It had been snowing on the peaks, but where we were sitting it was hot in the blazing sunshine. Jack sat staring and staring into the valley, and at last he said:

"'Anna, from a height like this, you ought to be able to see what sort of a place the world really is.' I have never forgotten."

A burning pine-cone fell from the heap of coals and rolled out on the hearth. Beatrice, who had been listening so intently that she had not moved, rose now, and fell to mending the fire.

"And did you never find any trace of him?" Nancy gently brought Aunt Anna back to her story.

"Never, my dear, though we tried in every way you could imagine. He was determined to disappear out of our lives, and we were not able to prevent it. A year or two later the same contractor was arrested and proved guilty of such scandalous frauds that he was sent to the penitentiary. The first matter had been dropped on account of your father's influence and the fact that Jack had made restitution; so that the man was bolder when he tried again. Your father had made some effort to procure proof against him, but there was nothing definite enough to exonerate Jack before the world.

When the man was finally convicted, we thought that must surely restore my brother's good name. Yet I was present when your father laid the facts before Robert Kirby, who only grunted and said that nothing could convince him that they had not worked together the first time. When I say my prayers and come to the place where we must forgive our enemies, I have to struggle with myself all over again to forgive Robert Kirby, although all the time I know him to be nothing but a misled, ignorant, obstinate old man."

"I should call him something worse," declared Nancy, with heat.

There was quiet for a little as they all sat thinking.

"And did you think that you might find him here, Aunt Anna," Beatrice finally asked slowly.

"I thought we might find him or get news of him. When the doctor said this year I must go away or—not get well, I vowed that, if it were the last thing I did, I would look for him once more. He loved this place so much that I always felt, somehow, that he would come back to it. We had written to him here, but the letters came back to us with word that no such person was to be found; and your father made inquiries when he came to get us a house. He did not approve much of our settling down here for the summer, but I was determined and he had to give way."

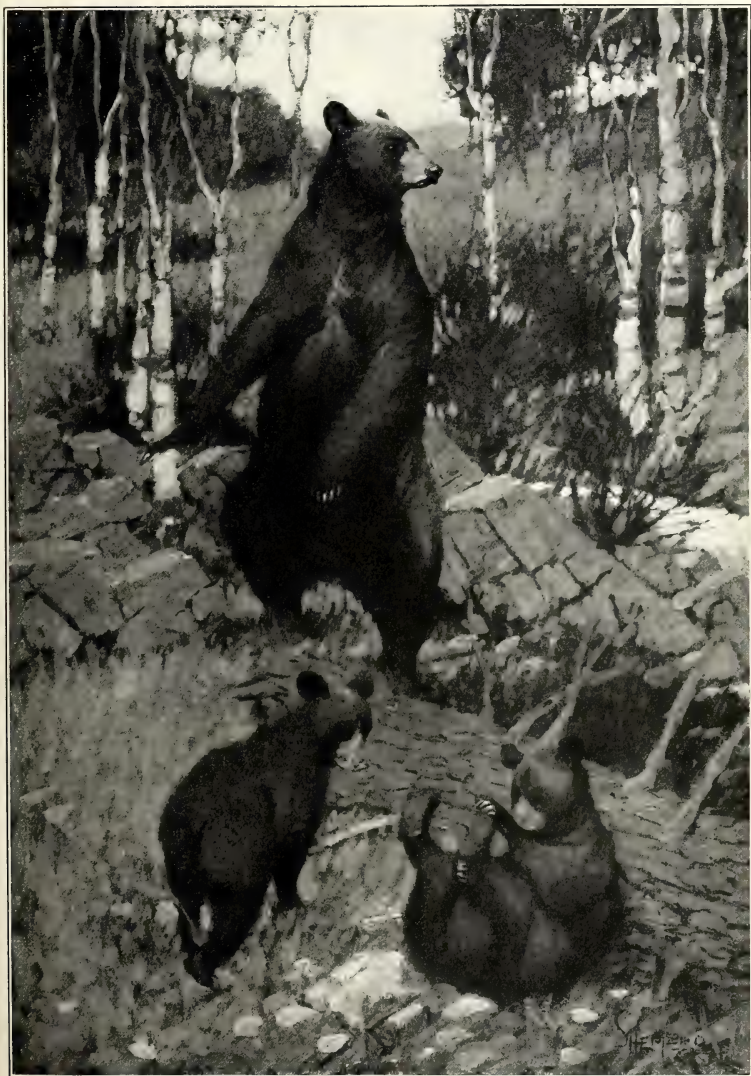
"Yet we almost had to go back," Nancy observed.

"Yes, if it had not been for Beatrice's thinking of the cabin, and her courage in bringing us here, we should have had to give it up. And so far we have heard nothing; but I can not help hoping that we still may."

"But why, Aunt Anna, why did you never tell us before?" Beatrice put the question with the same puzzled frown she had worn when the story began.

"I wanted to, but I could not bear to. You were always so hurried and so deep in affairs of your own, as was quite natural. To tell you, and have you think even for a fleeting minute that Jack did wrong—that would have been beyond endurance. He is only a name to you, and after all, as Robert Kirby says, nothing has ever been proved. But you *must* believe in my brother; you must!"

She leaned back, and a slow tear of weariness and long-endured misery rolled down her cheek. The recital had tired her far



"THE BEAR STOOD WATCHING THEIR HASTY DEPARTURE FOR A MOMENT" (SEE PAGE 516)



more than they had realized, so that Nancy suddenly taking alarm, whisked her away to bed. There, with many loving pats and hugs and words of affectionate comfort, they at last saw her ready for sleep.

Yet Beatrice, lying broad awake in her little room, watching the curtains flutter in the windy dark, could not put from her mind the thought of what she had heard. Presently, she got up to steal into Nancy's room, opposite, and see how she was faring. She found that the bed was empty and that her sister was kneeling by the window, staring out into the forest. A solitary coyote was yelping in the woods, but it was a sound to which they had become so accustomed that it was doubtful if they even heard it. The pale light of a late moon showed the moving tree-tops, the dark chasm of the stream, and, hardly to be discerned among the pines, the square chimney-stacks and one tiny light that marked the place of John Herrick's house.

"Don't stay there in the cold," remonstrated Beatrice. "You can't see anything or—anybody in the middle of the night."

"I know it," sighed Nancy, as she turned from the window. "I was just thinking."

She climbed on the bed and sat with her knees humped up and her arms flung around them, still staring, as though fascinated, out through the window toward that slope of the mountain where John Herrick lived.

"He does n't look like Dad or Aunt Anna," Beatrice protested suddenly, with no apparent connection with anything that had been said. "No, he is n't like them at all."

"Maybe not," returned Nancy, inscrutably, "but he has that same light yellow hair that she has. If Aunt Anna were very sunburned or he were very pale—it might be—that they would not be so very different."

## CHAPTER X

MRS. BRUIN

ALTHOUGH the girls had talked so late of Aunt Anna's story and the strange thought they had concerning it, they were up early next morning and still discussing the matter busily as they prepared breakfast.

"The question is," said Nancy, plying her egg-beater with vigor, "shall we tell Aunt Anna what we think?"

"If we should be mistaken, and John Herrick should turn out to be, oh, just anybody, she would be so disappointed. Perhaps we had better wait."

They had hardly finished breakfast when

there was a knock at the door, followed by Dr. Minturn's tall presence on the threshold. He inspected his patient and announced a very great improvement, and then said he must go on at once, since he hoped to visit the town and start back over the mountain that same day. Beatrice walked down with him through the pines, for he had tied his horse at the gate.

"Your aunt seems less worried and far more cheerful than before," he said.

"Yes," assented Beatrice, "I think it is because she has told us at last why she came." She went on to give the substance of Aunt Anna's story.

"I surmised it was something like that," he observed when he had heard her to the end, "and I have been thinking about it ever since. I don't know any man in this neighborhood by the name of Deems, but—I believe he is not so far away, after all."

Beatrice looked at him steadily. "I believe that too," she said.

Dr. Minturn stopped, for they had reached the bars, but he made no move to mount his horse.

"I am going to give you some advice that is n't medical," he began slowly. "Whatever you think is, or is n't so, don't—press anybody too hard; don't push some one by letting him know too quickly that you have guessed who he is. Your aunt is eager and overwrought; who would n't be after ten years of anxiety and sorrow? She and you might be in too much of a hurry and ruin everything. John thinks he is safe under his assumed name, and with your aunt too ill to be about. He knows who you are and perhaps why you have come, but he can't yet make up his mind to conquer his stubborn pride. Give him time, that is all I say, give him time. He rode away into the hills the first day he saw you, but he must have thought things out up there in the mountains, for he came back again. But he can't come all the way yet."

"Do you think he ever will?" Beatrice asked anxiously.

"Yes, I think he will. Does your aunt have any suspicion of who he is?"

"I am sure she has n't," Beatrice declared. "She thinks of him as Hester's father, some one too old to be her brother. No, she does n't dream it."

"Then don't tell her and don't tell him," he urged. "Wait until John is ready to tell her himself. You must go gently with a man who has been hurt to his very soul."



Beatrice held out her brown hand and the doctor shook it solemnly. She watched him ride away, then returned to the house to saddle Buck and set off presently up the mountain. Her mind was full of new, excited hopes that seemed to dance to the music of Buck's flying feet.

Nancy, meanwhile, was not thinking so much of their new problem. She had the faculty of being completely absorbed in the object in hand, and to-day that object was a cake. Christina had given her a Swedish receipt, dwelling on the unusual deliciousness of the result, so that Nancy could scarcely wait to try it. With the greatest care possible she mixed and measured and weighed and stirred.

"It is rather a long cake," she reflected after she had spent an hour combining the ingredients; but she felt certain that the completed dish would amply repay her toil.

She had just got it into the oven when a knock sounded on the kitchen door to announce the boy whom Hester had sent with a basket of eggs.

"Thank you, Olaf," she said as he set them down; then flushed, since she had not meant to speak his name. The color flooded his face, also. "I beg your pardon," she added quickly; "we have been guessing who you were, but we did n't mean to pry into any secrets."

"It does not matter," he assured her. "My mother and John Herrick made me promise that I would not go to the village while things were so upset, since he says there is no use in stirring up bad feeling again. Your sister's letter caught me in San Francisco, just as I was to sail; but I could n't help coming home, once I knew that my mother really wanted to see me. But I don't like this hiding away, and I only agreed to it because I would do anything John Herrick says."

Old Tim came in to put away his tools and to sit down upon the doorstep to rest for a moment.

"I can't think of another thing to do to this cabin," he confessed. "I have to own that it is time for me to go home."

He was just getting up to go when a step was heard on the path and Dabney Mills came around the corner of the house, smiling and quite unabashed by any memories of his departure on his last visit.

"I heard voices," he said, "so I just thought I would n't disturb any one by knocking at the front door and would—"

"Would see if you could n't overhear some-

thing," Tim cut him short. "Well, we're not speaking of anything you should n't hear, so our talk would n't interest you."

He walked away, leaving the intruding youth looking after him in speechless indignation. Nancy turned to the stove to look at her cake.

"I don't know this gentleman," she heard Dabney say, staring at Olaf, and she heard Tim reply over his shoulder, "Nor do you need to know him, so far as I can see."

"I heard you talk of going berrying the other day, Miss Nancy," Olaf said, coming to the door and quite disregarding the inquisitive reporter. "This is the best sort of afternoon for it, and I can show you just where to go. Your sister is coming up the hill, so your aunt won't be left alone. Would n't you like to come?"

"I would indeed. Will you excuse me," she added politely to Dabney Mills; to which he gave a gruff assent and stalked out of sight around the corner of the house. She felt anxious to escape from his questions, and was sure that, in the hands of the determined Beatrice, he could find out very little. She fetched her hat and her basket and set off gaily, for to look for berries had been a cherished project for some days.

They scrambled up the hill, out beyond the shadow of the pines to the open pastureland, where the trees had been cut and the new growth was springing up and where, among the old stumps, the berry bushes and vines matted the ground. It was a hot summer day, very still except for the grasshoppers singing in the grass, but not with that peaceful, drowsy heat that Nancy knew. The air was far too bracing for any one to feel lazy or sleepy, as on the summer days at home. The blue distances shimmered; the sky was cloudless; everything seemed to stir and throb with the energy of living. The baskets filled rapidly as the two went from one patch to another, climbing higher and higher up the mountain. Suddenly, Olaf glanced over his shoulder and then turned about quickly.

"Just look there," he said in a low voice.

Something like a big black dog was moving among the bushes, its smooth round back showing now and again above the tangled thicket. Presently, as it crossed an open space, Nancy saw it more clearly, with its small head, clumsy feet and odd shuffling walk. She had never seen a bear at large before. "Oh!" she breathed, and dropped her basket.

"There is no need to be afraid," Olaf assured her. "A bear won't bother you at all if you leave him alone. They have ugly tempers, and if you once make them angry, they will follow you a long way to get even. But this one won't hurt us."

The creature, at first quite unconscious of their presence, went slowly along, snuffing among the roots, turning over stones to lick up the ants beneath them. Finally observing them, it stood on its hind legs to peer over a clump of bushes, looking so much like a shy, but inquisitive, little boy that Nancy laughed aloud.

"Oh, see! there's another—two little ones!" she exclaimed.

Olaf looked where she pointed and took up the baskets hastily. "If there are cubs, it's quite a different thing," he said quickly. "A mother bear never does anything you think she will. It would be better for us to go."

The bear stood watching their hasty departure for a moment, then, with a grunt, dropped on all fours again and turned once more to the pursuit of her dinner. Nancy, looking back, caught sight of the fat, round cubs as they came scampering forward to run at their mother's heels. One of them tumbled over and rolled upon the grass; whereupon its mother turned to lick it affectionately and give it a friendly cuff with her big paw. Evidently she considered the incident, so far as human beings were concerned, as being quite closed.

Beatrice and Hester were at the cabin when the two berry-pickers returned. They declared that they had seen nothing of Dabney Mills, who had apparently taken himself off. They had a hilarious lunch, during which Beatrice imitated the airs and graces of the insistent reporter, while Nancy, as she waited on the table, assumed the shuffling mannerisms of Joe Ling. Aunt Anna declared herself so worn out with laughing at them that she retired early for her nap, and Beatrice presently, after Hester was gone, went upstairs to sleep also. Nancy spent a large part of the afternoon finishing her cake, for even the icing, with its alternate layers of brown and white, was a work of art in itself. Finally the task was completed, and the dish set to cool on the window-ledge. When at last it became time to think about the evening meal, she discovered that she needed fresh kindling for the fire and went out to the shed to fetch it. She opened the door and started back with a cry of surprise.

Seated on the straw, with his back to the wall and his note-book on his knee, was Dabney Mills.

"I heard that fellow, Olaf you call him, say that he was coming back at four o'clock with the milk, so I came back to have a word with him when—when we would n't be disturbed. I've been waiting quite a while. He's late," he declared crossly. He got up and walked stiffly to the door.

"Say," he exclaimed, "what's that beside your window. Golly, I do believe it's a bear!" His tone was one of undisguised dismay.

"Where?" said Nancy, running out after him. "Oh, my cake, my cake!" she added in distress.

The same creature that she had seen when she was berrying had come down the hill and was running an investigating and appreciative tongue over the icing of the precious cake. She had been used, perhaps, to prowl about the cabin when it was empty, and was now making herself very much at home. Although plainly pleased with her refreshment, she dropped down when she heard their voices and began to shamle off toward the sheltering underbrush.

"Let her go quietly," Nancy warned; "don't disturb her, don't, *don't!*"

For Dabney Mills, plucking up courage by the animal's willingness to depart, was attempting to speed her going by throwing stones after her. Picking up a square block of wood from beside the shed, he flung it with unfortunate success, in spite of Nancy clutching at his arm. It caught the bear full on the side of the head.

The great beast turned, bared all her teeth in an angry snarl, and rushed upon them. Without ceremony, they fled, past the shed, away from the house and up the hill. To reach the safety of the cabin, they would have to pass by her, which at the moment was unthinkable. Therefore, as the angry creature climbed steadily after them, they were forced farther and farther up toward the open spaces of the mountain.

"I'm not afraid. She won't hurt us," Nancy kept telling herself, though her teeth were chattering and her breath coming short. Bewildered as she was, she still had presence of mind enough to try to bend their course in a circle so that at last they might come nearer home. But no such coolness possessed her companion. Excited, almost hysterical with terror, he shouted at the bear, waved his arms and threw sticks and stones at her

every time the steep trail afforded him opportunity.

"Stop! don't! you are only making it worse!" Nancy begged him breathlessly; but he was far too terrified to pay any heed to her words.

Nancy felt that there could be nothing more terrible than this, the big swaying body that came up the hill after them, the little pointed head with its white teeth showing, its small eyes blazing with an animal's unreasoning fury. She was panting and exhausted; her knees shook under her; it seemed utterly impossible to go farther. One last hope flashed through her mind—it was the hour for Olaf to bring the milk, and he might be somewhere below, coming through the pines. She hollowed her hands before her mouth and, with a last effort of her panting lungs, shouted with all the strength she could command:

"Olaf! Olaf!"

A faint hail came in answer. How far

away it was! Would he know what had happened?

There was only a little farther for them to climb, for a long ridge of rock, shouldering up through the underbrush, cut off their ascent with a smooth wall that offered no foothold. Beside it, the mountain-side fell away in a sheer drop of a hundred feet of precipice, so that their retreat was blocked completely. A vast furry form rose through the bushes beside them, and the bear struck at them with her great paw. Nancy was too bewildered to understand how Dabney Mills came suddenly to be behind her, while she was thrust forward into the very face of their enemy. The blow missed her, however, and struck the boy, just where, she could not see. With a strange, sickening sigh, he dropped and rolled toward the edge of the cliff. Nancy flattened herself against the rock wall, staring, fascinated, as the bear settled her haunches firmly, seemed to pause a moment, and then squared off to strike at her again.

(To be continued)

## THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE wind is in the chimney!— *W-h-e-w! W-h-e-w!*  
 Roaring down the flue!  
 What an eery noise he makes;  
 How he quavers! how he quakes!  
 How the house he shakes  
 With his loud to-do!  
*W-h-e-w! W-h-e-w!*

The wind is in the chimney!— *W-h-e-w! W-h-e-w!*  
 That 's his high hulloo!  
 Hear him call and call and call!  
 Strongest he when shadows fall,  
 And flicker on the wall.  
 Who 's afraid? Are you?  
*W-h-e-w! W-h-e-w!*

The wind is in the chimney!— *W-h-e-w! W-h-e-w!*  
 Hear him in the flue,  
 With his merry shrills and trills  
 Which he got behind the hills  
 From the woods and rills!  
 Can it be he 's through?  
 Yes, he 's gone, away—away—  
 Far beyond the end of day!  
*W-h-e-w! W-h-e-w!*

# THE ROYAL SHOW

A VAUDEVILLAINOUS BALLAD

By CHARLES F. LESTER



"GADZOOKS! 'T 's well!—'T 's swell!" exclaimed the king, and smote his knee;

"What ho, attend, Sir Seneschal! I shall have need of thee! In sooth, the fool 's no fool; he hath a merry wit, to wit! Whene'er he hits upon a plan he always plans a hit.

You know the Prince Schiedieux is due within a week or two, And what to-do we 've had regarding what to do to do Due honor to His Highness; but Jester Jack, I trow, Hath shown the way; we 're going to have our subjects give a show!"



His Highness (he was six feet six) had hair of auburn hue (Worn, I might remark in passing, in a passing curious queue). His eyes were pink, his cheeks were blue (I mean the other way!), And he swung a wicked mallet in a game of tight croquet.

With the object of His Majesty his subjects all agreed (Though it hardly was grammatical), and pushed their plans with speed.

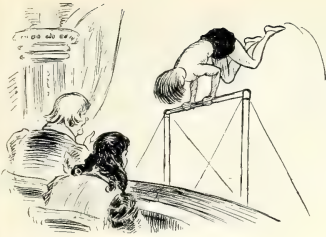
The talent quickly was secured, the program was complete; The night arrived—and Prince Schiedieux was ushered to his seat!



The overture (*scherzando largissimo ad lib Andante furioso*) was conducted by Sir Dib, His hair was most poetic, and the ladies thought him "sweet" (Though sometimes, when he beat the time he failed to time the beat).







Sir Harold next performed upon the horizontal bar.  
(His father, old Sir Boz, remarked, "I see my son 's a star!"  
Then came a number by Count Peppercorn and Baron Humm,  
Who rendered a duet upon the jew's-harp and the drum.

Of course, the ladies had their turns. The house went frantic, quite,  
When Lady Maude recited, "Curfew Shall not Ring To-night!"  
At Lady Lulu's dance, the prince cried to his suite, "How sweet!  
I marvel what hath made the maid so handy with her feet!"



Sir Wibble slipped while juggling some potatoes and a pie,  
And very nearly hit his twin, Sir Wobble, in the eye!  
(By luck, it chanced to be his nose.) Lord Ding then sang a song  
Which had thirty-seven verses—in short, 't was much too long.



Count Jiggle thought he 'd do some magic tricks with fingers light.  
But 't would seem that his ability at sleight-of-hand was slight;  
He took about a dozen eggs and old Lord Whoozit's hat—  
Well, I really hate to tell you just what happened after that!

When the program closed, His Highness, in a very flowery speech,  
Complimented all the talent; and expressed his thanks to each,  
Which I think speaks very highly for the judgment of the prince,  
For there surely never was a show like that, before nor since!



BOB



BRUCE



LAD

## THE SUNNYBANK COLLIES

By GEORGE BANCROFT DUREN

READERS of ST. NICHOLAS who are dog-lovers—and I feel certain that you all must be—will no doubt recall two stirring stories written by Albert Payson Terhune, one of which appeared in April, 1918, and the other in December, 1919. Wolf, a big, loyal collie-dog was the hero of both these tales, one of which, perhaps,—as with me,—made upon you a deeper impression than the other. Does the title "One Minute Longer" bring it back to you? There was Wolf and the Boy of the place, who loved his red-gold-and-white companion as much as the dog, in his mute, appealing way, worshiped him. It tells of a hunting expedition, enjoyed by the dog as much as by his inseparable friend the Boy. While trudging across the frozen lake, the Boy suddenly steps into a gaping air-hole. It is needless to repeat all the incidents, but at the end when the dog, bleeding and exhausted, leads the rescuers to the spot where the Boy, half frozen, is mumbling as he clings to the crumbling ice, "Heroism—consists—in—hanging—on—one—minute—longer," something queer and uncomfortable seems to stick in your throat. "Gee whiz!" you say to yourself as you close the magazine, "it must be great to have a dog like that! Wonder if there was a real Wolf, or did Mr. Terhune just make him up."

Later, you probably read the two books of Mr. Terhune's, "Bruce" and "Lad—a Dog," the latter a story of the father of Wolf.

Then you perhaps wondered again if there was really a Wolf and a Bruce and a Lad, and if they really worshiped their master as told in Mr. Terhune's stories. Of course, you realized that all the thrilling parts of the various tales could not be true—but the

lovely things, the bits of true dog devotion—were they true?

And so if you thought these things, just as I must confess I did, you may save yourself further perplexity by answering the questions in the affirmative. Yes, there was a Lad and a Bruce, and there is now a Wolf, who is loved and returns the love of his master just as the story said he did. I know, for I have made the journey to Sunnybank, Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, the home of Lad and Bruce before they died, and the kingdom now of Wolf. I have seen the grave where Lad lies buried, the cave under the piano where in his kingly days he reigned supreme, just as Mr. Terhune related in the ST. NICHOLAS stories; and what is more, I have had the cold nose of Wolf tucked affectionately into the palm of my hand. For a morning, at least, I have lived, it seems, within the very pages where youngsters have existed many times in fond imagination.

However, I am getting ahead of my story. So to begin at the beginning. As I swung through the wide-open gate and down the zigzagging road to the house, a stone's throw from the silver gleam of the lake, there was no question that I had really reached the home of the Sunnybank collies. A chorus of ear-piercing "yap, yaps," punctuated by an occasional youthful squeal, heralded my coming. They apparently were not unfriendly barks, but merely of warning. The collies were leaping about in their screened enclosure, telling those in the house below that a stranger had entered the gates. To their master they left unconditionally the decision as to what sort of welcome I should receive.

And so I came to Wolf's kingdom; for it is he who rules the clan now that Bruce and Lad are no more. Then came the master. And here, perhaps against his will, I must pause a moment to speak of the author of these charming tales. The one word which describes Mr. Terhune is "immense"—immense in stature and in heart. He has a hand-shake that measures up to his size; and yet those vise-like hands, which had made me wince, turned immediately to pat tenderly the well-formed collie head that rested against his knee. His eyes were just as kind as the caresses which he had been bestowing upon Wolf.

There are ten collies at Sunnybank now, Bob son of Bruce, Wolf son of Lad, who are house-dogs, and eight others who live a less palatial existence in the kennels adjoining the house. Hardly a day goes by that the diary of these frolicsome, four-legged companions is not crammed to the very margin with interesting events. Perhaps it is a wild chase after Tippy, the dreamy-eyed Persian house-cat, or maybe the arrival of a new family of fluffy, clownish-looking puppies. But be the event ever so humble, it is nevertheless of great import to the Terhune household and to the Sunnybank collies in particular.

Mr. Terhune is, naturally, not without his host of admirers. Few and far between are the summer days that several motoring parties do not whizz through the open gate and draw up, simply bubbling over with excited youngsters, in front of the veranda. "Where is Laddie's cave?" "Show us where Lad is buried." "Which dog is Wolf?"

The questions are fired like shots from a machine-gun, and Mr. Terhune would have to have at least a dozen tongues to keep up with them. The great majority of Mr. Terhune's visitors are those American boys and girls who have learned to love these story dogs just as if they really knew them. Of the grown-ups who find their way along the lake shore to Sunnybank, there are few mere curiosity-seekers. Most of them are true dog-lovers who have either lost their own four-footed companions or have dogs at home who have earned as warm a place in their hearts as the Sunnybank collies have in the affection of their master.

And also to Mr. Terhune's mail-box every day come many letters from little admirers, some wanting to know if there honestly is a "Wolf"; others asking for pictures of the great dog. Though these letters average

a hundred a week, he has answered every one of them—that is, all but two which blew out of his automobile one day. He was unable to find them and has always had a guilty feeling in his heart about the incident.

"There must be two youngsters in this big land of ours who must think me the worst kind of a piker," he said, as he stroked Wolf's straight, pointed nose. "But it could n't be helped. Along came the wind, out went the letters, and that 's all there was to it."

You might guess that a man who writes with as much feeling as Mr. Terhune does about dumb animals would be a lover of children. If so, you have guessed correctly. But in Mr. Terhune's case it is like our relatives "who are thrust upon us," as some one has said—he can not get away from the young folks even if he would; for hundreds of them have made, and will continue to make, their pilgrimage to the lakeside home of the Sunnybank collies. Yet he and the dogs are always glad to see them, and there is always a welcoming hand-shake from the master and a sniff of approval from the collies.

Of all the praise Mr. Terhune receives about his stories and dogs (and he is far prouder of the latter), he cherishes most the kindly words from children.

"I 'd rather get a letter of praise from a youngster than from all the grown-ups in the world!" he exclaimed, as he laid down a packet of letters which he had just received; "When they say that they love Wolf, they speak from the depths of their hearts. They are not ashamed to admit their fondness even for so vague a thing as the dog character of a story. And it is their sincerity, their childish enthusiasm, which makes me so proud and happy in their praise."

Many of the reminiscences which Mr. Terhune brought to mind were of children. For instance,—and he smiled broadly as his mind went back in retrospect to the occasion,—there are the youngsters who want to see with their own eyes and touch with their own hands every spot and object of which they have read in the dog-stories. The spot on the piazza where so and so happened to Lad, and the rug where Bruce as a puppy curled up and went to sleep, and so on and so on. Often Mr. Terhune is nearly stumped, for the youngsters have learned these trivial details by heart and evidently begin to doubt the genuineness of the tales if he fails to reply immediately.

One day last summer, a little shaver came tramping down the dusty roadway, whistling



merrily. He rang the bell, and, upon Mr. Terhune's appearance, graphically described himself as "the one who wrote him about his dog stories in St. NICHOLAS." Of course, the mailman had brought Mr. Terhune about

waiting in his automobile at the railroad station when Wolf suddenly reared himself in the back seat of the car and began snarling angrily. Another car had just passed by, and in it—you have guessed—were the two boys who had maltreated him.

Not by sight had Wolf recognized the little offenders, but by scent. And this is all the more remarkable, because he had been in contact with them for a very short time. But they had not treated him with the kindness of other children, and he had put their scent among those which were odious to him; and in his life such scents were few, for he was a lover of children, just as they were of him. Thus as the unwelcome signal was carried to his nostrils, he immediately recognized it as something he did not like. And his growl of disapproval had been his answer. This is even more strange when one considers the many thousands and thousands of scents which fill the air and earth.



Wolf

MR. TERHUNE HAVING A FROLIC WITH HIS DOGS

ninety-nine other letters from boys and girls that very week; but in this little fellow's mind, his description of himself seemed quite sufficient. For had n't he scrawled his letter all by himself, and had n't he told Mr. Terhune in simple, but heartfelt, words how much he should like to have a really truly meat-and-bone dog like Wolf to play with?

But the simple introduction was all that Mr. Terhune desired. What matter if this little fellow were Pete or Jim or Charlie? He was a lover of the Sunnybank collies and he should have his reward.

Mr. Terhune related another interesting tale about Wolf. Two boys about fourteen years old were the visitors on this occasion. So anxious were they to pat and fondle the dogs which they had heard and read so much about, that they let their affection become a bit rough for Wolf's nervous collie temperament. He emitted a deep growl of warning. Of course he did not mind having his ears pulled by some toddling youngster who knew no better, but by a full-grown youngster—well, that was stretching his good nature a bit too far. Almost a month later, Mr. Terhune was

On one occasion a little girl was the heroine and Wolf was the hero of an exciting drama played on the veranda at Sunnybank. Like the countless other tots who had come before her, she was there for the sole purpose of becoming acquainted with the son of the dog hero that her mother had so often read to her about.

Barely had her father turned his back, when a strange thing happened. Just as if Wolf had been a prancing steed and she a fairy princess, the girl clambered aboard the dog's back, and with happy "giddaps," she began digging her tiny heels into his soft flank. You can readily realize her father's horror when he suddenly looked up and saw what was happening. More quickly than I can write of it, he was out on the porch and had snatched his daughter from the back of her strange steed. But this is the peculiar thing, the thing which makes you love the dog for his almost human action: ambling slowly over to his little rider, he thrust his muzzle into her pink, chubby hand. And if a dog can smile, then there most certainly was a broad grin on Wolf's face. And besides the smile, there was a deep affection in the dog's soft brown eyes. For Wolf knew,



even though perhaps the frightened father did not, that in what this little girl had done she had meant him no harm, and, doglike, he had known it instinctively.

This tale led Mr. Terhune to a discourse on the feeling which dogs, as a class, have for children. A collie will never attack a very little child, Mr. Terhune declared, no matter how badly he is maltreated, for he instinctively sees in this small, helpless little creature (perhaps in his own mind he thinks of the child as a puppy) a thing which he naturally should protect.

"It is just the same as with human beings," said Mr. Terhune, by way of illustration. "If a three-year-old child should hit you, you would n't strike back, would you? But if I should, you 'd very soon do so, would n't you?"

I had to acknowledge that the example was an excellent one; but when I measured Mr. Terhune's six feet and more with my own five and some odd inches, I thought to myself that the characters in his illustration might have been more wisely chosen.

In boyhood days, long before Mr. Terhune had ever written his first dog-story, he was a tireless reader of *St. NICHOLAS*. Particularly he loved the letters in the back of the magazine, and he often hoped that some day he might read there a communication from his own pen. One day he saw a pig eating a real live pickerel, and he thought this would make an excellent subject for a story. But unfortunately, he could n't spell "pickerel," and so his great ambition had to be restrained until a later day. At last, years after, came the opportunity to appear not in the *LETTER-BOX* of *St. NICHOLAS*, but in the story section, with one of his first dog-stories. One youngster who read the *St. NICHOLAS* tale brought a copy of the magazine all the way to Pompton Lakes to see if the line drawing of Wolf was like the dog himself.

If Dawn and Bob and Wolf and the rest of the collie band are not human beings,

they come as near being so as dumb animals can. Each year about the middle of December, the Terhune family begins to think about returning to New York. A week or so before the preparations are begun, the collies instinctively seem to sense that something is wrong; they become nervous, and an unhappy look steals into their eyes. What the explanation of it is, Mr. Terhune can not say. Perhaps they catch smatterings of talk about "New York" and "leaving Pompton Lakes." Who knows but what they understand this much of the human tongue?

And a similar thing takes place in the spring-time, only the dogs' eyes then are filled with dumb anticipation. Several days before the family arrives, according to the keeper of the kennels, the dogs become wild with excitement and there is no restraining them. They are like children waiting for the curtain to rise on their first theater-party. There are little yelps of delight from the younger dogs, and much wagging of tails and jumping about by the older ones. Somehow they have learned that the folks they love are soon to be with them again.



Lad Wolf Bruce

HELPING MR. TERHUNE WRITE HIS DOG STORIES

Occasionally, during the winter, Mr. and Mrs. Terhune make week-end visits to Sunnybank, and each time, before their arrival, their visit is the signal for a day of rejoicing among the dogs. This Mr. Terhune can more readily account for; as the

fires in the house are lit a day or so before their coming, and Mr. Terhune believes that the collies know that smoke curling from the chimney and a warm feeling in the deserted house is a signal that the master is returning.

Farewell between dogs and master is always a sad time, for, of course, the collies can not be taken to the city, but must be left where they can have the freedom that is just as vital to their existence as sleep or food is to you or me. There is one of the dogs—which it is I can not recall—which for half an hour after the automobile has disappeared in the distance, will lie down and moan like a child.

During the war the Sunnybank collies were far from being slackers. There was not a single one among them who did not earn, by his own efforts, at least one Liberty Bond, and some of them gave substantial contributions to the Red Cross. Lad, in fact, lies sleeping beneath the green earth with the honorary Red Cross fastened about his noble neck. These funds were chiefly raised from cash prizes which the dogs won at shows and from the sale of many Sunnybank puppies.

One of the oddest stories which Mr. Terhune told was of the two collies Lad and Bruce, who were to pose for their photographs. The plan apparently, did not appeal to them, and despite the coaxing of the photographer, they simply would n't face the camera. Each time the photographer jumped nimbly in front of them they promptly turned their backs before they could be snapped. Mr. Terhune at last came to the rescue, and taking the head of a dog under each arm, he pointed their faces directly toward the camera's eye. But the dogs were not to be outwitted,—at least to their way of thinking,—and when the films were developed it was discovered that both had their eyes

tightly closed. Like the ostrich who buries his head in the sand and thus believes that he can not be seen by the approaching hunters, these dogs evidently believed that if they could not see the camera, it, of course, could not see them.

I did not have to spend many moments at Sunnybank farm to learn how deeply these collies love their master and what implicit faith they have in his kindly treatment of them. Standing in front of Bob, Mr. Terhune made a quick move, bringing his foot within an inch of the dog's eyes, but Bob never stirred. Raising his hand, he made another motion, as if to strike him upon the head—not an eyelash trembled. Instead, there was confidence that was almost human shining in the wistful eyes. Bob knew that in all his life the master of the house had never struck him, and that he would not do so now.

As I stood on the veranda making my farewells, Wolf walked up beside me and pushed his moist nose between my fingers. I thought as I stood there, that here was Wolf, son of Lad, whose name is almost sacred in the hearts of the youngsters who have learned to love him, honoring with his friendship a poor dog-lover who at best could only write a few heartfelt words of appreciation about him.

Soon our automobile had swung around the house and past the kennels. Several collies were peering from behind the wire of their enclosure. Perhaps they knew instinctively that I was going to write about them and that it would n't be dog etiquette to bark at me. As the driveway rounded into the main highway I glanced back and saw them still looking after me. Trees hid the road and blue specks of water gleamed through the thin November foliage. A hundred yards more, and Sunnybank and its famous collies had faded into memory.

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## THE SUNBEAM

ONE day our baby tried to climb  
The stairs alone. I came in time  
To see the little toddler there,  
A golden sunbeam on his hair  
And by his side. I wondered why  
The baby did not fall and cry.  
Too frightened to know what to say,

I stood and gazed there in dismay.  
And then it was explained to me—  
I saw how it must surely be:  
What looked like rays of clear sunlight  
Were really angel's wings so bright,  
Enfolding him with tender care  
Upon the dark and dangerous stair.

*Louise Marshall Haynes.*

# THE BLUE ENVELOP

By ROY J. SNELL

## CHAPTER I

### MUTINEER'S ISLAND

IN the middle of a circular bay, forming a perfect horseshoe, with a sandy beach at its center and a rocky cliff on either side, two boys were fishing for shrimps. The taller of the two, a curly-haired, red-cheeked fellow, was rowing. The other, a short and sturdy lad, now and again lifted a pocket-net of wire-screening, and, shaking a score or more slimy, snapping creatures into one corner of it, seized them and tossed them, still alive, into a kettle of boiling water, which is simply the least cruel and regular way of handling shrimps; cook them on the spot and eat them some time afterward.

Both boys had the clear, ruddy complexion which comes from clean living and frequent sallies into the out-of-doors. Hugh Clarkson, the tall youth of the curly hair, was something of a student; his cousin, Booth Tucker, had been born for action and adventure.

"Look—look!" exclaimed Hugh, suddenly. "What 's that out at the entrance of the bay—bit of drift or a seal?"

"Might be a seal. Watch it bob. It moves, I 'd say."

"Take a pot-shot at it." Hugh lifted a light rifle from the bow and passed it to his cousin.

Booth stood with one knee braced on the seat and steadied himself for a shot.

"Dum boat rocks so!" he grumbled, "More waves out there, too. Watch the thing bob!"

"It 's gone under!"

"No, there it is!"

"Try it now."

Catching his breath, Booth put his finger to the trigger. For a second the boat was quiet. The brown spot hung on the crest of a wavelet. It was a beautiful target; Booth was a sure shot.

Just as his finger touched the trigger, a strange thing happened—a something which sent the rifle clattering from nerveless fingers and the cold perspiration springing to his forehead.

"Who—who—where d' you suppose he came from?" he was at last able to sputter.

"Who knows?" said Hugh, scanning the

sea. Never a mist nor a cloud obscured the vision, yet not a sail nor coil of smoke of near-by craft. "What 's more important is—we 've got to help him," he said, seizing the oars and rowing vigorously. Booth, having hung the shrimp-trap across the bow, drew a second pair of oars from beneath the seats and joined his cousin in sending the clumsy craft toward the brown spot still bobbing in the water.

The truth was that the brown spot was neither driftwood nor brown seal, but a human being. By some freak of circumstance, the swimmer had chanced to throw a white fore arm high out of the water just as Booth was prepared unwittingly to send a bullet crashing into his skull.

Realizing that this person, whoever he might be, had drifted in the water and was doubtless exhausted, the two boys now bent their backs to the oars in an effort to reach him.

The beach and cliffs back of the bay in which the boys had been fishing were part of the shore-line of a small island which, on this side, faced the open Pacific Ocean, and on the other, the waters of Puget Sound off the coast of the State of Washington.

Nestling among a group of giant yellow pines on a ridge well up from the beach, two white tents gleamed. There was no one about the tents at this moment. The two girls, who but a half-hour before had tidied up the place, had gone for a stroll across a narrow point of land and were at this time separated by a narrow tamarack-filled gully. Marion Norton, the older of the two, had gone back into the woods in search of a particular flaming red flower, which she needed to complete a collection she had been sketching in water-color. Lucile Tucker, her companion, had crossed the point and had come down to the beach. They were to meet on the beach some distance beyond. Lucile was Booth's sister. Marion and Hugh were cousins to the Tuckers and to one another. Marion had lived all her life in the North—for the most part in Nome, Alaska. She had there displayed an unusual talent for art, and had been sent down to the States that she might be taught some of the bewitching secrets of palette and brush. The others had always lived in Anacortes, Washington.

"Burl" Tucker, father of Lucile and Booth, was a hard-fisted old seaman, who had turned his mind to codfish and salmon. A small portion of the fortune he had made had been paid for this island, which had always been known as Mutineer's Island. Another small sum had been expended in purchasing a motor-boat. That boat now lay a short way up a narrow stream, which ran from the island into the sea.

The four young people had come to the island for a two weeks' outing. Strange to say, not one of them had ever been here before, and, as far as they knew, they were the only persons on the island. Swept as it was by the furious storms which came tearing in from the open sea, this island would never have become a popular summer camping-place, even had Burl Tucker encouraged it, which he decidedly did not. The island was thickly wooded. This timber, with the price of lumber steadily mounting, was worth a fortune. He could not afford to risk losing it by a fire scattered by careless campers.

It had been only after countless pleadings that his son and daughter, together with his favorite nephew and niece, had prevailed upon him to permit them to spend their vacation here. In the mind of this man of the sea there appeared to exist a lurking feeling, perhaps of dread—one scarcely could tell what—regarding this island.

As Lucile, his daughter, now strolled along the beach, she shared something of this dread. She was thinking of stories her father had told—wild tales of earlier days. The island had earned its name,—Mutineer's Island,—for in those early, rough days on Puget Sound, when a man, or group of men, became unmanageable aboard a fishing-craft, they had been dumped with little ceremony on this island, supplied with a box of pilot-bread and a side of bacon, and left here for an indefinite period to repent at leisure.

Lucile shivered as she remembered the tales her father had told her. As she shrank back into the dark depths of a clump of tamarack growing down to the very shore of the sea, she seemed to hear the complaining groan of an oarlock, as a dory drew toward shore. She seemed to see the square-rigger ride the waves on the horizon, and then, close in, the faces of men. Blear-eyed, with faces bruised and gashed from beatings too honestly earned, she saw them land; saw the pilot-bread and bacon tossed on the shore; heard the oarlocks groan again on the return to the ship.

A cloud passed over the sun. The shadows

took on the inkiness of night. A shiver shot down her spine. Her brain suddenly seemed paralyzed with fear. Wild imaginings controlled her mind. Her father had been a roaring tyrant in the day when roaring tyrants were considered necessary on the sea. Were the deeds of that father to be visited on his daughter? Why had she induced the others to join her in this wild and deserted retreat?

She knew the answer in a second. It was because Mutineer's Island had always held for her a curious and weird fascination. This fascination had at last drawn her to its shores. Now a vague premonition seemed to tell her that strange adventures awaited her here.

As she stepped once more out upon the beach she was surprised that the creatures of her day-dreams were mere phantoms of imagination.

On the beach she saw nothing, but as she shaded her eyes and gazed out to sea, she beheld a strange sight: the two boys of her party were lifting a third figure into their boat. The distance was great. They were but dimly outlined against the sky, yet, even so, she caught the gleam of the sun reflected from the body of the person being rescued, and realized that he was without clothing.

She scanned the horizon for a sail. There was none. She turned to look up the beach and encountered the gaze of her cousin Marion.

"Look!" she said, a wild gleam of terror in her eyes; "they are more cruel now than in those other days. They used to put them ashore with clothes and food, but now they throw them into the sea and allow them to save themselves if they can."

"What utter nonsense!" exclaimed Marion. "What in the world are you talking about?"

For answer, Lucile pointed toward the boat.

A moment later she drew her cousin into the shadows and, sitting down on a moss-covered log, told her all the wild thoughts that had sped through her mind.

"Cheer up, dear," and her cousin threw an arm about her, "these shadows and the wild stories about the place have unnerved you. You'll be all right after a good supper. As for that unfortunate chap out there, he probably was caught in a squall while out in a canoe."

"Canoe!" exclaimed Lucile; "there is n't a camp nor a cottage within fifteen miles!"

"Anyway, he's had a mishap and may be ill from the overstrain and exposure. The boys may need us when they get him to camp. Come on!"





"BOOTH STOOD WITH ONE KNEE BRACED ON THE SEAT AND STEADIED HIMSELF FOR A SHOT"

The girls had wandered a long way from camp. Arriving there finally, quite out of breath, they found the boat drawn up on the beach. Hugh was adding fuel to the open fire, over which a kettle was already beginning to steam. Booth was hastily plucking the feathers from a Chinese pheasant, while the stranger lay rolled in a blanket with his face to the fire.

"Going to make him some broth," explained Booth, tossing a handful of feathers to the wind; "must be mighty weak. He swam a long way from somewhere, I'd say."

Lucile stole a glance at the stranger's face. She started.

"Why, he's only a boy!" she whispered.

"Something like that," Booth mumbled. "You don't have to be so careful to whisper, though. His Nibs does n't speak our language, it seems, nor any other that we know anything about. Mighty curious, I'd say." "Jap trying to smuggle in?"

"Maybe."

"He does n't seem exactly Oriental," said Lucile, looking closely at his face.

With his eyes closed as if in sleep, the boy did not, indeed, seem to resemble perfectly any

of the many types Lucile had chanced to meet. There was something of the clean brown, the perfect curve of the classic young Italian; something of the smoothness of skin native to the Anglo-Saxon; yet there was, too, the round face, the short nose, the slight angle at the eyes which spoke of the Oriental.

"He looks like the Eskimo we have on the streets of Nome," suggested Marion, "only he's too light-complexioned. Could n't be, anyway."

"Fine chance!" laughed Booth; "come two thousand miles in a skin kayak to be spilled out in a calm sea. Fine chance, I'd say."

"Whoever he is, he's some swimmer," commented Hugh. "When we reached him, he was a mile from any land, with the sea bearing shoreward, and there was n't a sail or steamer in sight."

The four of them now busied themselves with preparing the evening meal, and for a time forgot their strange, uninvited guest.

When Lucile next looked his way she caught his eyes upon her in a wondering stare. They were at once shifted to the kettle, from which there now issued savory odors of boiling fowl.

"He 's hungry 'all right," she smiled.

When the soup was ready to serve they were treated to a slight shock. The bird had been carefully set on a wooden plate to one side. The strange boy was offered only the broth. This he sniffed for a moment, then, placing it carefully on the ground, seized the bird and, holding it by the drum-sticks, began to gnaw at its breast.

"I 'll say he 's hungry," grinned Booth; "don't know as a full meal is good for him, but here goes."

He set a plate of boiled potatoes before him. The boy paused to stare, then to point a finger at them, and exclaimed:

"*Uba canok!*"

"Bet he never ate 'em!" exclaimed Hugh, suddenly. "What sort of chap must he be?"

He broke a potato in half and took a taste.

At once a broad smile spread over the brown boy's face as he proceeded to add the potatoes to his bill of fare.

"I see where you girls will have to start all over getting this meal," grinned Booth; "our guest has turned into a host."

When at last the strange boy's hunger was relieved, Booth took him to his tent and outfitted him with a pair of khaki trousers and a blue-checked shirt. These were much too large, but by dint of much turning up at ankles and wrists were made presentable.

Two blankets were given him, and motions made to indicate that he might sleep in the tent. To this he paid no attention. Wandering back to his old place beside the fire, he wrapped the blankets about him, and, with hands crossed over his ankles, with face drooped forward, he slept.

"Queer sort of chap!" exclaimed Booth. "I 'd say he was an Indian, if Indians lived that way; but they don't, and have n't for some generations. Our little brown man appears to have walked from out another age."

That night, before she fell asleep beside her cousin in their tent, Lucile pondered long about the stranger who had come into their camp. The island they were on was her father's island; the boat they had come in, her boat. It was her party. She, more than the others, was responsible for the boy. If an attempt was being made to smuggle him into the country, and the attempt was rendered successful through their actions, she could blame no one but herself. Yet he did not look entirely like an Oriental; he did not act the part of one. What should be done? How had he come in the sea? Where were those

who had brought him? All at once she shivered. "Were they in danger from other strangers?" She thought of rising and asking the boys to set a watch; yet that seemed foolish. There was only that silent figure by the fire, and he was wrapped in deep sleep.

In time she too fell asleep. How long she slept she could not tell. She awoke with a start, half conscious of the fact that she had heard a muffled shout.

Lifting the flap of the tent, she stared at the place by the fire. It was vacant! The brown boy was gone!

"Hugh! Booth!" she cried loudly, "Hugh! Booth! He 's gone. The brown boy 's gone!"

"Let him go. Who wants him?" Booth growled sleepily.

At that instant Lucile's keen ears caught the groan of oar-locks, and her wild day-dream flashed once more before her mind's eye.

"But I hear oars," she whispered hoarsely. "They 've come for him. Some one has carried him away. I heard him try to cry for help. We must stop them."

At once the camp was in commotion.

"Think we better try to follow 'em?" said Hugh, as he struggled into his shoes, wrapping the laces round and round his ankles for the sake of speed.

"Don't know. Pretty tough lot, probably. Mighty mysterious. Better take our rifles."

"Ye-ah."

In a moment the boys were racing for the beach. They were followed by the girls. As they paused, out of breath, to listen, they heard no sound. Either the intruders had rounded the point or had stopped rowing.

Booth threw the circle of his flash-light out to sea.

"Stop that!" cried Hugh, in alarm. "They might take a shot at us."

"Let 'em," growled Booth, now thoroughly out of humor. "What 's it all about, anyway?"

"Boys, look!" cried Lucile, suddenly; "Our boat 's gone!"

Hastening down the beach, they found it was all too true; the row-boat had disappeared.

"There weren't any men!" exclaimed Hugh, with sudden conviction; "That chap 's taken our boat and skipped!"

"Yes, there were men," insisted Lucile. "We saw their tracks in the sand, did n't we, Marion?"

"Yes, boys; come back here and you 'll see."

An inspection of the sand showed three sets of footprints leading to the water's edge, where the stolen boat had been launched.

"There 's one queer chap among them," said Hugh, after studying the marks closely; "he limps; one step is long and one short, also one shoe is smaller than the other. We 'd certainly know that chap if we ever saw him."

"Listen!" said Booth, suddenly.

Out of the silence that ensued there came the faint *pop-pop-pop* of a motor-boat.

"Behind the point," said Hugh.

"Our motor-boat!" whispered Booth.

Instantly there was a rush down the beach, then up the creek. Tripped by creeping vines, torn at by underbrush, swished by wet ferns, they in time arrived at the point where the motor-boat had been moored.

"Gone!" whispered Lucile.

"Framed, as I live!" hissed Booth, savagely. "Framed by a boy—a half-breed at that. He was a plant. They left him swimming in the sea so we 'd find him. That 's why he slept by the fire. As soon as we were asleep, he sneaked out and towed the schooner down the river, then he flashed a signal and the rest came in for him. Probably Indians and half-breeds. Dirty dogs! Might have left us a row-boat, at least."

With early dawn streaking the sky, the four of them sat down to consider. They were on a deserted island with, perhaps, two weeks' provisions. Fish and game might lengthen this out a bit. They were to have remained here a month; buying provisions at a fishing-town fifteen miles away. Now what was to be done?

"We 'd better go down the beach with our rifles, you and I," said Booth to Hugh. "They might have engine trouble, or something, and be obliged to land; then perhaps we could catch them off their guard."

"It 's the only thing we can do," said Hugh. "It 's a good thing we had the rifles in our tent, and the grub too, or they 'd have stripped us clean."

"Speaking of grub," said Booth, "I 'm half-starved. What say we eat?"

By the time the morning sun had set the sea a-glimmering, the two boys were away along the beach in the direction from whence had come the pop-popping of their motor-boat.

Coming at last to the place where sandy shore was replaced by ragged boulders, they began making their way through the tangled mass of underbrush, fallen tree-trunks, and

ferns, across the point of land which cut them off from the next sandy beach.

"This would be great, if it was n't so darn serious," said Hugh, as they at last reached the crest of the ridge and prepared to descend. "Always did like roaming about in an unexplored wilderness. Look at that fallen yellow pine, eight feet through if it is an inch—and the ferns are almost tall enough to hide it; and look at those black knights, the tam-aracks, down in that gully. Would n't they make a picture?"

"Ow! come on," exclaimed Booth, who already had his fill of this jungle. "Let 's get down to the beach and see what 's there. When we get there, don't go whoopin' out into the open. There 's a long stretch of beach, I think, maybe half a mile. We might discover something. Who knows?"

To descend a rock-ribbed hill, overgrown by tangled underbrush and buried in decaying tree-trunks, is hardly easier than the ascent. Both boys were thoroughly fagged as they at last parted the branches of a fir-tree and peered through to where the beach, a yellow ribbon of sand, circled away to the north.

"No chance," whispered Hugh.

"What 's that two thirds of the way down, at the water's edge?" asked Booth.

"Don't know. Rock, maybe. Anyway, it 's not our motor-boat."

"No, it 's not. Worth looking into, though. Let 's go."

Eagerly they hurried along over the hard-packed sand. The tide was ebbing and the beach was like a floor. Their steps quickened as they approached the object. At last, less than half conscious of what they were doing, they broke into a run. The thing they had seen was a boat. And a boat, to persons in their position, was a thing to be prized.

Arrived at its side, they looked it over for a moment in silence.

"Not much of a tub, but seaworthy," was Booth's verdict.

"It 's theirs. Thought it was n't worth risking a stop for."

"But how 'd they get into our camp? We have n't seen their tracks through the brush."

"Probably went up one small stream and down another."

The boat they had discovered was a wide-bottomed, heavy affair, such as is used by fishermen in tending pond-nets. It was equipped with two pairs of stubby oars.

"We'll follow round the beach in this boat," said Booth; "might catch them yet."

For two hours they rowed steadily. Point after point, each with its little circle of beach, they passed, with no sign of a boat drawn up on the shore. They had begun to despair of the search when, on rounding a point, Hugh dropped an oar and, gripping Booth's arm, pointed toward a distant beach.

"It's her; our schooner!" he exclaimed.

Fifteen minutes of hard rowing brought them in behind the point, where they anchored the boat. An hour of struggling through the underbrush, and they came into view of the beach. Footprints on the sand, some of them made by the man with the deformed foot, told them they were on the right trail. There was no sign of life about the motor-boat, which was still some distance away.

"Maybe they're asleep," whispered Booth. "We'd better sneak up through the brush."

When at last they peered through the last brush screen, they saw that the men were worse than asleep; they were in a drunken stupor. The empty bottles about them told that.

"We'll get the boat and skip," whispered Booth. "They'll find their own boat soon enough."

They were gliding past the men, who lay sprawled out upon the ground, when one of them half rose on his elbows.

Hugh gasped. It was the strange boy of the previous day. He would cry out. The game was up.

But the boy did nothing of the kind. He merely bobbed his head in a strange set of gestures. Then it was that Booth noticed that he was bound hand and foot.

"Lucile was right," he whispered. "He's not a rascal, but a captive."

A moment later his knife flashed. His bonds cut, the boy leaped to his feet and led the way to the beach. Five minutes later they were pop-popping round the point.

"Now what do you think of that?" exclaimed Booth, at last.

"I don't think," said Hugh.

They found the two girls anxiously waiting their arrival.

"Now we have him again," said Booth, "I suggest that we pack up and take him to Port Townsend, where he can be classified; then we can hunt up a safer camping-ground."

The suggestion was acted upon, and a short time after, they found themselves nearing the port.

Much to their surprise, they found a large steamer tied up at the wharf. It proved to be a revenue cutter that had just returned from her trip to Alaska. On the wharf a broad-shouldered, sun-tanned man walked up and down. As the brown boy sprang ashore from the motor-boat, this man shot him a question in a strange tongue. With a broad grin, the boy answered him in the same language. For some time the two carried on a rapid-fire conversation.

At last the stranger turned to the four young people.

"Mighty queer case," he smiled, "this boy was shanghaied by the crew of some whaler. I can't make out where he came from—north of Russia or somewhere. They treated him so badly that he at last, in desperation, leaped overboard, intending to swim ashore. He tells me that you rescued him and were very kind to him, that he was then recaptured by two members of the crew sent to search for him, but that you found and saved him; very commendable action, I should say and I congratulate you."

"T was n't much," said Booth, speaking for them all; "just a bit of good adventure, that's all."

"I," said the stranger, "am an anthropologist. I study the origins of the types of men. I have just returned from the North. I had hoped to persuade a native to return with me so that I might present him to my fellow-students and use him as living evidence in a set of lectures I have prepared. This boy tells me that since it will be impossible for him to be returned to his home before next spring, he is willing to go with me. I will pledge to return him to Cape Prince of Wales in June. He can doubtless find his way home from there. What say? Do I get him?"

Out of deference, he had turned to the girls.

"He—does n't belong to us," smiled Lucile. "I'm sure it will be all right."

So it was arranged. Soon the motor-boat was carrying the four of them to a quiet camping-ground.

"I wonder," said Lucile, "if we shall ever see our 'Man Friday' again."

Had she known under what strange circumstances and in what an unknown land she and Marion were, many months later, to see him, the smile on her happy face might have been more doubtful in its expression of joy.



# A TRUE STORY OF MOUNT VERNON

By HELOISE YOUNG

OF course, every one knows that Mount Vernon was the home of General Washington, but comparatively few know who now takes care of it. It is generally supposed that Mount Vernon belongs to the Government, or to the Colonial Dames, or to the Daughters of the American Revolution, but these impressions are wrong, for it really belongs to the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association

Two hundred thousand dollars was very hard to obtain in those days. Mr. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, one of the great orators of that day, offered his services to help Miss Cunningham to raise the money. He traveled to all the large cities of the Union to speak in behalf of the project. When he gave this great speech on Washington in Richmond, Virginia, it was the seven-

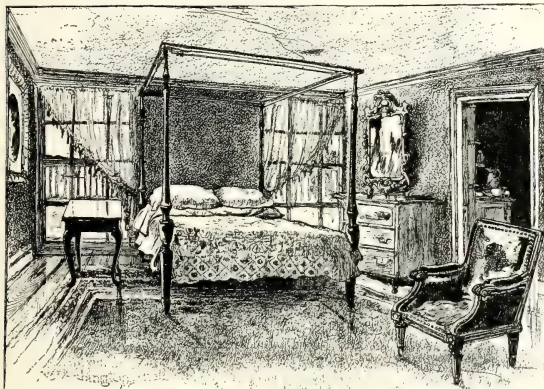
tieth time he had delivered it, and he said he would deliver it many times more if the people wanted it. When he left Richmond he had \$69,064 to swell the fund, but more was needed before Miss Cunningham could buy Mt. Vernon.

The school-children of the country helped. Miss Cunningham wrote appeals and had them published in the newspapers; and at last the needed amount (a small one in comparison with some present day "drives" for money) was raised.

But all this had been a great strain on Miss Cunningham, as she was in very poor health and every time she came from her home in South Carolina to Mt. Vernon, which she did a number of times, it almost exhausted her strength.

After the two hundred thousand dollars was raised, Miss Cunningham called upon her women friends from the different States, and together they began to restore Mt. Vernon and bring it back to the state in which it was when Washington lived there. And the Association of to-day is doing the same thing and carefully preserving this priceless heirloom to the nation—so that for generations to come it may be a shrine of patriotism for all our people.

If we only realized the effort Miss Cunningham made to obtain Mt. Vernon for us, I am sure we should be very grateful to her and those associated with her in this splendid work.



THE ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

of the Union," which is composed of a representative from each State. It came into the possession of this association in the following manner.

In about the year 1830, Mr. John A. Washington, Sr., offered to sell Mt. Vernon to the Government, but they would not buy it. After the death of Mr. Washington, his son, Mr. John A. Washington, Jr. again offered it to the Government, which again declined to purchase it. He then offered it to the State of Virginia, which also refused it. Then it was, in 1853, that Miss Anne Pamela Cunningham, of South Carolina, went to Mt. Vernon to see Mr. Washington about purchasing it. After a great deal of persuasion, he agreed to sell two hundred acres, including the house and tomb of Washington, for \$200,000, with the condition that if the ladies failed to take proper care of Mt. Vernon, it should go to the State of Virginia.

# THE INCA EMERALD

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PROFESSOR AMANDUS DITSON, the great scientist, has discovered the location of Eldorado, where for hundreds of years the Incas of Peru threw the best emeralds of their kingdom into the lake as an offering. The professor's ambition in life is to secure a living specimen of the bushmaster, the largest and most venomous of South American serpents. He calls on Big Jim Donegan, the lumber-king and gem-collector, and offers, if Jim will finance the trip, to lead a party to the lake and to allow the lumber-king to have the emeralds, provided Ditson can keep the bushmasters. Jim promptly agrees to this, and the old trapper Jud, Will, and the Indian boy, Joe, who together found the Blue Pearl for Jim Donegan, agree to go on the trip. The party land at the mouth of the Amazon, where they are joined by Hen Pine, the gigantic negro guide, and Pinto, a South American Indian. They see and learn to know the tropical stars, shells, trees, and flowers, and hear the wonderful white-banded mocking-bird, the most beautiful singer in the world, perform. Jud is frightened by a devil-fish, and they have adventures with army-ants, lizards, snakes, and the tame, beautiful, trumpeter-bird.

## CHAPTER III

### THE VAMPIRES

AFTER breakfast, Professor Amandus Ditson called the party together for a conference in a wide, cool veranda on the ground floor.

"I should like to outline to you my plan of our expedition," he announced precisely.

Jud gave an angry grunt. The old adventurer, who had been a hero among prospectors and trappers in the Far North, was accustomed to be consulted in any expedition of which he was a member.

"It seems to me, Professor Ditson," he remarked aggressively, "that you're pretty uppity about this trip. Other people here have had experience in treasure huntin'."

"Meaning yourself, I presume," returned Professor Ditson, acidly.

"Yes, sir!" shouted Jud, thoroughly aroused, "that's exactly who I do mean. I know as much about—ouch!" The last exclamation came when Jud brought down his open hand for emphasis on the side of his chair and incidentally on a lurid brown insect nearly three inches in length, with enormous nippers and a rounded body ending in what looked like a long sting. Jud jerked his hand away and gazed in horror at his threatening seat-mate.

"I believe I'm stung," he murmured faintly, gazing anxiously at his hand. "What is it?"

"It would hardly seem to me," observed Professor Ditson, scathingly, "that a man who is afraid of a harmless arachnid like a whip-scorpion, and who nearly falls out of a canoe at the sight of a manta-ray disporting itself, would be the one to lead an expedition through the unexplored wilds of South America. We are going into a country," he went

on more earnestly, "where a hasty step, the careless touching of a tree, or the tasting of a leaf or fruit may mean instant death, to say nothing of dangers from some of the larger carnivora and wandering cannibals. I have had some experience with this region," he went on, "and if there is no objection, I will outline my plan."

There was none. Even Jud, who had removed himself to another chair with great rapidity, had not a word to say.

"I propose that we take a steamer by the end of this week to Manaos, a thousand miles up the Amazon," continued the professor. "In the meantime, we can do some hunting and collecting in this neighborhood. After we reach Manaos we can go by boat down the Rio Negros until we strike the old slave-trail which leads across the Amazon basin and up into the highlands of Peru."

"Who made that trail?" inquired Will, much interested.

"It was cut by the Spanish conquerors of Peru nearly four hundred years ago," returned the scientist. "They used to send expeditions down into the Amazon region after slaves to work their mines. Since then," he went on, "it has been kept open by the Indians themselves, and, as far as I know, has not been traversed by a white man for centuries. I learned the secret of it many years ago, while I was living with one of the wilder tribes," he finished.

The professor's plan was adopted unanimously, Jud not voting.

Then followed nearly a week of wonderful hunting and collecting. Even Jud, who regarded everything with a severe and jaundiced eye, could not conceal his interest in the multitude of wonderful new sights, sounds, and scents which they experienced

every day. As for Will, he lived in the delightful excitement which only a bird-student knows who finds himself surrounded by a host of unknown and beautiful birds. Some of them, unlike good children, were heard, but not seen. Once as they pushed their way in single file along a little path which wound through the jungle, there suddenly sounded, from the dark depths beyond, a shriek of seeming agony and despair. In a moment it was taken up by another voice and another and another, until there were at least twenty screamers performing in chorus.

"It's only the ypicaha rail," remarked the professor, indifferently.

Hen Pine, who was in the rear with Will, shook his head doubtfully.

"Dis ol' jungle," he whispered, "is full o' squallers. De professor he call 'em birds, but dey sound more like ha'nts to me."

Beyond the rail colony they heard at intervals a hollow, mysterious cry.

"That," explained Pinto, "is the Witch of the Woods. No one ever sees her unless she is answered. Then she comes and drives mad the one who called her."

"Nice cheery place, this!" broke in Jud.

"The alleged witch," remarked Professor Ditson, severely, "happens to be the little water-hen."

Later they heard a strange, clanging noise, which sounded as if some one had struck a tree with an iron bar, and at intervals from the deepest part of the forest there came a single, wild, fierce cry. Even Professor Ditson could not identify these sounds.

"Dem most suttinly is ha'nts," volunteered Hen. "I know 'em. You would n't catch dis chile goin' far alone in dese woods."

One of the smaller birds which interested Will was the many-colored knight, which looked much like one of our northern kinglets. His little body, smaller than that of a house-wren, showed seven colors—black, white, green, blue, orange, yellow, and scarlet, and he had a blue crown and a sky-blue eye. Moreover, his nest, fastened to a single rush, was a marvel of skill and beauty, being made entirely of soft bits of dry, yellow sedge, cemented together with gum so smoothly that it looked as if it had been cast in a mold. Then there was the Bienteveo tyrant, a bird about nine inches long, which caught fish, flies, and game, and fed on fruit and carrion indiscriminately. It was entirely devoted to its mate, and whenever a pair of tyrants were separated, they would constantly call back and forth to each other reassuringly,

even when they were hunting. When they finally met again, they would perch close to each other and scream joyously at being reunited. Another bird of the same family, the scarlet tyrant, all black and scarlet, was so brilliant that even the rainbow-hued tanagers seemed pale and the jeweled humming-bird sad-colored in the presence of "Coal o' Fire," as the Indians have named this bird.



"THEY WOULD PERCH CLOSE TO EACH OTHER AND SCREAM JOYOUSLY AT BEING REUNITED"

Jud was more impressed with the wonders of the vegetable kingdom. Whenever he strayed off the beaten path or tried to cut his way through a thicket, he tangled himself in the curved spines of the pull-and-haul-back vine, a thorny shrub which lives up to its name, or was stabbed by the devil-plant, a sprawling cactus which tries quite successfully to fill up all the vacant spaces in the jungle where it grows. Each stem of this well-named shrub had three or four angles, and each angle was lined with thorns an inch or more in length, so sharp and strong that they pierced Jud's heavy hunting-boots like steel needles. If it had not been for Hen,



who was a master with the machete, Jud never would have broken loose from his entanglements. Beyond the cactus, the old trapper came to a patch of poor-man's plaster, a shrub with attractive yellow flowers, but whose leaves, which broke off at a touch, were covered on the under side with barbed hairs, which caught and clung to any one touching them. The farther Jud went, the more he became plastered with these sticky leaves, until he began to look like some huge chrysalis. The end came when he tripped on a network of invisible wires, the stems of species of smilax and morning-glory, and rolled over and over in a thicket of the plasters. When at last he gained his feet, he looked like nothing human, but seemed only a walking mass of green leaves and clinging stems.

"Yah, yah, yah!" roared Hen. "Mars' Jud he look des like Brer Rabbit did when he spilled Brer Bear's bucket o' honey over hisself an' rolled in the leafs tryin' to clean hisself. Mars' Jud sure look like de granddaddy ob all de ha'n'ts in dese yere woods."

"Shut up, you fool darcy," said Jud, decidedly miffed. "Come and help unwrap me. I feel like a cigar."

Hen laughed so that it was with difficulty that he freed Jud, prancing with impatience, from his many layers of leaves. Later on, Hen showed himself to be an even more present help in trouble. The two were following a path a short distance away from the rest of the party, with Jud in the lead. Suddenly the trapper heard the slash of the negro's machete just behind him and turned around to see him just cutting the head from a coiled rattlesnake over which Jud had stepped. If Jud had stopped or touched the snake with either foot, he would most certainly have been bitten, and it spoke well for Hen's presence of mind that he kept perfectly quiet until the danger was over. This South American rattlesnake had a smaller head and rougher scales than any of the thirteen North American varieties, and was nearly six feet in length. Professor Ditson was filled with regret that it had not been caught alive.

"Never kill a harmless snake," he said severely to Hen, "without consulting me. I would have been glad to have added this specimen to the collection of the Zoölogical Garden."

"Harmless!" yelled Jud, much incensed. "A rattlesnake harmless! How do you get that way?"

"He did n't do you any harm, did he?" retorted the professor, acidly. "It is certainly ungrateful of you to slander a snake just after he has saved your life."

"How did he save my life?" asked Jud.

"By not biting you," returned Professor Ditson, promptly.

A little later poor Jud had a hair-raising experience with another snake. He had shot a carancha, that curious South American hawk which wails and whines when it is happy, and although a fruit-eater with weak claws and only a slightly hooked beak, attacks horses and kills lambs. Jud had tucked his specimen into a back pocket of his shooting-jacket and was following a little path which led through an open space in the jungle. He had turned over his shot-gun to Joe and was trying his best to keep clear of any more tangling vines when suddenly right beside him a great dark snake reared up its head until its black glittering eyes looked level into Jud's, and its flickering tongue was not a foot from his face. With a yell Jud broke the world's record for the back-standing-broad-jump and tore down the trail shouting "Bushmaster! Bushmaster!" at the top of his voice. As he ran he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his back.

"He 's got me!" he called back to Hen Pine, who came hurrying after him. "Ouch! There he goes again!" and he plunged headlong into a patch of pull-and-haul-back vine which anchored him until Hen came up.

"Dat ain't no bushmaster, Mars' Jud," he called soothingly. "Dat was only a trail-haunting black-snake. He like to lie next to a path an' stick up his ol' head to see who 's comin', kin' o' friendly like."

"Friendly nothin'!" groaned Jud. "He 's just bit me again."

As soon as Hen laid hold of Jud's jacket he found out what was the matter. The hawk had only been stunned by Jud's shot and, coming to life again, had promptly sunk his claws into the latter's back, and Jud had mistaken the bird's talons for the fangs of the bushmaster. Professor Ditson, who had hurried up, was much disappointed.

"If you ever meet a bushmaster, you 'll learn the difference between it and a harmless black-snake," he observed. "Probably, however," he went on thoughtfully, "it will be too late to do you much good."

"Why do all the snakes in South America pick on me?" complained Jud. "There don't seem to be nothin' here but snakes an' thorns."



It was Pinto who gave the old trapper his first favorable impression of the jungle. They had reached a deserted bungalow in the heart of the woods, which Professor Ditson had once made his headquarters a number of years before. There they planned to have lunch and spend the night. At the

"a bee-tree! Look out, boy," he went on, as the Indian, clinging to the ridges of the bark with his fingers and toes, began to climb. "Those bees 'll sting you to death."

"South American bees hab no sting," explained Hen, as Pinto reached the wax spout, and, breaking it off, thrust his hand



"A CARANCHA, THAT CURIOUS SOUTH AMERICAN HAWK WHICH WAILS AND WHINES WHEN IT IS HAPPY"

meal Jud showed his usual good appetite in spite of his misfortunes, but he complained afterwards to Hen, who had attached himself specially to the old man, about the absence of dessert.

"I got a kind of a sweet tooth," he said. "You ain't got a piece of pie handy, have you?"

"No sah, no sah," replied Hen, regretfully. "You 's about three thousand miles south ob de pie-belt."

"Wait," broke in Pinto, who had been listening. "Wait a minute; I get you something sweet," and he led the way to an enormous tree with reddish, ragged bark. Some distance up its trunk was a deep hollow, out of which showed a spout of dark wax nearly two feet long. In and out of this buzzed a cloud of bees.

"I get you!" shouted Jud, much delighted,

fearlessly through the cloud of bees into the store of honey beyond. A moment later, and he was back again laden with masses of dripping honeycomb, the cells of which instead of being six-sided, as with our northern bees, resembled each one a little bottle. The honey was clear and sweet, yet had a curious tart flavor. While Jud was sampling a bit of honeycomb, Pinto borrowed Hen's machete and cut a deep gash through the rough red bark of the tree. Immediately there flowed out from the cut the same thick, milky juice which they had seen at their first breakfast in South America. The Indian cut a separate gash for each one of the party, and they all finished their meal with draughts of the sweet, creamy juice.

"It sure is a land flowing with milk an' honey," remarked Jud, at last, after he had eaten and drunk all that he could hold.

"This vegetable milk is particularly rich in gluten," observed Professor Ditson, learnedly.

"I guess it 'd gluten up a fellow's stomach all right if he drank too much of it," remarked Jud, smacking his lips over the sweet, sticky taste which the juice of the cow-tree left in his mouth.

After lunch, most of the party retired to their hammocks in the cool dark of the house for the siesta which South American travelers find an indispensable part of a tropical day. Only the scientist and Will stayed awake to catch butterflies through the scented silence of the forest where the air, filled with the steam and perfume of a green blaze of growth, had the wet hotness of a conservatory. When even the insects and the untiring tree-toads were silenced by the sun, Professor Ditson, wearing a gray linen suit with a low collar and a black tie, was as enthusiastic as ever over the collecting of rare specimens, and was greatly pleased at Will's interest in his out-of-door hobbies. Together they stepped into the jungle, where scarlet passion-flowers shone like stars set in the green. Almost immediately they began to see butterflies. The first one was a magnificent grass-green specimen, closely followed by others whose iridescent, mother-of-pearl wings gleamed in the sunlight like bits of rainbow. On a patch of damp sand a group of butterflies made a cloud of sulphur-yellow, sapphire-blue, and gilded green-and-orange. The professor told Will that in other years he had found over seven hundred different kinds of butterflies within an hour's walk from this forest bungalow, being more than double the number of varieties found in all Europe.

Deep in the jungle, they at last came to a little open stretch where the professor had often collected before and which to-day seemed full of butterflies. Never had Will imagined such a riot of color and beauty as there dazzled his eyes. Some of the butterflies were red and yellow, the colors of Spain. Others were green, purple, and blue, bordered and spangled with spots of silver and gold. Then there were the strange transparent "glass-wings." One of these, the *Hetaira esmeralda*, Will was convinced must be the most beautiful of all flying creatures. Its wings were like clear glass, with a spot of mingled violet and rose in the center of each one. At a distance, only this shimmering spot could be seen rising and falling through the air, like the wind-borne petals of some

beautiful flower. Indeed, as the procession of color drifted by, it seemed to the boy as if all the loveliest flowers on earth had taken to themselves wings, or that the rainbow-bridge of the sky had been shattered into fragments which were drifting slowly down to earth. The largest of them all were the swallowtails, belonging to the same family as the tiger and blue and black swallowtail, which Will had so often caught in Cornwall. One of that family gleamed in the sunlight like a blue meteor as it flapped its great wings, seven inches from tip to tip and of a dazzling blue, high above the tree-tops. Another member of the same family, and nearly as large, was satiny white in color. Professor Ditson told Will that both of these varieties were almost unknown in any collection, as they never came within twenty feet of the ground, so that the only specimens secured were those of disabled or imperfect butterflies which had dropped to the lower levels.

"Why could n't I climb to the top of one of those trees with a net and catch some?" inquired Will, looking wistfully up at the gleaming shapes flitting through the air so far above him.

"Fire-ants and wasps," returned the professor, concisely. "They are found in virtually every tree. No one can stand the pain of an ant's bite, and one sting of a Maribundi wasp has been known to kill a strong man."

That night, tired out by their long day of hunting, the whole party went to bed early. Will's sleeping-room was an upper screened alcove, just large enough to hold a single hammock. Somehow, even after his long hard day, he did not feel sleepy. Great trees shadowed his corner, so dense that even the stars could not shine through their leaves, and it seemed to Will as if he could stretch out his hands and lift up dripping masses of blackness, smothering, terrifying in its denseness. From a far-away tree-top the witch-owl muttered over and over again that mysterious word of evil. "Murucututu, murucututu," in the forgotten Indian tongue. He had laughed when Pinto told him a few nights before that the owl was trying to lay a spell on those who listened, but to-night in the dark he did not laugh.

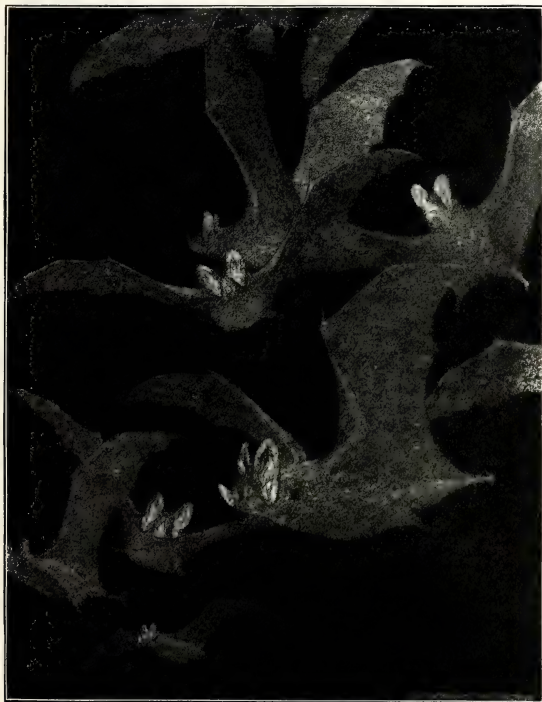
Then close at hand in a neighborhood tree-top sounded a beautiful contralto frog-note slowly repeated. "Gul, gul, gul, gul, guggle, gul, guggle," it throbbed. The slow, sweet call gave the boy a sense of companionship,

and he fell asleep with the music of it still sounding in his ears.

Toward midnight he awoke with a vague sense of uneasiness. It was as if some hidden subconsciousness of danger had sounded an alarm note within his nerve centers and

that movement is impossible. At last, by a sudden effort, he stretched out his hand and struck a match from a box which stood on a stand beside his hammock. At the quick spurt of flame through the dark, from all parts of the little room came tiny, shrill

screeches, and the air around him was black with whirling, darting shapes. Suddenly into the little circle of light from the match swept the horrible figure of a giant bat, whose leathern wings had a spread of nearly two and a half feet, and whose horrible face hovered and hung close to his own. Never had the boy believed that any created thing could be so grotesquely hideous. The face that peered into his was flanked on either side by a pair of enormous, leathery ears. From the tip of the hairy muzzle grew a long spearlike spike, and the grinning mouth was filled with rows of irregular, tiny, gleaming sharp teeth, gritting and clicking against each other. Deep-set little green eyes, which glistened and gleamed like glass, glared into Will's face. Before he could move, a great cloud of flying bats, large and small, settled down upon him. Some of



"THE AIR AROUND HIM WAS BLACK WITH WHIRLING, DARTING SHAPES"

awakened him. Something seemed to be moving and whispering outside of the screened alcove. Then a body struck the screen of mosquito-netting, and he heard the rotten fiber rip. Another second, and his little room was filled with moving, flitting, invisible shapes. Great wings fanned the air just above his face. There was the faint reek of hot, furry bodies passing back and forth and all around him. For a moment Will lay thinking that he was in a nightmare, for he had that strange sense of horror which paralyzes one's muscles during a bad dream so

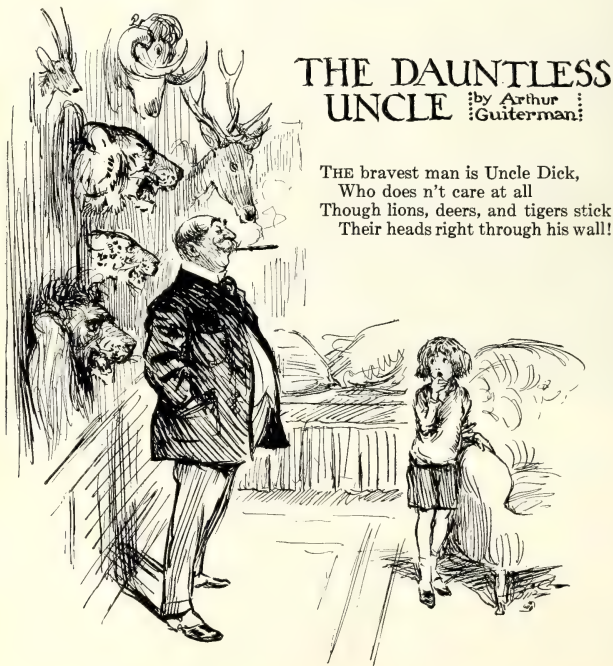
that movement is impossible. At last, by a sudden effort, he stretched out his hand and struck a match from a box which stood on a stand beside his hammock. At the quick spurt of flame through the dark, from all parts of the little room came tiny, shrill screeches, and the air around him was black with whirling, darting shapes. Suddenly into the little circle of light from the match swept the horrible figure of a giant bat, whose leathern wings had a spread of nearly two and a half feet, and whose horrible face hovered and hung close to his own. Never had the boy believed that any created thing could be so grotesquely hideous. The face that peered into his was flanked on either side by a pair of enormous, leathery ears. From the tip of the hairy muzzle grew a long spearlike spike, and the grinning mouth was filled with rows of irregular, tiny, gleaming sharp teeth, gritting and clicking against each other. Deep-set little green eyes, which glistened and gleamed like glass, glared into Will's face. Before he could move, a great cloud of flying bats, large and small, settled down upon him. Some of them were small, gray vampire-bats with white markings, others were the great fruit-eating bats, and there were still others dark-red, tawny-brown, and fox-yellow. Whirling and wheeling around the little point of flame, they dashed it out and crawled all over the boy until he felt stifled and smothered with the heat of their clinging bodies. Suddenly he felt a stinging pain in his bare shoulder and in one of his exposed feet. As he threw out his hands desperately, tiny clicking teeth cut the flesh of wrists and arms. The scent of blood



seemed to madden the whole company of these deaths-in-the-dark, and although the actual bites were made by the little vampire-bats, yet at the sight of them feasting, the other night-fliers descended upon the boy like a black cloud and clustered around the little wounds, as Will had seen moths gather around syrup spread on trees of a warm June night. The sting of their bites lasted for only a second, and the flapping of their wings made a cool current of air which seemed to drug his senses. Dreamily he felt them against him, knew that they were draining his life, yet lacked the will-power to drive them away. Suddenly, there flashed into his mind all that he had heard and read of the deadly methods of these dark enemies of mankind. With a shriek, he threw out his arms through the furry cloud that hung over

him and sprang out of his hammock. At his scream, Professor Ditson rushed in with a flash-light, followed by Pinto, Hen, and Joe, while Jud slept serenely through the whole tumult. They found Will dripping with blood from a dozen little punctures from the sharp teeth of the bats, and almost exhausted from fright and the loss of blood. Then came pandemonium. Seizing sticks, brooms, machetes, anything that came to hand, while Will sank back into his hammock, the others attacked the bats. Lighted by the flash of Professor Ditson's electric-light, they drove the squeaking, shrieking cloud of dark figures back and forth through the little room until the last one had escaped through the torn netting or was lying dead on the floor. Twenty-seven bats altogether were piled in a heap when the fight was over.

(To be continued)

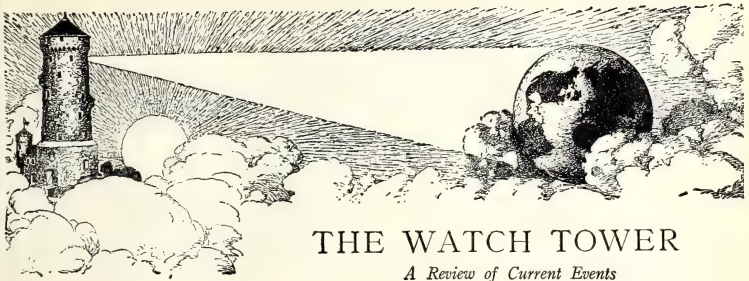


## THE DAUNTLESS UNCLE

by Arthur Guiterman

THE bravest man is Uncle Dick,  
Who does n't care at all  
Though lions, deers, and tigers stick  
Their heads right through his wall!





## THE WATCH TOWER

*A Review of Current Events*

By EDWARD N. TEALL

### THE CONFERENCE WAS NOT A "FAILURE"

BECAUSE it did not make war forever impossible and put an end to human jealousies and rivalries, some people regarded the Washington Conference as a failure. That is about as reasonable as it would be to call the weather bad because a few clouds were afloat in the sky, though the sun shone brightly.

The naval-recess program "struck a snag" when submarines "came up" for discussion. France and England found it hard to agree. Japan and England could not see the matter of fortifications in the Pacific in the same light; they disagreed on Singapore. Italy was not pleased with the decisions on cables. Japan and China can not get as close together in ideas as they are on the map.

But if the delegates of France, England, Japan, and Italy had not been working on all these great problems, with the Governments at home helping and hoping, why, by this time there might easily have been made a very fine start—toward a new war. Never before in history have the Powers discussed their affairs in the way it was done at Washington. Idealism was not the motive power. The purpose was extremely practical. And practical people know that it takes time to do big things, and that every step toward the goal is a gain. Decidedly and emphatically, the Washington Conference was *not* a "failure." Emphatically and decidedly, it was worth while and a success.

### FRANCE'S CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT

PREMIER BRIAND'S resignation caused some concern in America, but it was not quite so much of a shock to us as our own change from a Democratic to a Republican administration must have been to Europe. M. Briand was

not popular, because many of the French people thought he was letting England get her own way too much.

His resignation, and M. Poincaré's accession to power, seemed likely to cause great changes in the relations of England and France with each other, and of both with Germany. But, the first excitement past, it seemed that Europe would stand this new shock, as she had survived so many others.

The Supreme Council, in session at Cannes, broke up, and it appeared likely that Europe would return to the older fashion of entrusting international business to ambassadors at foreign capitals.

The resignation or defeat of a French prime minister causes a pretty complete change in government, as a new cabinet comes in to take charge of all the departments. But the actual machinery of administration runs along smoothly, and fears for the future were quickly laid aside.

It is all very well to talk about not punishing Germany, but America has a good deal of sympathy for the French people in their desire to see their country made safe from another invasion.

### THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH

AS this number of THE WATCH TOWER was being written, it was announced that new cables were to be run to Germany and Japan. The German line will connect New York and Emden; the Japanese line will have its terminals at San Francisco and Tokio.

The cable company announced that a new cable-laying ship was being built for its use, in England, and would probably arrive in this country, ready for its great task, in May.

The problem with which cable engineers

have been contending is that of preventing leakage of the current, owing to which more power is required to carry messages and the speed of transmission is reduced. But the cables now to be laid will employ a special alloy of steel as a protection for the wires. It is said that the new form of construction makes it possible to send from 1600 to 2400 letters a minute, compared with the limit of 400 a minute on the old-style line.

The new cable-lines also will be equipped with automatic sending and receiving apparatus. The messages will be put on the wire by means of perforated strips, like the rolls of a player-piano. At the receiving end, the messages will be recorded by waves produced in ink on strips of paper.

The cable to Japan, by way of Honolulu and Guam, will be more than 8000 miles long.

It is rather cheerful, after the years of war and the following period of uncertainty and inactivity, to see that new enterprises are being thought of. Surely we are at last on our way back to normalcy!

### THE WORLD COURT

ON January 30, the work of organizing the Permanent Court of International Justice was begun at The Hague. One American, John Bassett Moore, is among the eleven justices who will sit in this court. The judges were selected from eighty-nine men nominated by member nations of the League

of Nations, by which the court was brought into being. Dr. Moore was one of Italy's nominees. Three other Americans received nominations.

The relation of America to this court is curious. It is conducted by the League, of which America is not a member. Strangely enough, it was from Americans that the suggestion for such a court came. It



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JOHN BASSETT MOORE

was not provided for in the original Covenant of the League. Mr. Elihu Root, American lawyer and statesman, was one of the leaders in drawing up the plan for the court.

The Permanent Court of International

Justice offers its services to any nations with disputes to be settled—members and non-members of the League alike. Of the forty-five nations in the League, eighteen have voluntarily agreed to submit to the court all their cases involving other nations. No nation, not even those in the League, is compelled to do this.

So here, in January, was the United States,—some of whose citizens had suggested the court and helped to design it, and one of whose citizens had been elected a member of it; the United States that had been playing a part of leadership in the peaceful reorganization of international relations,—not connected in any official way with the tribunal, supported by the forty-five nations in the League, for the prevention of war in the most practical manner, that of giving legal trial to cases in which international law is involved. Even many of the army of Americans who believe we have done right in refusing to enter the League were hoping, in January, that our Government would formally express readiness to regard the court's decisions as authoritative. This could be done, they argued, without binding ourselves to the League in any way or degree, and would simply pledge our friendship to the agency of international justice.

It would be interesting and instructive to look up the record of the old Peace Court, which resided at The Hague in the days before the war.

### CHILDREN IN THE NEWS

THE page of pictures in this month's WATCH TOWER shows children of several lands. In the upper left column a group of American boys and girls surrounds a bust of Theodore Roosevelt, unveiled at a school in New Rochelle, N. Y., on the third anniversary of the great President's death.

In the upper right corner is the Princess Juliana of Holland, on the ice.

In the center of that column is a group of youngsters listening to sea stories told by Captain Harold A. Cunningham, of the *George Washington*.

Below this is a picture of Captain Roald Amundsen, the explorer, with two little Siberian children whom he has brought home from his travels in the Arctic; and next, a little girl who has just presented a bouquet to the Princess Mary of England. By the time this is published the princess will be the wife of Viscount Lascelles.

It is n't fair for the grown-ups to have it all their own way, and that is why we've prepared this page of pictures.



Wide World Photos

THE CHILDREN OF ROOSEVELT SCHOOL, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., HONOR THE MEMORY OF OUR GREAT PRESIDENT



Wide World Photos

PRINCESS MARY IS PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET



Underwood &amp; Underwood

THE FUTURE QUEEN OF HOLLAND GOES SKATING



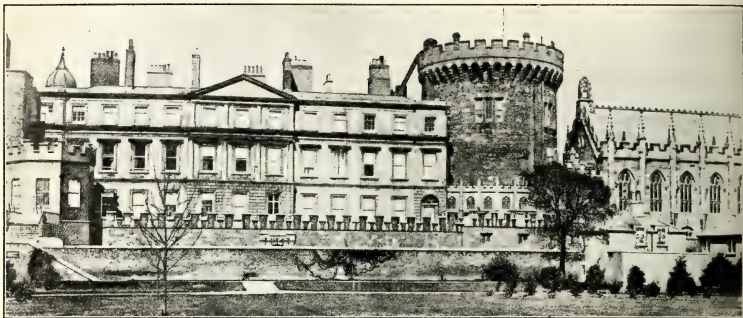
A SEA-CAPTAIN TELLER OF SEA TALES



Wide World Photos

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN AND HIS WARDS





International

DUBLIN CASTLE

### SELF-GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND

IN January the Dail Eireann, or Republican parliament, after a long, hard struggle between the bitter-enders and those who believed the offer of a dominion form of government to be a fair solution of "the Irish problem," ratified, by a close vote, the treaty negotiated by the British prime minister and the Sinn Fein delegates. The opposition was

the parliament of southern Ireland—the Dail plus some representatives of Trinity College, Dublin—and was ratified without debate and unanimously. As Valera and his followers refused to attend, the vote was a formality and its result a foregone conclusion. It was, however, necessary in order to make the vote of the Dail effective.

The treaty having been ratified, the next step was the setting up of a provisional government to rule until a permanent system could be established. This was done quickly. Michael Collins was elected president. Mr. Griffith, who had led the fight for ratification, and seemed to be the natural choice for chief executive, decided to remain as head of the Dail, which was to be continued until the permanent government should be organized. Mr. Griffith said:

"I am sure the Provisional Government will make no distinction between Irishmen, and that every guarantee will be given for fair play all round. We are starting a new era."

On January 16, Mr. Collins and the provisional government took over Dublin Castle, the official residence of the lord lieutenant in the old days of British rule. The ceremonies were simple, and the representatives of the British Government accomplished the turning over of their powers quickly and without the disorders that might have been expected. In this act, the age-long quarrel between England and Ireland came to an end. In the minds of Irish lovers of freedom, the Castle has been the symbol of tyranny and oppression; and many a proud Irish heart must have beat high with hope when Dublin Castle "fell." At the same time, the withdrawal of British troops from southern Ire-



International

MICHAEL COLLINS AND ARTHUR GRIFFITH

led by Mr. de Valera, who steadfastly refused to be satisfied with anything less than an absolutely independent Irish republic. After the vote was taken, Mr. de Valera resigned his presidential office, announcing that he would continue to fight for a republican government.

On January 14, the treaty was voted on by



land was begun. The courts and all government offices and agencies were taken over by the provisional government—and the new era was begun.

Reasonable people everywhere hoped Ireland would take full advantage of her new opportunity, prove herself fit for the responsibilities of self-government, and set about her new tasks with wisdom, patience, courage—and good team-work.

### BIRTHDAYS OF THE IMMORTALS

As February leaves us, we may well pause and ask what would Washington and Lincoln think of the America of to-day? The question will have been asked by many, in the month that brings the birthdays of the two greatest Americans. If we could be sure of the answer, it would make it easier to know what we ought to do.

Perhaps Washington would be more concerned about our foreign relations; Lincoln, about domestic affairs. Of course, that does not mean that Lincoln would be indifferent to the Conference on Limitation of Armaments and the Economic Conference at Genoa, or that Washington would have no concern for our problems of unemployment, the railroads, and the welfare of the farmers. But Washington's name suggests the Revolution, which was international: Lincoln's, the Civil War, which was national.

Whether Washington would think we were in danger of forming "entangling alliances" with Europe, who can say? Perhaps he would say as we were just so much involved in world affairs, inevitably, that we had better go still farther—and join the League! Again, who can say? I don't know, and *you* don't know; and the folks who pretend to know are—only pretending. And that brings us to the exact point of this discussion.

We may be quite sure that if Washington had had to meet the problems of to-day, instead of his own day, he would have met them with the same true Americanism, the same deep faith and calm courage that were his when America began its national life. The clear thinking, the clean conscience, and the strength of will are what counts, to-day as ever. The problems change; the conquering spirit never changes.

Lincoln's America was smaller than ours; there were not nearly so many people in it; not nearly so many clashing interests. Busi-

ness was less complicated; life was simpler. But we must remember that the things of 1860 meant just as much to the people of 1860 as the things of 1922 mean to the people of 1922. Lincoln, like Washington, took his troubles as they came; and, like Washington, conquered them by hard, straight thinking and by fearless, effective action.

Courage and conscience do not change as the years pass; and whether we are law-makers or law-obeyers, employers or employees, men and women doing America's work, or boys and girls getting ready to do it when their turn comes, courage and conscience are what we need to-day.

### THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

A NOTABLE event in January was the opening of the Farmers' Conference. The Farm Bloc, so-called, in Congress, is not a good thing, because it emphasizes a class interest, and Congress is concerned with the welfare of all the people. But there would not have been a bloc if the farmers' problems had not been serious. The conference afforded a welcome opportunity to get things going right. The appointment of a new member to the Federal Reserve Board to represent agriculture was a concession that could not be hurtful—but the board is a financial institution, and it is not good to open it to class interests. Why not a preacher-member, to represent the churches, and a professor-member, to represent teachers? The suggestion is exaggerated, but it emphasizes the fact that the Reserve Board should really be composed of financial experts.

WE want to see American shipping prosper, but we certainly think Secretary Hoover did the right thing when he announced that Shipping Board vessels would be used to carry grain to Russia if the ocean freight-carriers stuck to the 30 per cent. increase in rates which they fixed after Congress appropriated \$20,000,000 to buy food for Russian famine relief work.

It was announced, in January, that May 21 would be the date for the dedication of the National Woman's Party headquarters, in Washington. The announcement was specially interesting to us because the building is to be called—*The Watch Tower!*

## NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK



THE FARMAN HIGH-SPEED MOTOR-BOAT

### THE FLYING MOTOR-BOAT

HENRY FARMAN, the well-known aviator, has built a remarkable high-speed boat that is driven by an airplane propeller. The boat is of the glider type; that is, the bottom is formed with flat, slightly inclined planes, so that, as it gathers headway, it rises out of the water and glides on the surface.

The glider is thirty-three feet long and is equipped with a four-bladed propeller driven by a 140 horse-power airplane engine. It is not a racing craft, and yet it is remarkably fast. Carrying a load of 3000 pounds and with the engine partly throttled, it makes a normal speed of thirty-two miles per hour. In a recent test of speed it ran at the rate of fifty miles per hour, and this with a load of twelve passengers.

### CASTING PIPE WITHOUT A CORE

PIPES of concrete, steel, iron, brass, etc., are usually cast in a mold that is fitted with a core to form the internal hollow. This core must be supported from the ends, so that it will be centered in the pipe. Sometimes supports, such as lugs or pins, are fitted between the core and the outer mold and they become embedded in the material that is being cast.

Recently, a new way of casting pipe has been developed and is meeting with wonder-

ful success. The core is dispensed with, and yet a perfect pipe with a smooth bore results. The material is made to cling to the inner wall of the mold by centrifugal force. This, as our readers surely know, is the force that holds the water in a pail when you swing it around in a circle, and that helps to hold an aviator in his seat when his machine loops the loop. The coreless mold is partly filled with material and then set spinning. The material is immediately thrown away from the center and forms a layer on the inner wall of the mold. The spinning continues until the material has firmly set.

Not only is this a simple means of forming pipe, but a better pipe results, because the material is made denser by the centrifugal force. In one experiment a twelve-inch mold was filled solid with concrete rammed in as tightly as possible, just as if a solid column were to be cast. Then the mold was set spinning at about three hundred revolutions per minute. As a result, when the cast was examined it had formed itself into a pipe with an inside diameter of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches. In other words, the centrifugal force packed the concrete so much tighter than it could be packed by hand that a  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inch bore was formed in the center. Concrete pipes up to six feet in diameter are now being successfully made in these revolving molds.

Spinning molds are also used for casting iron and steel pipes, and here, too, the density of the metal is greatly increased by centrifugal force. The product of the spinning mold is more than twice as strong as a pipe of the same size cast in a stationary mold with a central core. Thinner walls can be cast in a spinning mold, but care must be taken to center the mold perfectly, because if it is the least bit out of balance, the wall of the cylinder will be thicker on one side than the other.

A. RUSSELL BOND.

### NEPTUNE THE THIEF

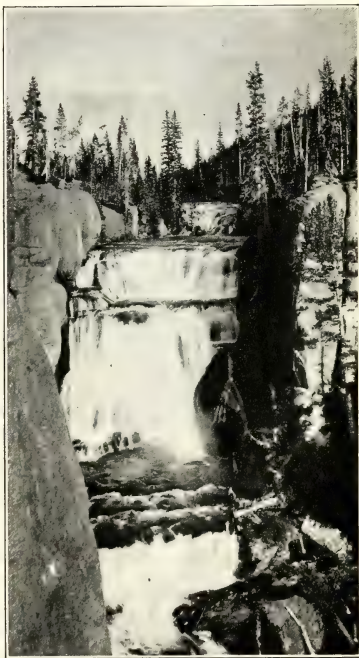
NEPTUNE, the sea-king, is a thief. His minions, the rivers, steal treasure from every land and carry it for miles, dumping it at last into the deep green cellars of their robber chief. Here and there one of these hurrying minions, rushing toward the sea, "falls," as the one in the picture is doing. (Don't you wish that you could fall as gracefully?) According to the United States Geological Survey, nearly three hundred million tons of soil, pebbles, and loose rock are carried by the rivers into the sea from the United States each year, an average of ninety-five tons for every square mile in the country. Is it any wonder, therefore, that I say old Neptune is a thief?

Many newspapers have copied these figures, and have added that at this rate our national home will be entirely worn away in about a million years. But there are opposing facts which we should not forget. Sometimes, for instance, Neptune's servants drop their booty just as they reach the ocean's edge; and where this happens year after year, the shores are, of course, built out farther and farther into the sea. Much land about the delta of the Mississippi has been added in this way.

Then too, there are places where Neptune himself is wont to lay down plunder he is tired of, instead of breaking in as he often does and carrying bits of the land away. In other words, along many gently sloping shores the waves are constantly depositing sand which they have brushed up from the floor of the sea—this is happening at Atlantic City, on the New Jersey coast, and also on the west coast of Florida. Usually, sand reefs or islands are formed first, out where the larger waves break, and then, very slowly, the shallows or lagoons between them and the original shores are filled in. Thus permanent additions are built on our national

house, bow-windows and extra wings are made, so to speak.

Furthermore, some internal force is little



ONE OF NEPTUNE'S "MINIONS" RUSHING TO THE SEA

by little pushing up the land in many places, if not in most places.

So you see there are two sides to the story. I don't believe that Neptune will ever rub us entirely off the map, do you?

PAULINE BARR.

### THE CLEVER DUNLIN

THE game of cheating the sportsman by pretending to be dead is played by many animals. Akin to it is the pretense of the partridge that her leg or wing has been broken, by which device she entices the intruder to pursue her, and thus secures time for her young brood to take cover under leaves and ferns.

A naturalist in Siberia had been searching for the eggs of the little dunlin and came upon



a nest. The bird quietly slipped off and began to walk around the man, now and then pecking on the ground as if feeding, seldom going more than six feet from him and often approaching within eighteen inches. The tameness of the bird was almost ludicrous. She seemed so extremely tame that the man almost thought for a moment that he could catch her, and, getting on all fours, he crept quietly toward her. As soon as he began to move from the nest, the bird's manner entirely changed. She shuffled along the ground as if lame. She dropped her wings, as if unable to fly, and occasionally rested on her breast with drooping wings as if dying. Finally, when she eluded him and darted into the undergrowth, he found he had lost the location of the nest.

EDWIN TARRISSE.

### THE CONSTELLATIONS FOR MARCH

To the southeast of Orion and almost due south at eight o'clock in the evening on the first of March lies the constellation of Canis Major, The Greater Dog, containing Sirius, the Dog-star, which far surpasses all other stars in the heavens in brilliancy.

Sirius lies almost in line with the three stars that form the Belt of Orion. We shall not have the slightest difficulty in recognizing it, owing to its surpassing brilliancy as well as to the fact that it follows so closely upon the heels of Orion.

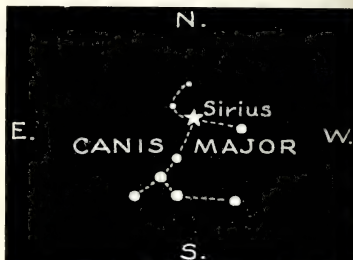
Sirius is the Greek for "scorching" or "sparkling," and the ancients attributed the scorching heat of summer to the fact that Sirius then rose with the sun. The torrid days of midsummer they called the "dog-days" for this reason, and we have retained the expression to the present time. Since Sirius was always associated with the discomforts of the torrid season, it did not have an enviable reputation among the Greeks. We find in Pope's translation of the Iliad this reference to Sirius.

Terrific glory! for his burning breath  
Taints the red air with fever, plagues, and death.

In Egypt, however, many temples were dedicated to the worship of Sirius, for the reason that some five thousand years ago it rose with the sun at the time of the summer solstice, which marks the beginning of summer, and heralded the approaching inundation of the Nile, which was an occasion for great rejoicing among the Egyptians. It was, therefore, called the Nile Star and regarded by them with the greatest reverence.

Sirius is an intensely white hydrogen star; but owing to its great brilliancy and to the fact that it does not attain a great height above the horizon in our latitudes, its rays are greatly refracted or broken up by the atmosphere, which is most dense near the horizon, and as a result, it twinkles or scintillates more noticeably than other stars and flashes the spectrum colors,—chiefly red and green,—like a true "diamond in the sky"—a magnificent object in the telescope.

Sirius is one of our nearest neighbors among the stars. Only two stars are known to be nearer to the solar system. Yet its light takes about eight and a half years to flash with lightning speed across the great intervening chasm. It is attended also by a very faint star that is so lost in the rays of its brilliant companion that it can only be found with the aid of a powerful telescope. The two stars are separated by a distance of 1,800,000,000 miles; that is they are about



THE CONSTELLATION CANIS MAJOR

as far apart as Neptune and the sun. They swing slowly and majestically about a common center, called their center of gravity, in a period of about forty-nine years. So faint is the companion of Sirius that it is estimated that twenty thousand such stars would be needed to give forth as much light as Sirius. The two stars together, Sirius and its companion, give forth forty-eight times as much light as our own sun. They weigh only about three times as much, however, and the companion of Sirius, in spite of its extreme faintness, weighs fully half as much as the brilliant star.

There are a number of bright stars in the constellation of Canis Major. A fairly bright star a little to the west of Sirius marks the uplifted paw of the dog, and to the southeast, in the tail and hind quarters, are several conspicuous stars of the second magnitude.



A little to the east and much farther to the north, we find Canis Minor, The Lesser Dog, containing the beautiful first-magnitude star Procyon, (Pro'se ön), "Precursor of the Dog," that is, of Sirius. Since Procyon is so much farther north than Sirius and very little to the east, we see its brilliant rays in the eastern sky some time before Sirius appears above the southeastern horizon, hence its name. And long after Sirius has disappeared from view beneath the western horizon in the late spring, Procyon may still be seen low in the western sky. Procyon, also, is one of our nearer neighbors among the stars, being only about ten light-years distant from the solar system. Like Sirius, it is a double star with a much fainter companion, that by its attraction sways the motion of Procyon to such an extent that we should know of its existence, even if it were not visible, by the disturbances it produces in the motion of Procyon. The period of revolution of Procyon and its companion about a common center is about forty years, and the two stars combined weigh about a third more than our own sun and give forth ten times as much light.

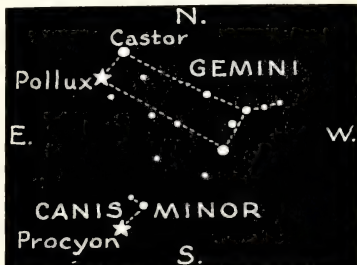
Canis Minor, unlike Canis Major, is a small constellation containing only one other bright star, Beta, a short distance to the northwest of Procyon. Originally, the name Procyon was given to the entire constellation, but it was later used only with reference to the one star. Procyon, Sirius, and Betelgeuse in Orion form a huge equal-sided triangle that lies across the meridian at this time and is a most conspicuous configuration in the evening sky.

Directly south of the zenith, we shall find Gemini, The Twins, one of the zodiacal constellations. It is in Gemini that the sun is to be found at the beginning of summer. The two bright stars Castor and Pollux mark the heads of the twins, and the two stars in the opposite corners of the four-sided figure shown in the chart mark their feet.

Castor and Pollux, according to the legend, were the twin brothers of Helen of Troy and members of the Argonautic expedition. When a storm overtook the vessel on its return voyage, Orpheus invoked the aid of Apollo, who caused two stars to shine above the heads of the twins, and the storm immediately ceased. It was for this reason that Castor and Pollux became the special deities of seamen, and it was customary to place their effigies upon the prows of vessels. The "By Jimini!" of to-day is but a corruption

of the "By Gemini!" heard so frequently among the sailors of the ancient world.

The astronomical name for Castor is Alpha Geminorum, meaning Alpha of Gemini; and since it was customary to name the brightest star in a constellation by the first letter in the Greek alphabet, it is believed that Castor has decreased considerably in brightness since the days of the ancients, for it is now decidedly inferior to Pollux in brightness. Of the two stars, Castor is the more



THE CONSTELLATION CANIS MINOR

interesting because it is a double star that is readily separated into two stars with the aid of a small telescope. The two principal stars are known to be, in turn, extremely close double stars revolving almost in contact in periods of a few days. Where we see but one star with the unaided eye, there is, then, a system of four suns, the two close pairs revolving slowly about a common center of gravity in a period of several centuries and at a great distance apart.

The star Pollux, which we can easily distinguish by its superior brightness, is also the more southerly of the twin stars and lies due north of Procyon and about as far from Procyon as Procyon is from Sirius.

The appearance of Gemini on the meridian in the early evening and of the huge triangle, with its corners marked by the brilliants, Procyon, Sirius, and Betelgeuse, due south, with "Great Orion sloping slowly to the west," is as truly a sign of approaching spring as the gradual lengthening of the days, the appearance of crocuses and daffodils, and the first robin. It is only a few weeks later, as pictured by Tennyson in "Maud,"

When the face of the night is fair on the dewy  
downs,  
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer  
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns  
Over Orion's grave low down in the west.

ISABEL M. LEWIS.

## FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

### FLYAWAY AND VAGABOND

By IDA LEE DAVIS

FLYAWAY was the cutest pug puppy you ever saw. Vagabond was the most disreputable cat you ever heard of. Flyaway came from England, with his mother, the Countess. Vagabond was a soldier of fortune, and came from no one knew where. Flyaway always had lived in luxury. Vagabond never had had a home until Martha and Little Jane found him and brought him to theirs.

Flyaway had a snubby black nose and a tiny tail that curled over his back like a little pig's. He had a habit of sticking out the tip of his tongue. This made him look very saucy. Flyaway also had big black pop-eyes that twinkled with mischief.

Vagabond was the biggest cat you ever dreamed of. Little Jane said he was "most as big as a whale." Vagabond was n't Maltese, nor tiger-striped, like Maria, the house-

One morning, Vagabond lay sleeping under the big peony bush that was full of lovely pink blossoms. Flyaway suspected that Vagabond had been on a frolic, for his coat was rumpled and soiled and one ear was torn.

"I 'll fix him!" he yapped softly, and looked about to see if any one heard. No, there was n't even a bird in sight. The only sound was that made by Vagabond, snoring.

Flyaway smiled, if ever a little dog did smile (and you and I know that little dogs can), to think of the fun that he was going to have with the great fighter Vagabond.

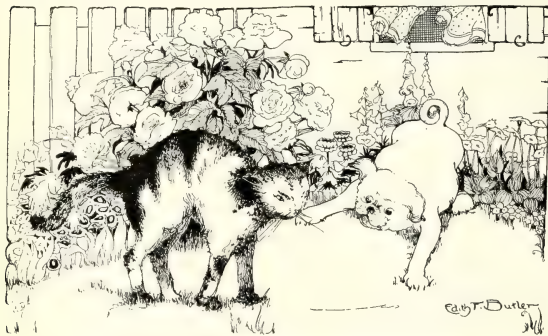
He sniffed his way closer and closer toward the peony bush. Vagabond must have been very tired, for he did n't have even one eye open. When Flyaway was near enough, he gave a sharp yap.

Up jumped Vagabond, lashing his big tail. No doubt that yap sounded like a clap of thunder. Perhaps he thought the house was tumbling down! When he saw that it was only Flyaway his eyes blazed and he puffed up his hair.

Flyaway danced. Never before had he seen Vagabond so angry. And when he did n't chase and spit at him, he grew bolder. He bounced forward and tried to snip Vagabond's nose or pull his tail.

Vagabond's eyes grew larger and larger; he lashed his tail harder. Flyaway grew still bolder. He could n't imagine any one so angry that he could n't move. But he took care to keep clear of Vagabond's sharp claws. No one knew better than Flyaway just how sharp those claws were!

Presently Flyaway grew tired,—it 's no fun



"NEVER BEFORE HAD HE SEEN VAGABOND SO ANGRY"

cat; he was neither Angora nor Persian, as were Phœbe and Lazarus; in fact, Vagabond was like nobody but himself. He fought whenever he had a chance. Sometimes he went out and hunted one up.

Flyaway did nothing but play and get into mischief. He loved to tease, especially Vagabond.

if the one you 're teasing does n't get angry, —and turned to see if any one was watching. And what do you think happened?

Vagabond made a sudden leap. And where do you suppose he landed?

Why, right on the back of the mischievous Flyaway!

Away they rolled, down the lawn, Flyaway held fast in Vagabond's paws. First one was on top, then the other. You could hardly tell which was which, they went so fast and were so close together.

How the guinea-fowl flew and the peacocks screamed! But the one who made the most noise was Flyaway. "Murder! Murder!" he yelped. "Martha! Jane! Help! H-e-l-p! O-o-o-oooh!"

Martha and Little Jane could n't help hearing, and they came running. But Vagabond did n't stop. He seemed to hold Flyaway tighter than ever and roll the faster. On the two went, Martha and Little Jane following, until they reached the tiny pond at one corner of the lawn.

There was a sudden stop. Vagabond loosened his grip. Away went Flyaway! "Kersplash!" said the water.

As Flyaway hit the sharp little stones he howled at the top of his lungs. The Countess, his mother, came running. But she did n't offer to help, not once. She just stood on the bank, looked at Martha and Jane, and cried.

Vagabond also stood on the bank. His eyes blazed and he lashed his tail; but he did n't look a bit sorry,—not at all,—just scornful and victorious. At least, that is what Little Jane said.

Martha lay down and tried to reach Flyaway, but the bank was too high and the puppy too frightened to do anything but howl.

At this the Countess became very much excited and cried louder. Little Jane hugged her lovingly.

"You 're only a pug, and afraid of the water," she said. "But Martha and I are n't

afraid, and we 'll save Flyaway. You must n't worry."

In a jiffy, off came shoes and stockings, and Martha and Jane were scrambling down the bank. It was a race between them to see who would arrive first.

"Look, Martha!" cried Little Jane. "I believe Flyaway 's caught in the water-cress. We must hurry—he 'll be drowned!"



"MARTHA AND I ARE N'T AFRAID. WE 'LL SAVE FLYAWAY"

When the little girls had pulled Flyaway up on the bank the fun began. Flyaway wanted to thank them. He tried to shake all the water from himself onto them! The Countess evidently thought it was her duty to help dry Flyaway, but that little rascal would n't stand still a minute. Finally, Little Jane marched right up to the mischievous puppy. The Countess looked anxious.

"You must n't be cross with Vagabond," Little Jane said to Flyaway, who watched her eagerly. As Little Jane spoke she solemnly shook her head and her tiny forefinger. "If you tease people, they 'll do things to make you stop—specially when they 're smarter and bigger than you are. Is n't that so, Martha?"

Martha nodded. She took Little Jane's hand.

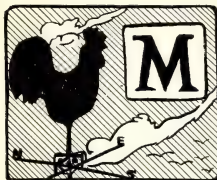
"Let 's tell Mother Dear!" she cried.

Away they ran. Flyaway chased them, barking loudly.

But Mother Dear knew! She had been standing at the library window and had seen it all.



# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY  
MARGARET L. WEBSTER, AGE 15  
(SILVER BADGE)

## March

A FITTING introduction to the LEAGUE this month is the accompanying contribution by one of our Honor Members who cleverly and appropriately converted the subject assigned, "A Good Reason," into an admirable forecast of the International Conference at Washington. And there are several facts of special interest connected with this little essay. For since it was written (more than three months ago), the Conference itself has passed into history. Early in February came the news of its adjournment and President Harding's address of thanks and congratulation to the envoys who took part in it. His eloquent tribute to it as "the beginning of a new and better epoch in human progress" makes the earnest hope so well expressed by our Honor Member that it might prove "a landmark in history" and "the dawn of a new and better era" seem a prophetic utterance already assured of fulfilment. ST. NICHOLAS and the LEAGUE, moreover, may well take further pride in this fine contribution because its young author happens to be the daughter of our distinguished Secretary of State

who did so much to give direction to the great Conference and to insure its high purpose and achievement.

### A GOOD REASON

BY ELIZABETH EVANS HUGHES (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

WHEN we stop to consider the reason for which all the leading statesmen of the nine principal countries of the world have come over here to participate in a conference for the discussion of the Limitation of Armament, and of Far-Eastern questions, we are unable fully to grasp the significance and importance of the occasion. Our minds are not large enough wholly to comprehend such tremendously thrilling events as are happening every day in our lives just now; but the facts remain the same, and these days will be remembered as landmarks in the history of the American Nation and of the whole world. The reason for this great conference at this time is to try and arrange a way for all nations to have everlasting peace and prosperity, and not to participate in the suffering of another terrible war.

It was most fitting that the conference should open the day after the whole country had paid homage to an unknown soldier, who was the sole representative of all those men who went forth so willingly and made the supreme sacrifice to guard the peace of the world, because on that day we seemed to bury the sufferings of war and looked forward to the following day as the dawn of a new era in promoting peace in the world. So let us hope that the good reason for which this conference has been called may make it a great success!

### PRIZE COMPETITION No. 264

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

**PROSE.** Silver Badges, **Margaret E. Moss** (age 12), Ohio; **Esther Walcott** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Wilhelmina Rankin** (age 13), New Jersey; **Florence E. Tompkins** (age 13), New Jersey.

**VERSE.** Gold Badges, **Jean Harper** (age 17), New York; **Katherine Foss** (age 15), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, **Eva Titman** (age 15), New York; **Molly Bevan** (age 17), Canada; **Eleanor F. Fisher** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Frances S. Miller** (age 11), Maryland.

**DRAWINGS.** Silver Badges, **Donald Dodge** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Margaret Webster** (age 15), New Jersey; **Alice McAllister** (age 15), Kentucky; **Mary Billings** (age 14), Massachusetts.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold Badge, **Ethel Hunter** (age 14), Illinois. Silver Badges, **Emily B. Learned** (age 13), California; **Ruth Lawrence** (age 14), New York; **Helen Sturm** (age 15), Ohio; **Florence Leighton Smith** (age 13), New York; **Betty Alden Brainard** (age 15), New York.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold Badge, **Mayline Donnelly** (age 16), Mass. Silver Badge, **Carlan S. Messler** (age 14), Pa. **PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver Badge, **Charles Eugene Smith** (age 14), Vermont.



BY HELEN STURM, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



BY FLORENCE LEIGHTON SMITH, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

"IN THE OPEN"



## THE WINDS OF MARCH

BY MOLLY BEVAN (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

O WINDS of March,  
Heralds of coming spring!  
What is the wild, fierce melody  
Your brazen trumpets ring?

Down in the frozen woodlands,  
The bare trees sway  
And bow before you  
As you tear along your way.

The merry brooklet, struggling to be free,  
Is kept in bondage by your icy breath;  
Your voice reëchoing in the silent hills  
Rings like the call of Death.

Your reign is long and harsh,  
But when you vanish with your ice and snow,  
Deep in the wakening valleys  
Hepaticas will blow.

O winds of March!  
While on your last, free flight you're winging,  
Over the meadow, in the cherry-tree.  
I hear the spring's first robin singing.

## A GOOD REASON

BY FLORENCE E. TOMPKINS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It was a cold, blustery day and the wind was blowing a gale. Before a theater, from which the people were just coming, stood several limousines. By one of these there stood a chauffeur, dressed in purple livery.

Presently, a policeman came up to him and said: "See here, you just clear out. Don't you see the hydrant? Have n't you any more sense than to park your old car right in front of a hydrant?"

"Yes, sir," was all the reply the policeman received.

"Well then, move," he continued. "Supposin' this here theater got on fire, how do you think they'd get any water to shoot at it? Do you hear me? Clear out!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" asked the chauffeur.

"Addressing you?" exclaimed the policeman. "Addressing you! You just move that car or I'll haul you down to court for violatin' the law."

"But—but it—," began the chauffeur.

"But nothing. Are you going or are n't you?" asked the policeman.

"But—," again he began.

"Keep still! Now come on." And the policeman grabbed the chauffeur by the collar.

"Sir, what does this mean?" another voice interrupted, this time a lady's. "James, what have you been doing?"

"Nothing, ma'am, nothing to be sure," James replied.

"None o' this now. March!" commanded the policeman.

"Let go of him." The lady was growing impatient.

"Duty, lady, duty," returned the policeman. "He parked his car in front of this here hydrant."

"James!" Then turning to look at the car before the hydrant, she said, "But James is not to blame for this."

"This talk don't go with me," said the policeman. "Why is n't he to blame?"

"Because," answered the lady, quietly, "this is not my car."

At this reply, the policeman uttered a low exclamation and disappeared around a corner.

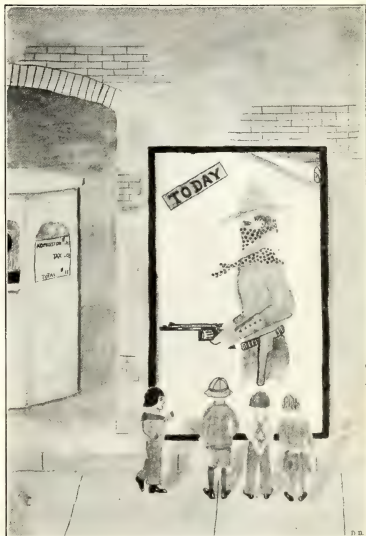
## A GOOD REASON

(A True Story)

BY MARGARET E. MOSS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

It was on November 9, 1921, a day for which I had been waiting for nearly a month, the day when I was to receive the pin awarded by our school for not being late or absent. It was also on



"ADMIRATION." BY DONALD DODGE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

this day that the whole city was aroused by the news that Marshal Foch was to visit our city for a few hours, on his way to Washington. Foch had been my hero since the war, and I had always longed to see him, but he arrived at nine o'clock. School began at eight-thirty, and I must not be late the day I was to be given the pin.

The day was cold and rainy, and I started to school trying not to hear the cheers that arose from the station near our home where the great man was to arrive. But hard as I tried, I could not keep away, and I found myself joining the rain-drenched crowd that lined both sides of the road. But in spite of the rain, men, women, and children, stood waving French and American flags to do homage to the wonderful general. Drip-drip went the rain, and then a mighty cheer, and a line of soldiers paraded up the street fol-

lowed by a motor-car in which sat Foch. One glorious minute and I looked into his face as he leaned from the window, and then he was gone.

I proceeded on to school feeling sure of rebuke. When I arrived I thought I had been little better than a truant, but my teacher said, when I told her, that it was a very good reason, and she gave me the pin.



"ADMIRATION." BY ALICE MCALLISTER, AGE 15  
(SILVER BADGE)

### A GOOD EXCUSE

(A True Story)

BY ESTHER WALCOTT (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

ONE day as a twelve-year-old boy was running through the streets of Portland, Maine, he heard a queer sound.

What was it? Some one in distress.

On running toward the spot, Henry saw a little seven-year-old boy sitting on the curbstone, crying bitterly.

"Why, what is the matter, little boy?" he asked.

"I—I—I can't go home," he answered, sobbing. "I'm lost."

"Where do you live?"

"On Cedar Street," answered the weeping child.

"Cedar Street! That is a long way from here. How did you get so far? What is your name?"

"I came with the milkman and I got out of the wagon here. My name is James Stone."

"I know who you are. Your mother is a dress-maker. Oh dear! I'd take you home, but I'll be late to school. I do want to have a perfect record this month. I'm sorry."

But at this the boy once more burst into tears.

Kind-hearted Henry smiled.

"Of course I'll take you home. Don't cry."

Reaching James's home, Henry left him and ran back, not heeding the many thanks heaped on him by James and his mother. He merely called "Good-morning" and rushed away at top-most speed to the school-house.

"I'm sorry to see you late, Henry," said his teacher. "Have you an excuse?"

Henry explained. The teacher expressed her approval.

This is an example of Mr. Longfellow's kind-heartedness even in his early boyhood.

But was it not a good excuse, and better than that, a kind deed?

### THE WINDS OF MARCH

BY EVA TITMAN (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE Winds of March blow wild and free;  
They come from over the misty sea,  
And bring in a skein of tangled rain  
The tomboy month to our shores again.

Their coming is heralded over the hill  
By the clear trumpet-call of the gold daffodil,  
And 'mong the cool mosses, the violet shy  
Awakens and opens her timid blue eye.

The swirling gay breezes romp over the land  
And sweep the skies clear with a freshening hand,  
And scampering wildly, they toss to and fro  
The last poor remains of a cold winter's snow.

And the grass appears green on the bare frozen lea,  
And the brown buds unfold on each tall swaying tree,

While the brook gurgles softly as southward it flows,  
And the early bird sings of things nobody knows.

And the air's just alive with the coming of spring,  
And the rushes by river-banks their banners fling,  
And the chill mist that winter has cast slowly fades,  
And stars gleam like crystal in blue evening shades.

Then the Winds of March blow low some night,  
And prepare themselves for their coming flight,  
And softly, as in other years  
They leave the world to April's tears.

### A GOOD EXCUSE

BY VERNON SQUIRES (AGE 11)

TOM WHITE, of Greentown, at last decided he would go to college. "I want to get an education," he said, "and I also want to play football on some big team." And so he went to Bradshaw College.

He got an education. But he did n't get his other wish till his senior year. True, he was on the sub-team all the other years; but in his senior year, he made the varsity.

He was right half-back when the big game with Newton University came around. It would be a very close game, as always. Tom felt nervous before the game, but as the starting-whistle blew and the Newton full-back sent the ball spinning down the field into the arms of Wood, their captain and quarter, all nervousness left him, and he started to play the game with all the force he had.

At the first of the fourth quarter the score stood 13 to 7, in favor of Newton. Tom resolved that they would at least tie the score, and so set his teeth for a touch-down.

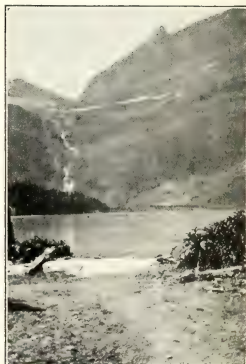
It was last down on Newton's ten-yard line, with the ball under the Newton center. Wood signaled to Tom, "Get back to watch for a pass!" But Tom, with more foresight, saw an end run. Tearing around right end, he reached the full-back just a second after his side's right guard tackled the full, who fumbled. Tom jumped high in air and grabbed the ball, only to be in turn grabbed by a Newton man. Tom fell, but as he fell, he struggled forward and placed the ball just across the line. And as the ball sailed over the cross-bars, Tom felt that he had a good excuse for disobeying orders. But—had he?



BY RAFAEL A. PEYRÉ, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER)

BY ETHEL HUNTER, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE  
WON SEPTEMBER, 1921)

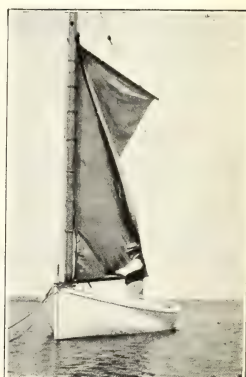
BY JEAN POINDEXTER, AGE 14

BY EMILY B. LEARNED, AGE 13  
(SILVER BADGE)BY RUTH LAWRENCE, AGE 14  
(SILVER BADGE)

BY MARGARET CROSBY, AGE 13



BY FRANCES E. HOLLISTER, AGE 11



BY PAYTON SHAW KELLY, AGE 11

"IN THE OPEN"



"IN THE OPEN." BY BETTY A. BRAINARD, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

### THE WINDS OF MARCH

BY JEAN HARPER (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1919)

By the hand of the wind-king I've mounted the blast,  
And on his charger ridden far and fast.  
The spring wind not come, and the land yet was brown;  
The dark of the night was on meadow and down.

The joy of the hunter ran swift through my veins,  
And we urged on the charger and threw loose the reins;  
O'er mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea!  
And I felt a wild joy, irresistibly free.

We spoke to the weathercocks; they screamed at the sound,  
And on their rods swung round and round.  
The ship of the sailor trembled and fled,  
Like a white-shrouded ghost to the land of the dead.

The voice of the lakes rose high at our word;  
At the sound of our trumpets the oceans were stirred.

We have lifted the branches in the arms of our might,  
And laughed at the leaves as they whirled out of sight.



BY MARGARET L. WESTOBY, AGE 13



BY VIRGINIA SUTTON, AGE 16

### "ADMIRATION"

We have swept through the trees, and they gave forth our song,  
"Ahoy! ahoy! We are strong! we are strong!"  
The dark land had yielded and sung forth our power;  
We were masters of all, and the whole world did cower.

By the hand of the wind-king, I stepped from the blast  
And away on his charger he rode far and fast.

### A GOOD EXCUSE

BY WILHELMINA RANKIN (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

"I WONDER which of us will be chosen for the queen to wear at the wedding," said Rose, as she nodded and swayed in the breeze, to tall White Lily.

"Why, Rose, you will, of course. You are her favorite flower," exclaimed Lily.

"But I do not wish to be worn and admired by the queen and all her ladies," sighed Rose.

"What excuse have you?" exclaimed Lily.

"Because—" and Rose hung her head.

Suddenly, the high-pitched voice of Jack-in-the-Pulpit arose from somewhere near by. "Here, here! None of this. It is very rude to answer questions like that. We want a good excuse. Now in my day I—" but he was interrupted by a chorus of voices, "Hush! Stop your preaching!"

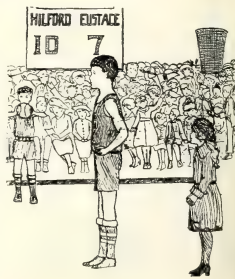
Just then the bluebells tinkled a warning, for up the winding path the queen was leisurely strolling. Coming to Wild Rose, she whispered, "I think the head gardener overheard a little conversation between you and White Lily. What is this about not wishing to be taken from the garden?"

"I was very rude to say such things," Rose hesitated. "I'm sure you will forgive me."

"But come, what is your excuse?"

"Because—I want to remain just what I am, a free, gay, happy, little wild rose."

For a minute the queen looked tenderly down at her, and then whispered: "Your wish is fulfilled, little one. Yours is indeed a good excuse. You shall not be made proud and vain by your admirers. You shall stay here, laughing and dancing in the breeze and be my own sweet little Wild Rose."



BY ETHEL DURBIN, AGE 14





BY JOHN CANNON, AGE 11

BY CAROLINE CHRISTY, AGE 13  
"IN THE OPEN"

BY ELEANOR S. PERKINS, AGE 13

### WINDS OF MARCH

BY KATHERINE FOSS (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1921)

MARCH winds are blowing;

Softly it 's snowing;

Spirit of Winter is fast dying out.

Lord of the Cold Days,

As in the old days,

Lets the March winds come and put him to rout.

Spirit of Springtime,  
Birds' merry wingtime,

Borne on the wings of the winds of to-day,

Sends us its greeting,

Sets hearts a-beating

Faster with happiness, Spring 's on her way.

### A GOOD REASON

BY GWYNNE M. DRESSER (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

It was the last day of March, and the North Wind came dancing over the hills in great glee, for he meant to sweep the country-side and make the spring flowers shiver in their beds. He was also planning to spread a blanket of snow over the fields and meadows. As he tripped gaily through the woods, he suddenly stopped, and a look of great surprise spread over his face. There before him, in a bank of moss, were two wee violets, peeping at him through the leaves. He was very much disgusted, and he blew a shrill blast at them as he passed. Before he had gone far, however, he spied a cluster of pink arbutus looking up at him with a smile. Tiny green leaves were sprouting on the bushes, and as he passed the swamp he found, to his amazement, that the pussy-willow bushes were covered with soft, downy kittens. When he came to the brook, he saw that the layer of ice which he had made so carefully only a week ago was broken, and the brook was babbling over the pebbles and singing a joyous song at being free again. In the apple orchard, he caught a glimpse

of blue, and sure enough, there sat the bluebird. Then he saw a flash of red, and lo, the robin!

"What is the reason for all this?" demanded the North Wind. And then he got his answer, for over the hill came Mistress Spring herself, crowned with sparkling dewdrops and flowers. Her dress was of the palest blue and her arms were full of apple blossoms. Then the old North Wind knew that his reign was over.

### THE WINDS OF MARCH

BY ELIZABETH BRAINERD (AGE 8)

HARK! is it a bird,

A bird of early spring?

No, 't is the March winds blowing—

Hear them whistling.

They are helping Mother Nature,

And blow the remaining leaves away,

That new ones in their place may come  
Some early April day.

So come, let us dance with the winds,

And the little brown leaves too,

Over the fields that begin to be green

And over the hills of blue.

### WHEN MARCH WINDS BLOW

BY FRANCES S. MILLER (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

I AM the March wind. I blow the trees

Till they bow and sway; I toss the seas

Till the whitecaps leap o'er the waves in glee,

As I cry to all, "Come, dance with me!"

Through the hillsides bare echoes my song;

And through forests lone, with breath so strong,

I play my pipes, while o'er field and lea,

I cry to all, "Come sing with me!"

As I blow the kites, flying so high,

And chase the cloud-lambs across the sky,

I call to frolic and life so free,

"Come out in the open and play with me!"



"IN THE OPEN." BY MARIE RUBEN, AGE 14

## THE WINDS OF MARCH

BY ELEANOR F. FISHER (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN the winds of March are blowing  
And the sky is azure blue,  
When the fleecy clouds float o'er me,  
Oh, 't is then I dream of you!

Oh, your eyes are like the sky, dear,  
And your smile is like the sun,  
Oh, your cheeks are like the dawn, dear,  
When the day has just begun.

When at dusk the fire-light 's gleaming  
And the sparks are dancing high,  
Oh, 't is then of you I 'm dreaming,  
My sweet Princess of the Sky.

## A GOOD REASON

BY HELENE SPOONER (AGE 11)

DURING the World War a young soldier at Camp Dixon, whose name was Bob Collingwood, desired a furlough to go home and see his parents.

As his troop expected to be called across the sea any day the general would not permit Bob a furlough of even twenty-four hours.

One day when the soldiers were having target-practice, Bob saw one of them standing right in the way of an on-coming bullet. Not a minute was to be wasted or else the soldier might have been seriously hurt. Bob sprang forward and dragged the soldier out of the way and pulled him back just as the bullet whizzed past him. It went through Bob's leg and he fell down. When the other soldiers saw what had happened they ran up and carried Bob to his tent, where he recovered, after several weeks. He was given a gold medal for bravery. But best of all he was allowed a three-day furlough. A better reason could not be found for this great privilege.



"IN THE OPEN." BY MARY SCATTERGOOD, AGE 14

## THE WINDS OF MARCH

BY ANNE MARIE HOMER (AGE 14)

As the mighty wind sweeps through the wood  
And o'er the tossing sea, it bodes no good,  
No good to the giant pine in the west,  
Which it bends to the ground with furious zest,  
No good to the tossing ship on the sea,  
Which is no longer mighty, no longer free,  
But is wrecked by the cruel wind, wrecked as the tree.

## A GOOD REASON

BY MADELINE BLOSSOM (AGE 10)

SNOWDROP was a spoiled and petted cat. She was one of the most important members of the Smith family, and for two weeks not a sign of Snowdrop could the anxious Smiths see.

At last, Mary said to Uncle Harry, "I think Snowdrop is a very ungrateful cat to run away."

Uncle Harry smiled. "Do you really think Snowdrop could have had the heart to run away?" he asked.

"I believe she has," was Mary's tearful reply. They were standing in the hall and Uncle Harry pushed open the door of a closet, remarking, "I think there is a good reason for it."

And there, curled up beside Snowdrop, were four good little reasons, all fast asleep. And Snowdrop licked Mary's hand as if to say, "I am not an ungrateful cat, little mistress."

## SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

### PROSE

Minnie Pfefferberg  
Genevieve Derschug  
Constance M.  
O'Hara  
Helen Louise Gunn  
Ruth Foster Kankin  
Dorothy Dell  
Charles E. Watkins  
Rose Zimmerman  
Eleanor Martin  
Gertrude Green  
Miriam Abelson  
Ruth Wilkinson  
Elizabeth Suayze  
Dorothy M. Jones  
Laurence Firestone  
Josephine M. Miller  
Arden Pangborn  
Margaret A. Nichols  
Hope Hamilton  
Lucy Bush  
Charlie Wakefield  
Elizabeth Gerken  
Theodora Gott  
Margaret H. Collins  
Caroline M. Ashton  
Clotilde Lohrke  
Katharine Adams  
Elizabeth P. Moffatt  
Arnold D. Finley  
Emily J. Bates  
Marian L.  
Richardson  
Emily L. Brandt  
Florence F. Johnson  
Caroline Stafford

### VERSE

Jean T.  
Fotheringham  
Laura L. Canfield  
Phyllis Hodges  
Evelyn Renk  
Lois Mills.  
Julia F.  
Vander Veer  
Phebe Lemon

Florence Jackson  
Ena L. Hourwich  
Billy Connor  
Louise H. Baker  
Evelyn Frost  
Catherine Crook  
Dorothy Buck  
Nancy Parker  
Irene Renk  
Alden K. Sibley  
Mary Phillips  
Hermine Neeland  
Martha Cox  
Madeline Karpeles  
Julie Nicoll  
Julia Carlie  
Helen Simpson  
Margaret  
MackPrang  
Charlotte E.  
Porgubar  
Mildred M. Harris  
Josephine Fraley  
Francie Wood  
Sylvia Hahn  
Lulita C. Pritchett

### DRAWINGS

Betty Muir  
Francis J. B.  
Martin  
Edith C. Reid  
Wisner A.  
Galbraith  
Marie Peyré  
Mary E.  
Stonebarger  
Lois Crane  
Frances J. Gassman  
Margaret Redington  
Marjorie E. Root  
Natalie Henry  
Mariette E. Paine  
Justina Klebsattel  
Katherine E.  
Harrison  
Daisy May  
Clara Beardslee

Ruth Josephine  
Asire  
Elease Weinas  
Hetty Burlingame  
Beatty  
Edith E. Hatfield  
Ellen L. Carpenter

### PHOTOGRAPHS

James B. R. White  
Lucille Breeding  
Martha Duncan  
Mary Chase  
Philip D. Eastman  
Theodore H. Morris  
Breuster Morris  
Mary Louise Libby  
Bessy A. Rascovar  
Hilda Sobel  
Fanny C. Curtis  
Margaret Lane  
Virginia K.  
Clayburgh  
Ida Ahrens  
Marjorie Whitney  
Louise Ward  
Elizabeth McKinney  
Anne Weld  
Alfred Lazarus  
Mary Claxton  
Robert Campbell  
Margaret N.  
Kennard  
Dorothy L. Rowell  
Katherine Harris  
Marjorie E.  
St. Pierre  
Leila E. Jones  
Marie R. Blatz  
Martha Peters  
Josephine R. Howell  
Mabel Saunders  
Abigail Hazen  
Peggy Davidson  
Helen F. Corson  
Mark Harding  
Theresa Lindsay  
Henrietta North  
Carol Marshall

## ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

## PROSE

Arthur Carson  
Frances K.  
Beckwith  
Barbara Simson  
Marian Grant

Isabel C.  
Bosworth  
Ann Sommerich  
Katharine Hincley  
Mary D. Hatch  
Ada G. Osann  
Helen Eddy  
Rauha Laulainen  
Hazel Kuno  
Marucci Capuzzi  
Gladys Phillips  
Elizabeth  
Martindale  
Anna-Ewell Phillips  
Doris Blackly  
Charlotte M.  
Reynolds  
Lois Buswell  
Virginia Dewey  
Caroline Harris  
Margaret Young

## DRAWINGS

Elinor Kendall  
Dorothy Sponser  
Shirley Strause  
Eleanore M.  
Chamberlain  
Francis S. Wright  
Robert Dies  
Marian Welker  
Marcella Comes  
Ruth Fowler  
Ivy-Jane  
Edmondson  
Laura C. Barrett  
Lalia Simson  
Anne Wyman  
Boyd D. Lewis  
Marian E. Lumb

George Wunderlich,  
Jr.  
Jane H. Campbell  
Sarah K. Stafford  
Janet Sonnenstrahl

## PHOTOGRAPHS

Mathilda Laemme  
Jane Cooper  
Bill Hayden  
Alberta Iliff  
Elizabeth Marsh  
Mary O'Flynn  
Ena L. Hourwich  
Olga F. Joffe  
Mary O. Thurston  
Robert Huse  
Mary Armstrong  
Carol R. Smith  
Lucy Shaw  
Hester Brooks  
Ruth L. Stern  
Catherine Weitzel  
Margaret McKinney  
Sarah E. Donley  
Ah Quan Young  
Helen M. D. Furst  
Margaret Colwell  
Donald M. Jordan  
Ernest O. Knoch  
Robert Warner  
Helen Steele  
Helen Ireland  
Muriel Ward  
Colin Macatee  
Henry S. Joseph  
Frances B. Kennedy  
Ruth McCutchen  
Ruth Dimick  
Dorothy Jenkins



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY MARY BILLINGS, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

Gwynne Daggett  
Barbara Hastings  
Marian Haven  
Madeleine McGill  
Lael Tucker  
Jane Heuch  
Elizabeth Rowe  
Frances J. Partridge  
Georgiana E.  
Segar  
Maxine Wiley  
Edith Kline  
Elizabeth Cramer  
Alice Laster  
Charlotte De Selm  
Mary S. Hodge  
Margaret F.  
Coleman  
Virginia Vaughan  
Tom Avent  
Beth Harrison  
Jessie Sellers  
Edith Callaghan  
Carol Spilker  
Catherine Dean  
Henrietta Brannon  
Martha  
Brandenburg  
Ruth M. Rhodes  
Mildred Phippen  
Elizabeth M.  
Loudon

Eleanor C. Ashley  
Elizabeth Hollis  
Lucile F. Malott  
Astrid Arnoldson  
Theodora Holland  
Regina Wiley  
Margaret Gott  
Auril F. Baker

## VERSE

Mary F. Twitchell  
Ester L. Haskins  
Doris Conner  
Helen L.  
Whitehouse  
Anne L. New  
Hilda F. Harris  
Nancy Carr  
Harriet F. Marrack  
Margaret Leopold  
Margaret  
Montgomery  
Elizabeth Brooks



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY JEAN MCINTOSH, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER)

Margaret Haley  
Mary Johnstone  
Alice Sadler  
Olga C. Pedersen  
Sylvester Gatewood  
Charlotte Millis  
Herbert L. Block  
Phyllis Dohm  
Laurence W. Rich  
Carol Stone  
Hannah Gilman  
Elizabeth Dow  
Dorothy Townsend  
Amy L. Kuhn  
Hester M. Laning  
Mary H. Wilde  
Irma Evers  
Barbara Coleman  
Kate C. Lyon  
Susan Baker

## PUZZLES

Margaret Lang  
Constance Keating  
Elinor G. Welch  
Rebecca S. Wright  
Bernice Rasmussen  
Jeannetta R.  
Pennock  
Richard Barron  
Kennedy R. Ludlam  
Matilda Bishop  
Elizabeth  
McCullough  
Howard C. Kroh  
Alice McMahon  
Betty Jane Epley  
Katherine F. Todd  
Anna Pernit  
Hanna Bohme  
Virginia Dove

## WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes." THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

## PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 268

**Competition No. 268** will close April 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July. Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "From Sea to Sea."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. (Subject, "My Favorite Recreation.")

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "Taken in a Second."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Vacation's Here!" or "A Vacation Friend," or "A Heading for July."

**Puzzle.** Must be accompanied by answer in full.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX. No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
The Century Co.  
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



# THE LETTER-BOX

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only taken you since January, but it seems like several years.

Yesterday I took your October number to school, and before I had time to show it to the teacher, nearly every girl in the room was after you. When science period came I finally succeeded in showing you to the teacher. She was very interested in NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK; so much so that she asked me to tear out the application blank for her little grandson.

I read every word in your magazine each number, and when I saw that there were to be sixteen more pages—why, nobody ever had a bigger surprise!

Your constant reader,  
ELINOR KENDALL (AGE 12).

BENTON, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for the last four years, and my sisters took you when they were small, so I have most of the copies since 1909. They are my most treasured possession.

The town where I live is in the largest coal-mining center in the world. There are twenty-four mines within a few miles of each other. Many thousands of men are employed, many different nationalities of people come here, and many tongues are spoken.

It gives one a queer feeling to know that the ground beneath your home is only a few feet thick.

I am very much interested in THE LETTER-BOX, especially the letters from foreign countries.

I had a pet lamb last summer and it learned to follow me everywhere. Its chief delight was to steal into the house and examine the furniture.

With best wishes,  
FRANCES HICKMAN.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you may be interested in the travels of a bottle.

Last June I crossed the Atlantic on the army transport *Somme* with my father and mother and two brothers. It took us thirteen days. On the twelfth day we were in the English Channel and finished eating our last bottle of candy. When I was about to throw the empty bottle in the water to see it splash, my father said, "Let us play we are shipwrecked sailors and put a message in the bottle."

On a piece of white paper we wrote: "U. S. S. *Somme*, English Channel. If any one finds this bottle and sends this message to the following address in Paris, I will send them a United States dollar." Then we threw the bottle overboard.

Of course, none of us ever expected to hear from the bottle again, for we thought the Gulf Stream might take it to South America, or some boat break and sink it.

About six weeks later, to our surprise, a letter came from a lady in Cornwall, England, saying that she had received our message. She had been hunting for wood to cook some prawns for a picnic supper, when she found our bottle. She said that she would like to have the American dollar, as she had never seen one. Father did not have a silver dollar to send her, but instead we sent her a one-dollar greenback.

In acknowledging the letter, she said her husband was a member of the House of Commons, and if ever we came to London she would like to show us over the Houses of Parliament. She sent us back our message all stained and brown and so wet by the salt water that on misty days it still gets quite damp.

ST. NICHOLAS comes to me every month and is much enjoyed over here, where many things are so different from what they are in America.

Yours very truly,  
FRANCES MORSE (AGE 11).

TOLEDO, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only taken you about a year, but I love you just the same. A boy next door to me has been reading my ST. NICHOLAS and looks forward to its coming as much as I do. I have just graduated into high school, and he is in the seventh grade. To-day, when a ST. NICHOLAS came, he said, "Jiminy crickets! Won't you let me have your place for a while?"

I went for a long ride the other day in a submarine, and inside it was the hottest place I ever saw. The room which you landed in after you came down the ladder was the torpedo-room. In the front of this room were four tubes through which torpedos went. They had one torpedo which was over seven feet long. On one side of this room were three bunks or beds in which nine sailors slept, three sleeping in each bed.

The next room was the steerage-room, where more bunks and things for steering were. The next room was the kitchen, where everything was cooked by electricity. The last room was the engine-room, which held motors which would not compare with a 240-horse-power engine, the sailor told us. It took twenty-one sailors to run the submarine. I could not begin to tell you all the things I saw.

Wishing you success always, I remain,

Your devoted reader,  
MARGARET QUIMBY (AGE 13).

LAKEVILLE, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly three years. My great-uncle took you when you first came out, then my mother, then my aunt and then my cousin; so we have in our family nearly every number since you began.

I have all Mother's old ones and have read a lot of stories such as "Jack and Jill," "June's Garden," "The Land of Fire," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and the "Spinning-Wheel Stories."

I have two brothers and they like you as much as I do and look forward to you every month.

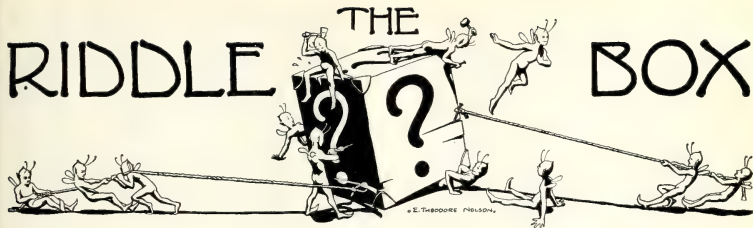
I live in Lakeville, Connecticut, among the Litchfield hills. My father is a master at the boys' school located here. The school grounds border on two lakes, and the school buildings are about a mile and a half from the village. There are woods which we explore, and we go in swimming often.

We have a small saddle-horse and we like to ride him. I am very fond of climbing trees and sitting in them to read. Sometimes my brothers and I take our suppers and have a picnic in a tree.

Your loving friend,  
MARGARET CREELMAN (AGE 10).



# RIDDLE BOX



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Henry W. Longfellow.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Miles Standish. 1. Rome, more. 2. Time, item. 3. Nile, line. 4. Veer, ever. 5. Stop, spot. 6. Last, salt. 7. Meat, tame. 8. Dais, aids. 9. Amen, name. 10. Lead, dale. 11. Skin, inks. 12. Mash, sham. 13. Shot, host.

DIAMOND. 1. J. 2. Mob. 3. Joker. 4. Bee. 5. R. ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Second row. Candelmas. 1. Acorn. 2. Eagle. 3. Angle. 4. Adder. 5. Elbow. 6. Melon. 7. Ament. 8. Tabor. 9. Aster.

A TIMELY ACROSTIC. Initials, St. Valentine's Day. From 1 to 8, February; 9 to 15, Tuesday. Cross-words: 1. Sable. 2. Taunt. 3. Value. 4. Abyss. 5. Lapse. 6. Eager. 7. Nancy. 8. Tansy. 9. Icing. 10. Noble. 11. Etude. 12. Sight. 15. Decpt. 14. After. 15. Yacht.

CHARADE. Washington. ENDLESS MYTHOLOGICAL CHAIN. 1. Ismene. 2. Neptune. 3. Nectar. 4. Ariadne. 5. Nephele. 6. Leda. 7. Danae.

8. Egean. 9. Andromache. 10. Hebe. 11. Berenice. 12. Cenomani. 13. Niobe. 14. Beree. 15. Eta. 16. Tauria.

PI. The birds have been singing to-day.  
And saying, "The spring is near."  
The sun is as warm as in May,  
And the deep blue heavens are clear.  
The little birds twitter and cheep  
To their loves on the leafless larch;  
But seven feet deep the snow-wreaths sleep,  
And the year hath not worn to March.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, America; third row, Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Allow. 2. Maize. 3. Ennui. 4. Recur. 5. Ivory. 6. Calyx. 7. Annoy.

ZIGZAG. George Washington. Cross-words: 1. Ginger. 2. Herald. 3. Shower. 4. Shares. 5. Charge. 6. Change. 7. Scrawl. 8. Breaks. 9. Wisdom. 10. Thread. 11. Indian. 12. Infant. 13. Figure. 14. Winter. 15. Censor. 16. Parson.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than March 29, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 557) and give answers in full, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Olga F. Joffe—Stokes Quentin Dickens—Rosalie Bailey—John F. Davis—"The Three R's"—Peter T. Byrne—Helen H. McIver—"The Days"—Charles Eugene Smith—"Kemper Hall Chapter"—Charles Eugene Smith.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Dorothy Marshick, 10—June M. Hinman, 10—Frances Grier, 10—Vera A. Skillman, 10—Jeanette A. Nebel, 10—Rosalind Howe, 10—St. Anna's Girls, 9—No name, 9—"Two F's," 9—Ena L. Hourwich, 9—Bettina Booth, 8—Lucy Sperry, 8—Richard B. Evas, 7—Dulany Terrett, 6—Eliza Smith, 6—Hortense A. Doyle, 6—John Hopkins, 6—Elizabeth Tong, 5—Sarah Murray, 5—Marion Crockett, 4—H. Seko, 3—Rosalind Fried, 3—Kingsley Kahler, 3—R. Denison, 2—Holland Park, 2—M. E. Outerbridge, 2—V. Thompson, 2—F. Coppage, 2—J. Haight, 2—A. Marvin, 2—C. Harwood, 2—C. Kurtz, 2—G. Bullard, 2. One puzzle: C. Guthrie—K. Furze—S. E. Randall—H. E. Young—D. Smith—J. P. Mason—M. Sanders—E. Bowman—E. K. Hubbell—R. A. Hunt—M. Innet—D. Armstrong—E. Paul—E. Ivins—M. Healy—E. Strauss—W. Irwin—R. A. Worth—I. Nyby—M. W. Jones—H. Bennett—D. Airey—L. Brigham—R. Barr—D. Kerr—M. Bull—E. Huskey—E. Hamlin—L. E. Finney—G. Friedman—M. Goldsmith—B. Cole—D. Bloch—D. Eggleston—M. Freund—M. M. Lovett—C. Turpin—J. L. Rehor—E. Shaw—C. Kramer.

## NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

Find in the following lines the seven letters forming the name of a country:

It is in Spain.  
And also in Portugal.  
In Rumania again,  
And absent in Italy.  
It is present in Ireland  
But not in Scotland.  
It is found in Russia;  
Escaped from England,  
And went to Australia.  
Imprisoned in Chile,  
And also in Argentina.

MARY S. INGHAM (age 13), *League Member*.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of fifty-four letters and form a quotation from Phillips Brooks.

My 12-25-33-45 is a nobleman. My 9-40-16-23-30 is a help in getting over a fence. My 18-2-42-37-14 is a visitor. My 5-32-38-6-43 is a form of address. My 44-28-13-48-15 is a slightly-built temporary house or stall. My 50-36-52-22-54 is adequately. My 31-47-3-34-11 are persons who

are without the power of speech. My 29-39-27-8-19 are micelike rodents. My 20-41-21-53-7 is a little marine creature used as food in Europe. My 35-26-51-1-4 is to consider attentively. My 17-10-24-49-46 is a region in Africa south of Egypt.

D. V.

## CONNECTED DIAMONDS

I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND

DIAMOND: 1. In tossed. 2. A small end. 3. Exhausts. 4. A fondling. 5. In tossed.

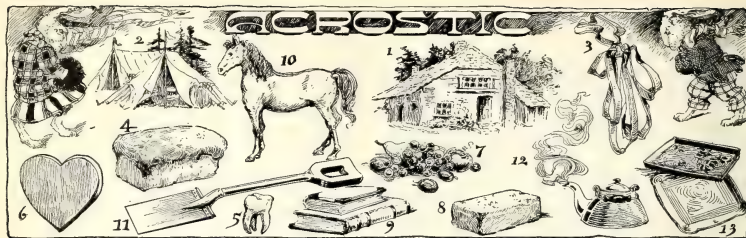
II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND

DIAMOND: 1. In tossed. 2. A diocese. 3. To minister to. 4. The period immediately preceding some important event. 5. In tossed.

III. LOWER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In tossed. 2. A unit. 3. To inspire a sudden fear. 4. A fixed period of time. 5. In tossed.

IV. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In tossed. 2. A masculine name. 3. To choose for office. 4. Frigid. 5. In tossed.

WILLIAM WISMAR (age 10), *League Member*.



In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the thirteen objects have been rightly named and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell a certain day celebrated in March.

Designed by EDNA M. ROYLE (age 15),  
*League Member.*

### PI

Wehn swon si heer, nad het retes kool drewi,  
Dan eht keldknuc swigt era vogled thiw strof;  
Wenh eht thrabe canelogs ni eht drevor's bread,  
Dan het dol thawyap ot teh bran si slot;  
Henw eht torroses wroc si ads ot hare,  
Nad het smapt fo eth slatbed shore si avin,  
Dan eht note fo het cwo-blel grivese het era—  
O, hent si het item rof a baver nearfir!

JANET WATSON (age 14), *League Member.*

### WORD-SQUARE

1. A kind of fuel. 2. A great lake. 3. Helps.  
4. Trial.

ALONZO CHURCH (age 14), *League Member.*

### DIAGONAL

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending at the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of a great king of the eighth century.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Result. 2. The inhabitants of a region of central Germany. 3. The name of a line of English kings. 4. Amusements of the Middle Ages. 5. Evolution. 6. A French village in the department of the Oise, famous for its castle. 7. Small groups of homes in a new country. 8. A name given to a kingdom of western Europe. 9. Bridges that can be raised or lowered. 10. Fundamental changes in the government of a country. 11. The time of the revival of classical learning and art, in Italy and elsewhere.

MAYLINE DONNELLY (age 16).

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals reading downward, and the finals reading upward, will each spell the same beautiful city, famous for its flowers.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The appliance by means of which a boat is steered. 2. A place in which business is transacted. 3. A covering for the

floor. 4. Wandering troops or gangs. 5. To breathe out. 6. To parch or shrivel by heat. 7. Heart-rending. 8. One of a race inhabiting arctic America. 9. An instrument used for cleaning or erasing.

RUTH E. THULIN (age 13), *League Member.*

### ADDITIONS AND SUBTRACTIONS

1. Net - et + ave - e + igag - g + tie - e + on = ?
2. Party - y + here - re + none - e = ?
3. Lead - ad + open - en + lard - l = ?
4. Papa - pa + win - i + brim - im + oak - a + ear - a = ?
5. Define - fine + velvet - vet + elope - ele + mental - al = ?
6. Today - day + more - e + brow - b = ?
7. Dice - e + tide - de + one - e + diary - di = ?
8. Debit - bit + vastly - ly + ate - e + iron - r = ?
9. Lonely - ely + grit - r + mud - m + e = ?
10. Who - o + reel - r + batter - te + row = ?
11. Pare - a + clip - l + mice - m = ?
12. Cry - y + of - f + code - e + ill - l + e = ?

JOHN WIDDICOMB (age 14), *League Member.*

### GROWING WORDS

EXAMPLE: 1. A letter. 2. Because. 3. Was seated. 4. A resting-place. 5. To torment. ANSWER: s, as, sat, seat, tease.

1. A letter. 2. Yes. 3. A fish. 4. A measure. 5. A journal. 6. Barrenly. 7. Swiftly. 8. A worker in precious stones. 9. Shaped like certain venerable stone structures.

H. L. RANDALL.

### A POLITICAL PUZZLE

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Tricked.  
\* . 11 . . 2. One of the United States.  
\* . 17 . . 3. A reptile. 4. Sharp and  
\* 8 20 . 5 harsh to the taste. 5. To roam.  
\* 14 6 . . 6. A famous river of France.  
\* . 3 . 12 7. Toward the stern of a boat.  
\* . 18 19 7 8. Indian months. 9. To slip  
\* . . 4 21 away. 10. A recess in a wall  
\* 23 2 24 25 for a statue. 11. Two times.  
\* . 13 . 10  
\* 22 9 . 15  
\* 16 . 1 .

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell a certain policy which has been widely considered by several great nations; the letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 10, name a gathering; from 11 to 15 or from 16 to 18 may result to the 19 to 25 represented.

CARLAN S. MESSLER (age 14).



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March 5, 1920*

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March 5, 1920.

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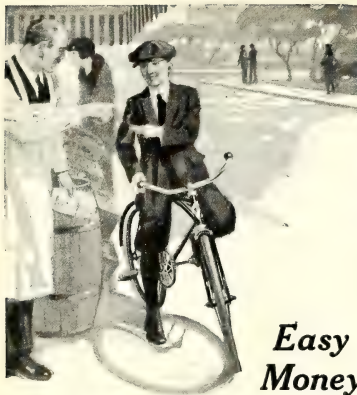
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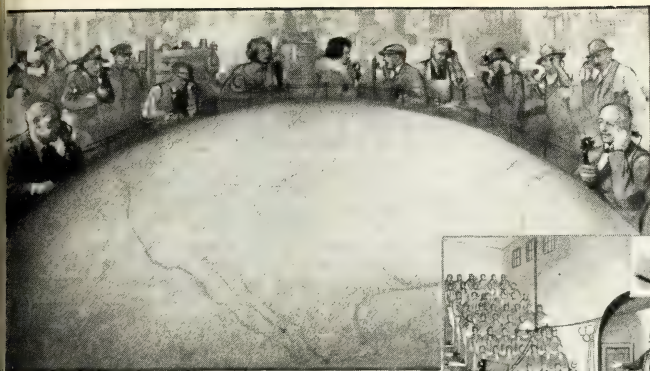
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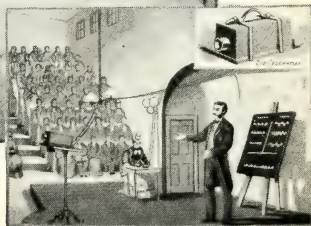
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*At the right, an old print of Bell lecturing on telephony, 1877.*



# Foresight

More than forty years ago, when the telephone was still in its experimental stage, with but a few wires strung around Boston, the men back of the undertaking foresaw a universal system of communication that would have its influence upon all phases of our social and commercial life.

They had a plan of organization capable of expansion to meet the growth they foresaw; and their wisdom is borne out by the fact that that plan which they established when telephones were numbered by dozens is efficient now when telephones are numbered by millions.

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requirements. It has provided for funds essential to the construction of plant; for the purchase of the best materials on the most advantageous terms; for the training of employees to insure skilled operators; for the extension of service in anticipation of growth, with the purpose that no need which can be foreseen and met will find the Bell System unprepared.

The foresight of the early pioneers has been developed into a science during the years which have elapsed, so that the planning of future operations has become a function of the Bell System. This is why the people of the United States have the most efficient and most economical telephone service in the world.

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# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

## A NEW STAMP-DEALER

TIMES have changed indeed. Those of us who for many years have been associated with stamp matters well remember that long period when an application at a United States post-office window for "well-centered stamps" was received with contumely and scorn—if not positive rudeness. But gradually the importance of collections began to penetrate even the red tape of officialdom—slowly contempt was replaced with smiles, and the collector came into his own. We realize what a revolution has taken place when we learn that our own Government has opened a "Philatelic Stamp Agency," for the sale of its own stamps. Not only will small stocks of well-centered stamps of all current values be constantly on hand, but as far as possible, obsolete values as well. Whenever the printing of a stamp is discontinued by the Department, all the smaller post-offices throughout the country will return to Washington their unsold stock. These stamps will not be destroyed, but turned over to the "Stamp Agency," where, under the direction of the third assistant postmaster-general, they will be on sale for the convenience of stamp-collectors. Collectors who live in the smaller cities can now get their high values direct from Washington. There will doubtless at first be much red tape about it, and many restrictions. But what a long step forward it is to the honor of Philately!

## BULGARIA

THE topic of newly issued stamps is one that appeals to us keenly; and, if we may judge from the letters we receive, it appeals no less strongly to most of the readers of Stamp Page. Bulgaria has issued a new series of stamps which we wish to talk about and to show to our young collectors. In choosing Bulgaria for the place of prominence this month, we follow our rule of trying to give special notice to such new issues as are sent direct to us by girls and boys who live in far distant lands, and yet are readers of STAMP PAGE. If these young people take the trouble to send us new stamps in order that their fellow-readers may see them early, we feel they should have the courtesy of prompt acknowledgment on our part. A young lady reader has just sent us a new commemorative set of stamps from Bulgaria. Not only has she sent the stamps, together with many explanatory notes regarding the Bulgarian words and the pictures portrayed, but she has also called our attention to a curious error which appeared in STAMP PAGE last September. Many of our readers will recall that we had a competition about a wooden cannon of Bulgaria. We received a number of answers, and we printed the paper which won first prize. In the text of this paper, the writer in describing the wooden cannon used these words, "The most curious fact about the design of the stamp is that the muzzle of the gun faces the shaft of the carriage instead of the more natural direction. This we believe was rather annoying to the horses." That looks and sounds very reasonable. But our

young friend in Bulgaria points out to us the fact that the gun was hauled up and down the hills by the peasants themselves. No horses were ever used for that purpose. After this comment, let us



turn our attention to the new stamps. What strikes one first of all is the very unusual instance here shown of a foreigner portrayed upon a nation's stamp. Usually, national pride insists upon some native hero being shown. There have been a few instances where, for one reason or another, this rule has not been followed. For instance, a portrait of Washington appears on one of the stamps of Brazil. But it is in a group, in association with other portraits. Here, however, is an entire series of stamps issued in honor of a citizen of a foreign country who was neither prince nor potentate of any sort. Only recently, Bulgaria was at war with England; yet here is a series of stamps commemorative of an Englishman, or at least one with strong English affiliations. Not only that, but in his honor the Bulgarians have engraved on these stamps inscriptions in English as well as in the Bulgarian language. We do not recall any other instance in which such a tribute has been paid. It seems to us a very remarkable incident. The stamps are issued in honor of J. D. Bouchier, who was for some years correspondent of the London "Times." During that time he lived in Bulgaria, where he became much attached to the people and they to him. Indeed, he was their great friend and defender. He died in the autumn of 1921, and at his own request was buried at the



Rila Monastery. Now about the stamps themselves. There are three designs. The 10-ctotinka orange and 20-ctotinka yellow represent Bouchier in peasant costume. The native word for Bulgaria appears at the top both in this and in the other designs. At the bottom of each of the series is the value. In the upper left-hand corner is the name, in English lettering, J. D. Bouchier. The 30-slate, 50-blue, and one-leva purple show a very excellent portrait of Bouchier.

(Concluded on second page following)

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## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Concluded from second preceding page)

At the bottom of the design, under the value, Bouchier's name again appears. The third design shows a picture of Rila Monastery. We have seen four values with this design, the 1½-leva, myrtle-green; the 2-leva, dark blue-green; 3-leva, blue; and 5-leva, mauve. In the upper right corner are the English words, "Bouchier's Resting Place," while in the lower left corner are the Bulgarian words, "Rila Monastery." Another



interesting stamp was sent to us from China, through the courtesy of Dr. Southworth. This stamp is one of a series of four values, issued to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Chinese Republic. The series was issued on October 10,

1921. The design is the same for all four values; the one-cent, however, is yellow, the three-cent, green, the six-cent, gray, and the ten-cent, blue. The portrait at the top is that of the present President of the Republic; on the lower right is that of the premier, while on the lower left is the director of the posts.

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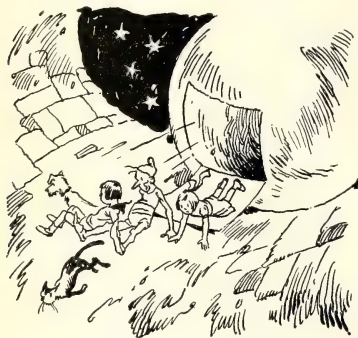


P sailed your IVORY bubble with its brave and tidy crew. Up, up beyond the mountain tops into the sky so blue. At last it bumped two laughing stars, then bobbed away, and soon hooked good and fast upon a horn that stuck out from the moon. The bubble gave an awful tilt and scared our heroes stiff. Bob bumped his head on Betty's foot and sat on little Gnif. Yow gave

He was bent with toil



a meow and Snip a growl, then with a side-wise tip, the crew was dumped upon the moon out of their bubble ship. When they regained their wits enough to stop and look around, they were amazed to find themselves not standing on the ground! The moon was made of glass and tile, all sky-marked, streaked, and stained. It looked as if 'twere never washed, excepting when it rained.



Gnif said, "I've often noticed from the earth, how far from bright that old moon was, so now's the time for us to set it right. But first let's find the Moon's old man. He must be hereabout." So with a hearty hoot or two, our heroes roused him out. The poor old soul was bent with toil, his hands were hard and rough. Groaned he, "I scour all the time, but still it's not enough. The work I do is far too much for one Man-in-the-Moon. These spots upon my satellite will cause my ruin soon. I've scrubbed for twenty million years and at my present speed, to make a really first class job, two million more I'll need."

It's useless quite, to tell you how our heroes went to work, for even down to Snip and Yow, no one of them would shirk. With sponge and brush and cloth and mop, they IVORY-ed old Moon's sides, till he was clean as any pin, and shining bright besides. Man-in-the-Moon just jumped with joy, so glad was he and grateful; a spotty moon had always been to him extremely hateful. Then Betty said, as Snip and Yow both gave a cheerful sneeze, "No one will ever say again your moon is made of cheese. Farewell! Good luck! Now we must go. We've solved your problems knotty. Use IVORY SOAP when'er your Moon is dingy, dull or spotty."

If IVORY SOAP can clean the moon  
And make it brilliant, too,  
Just think what IVORY SOAP can do  
For mother and for you!



**IVORY**  
IT FLOATS



**SOAP**  
99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE



# JELLO



THE KING AND QUEEN MIGHT EAT THEREOF  
AND NOBLEMEN BESIDES



## “Spare the tube, and spoil the child”

**H**AVE you ever played the game of improving proverbs? Read the improved proverb in the picture above, and also the one that is used as a heading for this advertisement. Do you remember the originals?

Here are some more improved proverbs: “Colgate’s is the best policy”; “He that fights his teeth’s decay will live to bite another day”; “Brush before you sleep”; “An inch twice a day keeps the teeth from decay”; “Ungainly looks the tooth that wears a crown”; “A fool and his teeth are soon parted”; “A man is known by the teeth he keeps”; “Colgate’s in time saved mine.”

Write any two of these proverbs in the original form, mail them to us, with your name and address, and we will send you free a generous trial tube of Colgate’s Ribbon Dental Cream. Colgate’s cleans teeth the right way — safely and thoroughly. Its delicious flavor makes tooth brushing a treat, not a task. Large size tube 25c.

**COLGATE & CO.**

Dept. 60

199 Fulton Street, New York



APRIL, 1922

# ST. NICHOLAS



THE CENTURY CO

353 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

THE CENTURY

AND ST. NICHOLAS



## Making Palmolive 3,000 Years Ago

You couldn't buy Palmolive at the nearest store 3,000 years ago—users had to make it for themselves. Skins of palm and olive oils were brought by high prowed ships and slow-moving camel trains. They were scarce and costly and only obtainable by royalty and the rich.

Today, at the great Palmolive factories, these same precious oils are blended by a scientific modern process. The result is the familiar Palmolive cake you use in your own bathroom.

These factories work day and night to supply the demand, for Palmolive is the most popular of toilet soaps.

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The rare oriental oils are imported in quantities—in shiploads instead of skins.

But don't forget, when you use Palmolive it is blended from the same palm and olive oil that Cleopatra used in ancient Egypt. The soothing cleansers she enjoyed in her sumptuous marble bath are the same which equip your white porcelain tub today.



Send us your name and address and we will mail you a miniature cake of Palmolive free. If you do not already use Palmolive in your home, ask your mother to buy it for you.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY  
Dept. B-250. Milwaukee, U. S. A.



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Easy  
Thorough

Old Dutch Cleanser gives superior results on cooking utensils. It doesn't scratch and leaves the surface bright, clean and sanitary. For all cleaning in the kitchen or bathroom use Old Dutch Economical — Efficient — Sanitary






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VOL. XLIX.

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No. 6

(Printed in U. S. A., and Entered as Second Class Matter, September 4, 1920, at the United States Post Office, Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.)



# Here's the gun every BOY wants to buy

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It shoots like a real gun  
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It is absolutely harmless*

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# ST. NICHOLAS

## NEXT MONTH AND TO COME

### May-Day in Merry England

FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

Come join the folk, the merry folk; with happy-hearted din,  
We'll make the welkin ring again and bring the May-pole in.

ST. NICHOLAS for May is ushered in with a spirited ballad by Miss Davis, from which we take the above couplet. And the verses are beautifully set off by W. M. Berger's artistic illustrations.

### The Long Game

JESSE GUILFORD

Our national amateur golf champion tells, in this article, how he gets those long drives—the kind that earned him his golf “crown,” and title of “the siege-gun.”

### The Affair of Fuzzy's Furniture

ETHEL HUNTER

The month of May brings moving day for thousands of city folk, but this story deals with the “borrowing” of furniture to properly set off a college play.

### The Story of the Phonograph

W. H. MEADOWCROFT

When you select your favorite record and put it on the phonograph, does it ever occur to you how long it took Thomas A. Edison to make this machine, the child of his brain, speak? And do you know its first words? Mr. Meadowcroft, one of Mr. Edison's assistants, has given us an authoritative and interesting story of this invention, and its subsequent improvement.

### The Jade Necklace

J. M. ELLICOTT

The loyalty and honesty of a little Filipino cabin-boy is interestingly and sympathetically described by Captain Ellicott.

### Spring Flowers of the Colorado Desert

J. SMEATON CHASE

We are likely to think of the desert as a plain of hot, shifting sand. Mr. Chase finds our desert country of the West a beautiful place in spring, and his article, which is profusely illustrated, will be of special interest to nature lovers.

## BIRTHRIGHT

By T. S. Stribling

LAST year H. G. Wells, discussing American literature, said that a great novel was sure to come soon dealing with the modern educated negro. "Birthright" is that novel. It is a story of the most absorbing human interest. Charles Hanson Towne of the *N. Y. Tribune* says: "I consider 'Birthright' the finest American novel in a decade."

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His novel is the story of a man making that effort which all of us must make—to fit ourselves into the pattern of life, to find the road to the world. His struggle is ours also, and so we watch him, tense, breathless, fascinated.

*Price \$1.90*

Published by  
THE CENTURY CO.  
353 Fourth Avenue  
New York City

# Camp Life

By William H. Brown



SENDING a boy to a summer camp has passed the experimental stage, and the problem for solution is not "shall we send," but "to what camp?"

There are many camps located at different points; some by the seashore, offering attractions by old ocean of fishing, sailing and bathing; others allure to the far away forest where the hunter's trail is followed by the campers loaded down with packs, the canoes and campers changing positions many times before the return hike is ended. Such camps are for well developed boys with strong hearts and sound lungs; boys who can satisfy the gnawings of hunger by the use of rifle and knife when the supply of provisions runs short.

A third type of camp that offers weeks of pleasure to its followers is found on some lake shore or bay adjoining. It is located on high ground to insure drainage, is within a grove of pines, spruces and other trees of the fir kind whose exhalations sweeten the air and give health and vigor to the body. It is near the hills and mountains whose tops afford objective points for the short or long hikes, and observatories commanding magnificent views of the surrounding country.

What is more satisfying than the rest that comes after the pack has been thrown down on the mountain's summit and the panoramic view is leisurely studied? Ponds, lakes and rivers gladden the vision with their varied shapes and distances, while far away is seen a mass of mountain tops reflecting the

sun's brilliant rays and giving cloud shadows that so fascinate when the works of the great masters are viewed.

Swimming, canoeing, boating, baseball, tennis, hare-and-hounds are some of the many attractions, each carefully supervised by competent councilors. There are also periods assigned for study in the morning for those who are fated to take along with them their desk companions of school days, in order to make up back lessons or prepare for the fall examinations; and for these there are tutors of long experience.

Baseball in and out of camp affords many hours of keen sport. Matches are made with other camps, often located a long distance away and requiring the use of the motor boats to transport the jolly party.

Land and water sports, also, between camps, add to the many diversions. The same spirit of keen rivalry exists between camps as between colleges and schools

and has much to do with the camper's moral education.

These weeks of out-of-door life mean much to the growing boy, both physically and mentally. Enduring friendships are formed and are bound to tell on his future life, and the whole atmosphere of the camp appeals to the parent or guardian as does no other form of vacation.

The benefits derived from the combination of fresh air, moderate exercise on land and water, good nourishing food and plenty of it,





sound sleep under the pines, and all the outdoor forces that help to assimilate the food and build up the system, are well illustrated in the case of a young boy, the son of a prominent physician in a New England city, who was sent to one of these Camps a few years ago. Emaciated, and under-sized, he was an object of sympathy and pity upon his arrival; but the pure, dry air, bright sunshine and wholesome food soon made a different boy of him. His cheeks began to fill out, his complexion lost its sallowness and his eyes became bright. He "found himself" in the water and became a swimmer, and on the baseball field developed into a fine player. At the close of the camping season he returned to his home strong and well, and had only one interruption to his school attendance during the year. He spent four seasons in camp, each one supplementing the work of its predecessor.

Another boy came from New York City; only nine years old; had never been away from home without his parents and they were dubious about sending him. His development was little short of marvelous. He learned to swim within two weeks and before the end of the season had passed all the swimming tests, had become sturdy and rugged, and his parents were delighted with his improvement.

Another boy of fourteen, away from home for the first time, became homesick when it began to grow dark the first day at camp,

and cried and begged the director to telephone for his mother in New York to come and take him home. We tried to comfort him and finally told him that it was too late for her to come that night, but that if he would go to bed and try to forget it, she should be sent for in the morning if he still wished it.

The boy slept soundly all night, and after he had gone down to the lake and taken his "dip," had a good breakfast and joined the other boys in a game of ball, decided that he would not go home right away; and when his mother, visiting the camp later, asked him if he wanted to go home with her, answered with a very emphatic negative.

Needless to say, he finished the season and was one of the most enthusiastic campers.

Parents who have sent their boys and girls to good camps do not need to be told of these things. They know them from their own experience. One father, whose boy has been at a camp for nine years, wrote me: "I wish I could express to you in a more substantial way our deep appreciation of all that camp life has done for ———. As you know, when he first went to camp he was in a very serious nervous condition, and each year he spends at camp means additional health and strength."

As I have said before, this out-door camping has become a necessity of our modern life, and the money spent to send children to a good camp is "not an expense but an investment which will be returned a thousand-fold."



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Please have information about camps sent me.

S.N. 4-22

Name.....

Address.....

Parent's  
Signature.....

My age.....

Location of camp.....

Large or small camp.....

Approximate fee desired.....

Name of camp previously attended.....

Remarks.....

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Senior and Junior Camps for Girls (under 20), Roxbury, Vt.

## Where Camp Fires Gleam

**Dear Girls:**

*3rd Letter*

Once a great writer asked

"Who has smelt wood smoke at twilight?  
Who hath heard the birch log burning?  
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?"

Girls who have spent one or more summers at Teela-Wooket know the restful pleasure of gathering around the flaring wood fires at the end of many merry days.

Often it has been far from the home camp at the end of a day's hike through cool forests, along pleasant little mountain water-ways. Or perhaps around the fireplace in the "Big Bunk" when a cool evening kept everyone indoors.

Wood smoke at twilight and the burning birch log follow days of much fun. It is about these days we would tell our friends. Life at Teela-Wooket is much different from life at home. It has new pleasures that can not be brought to your door in the city. Happy days of fun and frolic that need the big outdoors, the fragrant pine woods, and the winding white roads, for their background.

Have you ever awakened in the morning to see the sun peeping from some high-flung mountain peak; to hear the birds beginning their day with joyful song; to hurry to the swimming pond for a brief plunge before breakfast? Have you answered the breakfast bugle with a glad shout of welcome when you were so hungry you were sure you would never get enough to eat? Have you felt so full of life and gladness that you

bubbled out in song to tell the world how good life seemed to you? Summer days at Teela-Wooket mean so much that every morning is just like that, an awakening into a new world of happiness and healthful pleasure.

And here is another thing about Teela-Wooket. Every girl knows some older women who seem to be the best pals in the world, understanding all her likes and dislikes, always ready to join in her pleasures and always ready to comfort her when things seem to go wrong. At Teela-Wooket there are a number of such women. They too, enjoy the same pleasures that the girl at camp enjoys. And because they have been through all the experiences of camp life they know how to get the most fun out of it. They are our councilors.

If you will write to us we will be glad to send you one of the new booklets telling you many more things about Teela-Wooket. We can not tell you very much here. This booklet is illustrated with many pictures of the camp and of the girls who were there last year. You can see for yourself how they enjoy the summer days.

We will also send your brother a booklet of Camp Idlewild, a fine place for a boy to spend a vacation. It is on a large island in Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire.

Very sincerely, your friends,

**Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Roys  
10 Bowdoin Street  
Cambridge, Mass.**

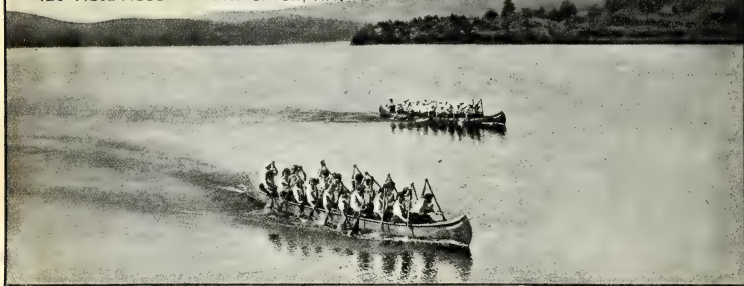


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14th  
Season



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3. Lots of sports and good sportsmanship.
4. Plenty of things to laugh about.
5. Woods and mountains and streams to explore.
6. Plenty of food, deliciously cooked.
7. Beds that make you hug them, they're so good.
8. A camp atmosphere nice and homey and happy.

If you agree with us; send for our catalog. You will find that it will interest mother.

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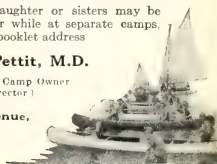
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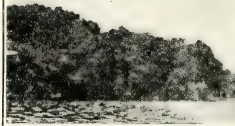
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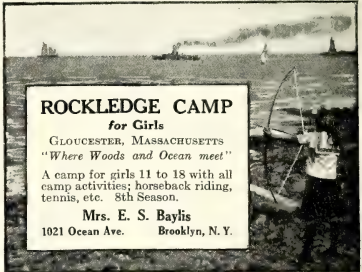
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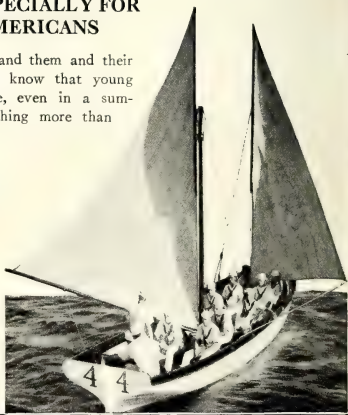
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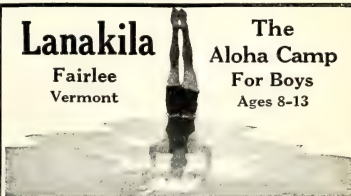
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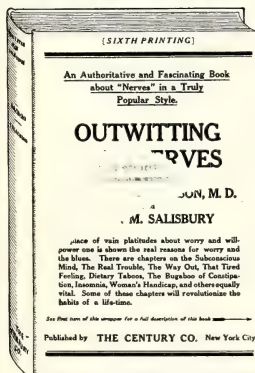
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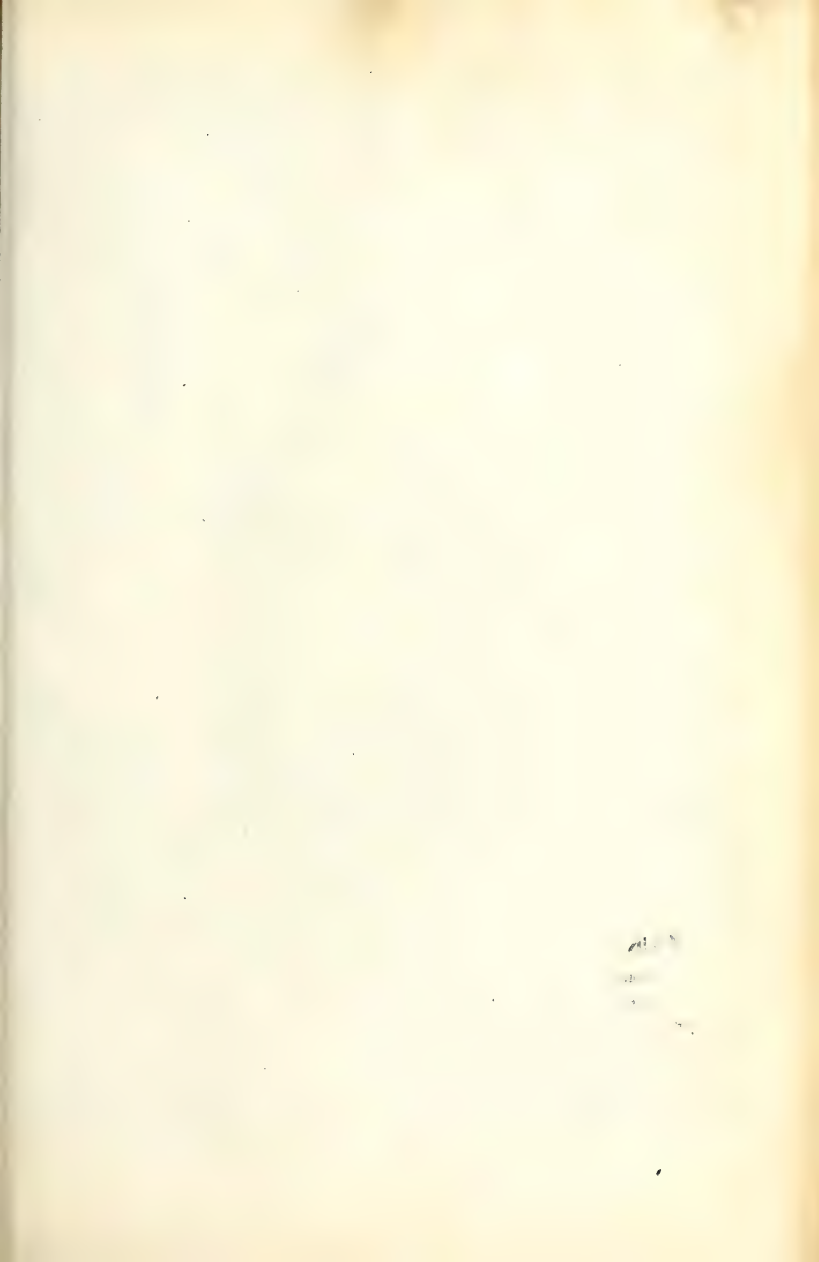
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" 'BUT DON'T YOU THINK ALMANACS MAKE MISTAKES SOMETIMES?'  
ASKED POLLY" (SEE PAGE 610)



# ST. NICHOLAS

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## IMPOSSIBLE ANTHONY

By R. RAY BAKER

GRANT STEELE, baseball coach of Blue River College, scowled and shook his head in disgust as he watched the red-haired recruit drop a pop-fly in center-field.

The youth, who was garbed in a baggy white uniform with red stripes, had made a good run for the ball, but had been unable to hold it when it fell into his hands.

"That 's what wearies me," said Grant, "that fellow Anthony Brooks. See him muff that? Well, he does it more than half the time. And you ought to see him bat! If he barely fouls the ball, it 's as unusual as a home run for the ordinary man—he 's that bad."

"Why bother about him, then?" inquired Don Haskell, student-manager of the team, yawning under the spell of spring. "Tell him he is n't needed."

The coach laughed dryly.

"I 've done it several times already, but it 's no use. You think it 's difficult to get the fellows out for practice, but making this Brooks stay away is one of the biggest problems I ever tackled. I like his spirit, and he 'd be a wizard if he could play like—like Garvin Newcomb, for instance. Garvin takes things too easy and is after personal glory, while Brooks works hard; only it 's useless."

When practice was over, the coach stopped the red-haired recruit.

"Brooks, you 're impossible," he said.

"You 'll never make the team—not in ten thousand years."

A rueful smile appeared on the other's good-natured, homely, freckled countenance. He presented a grotesque figure in the oversized striped uniform, making Grant think of a huge stick of peppermint candy shrunk by the heat.

"Oh, well, I might as well try it awhile longer," said Anthony. "I need the exercise, you know."

But he was more disappointed than he made manifest. From the village of Cooper Center, he had come to prepare for a college course in civil engineering and to help Blue River accumulate athletic honors. He was fast on his feet and a good high-jumper; so his ambition had a substantial foundation. But Blue River dispensed with a track team, and as nothing but baseball was available, Anthony sent home for the uniform worn by his fat brother Sam when the latter was catcher for the Cooper Center Invincibles.

Anthony was one of those rare specimens that never had played the national game, but he bought a guide, studied the rules, and reported for practice. He was disappointed over his wretched showing, but persistence was one of his prominent characteristics.

Blue River played its first game, however, without Anthony's assistance, except as an enthusiastic spectator. He did his bit by

leading the cheering, and Wilbur Academy was beaten 11 to 2. Ralph Conlin, in the pitcher's box, and Garvin Newcomb, on first base, were easily the stars for Blue River.

Five more teams did Blue River defeat without a set-back, and then came the final struggle of the year, and the most formidable. For Gibson Academy had conquered the same teams as Blue River, and with heavier margins, and was boasting that it would retain the central state championship honors which it had captured for the last three years.

So that neither team might have an unfair advantage, it was agreed to play on neutral ground at Wilbur Academy, situated on the shore of Silver Lake.

Blue River enthusiasts had a different opinion about the outcome of the approaching struggle, but their confidence received a staggering jolt on the day before the game when it became known that three of the



"THE CATCHER LUNGED FOR THE WIDE BALL. . . . ANTHONY PUT ALL HIS ENERGY INTO A SPRING FOR FIRST BASE"

regular players had failed in their monthly standings and thus, because of interscholastic rules, were barred from taking part. The day of the conflict began with a drizzle from a gloomy sky, and this did not tend to raise the spirits of the team or its adherents.

Consequently, it was only a handful of loyal backers that accompanied the crippled team aboard the gasoline launch *Mayflower*. As the boat proceeded downstream, the drizzle subsided, but the sun persisted in hiding behind dark clouds, and a brisk wind did not augur for a smooth voyage.

Sure enough, a choppy sea had been churned up, and when the party reached Wilbur Academy, Joe Webb was put to bed in the dormitory, suffering from acute seasickness. This caused a vacancy in center-field, and the only extra player that had been brought along was sent in to stop the gap.

As the opposing teams gathered for practice the sun broke from the confines of a cloudy prison back of Purple Peak, a miniature mountain that loomed out of the woods

across the lake, and bathed the field in a warm glare that quickly dried the wet spots. It was noticeable that Anthony Brooks's voice was not among those that acclaimed the sun.

Shortly before the game commenced, the missing one sauntered on the field, garbed in his peppermint baseball suit, and it set the spectators to laughing.

"Here, what 's the idea?" called Captain Leverick. "You 're no good on the field; we need your voice in the audience."

Something like a tear took shape in a corner of Anthony's pale-blue left eye.

"Look here, captain," he pleaded, "I 've sat on the bleachers and yelled myself hoarse at every game this season; and I 'd like to feel, just once, that I was a member of the team. Now, why can't I act as a substitute to-day? I can coach on the base-lines."

The captain conferred with Coach Steele. "I give it up," said the latter. "The boy's persistence deserves a reward, I guess. But we 'll hope with all our might that he won't be needed in the game."

The toss of a coin gave Gibson first bat. Conlin was in good form and his curves dazed the first three batters to oppose him.

"Here we go! Let 's win the championship right now!" chirped the cheerful Anthony, near the first base-line.

But Blue River failed to score, although Garvin Newcomb sent a Texas Leaguer to center-field for a single. In the second inning, Winfield, the left-fielder, got to third base after two men were out, and Hollock, the catcher, who was next at bat, lined the ball along the third base-line. The Gibson third baseman juggled the ball, then hurled it home. "Slide!" shrieked Anthony Brooks, and Winfield slid, while Hollock stood grinning on first. Winfield had scored, but in sliding he sustained an injury that forced him out of the game. The side was retired when Hollock was caught stealing.

"The score looks good, but Winfield's



First base

"THE THROW TO FIRST WAS TOO WIDE FOR THE BASEMAN TO REACH"

accident means that clown Brooks will have to play," Coach Steele growled.

As most of the Gibson batters were right-



Third base

"THIRD BASEMAN JACOBS LEAPED HIGH, BUT THE BOUNDER BARELY GRAZED HIS GLOVE"

handed, right-field was deemed the safest place for the youth in the peppermint uniform, and Henry, who usually played that position, was transferred to left.

No further runs were made until the fourth inning, when Gibson staged a batting rally and brought two men across the plate, giving them a lead of one. Newcomb was first to bat for Blue River, and he got a handsome two-bagger, advancing to third on Henry's sacrifice. Then Anthony Brooks walked to the plate with a heavy club.

Determined to "play the game," Anthony stood with bat poised and had the satisfaction of hearing two balls called. The next two deceived him, however, and he swung too late, while on the third strike he slashed far above the sphere.

With a spurt, he headed for first base, heedless of jeering laughter. The Gibson catcher had clung to the ball, so Anthony's effort was useless, and Blue River's chances in the fourth ended when the next batter lifted a fly to left-field.

In the sixth, Anthony repeated the performance, running on the third strike, but again the back-stop caught the ball.

Out in the field, the red-haired substitute was anxious for an opportunity, while at the same time apprehensive of the result; and in the seventh it came. With two men out, a Gibson batter hit to short right. Anthony fairly flew over the ground, and, bending over as he ran, got his hands on the ball—only to let it drop, and it rolled stupidly away, while the Gibson man reached first. Fortunately, the batter who followed was thrown out on a weak grounder.

In the ninth, Gibson had another rally and filled the bases, due to the fact that Conlin's arm suddenly had gone lame, depriving him of his customary speed. But the Blue River pitcher remained cool, and, while every throw made him wince, served the balls red-hot, causing three men to fan.

"I 'm just about all in," Conlin confessed to Steele. "Every ball seems to tear my arm out of the socket. We 'll have to win right now, because I could n't last through an extra inning if we should tie the score."

Newcomb started the last half of the ninth with an electrifying three-bagger that gave the Blue River crowd new courage. When Henry singled and Newcomb raced across the plate with the tying run, the roar from those few loyal backers frightened the chirping birds from the near-by trees, and even a brindle cow, grazing and dozing in a meadow, cocked her ears forward and took an interest in life.

It seemed that the shouting of Newcomb's name never would cease, and the enthusiasm did not subside in the least when Henry was caught trying to steal second.

The impossible Anthony fairly quaked as he stood up to the plate. His legs were shaking, but the baggy trousers effectively concealed this manifestation of panic.

The Gibson spectators hooted and laughed, while the Blue Riverites, though somewhat tamed when they recognized the batter, did their best to lend encouragement.

Coach Steele and Captain Leverick consoled each other over their inability to use a



Second base

"OVER SECOND HE RUSHED, WITH NO LET-UP IN HIS GAIT"

pinch hitter, there being no substitute to serve in that capacity.

At the first ball, Anthony swung and missed by more than a foot. Then he obtained a grip on himself and waited while two balls and a strike were called. He would have given a year of life to crack the sphere far beyond the reach of any Gibson fielder, not for the glory it would bring, but because he wanted his team to triumph.

Grinning confidently, disdainfully, Smoot,

the Gibson pitcher, tied himself in a knot, drew back his arm and brought it forward. The ball must have slipped as he let it loose, for it was wide of the plate by twelve inches. Hesitating only an instant, Anthony reached out with his stick, flourished it wildly, dropped it, and put all his energy into a spring for first base.

The Gibson catcher had felt certain Anthony would run on the third strike, and the knowledge made him nervous. He lunged for the wide ball, but it rolled behind him after striking the end of his mitt. Desperately he wheeled about and pawed for the sphere, while his other hand jerked the mask from his face. He located the ball, seized it, dropped it, picked it up again, and hurled it toward first. But Anthony Brooks, swift on his feet, already was there.

Moreover, the throw to first was too wide for the baseman to reach, although he made a heroic effort. Anthony saw what had happened, and he did not pause. With

shrieked at him, but he had no idea what they said, nor did he care. The youth from Cooper Center was a wild man on a rampage, and there was no stopping him.

At the edge of right-field two players were groping madly in tall grass, and finally the first baseman uncovered the ball. He shot it toward third, but the distance was too great for his arm, trained for short throws, and the sphere bounded just beyond reach of the short-stop. Third baseman Jacobs leaped high, but the boulder barely grazed his glove. The left-fielder was after it, and presently placed his hand on it. He made an accurate throw for the plate, but Anthony Brooks, runner extraordinary, had crossed it just one second before.

The crowd was hushed, astounded, paralyzed; but the silence was shattered by a war-whoop from Coach Steele, who leaped two feet into the air and roared:

"What's the matter with Brooks?"

The answer came in a swelling boom that



"I MIGHT AS WELL TRY IT AWHILE LONGER," SAID ANTHONY. "I NEED THE EXERCISE, YOU KNOW" (PAGE 563)

amazing speed, he ate the distance between first and second, and over the latter bag he rushed, with no let-up in his gait. By this time he had lost track of the ball. Coaches

went reverberating out across Silver Lake and was flung back by Purple Peak.

The coach looked for Anthony and spied the peppermint suit going through the gate.



"Hey, you, Brooks!" roared Grant. "What do you mean—sneaking off like this?"

Anthony turned a face in which joy was shining, tempered by a tinge of bitterness.

"What's the use of staying to be made a fuss over?" he asked. "Blue River won, and that's what counts. Do you think I want to ride on the shoulders of a lot of excited fellows just because I made a score? Besides, how did I do it—by striking out! We won, and I'm glad, but I don't deserve any credit. As a baseball player, I'm a failure."

The coach seized him roughly by the arm.

"Look here, boy, you won that battle—by playing the game for all it was worth. You struck out, but I'm pretty certain you deliberately fanned at that wild one with the intention of bothering the catcher and making him miss it. Maybe you've failed as a baseball player, but you come out for football in the fall and we'll make a half-back out of you that will cause the whole State to sit up and take notice. Boy, how you can run!"



"'BOY, HOW YOU CAN RUN!'"

## THE FROST WHISTLE

By EDITH MARKHAM WALLACE

"THERE must be some other way!" Margaret Arnot's voice was quiet, but determined. "There *must* be some other way!"

She hesitated a moment as she saw the perplexed look on her father's face, but went on bravely.

"I can't go back to the 'U' next semester, even if my life depends upon it. There must be something I can do besides waiting on the table. It is a hopeless task. They could n't make a waitress out of me no matter how hard they tried."

"It is more difficult for you than I had thought," admitted Dr. Arnot, as he looked into the dark, appealing eyes of his pretty daughter.

"The very sight of the dining-room makes me tremble. When I close my eyes at night I see all those grinning faces staring at me,

just as they did when I tipped the tomato soup into Sally Brooke's lap."

Dr. Arnot smiled.

"It may seem funny now, but the agony I've suffered won't pay for my education." Margaret drew her cushion nearer her father as they sat in their favorite places before the fireplace. "Please let me stay home with you, Daddy."

"You're not a quitter, little daughter. You would n't give up your work now, even if you could."

"I'd do anything to get away from that grinning mob; but even you don't want 'Butter-fingers' around. Yes, that is what they call me. Don't look so astonished. I guess I've earned the title. The minute I take up a plate, my hands begin to shake. If it happens to have peas or boiled potatoes

on it, they skate around so lively I never can count on landing them without an accident."

"That is a form of nervousness you will conquer in time, Margaret."

"Well, five months has n't made any difference that you could notice."

"I had hoped for a scholarship—" began Dr. Arnot.

"Please don't," interrupted Margaret. "I wish I might get one to please you, but you don't understand, Daddy. Recitations are almost as bad as waiting on table. My lips get so dry I can hardly open them. No amount of swallowing will affect the lump in my throat, and my voice is so low and trembly you would n't think that I had any. That is n't the worst. When Dr. Thompson says, 'Miss Arnot,' my lesson disappears like a mouse into some dark corner of my brain, and the rest is all a blank."

Dr. Arnot sighed as he arose and went to the window. He realized too well what his daughter was suffering from abnormal timidity. Looking out over the rows of well-trimmed berry-vines, he recalled his own college days and the agonies he had suffered.

Margaret's mother had died three years before they came to Washington. After her death, Dr. Arnot had resigned the chair of history at Lincoln College, and he and his daughter had become wanderers. When Margaret was ready for college he realized that they must find a home near some college town. They chose the university of the State.

Their fast diminishing funds made it necessary to invest the remainder in whatever would give them the largest possible income. Dr. Arnot knew nothing of horticulture, but a berry-ranch presented so many attractions in the prospectus that he purchased one of ten acres in a little village a short distance from Seattle. The investment had not proved successful. The early frosts had taken most of the berry crop in the two preceding years, and it had become necessary for Margaret to earn her own way at the university.

"The vines look as if we should have a good crop this year. They have never been so full of bloom. If the frosts hold off for a few weeks now, your troubles will be ended."

"If the frosts only hold off—they *must* hold off, for I can't go back to waiting on table. I must find something else to do. Please, Daddy dear, don't set your heart on a scholarship, for I don't want to disappoint you."

Margaret sat thinking a long time. "Why could n't we borrow enough on our berry prospects to finish this last semester? Farmers mortgage their wheat crops. Why not a berry crop?"

"It is too uncertain. Bankers will not take such risks."

"I 'm going to try, anyway. I have it!" she exclaimed, her eyes bright with enthusiasm. "After supper I 'm going to Judge Howard and put it up to him as a business proposition."

"It will not be business hours, daughter."

"I know, but it will be so much easier than going to the bank and facing all those clerks," she persisted.

She hurriedly put away the supper things and started for Judge Howard's before the little god of Fear persuaded her to change her mind. By the time she had reached the banker's gate, the thought of asking him for money frightened her and she turned and fled.

The bank would be open in the morning and she would go down and see what—She stopped suddenly.

"That 's only an excuse to postpone a disagreeable task," she commented aloud. "Back you go, now." With that she turned and went back to Judge Howard's house.

Perhaps she had not chosen the proper time. It might be well to wait until business hours, as her father had suggested. She hesitated as she reached the steps. The god of Fear was gaining control again, but before he could conquer, she rushed up the steps and rang the bell.

The maid ushered her into the library, where the judge sat writing. She stated her errand briefly. Her voice had not failed her. Though it trembled at times and was hard to control, she kept resolutely on.

"It is an unusual proposition, I know, Judge Howard, but perhaps the bank will be willing to make the loan. The prospects are so good this year."

The judge's kind, fatherly eyes were troubled as he looked at the flushed face of the girl before him.

"Not so unusual a proposition as you may think. Almost every day now some one comes in to borrow money on their berries. The crop has been such a failure the last few years that the directors have made it an iron-clad rule to loan no money on berries this year."

Margaret was stunned with disappointment. She almost ran from the house.

"Begging for money is even harder than waiting on table," she declared, as she reached her own gate. The cold wind struck her burning cheeks and she shivered.

"It's no use, Daddy, our berries have n't

burning on cool nights during the early spring to keep the frosts from the blossoms.

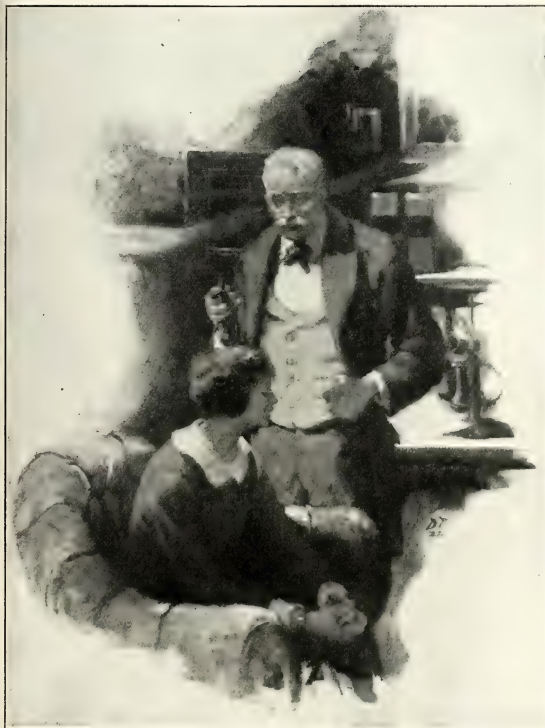
"No, not unless the thermometer drops another degree. The wind may change before midnight and it may be warmer."

"You have had a hard day, Daddy, please go to bed. I've some lessons to get, and I can watch the thermometer for a while."

Margaret tried to interest herself in her English, but her mind was too full of plans to make any progress with her lessons. She *must* find a way to raise some money immediately. If the little god of Fear were not holding such danger-signals before her! Then the thought came to her that if she could only find some way to conquer this dragon that was blocking her path to success, perhaps things would be easier.

She went to the porch and looked at the thermometer again. It had already dropped below the safety-point. There was no time to be lost. Slipping on an old coat, she took a lantern and went out to light the fires. It was not necessary to call her father, for this was something she could do unaided.

The whole valley lay in blue-black darkness. Not a light could be seen anywhere. Although the signs now indicated a heavy frost, no one had lighted their fires. Perhaps the other neighbors did not need the berry crop as badly as she. At any rate, they were not watching it so closely. She thought of Mrs. Harris and her six children across the road. They, as well as some of the other neighbors, depended on their crop for a living. Margaret determined to awaken as many as she could.



"THE DIRECTORS HAVE MADE IT AN IRON-CLAD RULE TO LOAN NO MONEY ON BERRIES THIS YEAR"

any credit with the bankers. We'll have to make the crop safe—that is all we can do."

"Don't worry, Margaret; we can do that. Did you look at the thermometer as you came in?"

"It is dropping and there is frost in the air. Don't you think we had better light the funeral pyres?"

Margaret always referred to the piles of brush and wood placed about the berry-fields as funeral pyres. These were lighted and kept

Forgetting herself and her usual timidity, she went from house to house, like a watchman giving the alarm of an approaching enemy. White-robed figures came to the doors and windows in answer to her loud knocks. This was a most unusual thing she was doing—no one in the valley had ever thought of such a thing before. Some were inclined to resent being aroused suddenly from their sleep, but as the cold wind swept into their faces, their vexation changed to gratitude and they hastened to their berry-fields. In every direction the valley was soon dotted with fires.

As the sun rose behind the Cascades, Margaret crept into bed, tired and aching in every muscle. The distances between the neighboring houses was not short, and her mission had carried her a long distance from home. But as she dropped to sleep she was happy in the thought that she had been able to conquer her timidity in the service of the people in the valley.

It was late when she awoke that Sunday morning. She had almost forgotten the part she had played in the events the night before, so intent was she upon the thought that was still keeping possession of her mind. She had conquered her timidity by forgetting herself. It was an old remedy that had been told her many times; but to her it was new, for she had never applied it to herself.

The sunshine was flooding her room. As she lay half awake, half asleep, the sound of voices drifted up to her. Some neighbors had stopped at the gate to talk to her father about the frost, and to tell him how their berries had been saved. It was the heaviest spring frost in the valley for many years.

Late in the afternoon, as she was preparing to go back to the university after spending the week-end with her father, a loud knock sounded on the front door. She hastily left her packing to open it.

Judge Howard was calling to congratulate her on her courage and thoughtfulness the night before. As he was leaving he handed her a purse.

"It is just a little token of appreciation from your neighbors," he said, smiling.

Margaret looked with surprise at the judge and then at the purse. The bright color in her face swept to her temples. The little god of Fear appeared before her, and for a moment held her speechless. Then, with an effort, she banished him from her mind, for she had learned a talisman during the night that would help her all through her life.

"It is very kind of them," her voice grew stronger and clearer as she went on bravely, "but I can't accept such a gift for a little neighborly kindness."

"How about your school? Can't you use it there?" asked the judge, casually.

"I can get along splendidly now."

"Then you were able to borrow money on your crop from some one else?"

"No, but I have received really wonderful help from these same people, though it is not the kind you mean. Please take back the purse."

"But I could n't take this money back to the people who sent it to you as a gift. Don't you see how embarrassing it would be?"

"I have a plan," announced Margaret, her voice trembling, but this time with eagerness. "Last night as I was going about from house to house, I thought if there were a whistle, loud enough to be heard through the valley, installed somewhere in the center of the community, the farmers could hire a watchman during the frost months, and when the thermometer dropped he could arouse the whole valley with a few blasts. Why not take this money and buy such a whistle?"

"Capital idea! You are a public benefactor. The farmers could well afford to pay a watchman a good salary during the early spring. The banks would not be afraid to loan money on berry crops then," he commented, with a twinkle in his eyes. "You come over when we get that frost whistle installed and we'll fix up that loan."

Margaret thanked the judge, but she had other plans which she did not tell him.

"I am proud of you, daughter. I think, however, you'd better accept that loan," said her father, when the judge had gone.

"No, Daddy, I'm going back to be a waitress until I have conquered this little god of Fear. Why any one ever called him a god is more than I can understand, unless it is because of his strength. I shall conquer him, however."

MARGARET'S determination helped her, but she still had difficulty in keeping her hands from trembling that first morning after she had resolved to conquer her timidity.

"I must think of some one else besides myself," she murmured under her breath as she passed back and forth from the dining-room to the kitchen. With this thought always before her, she forgot her timidity.





"SHE WENT FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE, LIKE A WATCHMAN GIVING THE ALARM OF AN APPROACHING ENEMY"

The weeks went by more rapidly than ever before. Recitations became easier; there were fewer accidents and "victims" in the dining-room.

Margaret looked forward eagerly to the

week-ends that she spent with her father. The frost whistle had been promptly installed and was working out very satisfactorily for the ranchers. Every one was looking forward to a prosperous year. There

was talk of building a cannery, now that the crop could be depended upon, which would make an accessible market for the farmers and assure them good prices for all that they raised.

The berry-ranch became a pleasant place to visit, and Margaret often brought a friend home with her to spend the week-end. It was a new and delightful experience to feel that she was a part of the class, instead of a shrinking figure on the outside of it. The end of the semester found her a general favorite, for her schoolmates had come to know her real charm and to delight in her friendship.

The awarding of the Graham Scholarship was one of the interesting events at the close of the year. It was the largest offered by the university and had always been given to some member of the engineering class. Margaret had gone to the assembly that day little dreaming of the happiness that was awaiting her. Dr. Howard, the president, spoke on the value of the apparently little things of life, that an expedient, simple in itself, might have the merit and value of a real discovery. Then he told the story of the frost whistle, as he had heard it from his

farmer-brother living in Sumner, and of the benefit it had proved to the berry-ranchers in the valley, and concluded by saying that the board of regents had awarded the scholarship to Margaret Arnot, the originator of the idea.

Margaret listened with astonishment to the conclusion of the address, her eyes filled with happy tears. The applause was deafening, and she was overwhelmed with congratulations.


"It was all such a wonderful surprise, Daddy," she said, as she told her father about it, "but I can't see why they gave the scholarship to me. But our troubles will be over for a year, at least. Is n't it a heavenly feeling to know you have nothing to worry about?"

"You have accomplished more than you know. Your greatest victory is in yourself, little daughter; for in conquering your timidity, you have gained one of life's greatest rewards—the ability to make friends. If I had been able to learn this lesson at your age, life would have been very different."

"But, Daddy," she said, smiling, "you did n't have a frost whistle, as I did, to start you on your Friendship Road."



THE OPENING OF THE BASEBALL SEASON



by  
Faith  
Van Valkenburgh  
Vilas

It 's two steps down and 'way, 'way back,  
this little room of mine;  
It is n't very large and the walls are dear  
and low;  
They 're covered with gold trellises on which  
a pretty vine  
Winds all about, and in and out the pink-  
est roses grow.

From my big window stretches far the garden  
green and cool;  
The wise old trees peep in; they love to  
watch my rosy vine.  
I have a little table that my great-aunt used  
in school,  
And my mother's set of dishes which now,  
of course, are mine.

I have a little chest of drawers, a tiny sofa too,  
And such a queer old-fashioned chair my  
grandma gave to me.  
And when my darling daddy comes, what  
do you think I do?  
I play he is Prince Charming and invite  
him in for tea.





## THE MASTER OF HOUNDS

By MERRITT P. ALLEN

BACK in the eighties, Doctor Storm fell heir to several millions and, desiring a country-place, went up on the Vermont shore of Lake Champlain, a dozen or so miles from Burlington, and bought four thousand acres of farmland. He spent the next twenty years in improving the place, erecting magnificent buildings, interlacing the woods and fields with shrubbery-bordered macadam roads, capping the barren knolls with pines, introducing fine stock of every kind, and doing various other things that fancy and well-paid experts suggested.

When the doctor's son Harry came into his own it seemed that he could add nothing to the place. But Harry, who was something of a sportsman, had traveled, and, among other things, had hunted to hounds in England. He found it so much to his liking, that when he returned he brought with him twenty pure-bred English foxhounds, half-a-dozen hunting-horses, and Andy Madden, Master of Hounds. That autumn the hills and valleys of Storm Acres rang to the mellow notes of the hunting-horn, the cry of the pack, and the shouts of the huntsmen. From year to year it was repeated, until "The Hunt" was an institution there.

Time kept on and eventually took the doctor with it, never to return. Young Harry became middle-aged—a man of affairs, but still a man of sport; the pack increased to sixty or more; the horses, to a score; and Andy, now old Andy, had many assistants. It is no small task to master five dozen active foxhounds, to be responsible for each individual's health, behavior, and training, and at the same time keep an eye on twenty horses, which is also part of the master's work, for when the hunt comes he must

answer for everything. Andy and his wife had a cottage on the sunny side of a pine-crested hill, but he spent the most of his time in the ring barn. It was an enormous building, with a covered ring in the center so large that in bad weather the hunters, both canine and equine, could be exercised there. Around this ring were the stables and kennels, with convenient grain-rooms and hay-lofts for the horses, and refrigerators and kitchen where the dogs' food was kept and prepared. Behind these stretched paddocks and pastures, pens and runs half concealed among the trees.

One winter, death came quickly to a neighbor and his wife, but spared their six-year-old son. "We can not let the lad go to the orphanage," said Andy and his wife, so they kept the boy. He was a stalwart, upstanding little fellow, this George, and not once did his foster-parents regret their decision. On the first day he accompanied Andy to the ring barn, and from that moment his life centered there. It was like introducing a duck to a pond. Home from school, he would lay his books on the table, get into his old clothes, and away he would go to busy himself among the horses and dogs. He grew up with the colts and puppies, as other children do with human playmates. He spoke their language, it almost seemed, so well did they understand each other. "A lad after my own heart," Andy would say, and gave the boy a freer hand and greater responsibility.

When he was ten he could ride like a Cossack, and that summer he began exercising the hounds. To take a dog out on a leash for a stroll is one thing; but to mount a high-spirited, eager thoroughbred and go



tearing across country for twenty miles in charge of sixty or seventy great bellowing, leaping, hunt-hungry foxhounds is quite another. But George did it day after day and reveled in it, for it was life to him as to them, the sweetest kind of life.

As autumn approached, the mounts and pack were always put in shape for the hunt; or rather, their training began in early summer. Wild foxes could not be depended upon to be obliging when desired, so a pen of captive ones were kept on hand. The best one or two of these would be released on the great day, but they were too choice for everyday use, so the hounds were trained in another manner: a bag was filled with litter from the fox-pen, attached to a rope, and dragged behind a horse. This gave the true scent and trained the pack to holding the trail almost as well as a live fox could do. Not a dog but would have followed that bag to the end of the earth if he had the strength.

The summer he was sixteen, George graduated from high school. He would not consider further indoor life, so Andy and his wife wisely decided that college, to a boy who does not want it, is useless, and dropped the subject. Shortly after that, Andy had a talk with Harry Storm.

"I am sorry to tell you, sir," he began, as they leaned over the paddock admiring Comet, the finest horse that ever trod Storm Acres, "but you will be getting a new master of hounds soon."

The millionaire looked up quickly, for he loved the old man. "Why, Andy, what's the trouble?" he asked.

"The rheumatiz is after me," Andy answered slowly. "When the first frost comes I can't sit a horse short of murder."

"But, Andy, the hunt will not be the hunt without you. There is no one to handle the pack."

"If you will allow a suggestion, I think the boy George could."

"He is only a boy."

"An uncommon one, if I do say it."

"I have watched him some. Does he really understand dogs?"

"Understand 'em? Pardon, sir, but he understands 'em better than you understand your own children. He knows every dog as the palm of his hand, and they know him."

"And horses?"

"The same. He's exercised Comet for a year. He'd give his life for a horse or dog."

"He might do in the field, but could he keep them in condition out of season?"

"He could. But I could help him with that for some time yet, you being willing."

Comet the magnificent thrust his nose into his master's hand, but Storm paid no attention. "I hate to think of giving you up, Andy," he said slowly, "but certainly your health comes first. I must not be selfish. I will consider the boy because of your recommendation; but I would like a chance to try him out, to see what stuff he is made of."

Less than a week later he had the chance. It came on a night when a groom, the only man who slept in the ring barn, was away and had hired George to take his place. There was seldom anything to do there, but the groom was supposed to make the rounds once during the night to see that everything was all right. There was no stated hour for this, but George was awake at two o'clock and so started out.

He walked leisurely along the south hall and out upon the balcony that ran completely around the ring twelve feet from the ground. This balcony had been built for convenience in connecting the different rooms on the second floor, and was also used as a grand stand by those who cared to watch the horses being trained below, for from any part of it the whole ring was visible. As part of his watchman's duty, George snapped on the long row of arc-lights—and stopped in his tracks. On the far side of the ring was a motor-truck, and in the truck was Comet! At the flashing of the lights, two men dropped a plank bridge they were lifting, and up which they had led the horse into the truck, and sprang into the cab. Horse-thieves!—the thought chilled George—horse-thieves, who had forced the lock on the big gates and were making away with Comet, probably over the border into Canada; with Comet, the pride of Storm Acres, one of the most valuable hunting-horses in America!

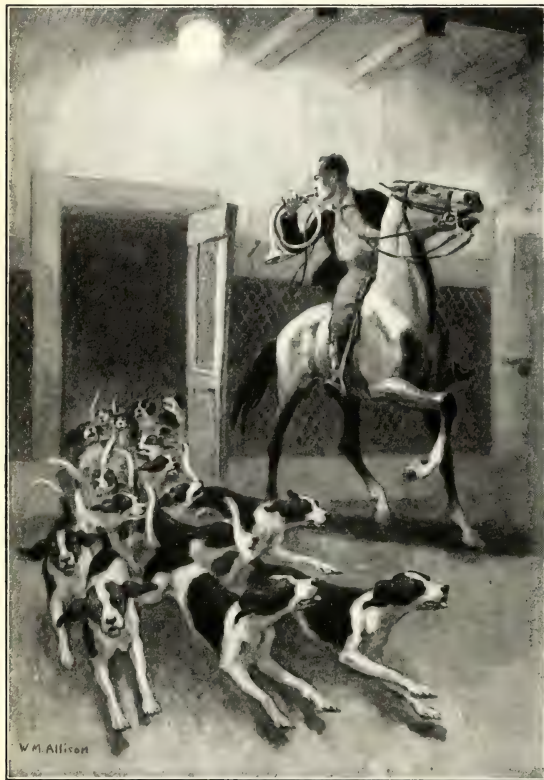
Without a plan of action, George ran along the gallery. There was a moment's delay in starting the motor, but as the boy reached a point above the gates the truck started. He thought of jumping down upon it as it passed, but saw that that would be useless as well as dangerous. At his feet lay the scent-bag, full of litter from the fox-pen, ready for the early morning hunt. It was always kept up there, well away from the hounds and convenient to throw down to a man on horseback. George snatched it up, and, with it, the long rope to which it was attached—a small, but very strong, rope looped at one end to be slipped over a saddle

pommel. He had a sudden wild hope that with that rope he might lasso one of the truck's headlights and by a sharp yank tear it loose and perhaps put out both lights.

George quickly clambered from the balcony to the ground and stood staring helplessly through the open gates. There was no telephone in the ring barn, and it was a

considerable distance to a house where there was one. By the time he got there, aroused the sleeping occupant, rang up Harry Storm, who must gather a party before he could start the pursuit, the thieves would have a long start; and no one would know, besides, in which direction they had gone. There was no night telephone service, so some one would have to go to the village three miles distant and get the operator up before a general alarm could be sent out. It seemed an endless task, when every second was so precious.

As he stood undecided, he noticed the mark in the road dust made by the scent-bag when it was dragged away behind the truck, and he had an idea. It was a daring idea, one that suited the moment's necessity for quick action, and he acted. Running across the ring, he entered the stable where Dash, Comet's hunting mate, was kept, and in record time had saddled and bridled that surprised horse. Mounting, he



"THERE WAS A PANDEMONIUM OF YELPS AND BARKS AND THE PACK POURED OUT"

That would hinder the thieves some. He pulled the loop wide, leaned over the balcony as the truck shot beneath, and threw. Too late! The rope hit the top of the cab, glanced off, and settled harmlessly and firmly about the last stake in the body. Rope, bag, and all were snapped from George's hands and disappeared through the gate. The thieves had escaped. Comet was gone!

cantered across the ring and, without getting down, threw open the kennel door, took the big hunting-horn from its peg, and blew a long blast. Instantly there was a pandemonium of yelps and barks and the pack poured out. The dogs blinked in the bright electric light, but acted mechanically from habit. Old Bruce, the great leader, sprang into his place, and a minute later had picked up the scent at the gate and was away into the night, the

pack at his heels in full cry. George pressed hard after on Dash, and the hunt was on.

The way led past Andy's house, and the old man, aroused by the clamor, was at his bedroom window.

"They have stolen Comet and taken him away in a truck," George shouted, barely pulling up. "I 'm after them with the hounds. Give the alarm and follow us." And he was off into the woods.

"Comet!" Andy cried, gripping the window-sill. "Stolen Comet!" And then in a husky voice, "Ah! the splendid lad!"

The pack tore along the hard road, through the woods, down the hill, up, down, and on into the main road. George paused, watched them a moment, and galloped to the gate-keeper's door.

"They 're going north," he yelled at a wondering face in an upstairs window. "Come down here and when Mr. Storm or Andy comes along tell him they have gone north." He loosened his reins and was away like an arrow.

This was a hunt, the greatest hunt of their lives, and horse and boy thrilled with it. The magnificent thoroughbred sailed like a swallow down the long smooth road. Ahead in the starlight sped the pack, a roadful of clamorous black and white and tan going full tilt. This was a hunt! A hunt—a hunt—a hunt—a hunt! The galloping hoofs seemed to beat out the words, and the boy's pulses caught up the rhythm—a hunt—a hunt—a hunt—a hunt—on into the night.

George could not guess where the truck was, but he knew it must be miles away. He had no idea of catching it, but thought the dogs might trail it until Harry Storm had telephoned ahead for help and taken up the pursuit in one of his fast cars. In this way no unnecessary time would be lost. If the thieves were taking the straight road to Canada, they would pass through Burlington, where the police would stand a good chance of getting them. On the other hand, knowing that they were pursued, would they not take to the back roads through the more thinly populated districts? That was a question for the dogs to settle. George thanked his lucky stars for the fluke by which he had brought the scent-bag into play, and hoped that the rope would hold.

After three miles, old Bruce swerved to the right and led the pack up a steep, stony cross-road. The thieves were afraid to enter the city. This was a region of many pastures and few houses, a wild country well

wooded with thick second growth. It was dark under the trees, and the road grew worse and worse until it seemed almost impassable for a truck, but the pack kept steadily on, less noisy now and more business-like.

They emerged from the woods, and Bruce turned again to the right, the dogs behind him flowing over, under, and through a four-board gate. Dash cleared it with a will, and George laughed for joy while in mid air. They were in a pasture now, without a sign of a road to follow, and it occurred to the boy that perhaps the thieves had not intended to reach Canada that night. This piece of wild land might belong to one of the gang, and would furnish a fairly safe hiding-place until the first heat of the search was over. There was a thousand-to-one chance against any one being able to follow them this far in the night; and once safely here, they could conceal the truck and Comet in the woods and bide their time to venture out again.

At these thoughts, George became uneasy. He was no coward, but he had no special desire to tackle two desperate and armed men empty handed. The sky was beginning to lighten with the summer dawn, and as Dash climbed the pasture hill the boy turned in his saddle and looked over the country, but there was no sign of Storm's car, no sound, no light except that in the lighthouse across the lake. Probably Storm and Andy had lost the trail at one of the turnings. George faced ahead resolutely; let come what might, he was going to stick by the pack and see the thing through. A fine hunter he would be to turn back when the trail became fresh!

At the top of the hill the indefatigable Dash was off again, this time through clumps of sweet-fern, witch-hazel and white birch. In the increasing light, George began to catch glimpses of the truck tracks, and at the same time the cry of the pack increased, as it always did when they were getting "warm." Dash understood and lengthened his stride eagerly. They rounded a knoll and came upon the hounds huddled at the edge of a clearing. In the center of the clearing stood a man with a revolver that spoke unhesitatingly at sight of horse and rider. A bullet clipped the boy's shoulder, and more from surprise than pain he cried out.

Foxhounds are not man-hunters, but they are dogs, and any dog will fight for his master. At sound of George's cry, old Bruce loosed a growl and lunged at the man. The gun spoke again—six times; two dogs went down,

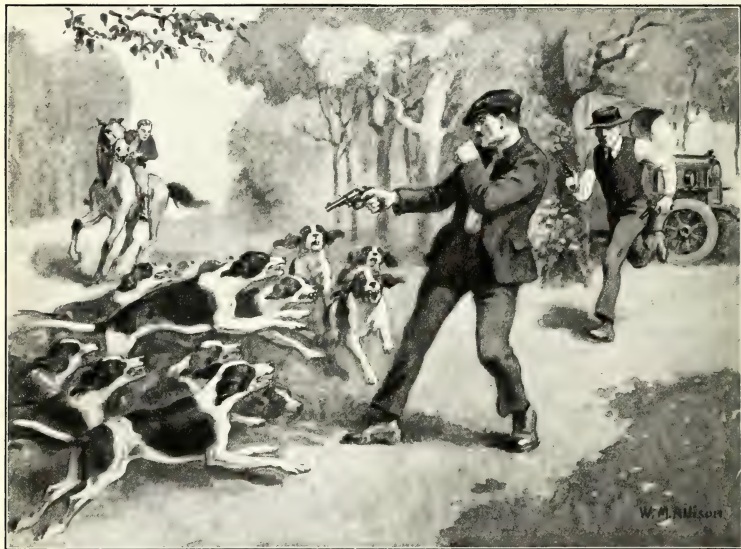


four others were hit, and the fighting blood of the pack was set boiling. Pressing after Bruce, they charged the man, each one temporarily a wild beast. Another man leaped beside the first, a revolver in either hand. More of the pack went down but the others did not pause; they were thorough-breds, and as the last shot cracked, both men dropped their guns and ran for their lives to

canvas bucket, filled it at a near-by stream, and began washing the wounds. He loved those dogs, and no nurse ever worked more tenderly. So absorbed was he in this that he did not see Storm, Andy, and three other men until Storm spoke.

"What 's this?" he asked anxiously. "It looks like a battle-field."

"The pack had a brush with the horse-



"PRESSING AFTER BRUCE, THEY CHARGED THE MAN, EACH ONE TEMPORARILY A WILD BEAST"

the nearest tree. The pack milled and howled about the trunk for a time, and then sat down to wait, grimly.

George had galloped up to the support of his hounds and was starting to dismount when a ringing neigh sounded from the woods. Dash answered joyfully and trotted toward the sound as George settled back in the saddle. A few minutes later they returned; George was leading Comet! and after making sure that both horses needed no further attention, he tied them on the opposite side of the clearing.

His next thought was for the fallen dogs. Two were dead, one dying, and five others more or less hurt. Running to the truck, which he had seen in the woods, he got a

thieves," George explained in a matter-of-fact tone.

"And they got away?"

"No, sir, they are up that tree there."

"How long have they been there?"

"A few minutes. I found Comet in the woods,—he 's all right, too,—but I stopped to fix up the dogs before I did anything more. Can you take four of them back in your car, Mr. Storm? They can't walk."

"Did n't I tell you the lad loved 'em?" Andy whispered.

Storm nodded, walked over to the tree and inspected the prisoners, then back. "Bring up the car, Jim," he said to one of the men; and to George: "Now tell us how in the world you and the dogs followed the truck



up here. We have been puzzling over it all the way, which may account for our getting off the track half a dozen times."

George told his story and Storm nodded from time to time. When the car came up he carefully helped load the wounded hounds; then, pulling an automatic from his pocket, he walked over to the tree. "Now," he said, "you fellows come down, one at a time."

"We ain't comin' while them dogs are there," one declared.

"Come away!" Storm commanded the guardians.

The hounds looked at him, but stayed where they were.

"I say, come here! Don't you know how to mind? *Come here!*"

Andy started to speak, stopped, and smiled as George stepped forward.

"Excuse me, Mr. Storm, but this will do it." He snapped his fingers. "Bruce—pack. Heel!" And every dog moved slowly back and formed a semicircle behind their master. Storm said nothing, only shot a glance at Andy.

When the thieves were safely bound and in their truck under guard, Storm turned to the old man. "You go back with them, Andy," he said smiling. "I will follow with the pack and the new Master of Hounds."

## THE THREE WISE MONKEYS

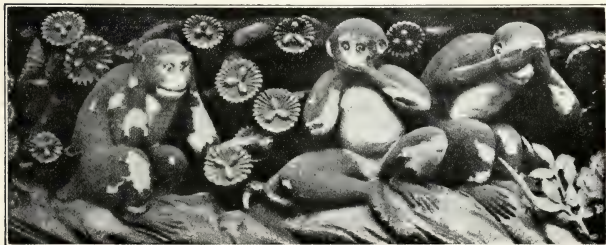
By FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

IN a temple at Kioto in far-away Japan,  
The Little Apes of Nikko are sitting, wondrous wise;  
And one they call Mizaru—he's a funny little man!  
*Mizaru sees no evil with his eyes.*

The next is Kikazaru—quite funny, too, is he;  
But ah! the people tell me he is wise beyond his years;  
As fine a little gentleman as any ape could be;  
*Kikazaru hears no evil with his ears.*

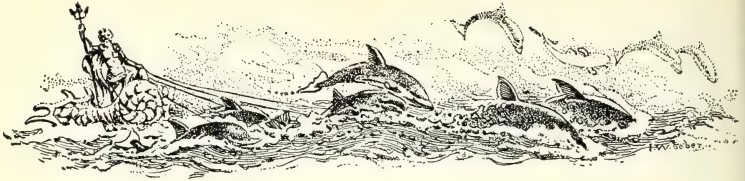
The third one is Mazaru, and, like the other two,  
His way is often quoted by the folk he dwells among;  
And that which makes him famous is a simple thing to do—  
*Mazaru speaks no evil with his tongue.*

Now the temple at Kioto few of us may ever see,  
Or the Little Apes of Nikko, they're so very far away,  
But if *we* would do as *they* do, I think you'll all agree,  
We might in time become as wise as they.



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"KIKAZARU HEARS NO EVIL, MAZARU SPEAKS NO EVIL, AND MIZARU SEES NO EVIL"



## DOLPHINS AND PORPOISES

By I. W. TABER



THIS group of cetaceans, or little whales, belong to the family Delphinidæ and have the same ability to spout, on a small scale, and cleave the mighty billows with their horizontal tails as has their monstrous

relative, the gigantic sperm-whale.

Known and chronicled by many ancient writers, these jolly denizens of the deep acquired the reputation of being very socially disposed toward humans, very susceptible to the strains of music, and, as soothsayers, giving timely warning of approaching storms.

Herman Melville says of his "huzzah" porpoise or dolphin, "I call him this, because he always swims in hilarious shoals, which, upon the broad sea, keep tossing themselves like caps in a Fourth-of-July crowd. Full of fine spirits, they invariably come from the breezy billows to windward. They are the lads that always live before the wind. They are accounted a lucky omen."

They love to gather around the bow of a surging ship and, with its towering bowsprit as a canopy, engage in their elfish pranks. Their dark, winglike fins cleave the passing seas in a multitude of confusing circles, throwing out threadlike streams of glittering foam, when zip!—several of these quivering beauties, shimmering lumps of energy, fire themselves like rockets skyward, and, turning

gracefully in a shower of sparkling spray, descend with a resounding splash. Rolling over, you catch a passing glimpse of their grotesque heads, that seem to grin as if saying, "How was that? Don't you think we did that well?"

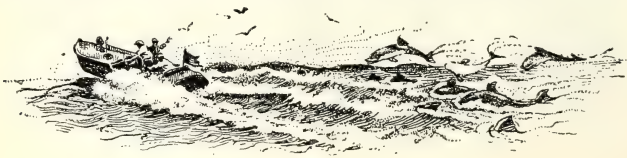
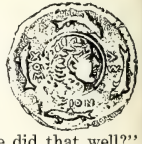
And so they keep up these amazing aquatic antics until, as if by some preconcerted signal, they vanish. Perhaps, as we crossed the swirl or wake of a vessel, they hit the trail, seeking a new acquaintance, or the alarm was passed of the approach of a deadly enemy from the depths below.

And thus, since the earliest known era of history, the porpoise have chased herring and its kind, dived for octopus, indulged in side-dishes of crustaceans and mollusks, and romped through the billows, a jolly set of sociable little rambblers.

They occupy a quiet niche in the annals of mythology, and by the Greeks and Assyrians were held as sacred.

Many antique coins are embellished with their forms, and sculptors and artists used them frequently in their portraiture of the deities of the sea as their symbols and attendants.

And so from the mystic and shadowy myths of Neptune's realm, to a brush with the mighty and palatial greyhound of the sea, as it plunges along in a swirl of smoke and steam, they roam the deep.





"THEY LOVE TO GATHER AROUND THE BOW OF A SURGING SHIP"

# THE WORKSHOP OF THE MIND

By HALLAM HAWKSWORTH

## CHAPTER III

### THE LONG MEMORIES OF THE LITTLE BRAINS

BESIDES the big brains we have in our heads, we have little brains scattered all through the body. I speak of this, not because it will be any news to you,—you 've read about them in your physiology, have n't you?—but because while we are on the subject of memory I want to do justice, as far as I can, to the truly remarkable memories of these little brains, and point out how, because they *have* such good memories, the brains in our heads are left free for bigger business.

These little brains not only recall readily things the big brains have forgotten for months and months, but they remember things our big brains never knew at all—things our ancestors did thousands, yes, millions, of years ago!

#### I. HOW THE LITTLE BRAINS STARTED IN BUSINESS

As to the memories of the little brains for comparatively recent things, take skating. Did you ever stop to think why it is you can start right off up the creek on those steel gliders—those “winged feet” that Mr. Mercury never heard of—as soon as the ice is safe, when you 've gone all summer without doing a stroke? It 's because the little brains in your legs remember how. Bicycle riding will give us a still more striking instance. When automobiles first became so popular, bicycle riding almost ceased. Then, after several years, it came back. But probably you had little trouble in mounting your wheel again and away as if nothing had happened.

Now contrast the memories of the big brains—in geography, for example. Although you may have passed with good marks when you entered the eighth grade, I should n't be surprised to hear you admit that you could n't tell, at the beginning of the next term, where Karachi is, or why; or by what body of water Abyssinia is bounded, or whether it is bounded by any water at all, and why.

One reason the little brains retain things so much better than the big brains is that they specialize. They have just one set of things to remember,—how to move the legs,

for example,—and they have a great deal of practice in applying their knowledge. “Learning by doing” is one of the great principles of education. The big brains, on the other hand, are required, by the very nature of their business, to be constantly taking up new things, new topics in geography, new forms in drawing, new subjects in composition and debate.

Another reason—and a most interesting one—is that the little brains have been a long time learning their trade. The great principle of evolution indicates that while man is now the king of the animal creation, as far as the whole of him is concerned, yet considered in his physical make-up, part by part, he is a kind of zoo, a menagerie, a living museum, a biological laboratory, and, most of all, an animal republic. While he is an individual, he is also an assembly of lower forms of life; and these lower life forms, although they are now a part of him, still carry on, as humble citizens of this zoological republic, the same kind of work they began—or that their ancestors began—unthinkable ages ago.

One way in which science got hold of this strange fact is that these lower forms of life, that we find duplicated in shape or action or both in higher types, including man, still exist as separate individuals—for all the world as if Mother Nature meant us to spell our way up to this great fact of the Brotherhood of Life!

Just how one life form was built into another; how, for example, certain kinds of white corpuscles in our blood that look and act, for all the world, like certain shapeless creatures in our ponds, got into the blood; or how our hearts and lungs learned the rhythmic stroke of the jellyfish that swim in the sea to-day and that swam in the sea before even our continents were born,—the “how” of it,—nobody knows, though there are interesting theories about it in books dealing with evolution.

Beginning at A, as you may say, in the Alphabet of Life, that is, with creatures that consist of a single cell,—you and I and Brother James are made up of millions of cells,—we find that any part of this single cell may serve as a stomach, whatever part happens first to come in contact with the food; any part may



serve for temporary feet and legs. Then, as we go on to B, we find another creature, which also consists of a single cell, but in which certain spots specialize in swallowing the food, others in moving about. Next comes a creature—let's call him C in our alphabet—not of one cell but of many cells; and these cells are loosely federated, like the original thirteen colonies. Being so federated, and more or less coöperative, certain localities do the stretching and contracting in gathering food for the commonwealth, and so we get the beginning of our muscles; another set specializes on feeling,—gathering news for the community,—and so we get what finally becomes our bodily "Associated Press," with its telegraph-wires, the nerves.

Some of these news-gathering cells collect in local groups, thus forming the ganglia, while others spread out in lines between these groups, thus laying the foundation, don't you see, for the nerves, which unite all these various centers into one system—the human nervous system, with its big brains in the head and, scattered through it, the little brains, the ganglia, for operating the arms and legs, stomach, heart, lungs; like the telephone exchange that connects the home and the office, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, all with each and each with all.

But the character and action of each of these groups of nerve-centers, now in business together in the great corporation, the human body, has its counterpart in lower forms of life in which these nerve-centers are all the nervous system the creature has. The regular opening and shutting of its muscular "umbrella by which the jellyfish moves through the water is repeated in the rhythmic action of our lungs, heart, and stomach." One eminent writer on science (Romanes) remarks that the nerves of the stomach "behave with such discrimination that, if the stomach were a distinct organism, we might be in danger of regarding it as dimly intelligent."

But if we are in danger of regarding as "dimly intelligent" these little brains that enjoy the advantage of living in neighborly groups, I wonder what I dare say, without getting into scientific "hot water" I mean, about those free-roving citizens of the body that seem to carry their own brains right with them as they move about on patrol duty?

For who, do you suppose, defends this body-nation of ours against invasion by its

deadliest enemies, the microbes of disease? The Little White Soldiers of the Blood—certain of the white corpuscles. These particular white corpuscles are called "phagocytes." The White Soldiers were christened in Greek, as things in the world of science are so apt to be, to distinguish them from the ordinary white corpuscles. Their name is from a word meaning "to eat."

For—what do you think?—they get rid of these invaders by eating them up, thus "living on the enemy" in the most literal sense! And when did they learn this great principle of military operations? At the very dawn of life upon the globe. Certain little people, who in the summer-time live in the bottom of the pond where you go to gather lilies, will tell you as much; and what's more, they'll show you just how these little white soldiers march and how they surround the hostile armies of the microbes and swallow them! The pond people I'm speaking of are called *amœbæ*. They are among the very lowest forms of animal life. An *amœba* and a phagocyte not only look as much alike as two peas, but their queer way of moving about and of getting their meals is identical. That any living creature except a worm or serpent could travel without feet, or wings, or fins, passes belief. And how, without hands, or paws, or claws, could they seize their food? Or how, without a stomach, could they digest it? Yet the phagocytes do all of these things; and the *amœbæ* in the pond will tell you how. But you must catch the *amœba* first; not only that, but you must find him after you have caught him, for an *amœba* is so small he can be seen only with a microscope.

The important thing, however, from the standpoint of the memories of the little brains in our bodies, is that the phagocytes are not only duplicates of these little ancients, these Adams in the long history of the evolution of life, but they do things even more wonderful. Having no longer to earn a living for themselves, out in the world all alone, as do their first cousins of the pond,—since the phagocytes are supplied with shelter, board, and keep by the "United States" of which they are a part, the human body,—they, in turn, serve the community as a national guard. Instead of being fastened together, as most of our body cells are, they, like the *amœba*, go about as individuals in the blood-streams, up and down the long avenues of the veins, and keep a sharp lookout for disease germs, wrapping themselves

around these bad citizens and swallowing them, just as the amoeba does with its food particles.

Being in the military service, these little wardens of the public can, in the name of the law, enter where they please! They don't wait for doors to be unlocked, any more than the police do when they're afraid somebody is going to get away or do something bad before they can reach him. They break right in. In other words, these white corpuscles have the faculty of making themselves so thin that they can push right through the walls of blood-vessels and attack disease germs wherever they may be.

But to sum up this part of our talk, if we keep before us the great fact that within our bodies we find represented the very lowest types, like these little white soldiers, then we must realize that the various little brains scattered through our bodies have very long memories indeed; that they are constantly using them to serve our big brains, although half the time we don't know a thing about it.

One of the most important functions of these little brains and the connecting nerves in various parts of the body is to keep the big brains posted on what is going on in the outside world, and get orders as to what to do about it, when there is any question in the matter. For instance, on a raw March day your body feels uncomfortable and sends word to the big brain:

"We folks, in the body here, are chilly!"

"So are we," say the little brains in the legs.

"Maybe you think we are n't pretty miserable down here, too,"—this from the little brains that look after the feet.

"Well, then," comes back word from the board of directors at headquarters, "the thing to do is to go back home and get on a heavier overcoat; and your rubbers, too. We ought to have known better than to let you go out on a day like this without your rubbers."

These useful consultations, this exchange of telegrams between the different parts of the body, is possible because all the little brains have, in the course of the ages of the upbuilding of the human brain, been so well connected up with headquarters. And when the directors neglect their duties toward that wonderful and precious thing of which they have been placed in charge, the human body, they show themselves, to that extent, unworthy of the high honors conferred upon them by Mother Nature and the ages.

Why, if it were n't for these little people, the little brains, it's a question whether some of the big folks would ever go to their meals at all. Newton was so indifferent as to when he ate, or whether he ate at all, that some waggy friend, at whose home he was a guest, had a servant, by a prearranged signal, remove the philosopher's untouched plate and substitute one on which were the remains of food. Presently, when the meal was over, Newton, with a casual glance at the plate, arose also and walked out arm in arm with his host, still discoursing on some great idea which had been the topic of the meal.

Napoleon seldom spent more than ten or fifteen minutes at table, so eager was he to get back to the business of the big brain. But then, see what came of this constant disregard of the protests of the little brains that look after our digestion. His digestion was constantly giving him trouble, which made him even more wilful and irritable than he was naturally, interfered with the best workings of his mind, and finally carried him off with a disorder of the stomach.

One of the most interesting ways in which the little brains show us what long memories they have is in the mechanical service they perform in the expression of various emotions in the face; for their service in this respect is purely mechanical. Like the scene-shifters on the stage or the man who throws the movie picture on the screen, it seems to be all one to them whether the drama of emotion to be presented is romance, tragedy, or farce.

What could differ more widely, for example, than the way a little boy feels when he cries violently and when he "laughs till he cries?" And yet the little brains that work the muscles for the protection of the eyes do precisely the same thing in both cases: they contract the surrounding muscles and squeeze the eyeballs tight to protect the delicate membranes of the eye from the backward rush of the blood caused by the little boy's violent exertions in working off his feelings. A dog howling with pain or barking or "baying the moon" involuntarily protects his eyes in the same way.

If a dog or a cat were actually to cry, they would, no doubt, screw up their eyes, just as a child does. Wild elephants sometimes shed tears when captured and bound, and there is on record the case of a mother elephant at the London zoo who shed tears when her baby was taken away. The elephant's eyes are always strongly contracted

when he trumpets, just as ours are when we have a bad cold.

Frowning, when we get to thinking very hard about something, is another habit in which the long training given to the little brains of the face in the weeping times of babies since the world began comes into play. It is when we have to meet a particularly knotty problem in some line of thought that we frown. This frown is only the beginning of the same contraction of the face muscles that so often ends in a cry when baby is hungry, or in pain, or when all the joy goes out of life because he can't have something he wants or encounters any of the innumerable big troubles of his little world. So we instinctively do the same thing in frowning when we meet obstacles in the pathways of thought.

## II. HOW THE BIG BRAINS CLIMBED INTO THE HEAD

YOU 'VE read in your stories of Roman history, no doubt, how the soldiers used to scale high walls by standing on one another's heads. First one group would make a platform by interlocking their shields; then another group, standing on this platform, would make a similar one over their own heads, and so on until the men at the very top could scale the wall.

The Big Brains got into the citadel of the body in a similar manner, figuratively speaking; and to complete the analogy, these little brains "came in by the back way," as those soldiers taking a walled city by surprise were so apt to do. The higher types



Diagrams from Jewett's "Control of Mind and Body." Courtesy Ginn & Co.



### A LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS

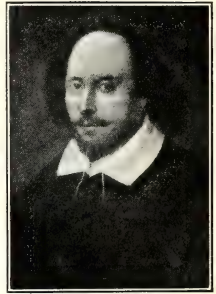
At the bottom of "the stairs" is the *amœba*—all brain or no brain, just as you choose to look at it. Then successively come the

brains of a frog, a pigeon, a chimpanzee, and a man. Mr. Shakespeare's brain was shaped substantially like that of the chimpanzee; but it had a lot more wrinkles in it, thus packing more brain surface in the same space. These wrinkles increase with the increase of intelligence. That's the

psychology, although not the etymology, of the slang phrase "a new wrinkle."

of mind evolved, step by step, from groups of ganglia in the head regions of lower forms; but it has also been shown that the brains in

the back of the head are the oldest, and those in front, the most recent. This can easily be seen by comparing the relative proportions of the front and back brains of man with those of even so intelligent a creature as the dog. The back of the brain coöperates with



the chain of ganglia along the backbone in controlling the machinery of the body, and the dog has as much use for this part of the brain as we have; but the brains in the front of our heads are for higher things that do not enter the mind of the dog. The doctors have

learned the relative functions of these parts of the brain, just as they learned the curious facts with regard to the location of different memories, from the effects produced by injuries to the brain in these localities.

As we pass up from lower to higher forms of life, we find the brains of the higher repeating the lower, but with more and more of the little brains, previously scattered over the body, forming into larger groups; some in the region of the heart, thus making larger and more efficient hearts; some in the region of the stomach, thus making stomachs to furnish more blood for the larger hearts; some in the region of the head to serve these improved manufacturing departments in helping to secure food and in turn to be served by them with the necessary supply of blood to keep the brain going.

Next above such simple cellular creatures as the *amœbæ*, with their many temporary feet, we find others with projections distributed over them that are not absorbed back into the body, as in the case of the *amœbæ*, but remain permanently in business and serve as oars for carrying the owner about in the water, so bringing him in contact with his food. But there is no head or mouth.



The food is simply absorbed, as in the case of the amoebæ.

Next we find the very same sort of creature, —you see that the two are at least first cousins the moment you lay eyes on them,—but the body of number two is longer; as if he



THE CENTIPEDE AND HIS LEGS

*Each joint in the centipede has a little brain that operates the adjoining legs, under the general direction of what plays the part of a spinal cord. But the action is automatic.*

had half a notion to turn into what we call a "thousand-legged worm," but could n't quite make it. He begins to come to a point in the region where later, in the serial story of life as written in its forms, a head appears. In this head end the more sensitive cells, previously scattered over his body, are clustered.

And now his propellers, the dictionary calls them "cilia," are confined to his flanks; as in the long boat in which Ulysses and his companions

smote with their well-ranged oars  
The gray-green brine of the ocean.

Then, if we look along the line of descent, we find, with several intervening steps, bodies that reach out still more toward the worm type; for the first time we see a mouth in the region of the brain and groups of rudimentary sense-spots connecting with this speck of a brain. Then, in successive groups of worms, the sense organs become more and more efficient; the ganglia which serves as a brain, larger. The fish-worm, or angleworm, is a very advanced type of the worm family about which (one almost feels like saying "whom") Darwin wrote that wonderful book of his. It even seemed to this great man that these earthworms showed signs of what in human beings we call "intelligence"; among other things, in their remarkable "engineering" devices for drawing leaves of different shapes into their burrows, where, as Mr. Darwin learned, they are accustomed to use them as we use oriental rugs—to protect themselves from the cold floors of their homes.

The brains of lower life, even to the animal itself, are relatively unimportant to their possessor; that is to say, compared to the relation of man's brain to the rest of him. Incredible as it sounds, there are lowly creatures which, if they lose their heads in

some of the many perils to which their lives of adventure are subject, can grow other heads and then, as good as new, go on about their business! We ourselves speak of "losing our heads," to be sure, but this is only metaphorical. One man induced a certain worm, known in scientific society as *Planaria tarva*, to grow no less than six successive heads. He found, furthermore, that if he persuaded Mr. P. T. to grow a new head at a sufficient distance from the first, the two heads would sometimes pull in different directions, and the first thing Mr. P. T. knew, he was twins. The amoebæ and the phagocytes, as we have seen, also multiply themselves by division, but they do it consistently and "on purpose."

Another curious illustration of the casual way in which certain members of the worm family can dispense with heads or tails—provided they don't lose them both at once, of course—is that the two halves of a severed worm often both re-grow the missing parts. But this strange form of immortality goes even further. A certain water relative of our fish-worm can be cut in two and cut in two and cut in two and still he lives; and not only lives, but, instead of one worm, you have as many as the pieces into which you cut him! One of these creatures was cut into fourteen parts, and thirteen grew into complete worms. (How the fourteenth part lost out, I did n't learn.)

You see what magic powers life surrendered in climbing up to man and the marvel of his brain.

Mother Nature sends us into the world with brains already built and a nice safe place to keep them in. She turns them over to us, but still, during our earlier years, guides our hands in the building and furnishing of the house of the mind. Literally "guides our hands"; for the hand performs so important a part in the building of the brain, that the seat of the memory chambers we visited in Chapter II is confined to one of its hemispheres; and whether it is the right or the left hemisphere, is determined by the hand we most use in childhood. In all right-handed children the left hemisphere becomes the seat of memory; and in the case of left-handed children, the right hemisphere.

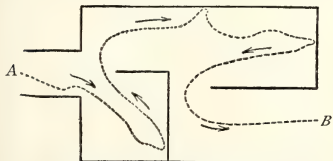
Because of this close connection between the use of the hands and the use of the brain, you can see that the boy who is systematic in taking care of his room, his clothes, his belongings, is, at the same time, helping to develop system in the organization and



workings of his mind. Much of the effectiveness of the mind depends merely in keeping things in their places. In the matter of the use of memory, the great storehouse of the mental workshop, a fact or an idea is in the right place or it is n't there at all—as far as getting at it when you want it is concerned.

Going back into the history of the part played by the hand in the long climb of the brains into the head, we find that the monkey family owes its distinction as man's nearest relative to the fact that, of the numerous tree-dwelling creatures, the monkey tribe alone left its ancestral home in the trees and acquired the habit of getting about on the ground. In so doing, the monkey began to throw the whole weight of his body on his hind legs, leaving his hands free for work requiring more skill. "Man," says some witty Frenchman, "learned to walk on his hind legs in order that he might become the master of the world." For the development of manual and mental skill went hand in hand in those days as it does now. As the groves were the first temples, they were also the first manual-training schools, the earliest "techs."

It is only about 10,000 years, so they say, since human beings capable of forming even an elementary civilization appeared on the earth. In these years, man's mind has climbed from the savage to Shakspeare. Yet it took a million, some think two million,



From Jewett's "Control of Mind and Body." Courtesy Ginn & Co.

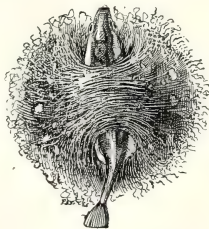
#### HOW MR. CRAB SOLVED THE LABYRINTH PUZZLE

In "Control of Body and Mind," you will find this diagram-story of a test that was made to determine whether a crab was "intelligent" enough to "remember" mistakes and profit by them. He was started into a kind of labyrinth at A. His food was in the opening at B. Four times a day for two weeks he made the journey between A and B. At first he followed that dotted line and spent five minutes getting to his meals. But little by little, after twenty-five trips, he learned the shortest cut and made it in ten seconds!

years to cover the mental distance between the ape and the savage.

But not satisfied with having the best

mind in all creation, Mr. Man seems to be getting more and more jealous of his distinction as the Big Brain of the Animal World. He is slow to concede that his fellow-pupils in the lower grades do any real *thinking*. Considering the fact that he owes his big brain to



BRAVE LITTLE MR. STICKLEBACK

*"I don't mind what the scientific skeptics say about the octopus, but when it comes to their comments on Mr. Stickleback and that little home nest under the water that he guards so bravely and so well, I feel like protesting."*

the successive collections and contributions of little brains, carefully hoarded, as it were, for uncounted centuries and finally deposited in the skull of this spoiled young heir of all the ages—does n't it seem rather shabby of him to talk that way? Is n't it very much like kicking over the ladder by which he climbed?

I don't mind what the scientific skeptics say about the octopus,—his personality never appealed to me, anyhow,—but when it comes to their comments on Mr. Stickleback and that little home nest under the water that he guards so bravely and so well, I feel like protesting.

The case for the octopus was first presented, I believe, in a scientific work issued under the auspices of Cambridge University. In it the author maintained that the octopus had three claims to the possession of at least the foreshadowing of a mind.

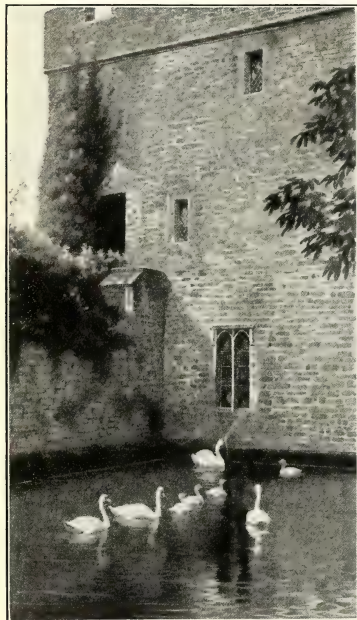
- 1.—His varying colors under different conditions, which seemed to register changes of emotion.

- 2.—The concentration of ganglia in the brain regions, which distinguishes the higher animals, is quite noticeable in him.

- 3.—He seems capable of learning by experience—something even we humans don't do as much of as we might.

The instance cited to show the capacity of the octopus for profiting by lessons in the Great School of Hard Knocks was where a

young fellow was seen to approach a hermit-crab whose shell was guarded by his *fidus Achates*, the sea-anemone. Being properly stung, he thereafter avoided similar encounters. An older octopus, on the other hand,



After a photograph

SWANS AT WELLS CATHEDRAL RINGING FOR DINNER

was observed to remove the crab with all the deftness of a man extracting a broiled lobster from the shell.

Here, it seemed to the author referred to, that both the older and the younger octopus, gave some evidence of intelligence, for obviously, the octopus is not born with an instinct for capturing the hermit-crab without getting stung by its faithful partner, the sea-anemone.

But, says another learned student:

One has only to suppose that in the nerve-center of the octopus the sight of a crab-anemone group becomes associated, as the result of experience, with the sting of the anemone, and the theory of intelligence, of reasoning on this experience, becomes superfluous.

In other words, according to this point of view, the memory of the crab-anemone part-

ners was so "wired up" with the memory of the sting that the sight of another group, however tempting, brought back with it the memory of that sting. So Mr. Octopus, like a sensible youth, automatically cut hermit-crab meat from his menu!

Of course, it's hard to imagine an octopus, particularly so young an octopus, saying to himself, "I like good, fresh hermit-crab meat,—passionately fond of it, in fact,—but the seasoning that peppery person on the roof insists on furnishing with it is a little too hot for me."

What the students of mind say about Mr. Stickleback is that his anger and solicitude in guarding the family nest is too vivid to be the result of thought and intention. But for that matter, neither is the act of a manly boy in teaching a bully to "take somebody of his own size" the result of a chain of reasoning. The boy also acts largely on his emotions, but they are emotions to be proud of. Nor can we see much evidence of brain in the action of Handel in throwing his wig at a musician during the rehearsal of one of his sacred oratorios. The poor man had sounded a false note! Under no circumstances can reason justify people in throwing their wigs at other people; and the thing is singularly out of place in the performance of a sacred oratorio.

Take the thing that we call "losing one's temper"—that is, the emotion, of anger runs away with our machinery before the conscious self, the "I" that is supposed to live in the front of the brain, can get hold of it. When we become angry the brain does n't say deliberately, "Now, for such and such reasons, my temper is going to get 'hot,' " and then turn on the draft. The fire starts with the little brains, which represent the unrestrained, undisciplined emotions of our primitive ancestors, and blazes up from below and is "all over the place" before we realize what is happening.

So, after all, we don't seem so very different from Mr. Stickleback in the matter of being governed by emotions, do we? But then the point they make, these scientific people, in drawing the line between Instinct and the Thinking Mind, is that "complex and purposeful as the acts of certain creatures are,"—the stickleback, the ant, the bee, and Brother Beaver, for example,—"they are substantially identical in animals of the same group regardless of the character of previous experience; or without any experience at all."

I remember reading in ST. NICHOLAS a number of years ago of the famous swans that every visitor to Wells and its wonderful cathedral sees gliding about in the waters of the moat around the bishop's palace. At their regular dinner-time, or whenever the swans feel inclined, Father Swan starts for the gate-house, with the rest of the family following in a long, graceful procession. From the gate-house window there hangs a string attached to a bell inside the gate-house, and taking the string in his bill, Father Swan gives it several vigorous jerks. Whereupon the lodge-keeper's wife appears with a basket of bread which, following the Scriptural injunction, she casts upon the waters; and the bread comes back to her later—in another procession of the same swans on the same errand! This dinner call was taught to the swans by the daughter of a former Bishop of Wells.

The first place in which the cautious scientists are willing to concede the beginning of minds that think is among the birds, whose brains show small organs of consciousness, similar to man's. Yet even here some Doubting Thomases try to explain such things as the defense of the young by saying it is due to the connection of nerve-centers by association; although it is hard to see how any pleasant associations—the only kind that, on

this theory, move to action—could cause a hen to expose her body to be torn in pieces by a hawk, while protecting her little brood. When it comes to such instances, I think this denying of hearts as well as brains to our dumb brothers and sisters has gone too far.

Speaking of chickens, take the case of one that was shut up in a little coop by a certain psychologist and set free whenever it pecked its feathers. After a time, it would begin pecking as soon as it was shut up. What do you think this student of the mind had to say about that?

Of the many varied actions performed on being imprisoned, one alone, that of pecking the feathers, became connected with the pleasant impression of release.

But how, I should like to know, could the pleasant impression cause the pecking, unless the chicken remembered this impression and in his chicken brain "put two and two together," as we say? You see the situation is just the reverse of that of the octopus, whose pleasant memory of crab meat was fastened, as it were, to the memory of the sting—"attached thereto and made a part thereof," as the lawyers say.

It's hard to see how any of us could ever hope to hold our jobs, which assume a certain amount of sense, if *our* brains were always being argued away from us like that!

## MAGIC

By ADALENA F. DYER

PHILIP DUNN was always bragging  
Of his cousin Ned,  
Till his chums, bored by his nagging,  
From his presence fled.  
Cousin Ned was a magician,  
He could wonders do.  
If they'd pay five cents admission,  
They could see him too.

He could turn tops into candy,  
Jack-knives into sticks.  
"Oh!" cried Phil, "Ned is a dandy  
When it comes to tricks!"  
"He can take a little kitten,—  
Every time he tries,—  
Change it to a glove or mitten  
Right before your eyes."

But at last his schoolmates tired  
Of his cousin's name,  
And a boy they all admired  
Put such boasts to shame.  
"Ned may know a lot concerning  
Sleight-of-hand," scoffed Glenn;  
"But, with all his magic turning,  
He can't beat my hen.

"Oh! you need n't scowl and sputter;  
She can teach him tricks;  
For she turned, without a flutter,  
Ten eggs into chicks."  
This was greeted with such laughter,  
Philip hung his head;  
And his playmates never after  
Heard him brag of Ned.



# THE HILL OF ADVENTURE

By ADAIR ALDON

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

In the small town of Ely, in the Rocky Mountains, Beatrice Deems, her sister Nancy, and their invalid Aunt Anna settle down for the summer. The town is full of foreign laborers, who, led by a Finnish agitator, Thorvik, begin rioting when the irrigation company that employed them ceases work on account of lack of funds. The household moves to a cabin on the mountain-side, helped by Thorvik's sister, Christina Jensen. Her son Olaf, a sailor, is at home on leave, but dares not go near the village on account of a mischievous prank he played before he went away to sea. The cabin's nearest neighbors are John Herrick, the head of the irrigation company, and his adopted daughter Hester. A would-be reporter and amateur detective, Dabney Mills, is seeking to solve the mystery of why the company is without funds when it had seemed so prosperous. Dr. Minturn is another friend, who lives on the other side of the mountain. The girls are long puzzled by some deep-lying grief that is at the bottom of their aunt's illness and finally persuade her to tell them the story of her brother Jack. He, it seems, was a young engineer, who was involved by a dishonest contractor in some questionable dealing on his first "job." Thinking that his own family, even, doubted his honor, Jack Deems vanished out of their lives, but Aunt Anna hopes to find some trace of him here in Ely where he and she once came, together. The girls suspect that the brother is really John Herrick, but do not tell their aunt of their idea, fearing to raise false hopes.

Dabney Mills and Nancy are attacked on the mountain-side by a bear, which, when they can flee from it no farther, knocks Dabney down and squares off to deal a final blow at Nancy. She calls for help to Olaf, who is coming through the woods, but who is desperately far away.

## CHAPTER XI

### A DECISION

It was not easy, afterward, for either Nancy or Olaf to give any connected account of their adventure with the bear. Nancy could never describe it clearly, and Olaf, when questioned, gave a very simple version of the rescue:

"When I came near I saw the bear getting ready to strike, so I just whanged her over the head with the milk-bucket and she ran."

Dabney Mills, who at the time had no knowledge of what was happening, was able, perhaps, to give the most picturesque story of the three. Not even he, however, was able to deny that it was the milk-pail that saved the day. Olaf had been carrying it on his arm when he heard Nancy's frantic cry for help, and he had never thought of setting it down, nor, so it chanced, did he spill quite all of the contents as he ran to help her. He had come, panting, up the slope, just in time to see the bear's blow graze Nancy's shoulder and rip away her sleeve. Being still out of reach, he had hurled the unwieldy tin bucket with all his might and with most successful aim. The clanging blow with which it struck startled Nancy, and the unexpected spectacle of a white stream of milk pouring over the bear's black, furry shoulders, made her feel that she had been bereft of her senses.

"And I have seen," she said, when she was trying to relate the tale to Beatrice later, "what nobody else ever saw—I have seen a bear look surprised."

Astonishment and horror seemed, indeed, to take instant possession of Mrs. Bruin, for she dropped from the ledge and made off through the bushes. The milk-pail, dislodged from where it had caught among the stones, rolled clanging and banging after her with a noise that lent even greater speed to her flight.

Olaf and Nancy stared at each other for a moment, while his anxious face relaxed slowly into a broad grin and she burst out into irrepressible giggles. The strain of the terrible minutes that had just passed broke down suddenly into incontrollable mirth, so that gale after gale of laughter swept over them both. Nancy was so breathless from her desperate climb that laughing was painful, yet she could not check it and was forced to sit down upon the grass and lean against the rock wall in her helplessness. Olaf recovered first, rubbed his eyes, wet with laughter, on the sleeve of his coat, and was able to speak quite soberly.

"After all, it is n't so funny," he observed. He leaned far out over the precipice and looked down. "I thought you would go over before I got there."

"We must look after Dabney Mills," Nancy reminded him suddenly. "Suppose he had been killed!"

"If he had, it would be by no fault of his," Olaf muttered as he helped her to her feet and walked with her to where the reporter was sitting up, looking about him with a dazed expression.

"You were mighty slow coming," he said



morosely to Olaf. "That brute could have knocked us into kingdom come."

He was feeling about vaguely, first in his pockets, then among the weeds and stones about him. A great blue bruise was spreading slowly over his face and neck.

"Have you lost something?" Nancy inquired.

"Just my note-book. I—I wanted to put something down in it."

He seemed still to be somewhat stunned, but he got up and went with them down the hill. For some time he was silent, an unusual condition for him; but before they were half-way home, he began to talk again, evidently composing a proper account of his adventure.

"A very dangerous, vicious animal!" he observed. "It was quite touch and go for a time—a very narrow escape! Of course, if I had been carrying any sort of weapon—"

Nancy interrupted with an exclamation, and Olaf, with a covert chuckle. She was about to declare very frankly that if Olaf had been unarmed and Dabney possessed of the milk-bucket, the affair would not have been very different. Olaf, however, dropped behind and spoke to her in an undertone:

"Please let him go on. He will talk himself into believing he was quite a hero, and I want to hear him do it."

Aunt Anna was given a very mild account of the affair, when they reached home, with little emphasis on the danger and a great deal on how absurd the bear had looked. Yet her eyes fell upon the deep scratches on Nancy's arm and her torn sleeve and then turned to Olaf with a look that made him suddenly glow with embarrassment and pride, but also made him bid them a panic-stricken good night. When Aunt Anna's glance traveled to Dabney Mills, who was beginning to relate his version of the story quite fluently, he paused, stammered, and declared that he, too, must be going. There was no one present who pressed him to stay.

"I will have to give this to Hester for her chickens," said Nancy, ruefully surveying the wreck of her cake just before she went to bed.

The girls had promised their aunt that they would not talk a great deal before going to sleep, but they found it difficult to keep their word. Besides discussing the bear adventure, they had also to talk over Dr. Minturn's advice to Beatrice, given that morning and heard by Nancy now for the first time.

"He said," quoted Beatrice, "that 'we must not hurry a man who has been hurt to his very soul.'"

"I think the doctor was right," the younger girl observed thoughtfully. "John Herrick—I can't seem to call him anything else—must be just like Aunt Anna, with just such a will as hers. And the more he loved his family, the more it must have hurt him to believe that they doubted his honor."

"But suppose he never comes back to us," said Beatrice. "Must we wait and do nothing? He knew who we were from the first day we have been here, but he has never made a sign."

Although they had put out the light, the glowing hands of Beatrice's wrist-watch reminded her of her promise, so Nancy scurried into her own room to bed and presumably dropped asleep as quickly as did Beatrice, who could hardly even remember laying her head upon the pillow.

It must have been several hours later that Beatrice awoke again. She had slept so soundly that all her weariness was gone and the faintest of sounds outside had broken through the thin fabric of her dreams. She sat up and turned to the window close beside her bed to peer out and to listen.

It was moonlight again, a very clear night and so quiet that the big pine-trees stood as immovable as though they were a painted forest on the drop-curtain of a theater. The white flood of light set into sharp relief the square frame of the window. Beatrice, looking at the ruffled white curtains, the twin pots of berries on the sill, and the row of books below, thought how quaintly cosy and homelike it looked in contrast to that ghostly wilderness outside. Then, as she leaned against the frame to look out, she drew a deep breath of astonishment at what she saw.

Very evidently, Aunt Anna had been unable to sleep and, wrapped in her big cloak, was sitting reading at the window just below Beatrice, as was often her custom. A square of light on the ground below, and a shadow that moved a little now and then, as though for the turning of a page, made it plain that this was so. And opposite the window, in a clearing among the pines, some one was walking to and fro. It was John Herrick, with the moonlight shining on his fair hair and flooding the ground about him like a pool of still water. Somewhere in the dark behind him, his horse was tied; for Beatrice, when she listened, could hear now and then

the faint stamping of an impatient foot or the jingle of a bit.

If Aunt Anna heard the sounds, she did not distinguish them from the ordinary noises of the night, nor, with the lighted lamp be-

Anna's profile. How they must all stand for home and familiar things, for the unswerving affection of those of his own kind. He must know, surely, why his sister had come there, what she was waiting for as she

sat, unconscious and serene, beside the window. He had only to lift his voice ever so little above the whispers of the forest, he had only to speak her name, and the long spell would be broken. Beatrice held her breath to listen. There was no sound.

He stood, staring up at the window for a long, long time, then turned upon his heel at last. Beatrice could actually hear the harsh grating of his heavy boot upon a stone as he did so. She heard the jingling of the curb as he loosed his horse; she heard the creak of the stirrup-leather and the scramble of iron-shod feet as he swung into the saddle and was off. There was no hesitation or stopping to look back, it was as though he had come to a final decision. Beatrice felt that there was something very ominous, something dismaying in the steadily diminishing *thud, thud* of the hoof-beats as horse and rider drew away into the darkness. With a long sigh, she turned, shivering, from the



HE HAD ONLY TO LIFT HIS VOICE, AND THE LONG SPELL WOULD BE BROKEN"

side her, could she see clearly anything that lay in the forest beyond. But Beatrice could guess, as surely as though she stood in the moonlight beside John Herrick, just how distinct before his eyes was the lighted window with his sister sitting by it. She could imagine, even, just what that picture must mean to him, the glowing, shaded lamp, the cushioned chair, the quiet beauty of Aunt

window and buried her face in the pillow.

Christina came up the hill to see them next day, a radiant Christina who had learned that she need no longer keep secret from her friends her joy in Olaf's return. The promise of the brilliant moonlight had not been fulfilled in the morning's weather, for deluges of rain were falling, sluicing down the steep roof, dripping from the trees, and swelling

the stream until the sound of the waterfall filled the whole house. No amount of rain could quench the Finnish woman's happiness, however, as she stood in the kitchen, her garments soaked and her face beaming.

"It seemed so wrong to keep the good news from you, when it was really through Miss Beatrice that Olaf came home. I would never have dared to ask any one to write to him in the face of Thorvik's forbidding it. Olaf came very early one morning, when Thorvik happened to be away for the night, and we went straight up to see John Herrick, for he was always the best friend my boy had. He made Olaf promise that he would not show himself in the village, and I know myself that it is wise that he should keep away, but it is hard for me to see so little of him."

Of her son's adventure with the bear, she made very light indeed.

"He did nothing more than he should," she declared. "Of course, he might have been hurt, but there was that dear Miss Nancy. Think what might have come to her!"

Her presence in the kitchen was very welcome, for Nancy's arm was too stiff to be of much service, and Beatrice admitted frankly that, as cook, she was a sorry substitute.

"Willing, but awkward, I should describe myself if I were advertising for a situation," she told them. "Nancy has a special talent for cooking, but I have a genius for breaking dishes and scalding myself."

Christina, therefore, stayed to cook the dinner and to bake a second edition of the cake upon which misfortune had fallen yesterday. Olaf came across the hill through the rain and sat for long in the kitchen with his mother, making her the most peaceful and uninterrupted visit that had been possible since his return. Nancy, going in and out on various errands, heard snatches of tales of the high seas, of whales and hurricanes, of hot foreign ports baking in the tropical sun, of winds that cut you like a knife as you slid across the slippery decks with great waves washing over you, of the longing for the land and home, and also—Olaf came to it slowly—of the restless desire, that grows and grows, of the sailor on leave to be at sea again.

"Ah, but you would n't go just yet!" cried Christina, in alarm.

"No, not just yet. John Herrick has been so kind to me that I feel like standing by him in—in something that he has on hand just now." But Olaf leaned back in his

chair and looked out through the blurred windows as though he were already impatient to be off.

They were an oddly assorted pair, he so tall, straight, and American, she, in spite of her ordinary clothes and her careful English, so foreign still. Beatrice thought so as she came into the kitchen in the late afternoon and found them both making preparations to depart. The day had been a long and heavy one to her. Her mind was full of what she had seen the night before, although she had not yet had time to discuss it in private with Nancy. She longed to ride over to the Herricks' house—for what purpose, she could not herself say. The pouring rain, however, made such an expedition so unreasonable that she could not think of an excuse urgent enough to explain it.

"I wish you were not going to be so wet," she said to Christina. "You will be soaked again before you get home."

"It is not raining so much now," Olaf observed, reaching for his cap that lay on the window-sill; "it will soon—"

He interrupted himself suddenly and turned round to them with a delighted grin. He spoke softly and jerked his head toward the window where, to Beatrice's astonishment, she saw dimly through the wet pane that a face was peering in. The close-set eyes and ungainly nose showed that it was Dabney Mills.

"I never knew before just what the word eavesdropper meant," said Olaf. "Think how the water must be pouring off the roof and running down that fellow's neck!"

Seeing that he had been observed, Dabney came to the door and, a moment later, stood, a bedraggled and dejected figure, just inside the threshold.

"I was looking in to see if there was any one at home," he tried to explain, while Olaf supplemented:

"On such a fine day he was afraid you might all be out."

"I went up the mountain to see if I could get back my note-book," Dabney went on, to account for his forlorn condition. "I have been looking for hours, but I could n't find it."

"Maybe the bear put it in her pocket and went away with it," suggested Christina, flippantly. "Anyway, it would be soaked to a pulp by this time."

"You need n't worry; I picked it up last night when I went back to get the milk-can," Olaf said. He brought the familiar leather-



covered book from an inside pocket and held it out to its owner. A wicked twinkle that he could not suppress seemed to fill Dabney Mills with panic-stricken suspicion.

"You've been reading it!" he cried. "You had no right. You have been prying into my private affairs."

The other boy's face flushed with anger.

"It may be I have n't been brought up a gentleman, like you," he returned hotly, "but I would n't be peering and prying into other people's business, for all that. Whatever mean secrets you have hid away in that book, they are there still, safe and sound. All I did was to write a page at the end. I was afraid that if you did n't have an account of that bear business at once, you might forget just how it happened."

Dabney snatched the book and nervously turned to the last page. Beatrice was so close that she could not help seeing that it was covered with Olaf's square, school-boy writing. The last sentence caught her eye, giving a clue to the rest.

"Even though our hero took the precaution of getting behind the lady who was with him, he did not escape entirely unharmed."

Dabney thrust the book into his pocket and shot Olaf a glance of wicked rage.

"I am very much obliged to you," he said. "You shall hear of my gratitude later. I know more about you than you think."

He went out into the rain, slamming the door behind him.

## CHAPTER XII

### DABNEY'S CLUE

THERE was a promise of clearing at sunset that evening, for the clouds began to lift and patches of blue sky showed to the westward, a hopeful sign for the morrow. The peak of Gray Cloud Mountain, visible from their door-step, loomed through the mist that had shrouded it from view, and, before dark, showed its towering outlines, clear cut against the clouds. And never, never, so Beatrice and Nancy thought, had they seen a more glorious day than the morrow turned out to be. With the whole world washed clean, with the dripping water dried in an hour by the all-conquering sunshine, it seemed that nothing could be more perfect.

They were just finishing luncheon when there was a loud trampling of hoofs outside, announcing quite a cavalcade, Hester Herrick on her pinto pony, Dr. Minturn with her, and Olaf riding behind.

"I have brought a horse for Nancy," Hester announced, "for I want you both to go riding with me. Bring your bathing-suits so that we can have a swim before we come back. Christina will be here to stay with Miss Deems while you are gone. Dr. Minturn rode by our house this morning. He is in a hurry to get to the village, but he thought he would come over with me. He is coming back this evening to make your aunt a proper visit."

They rode merrily away, the three together, climbing a steeply mounting trail that was new to them. The mountains opposite looked so near that Nancy shouted, "to see if there would be an echo."

"Hardly," commented Hester, "for they are twenty miles away."

In an hour they had reached Eagle Rock, a huge gray mass of granite, set in the midst of a smooth slope of grass and scrubby trees. A clear stream swept in a curve about its foot, spread to a broad pool, and ran babbling away down the hillside. They unsaddled their horses and Hester unrolled her bathing-suit.

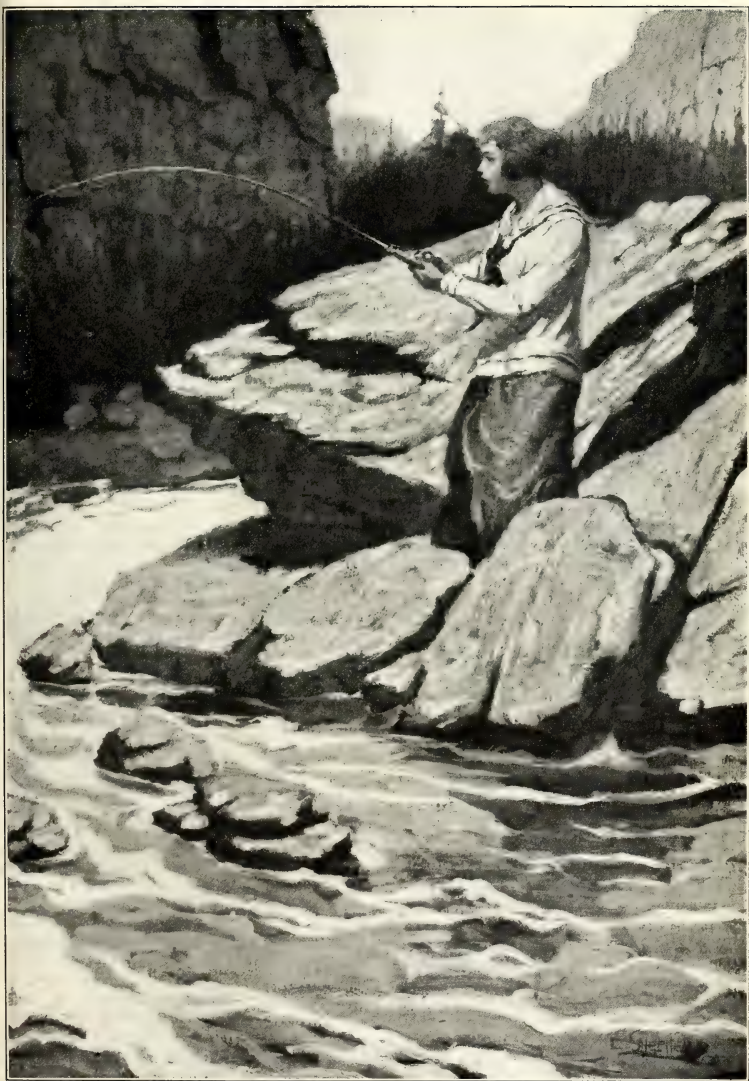
"I did not know," said Nancy, a little doubtfully, "that swimming was one of the usual sports of the Rocky Mountains."

"Most of the water is too cold," replied Hester, "but this pool is warm enough. It is the only one I know. Roddy found it long ago and taught me to swim here. It is fed by melted snow, like the others, but it runs shallow for miles above, out in the open where the sun can warm it. And I have brought some fishing tackle, too. We may as well take home some fish, for I am sure your aunt will like them for breakfast as much as Roddy does. Now be very attentive for I am going to teach you how to cast for rainbow-trout."

Beatrice succeeded very ill, displaying a natural talent for tangling her hook in the bushes when she tried to swing it outward in the proper manner. But Nancy, more patient and painstaking, came into better fortune. She had learned to cast, after a fashion, and had managed to dangle her gay-colored fly in the water at the edge of a riffle, just as Hester had instructed her. There came a tug at her line, a magic quiver that seemed to send an electric shock of excitement all up her arm. In that second she became a fisherman.

They landed twelve trout among them, although Hester's spoil was by far the greater. Then they donned their bathing-suits and





"NANCY HAD LEARNED TO CAST"

Hester dropped into the water with a splash. After a moment of doubt and hesitation her two friends followed her.

"Oh!" cried Beatrice, and "Oh!" echoed Nancy, "I did not know it would be like this!"

To plunge into the crystal-blue water, to know that it was poured down from the vast glaciers and empty snow-fields where no human foot ever comes, to feel all of the tingling freshness and none of the deadly cold—there is nothing like it in the world. The girls laughed and splashed and swam and floated until Hester warned them it was not wise to stay in too long, and they came out reluctantly to dry themselves in the sun.

"That must be a mountain sheep, that dot moving there opposite us," Hester observed, as they sat in a row at the very top of Eagle Rock. "You can see Gray Cloud Pass over beyond the shoulder of this nearest hill. The tuft of green above is that stretch of woods growing around the lake; but see how bare the slope is where it goes up beyond—nothing but solid rock and overhanging cliffs to the very top. There is a little trail that picks its way back and forth over the face of the mountain. It is called Dead Man's Mile, there is so much danger there from unsteady footing and falling rocks from above."

Beatrice remembered how she had come to grief on the lower, easier slope, and shuddered at the thought of the difficulties higher up. Yet she had a strange desire to climb that steep trail some day, the very impossibility of the idea making it the more inviting.

They sat there even after they were dry; but finally Hester, with a sigh, declared that they must go.

"It has been such a pleasant day!" she said. "I hate to have it end. We—we aren't very happy at home just now, Roddy and I."

"What?" exclaimed Nancy. "What can be the matter?"

"I don't know," Hester answered hopelessly. "I really brought you here so that we could talk about it, but it has been so hard to speak that I have n't said anything, and now it is time to go home. Long ago, Roddy used to be like this sometimes; he would look worried and troubled for days, and at last would go off camping in the hills, hunting and fishing and thinking things out; and then he would come home quite cheerful again. That was so far in the past, I had almost forgotten it; but now it has all come

back again. He is miserable and restless, and troubled over something I can't understand. Just last night he asked me the strangest thing. He wanted to know if I could be happy in some other place if he decided not to live here any longer. And I had thought he loved Gray Cloud Mountain best of any place in the world!"

If John Herrick did not tell her his secret, they had no right to do so. Such was the unspoken message that passed between the sisters as Nancy tried to offer comfort, with very little success.

"I suppose there is no use in talking of it," said little Hester, at last, with a sigh. "Things may be better some time. Well, we must be going home."

The ride home was less hilarious than their setting out had been, and Beatrice and Nancy went up the path to the cabin with no very light hearts. In the evening, however, they were made happy again by a visit from Dr. Minturn and his good report of Aunt Anna.

"I could not ask for anything better!" he declared, fully as delighted as were they. The beaming warmth of his smile seemed to light the whole room.

"I have something to propose," he went on. "Nancy, here, has grown to be more of a rider than she was when I visited you before, and I have been wondering if she would go over the pass with me to-morrow and spend a few days with Miriam. Mrs. Minturn has asked me, over and over again, if she could n't learn to know both the girls, and this is a good chance. Beatrice can ride over to come back with her, since Nancy should not go over the trail alone."

It was difficult to persuade Nancy to leave her housekeeping, but arguments prevailed at last and she set off next morning with many last messages and instructions to Beatrice, and with a great deal of pleasure and excitement shining in her eyes. John Herrick had sent over the same horse she had ridden the day before, a gentle creature on which she was more comfortable than when mounted upon the gay-spirited Buck. Beatrice was to follow in three days to come back with her. The house seemed very empty without her busy presence, and Olaf, when he came with the milk, declared loudly that nothing was the same at all with Miss Nancy gone.

"And things are n't very cheerful where I live, either," he said. "Miss Hester has been crying, and that Dabney Mills has been hanging round the place. He brings no good with him, whatever he comes for."

Beatrice was not inclined to take the amateur detective very seriously, but she was concerned indeed to hear that Hester was still unhappy. She was anxious to ride over to see her, but her lack of skill as a housewife made it difficult for her to find a spare moment. Most of the next day passed without her having time for visiting, but when evening came she was ordered by Aunt Anna to go out for a little, since she had toiled in the house all day. As there was not time enough for a ride, she strolled down the path under the pines and stood at the bars of the gate, watching the slow tide of shadow creep up the hillsides opposite. So long did she stand there, that when two figures came down the hill from the direction of John Herrick's house, it was too dark to see who they were, and they were only to be recognized by their voices. The loudness of their speech indicated that neither Olaf nor Dabney Mills was in a friendly mood.

"We give you warning," Olaf was saying, "that you are not to come on John Herrick's place again. You are to ask no more questions of anybody. You are to put that notebook in your pocket and shut your mouth and get out. If you show yourself here again, you will get something that will make what you took from the bear look like a love-pat."

"You warn me? Who are you, giving orders?" Dabney Mills thrust his head forward sharply and spoke almost into the other's face. "Who are you? that's what I'm asking."

Olaf hesitated, then swung about without replying and strode off up the hill.

"Impostor!" cried Dabney, after him. Then he suddenly caught sight of Beatrice beside the gate and changed his manner quickly.

"Good evening," he said pleasantly, "might I ask—"

He had glanced upward toward Olaf, disappearing in the dusk, so that Beatrice guessed the question concerned him, and interrupted.

"There is no use in your asking me anything," she said. "We are all very tired of your questions, and think you have no right to ask them."

"Oh, I don't want to inquire about him," returned Dabney, indicating Olaf with a jerk of his thumb; "I know who he is, all right—Christina's boy that went off to sea and that has such a warm welcome waiting

for him in Ely. I found out who he was the day the bear knocked me out. I came to and saw him looking over that precipice, and I knew, all in a minute, that only a sailor could have the head to do such a thing. I had my suspicions before; I only needed that to make me sure."

"If you tell about him in the village," said Beatrice, growing rather indiscreet in the defense of Olaf, "he may have something to tell about you and my sister and the bear."

"Oh, I don't care to talk very much about him for a while," Dabney declared hastily. "It's another person I have my eye on—bigger game than Olaf Jensen. I'm trying to learn who took that money and broke up the work down in Ely. And I've about found out, too."

He gave her a long, meaning look and turned away.

"Wait!" cried Beatrice. "You don't mean that you think Olaf—" She could not go on.

"What's he hanging around here for, afraid to show himself and afraid to go away? Oh, he's in it all right; I've no doubt of that. But there's some one else involved—some one higher up. I'll soon be able to tell who it was wrecked the whole project."

"Who?" the question broke from Beatrice in a cry of anger; but she felt also a sickening dread and foreboding of what his answer would be.

"Oh, I'm not telling—yet," he replied, quite restored to his usual impudent calm. "He's a fellow that it will be hard to prove anything against. Most people, even the laborers, talk pretty well of him, and nobody knows anything to his discredit. Nobody knows very much about him at all, as far as I can make out. But I've got my proofs all lined up, and with just a little more—"

"Who?" cried Beatrice desperately again.

Dabney Mills merely jerked his thumb upward toward where the lights of John Herrick's house were shining among the trees. Even as they looked up, the door opened, showing, silhouetted against the light within, Hester and John Herrick standing on the threshold. He turned as though to bid her good-by, then strode down the steps without looking back. She stood, however, with the door still open and the light streaming out, so that they could see him mount his horse and ride away, up the trail into the mountains.

"Yes," said Dabney, "that's the one."

(To be continued)



# THE STORY OF THE TELEPHONE

By FLOYD L. DARROW



AN AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE

Do you realize that Armistice Day, 1921, will be remembered throughout the decades and the centuries to come as an historic occasion? As all the world knows, President Harding, speaking at Arlington Cemetery over the casket of the Unknown Soldier, was heard by reverent thousands in Washington, New York, and San Francisco. Not only that, but the speeches of the foreign diplomats, the music, the singing of hymns, the beautiful burial service, the peals of artillery, and the sounding of taps were transmitted from ocean to ocean. The vast audiences in New York and San Francisco heard the whole program as well as did those who stood within the marble amphitheater at Arlington itself.

Special telephone transmitters caught the sound-waves, and ordinary telephone-wires carried them to the extremes of the continent, where they were reproduced by vacuum-tube amplifiers and a newly invented loud-speaking projector. These same amplifying devices were used to enable the hundred thousand gathered on the slopes about the cemetery to hear the addresses and the music.

It is now entirely possible for the President of this republic to be heard by every man, woman, and child from ocean to ocean and from the Gulf to the Lakes. This invention marks an epoch in the art of communication and the power of human speech. Its full meaning will grow with the years. These amplifying telephones, placed in legislative and convention halls, will enable the poorest speaker in the land to make his voice resound with the resonance and volume of a Demosthenes or a Daniel Webster.

## THE INVENTOR AND HIS ASSISTANT

THE story of how the first feeble cry of the baby telephone, uttered in a garret nearly a half-century ago, has grown until it now fills the nation is one of the fascinating chapters in the history of American achievement.

On the afternoon of June 2, 1875, in the hot, stuffy attic of Williams' Electrical Shop at 109 Court Street, Boston, a man and an apprentice lad were hard at work over a balky piece of electrical mechanism. For many weeks this man and boy had been engaged on the invention of a musical telegraph, by which they hoped to be able to send a large number of messages over a single wire at the same time—in other words, a telegraph that would send not clicking signals, but musical notes. Yet despite every effort, the device stubbornly refused to operate as its inventor had long hoped and steadfastly believed it would. And then on this memorable afternoon, without knowing it, they were about to make history. A new voice was to take its place in the orchestra of human speech. The genius of the inventor was to find its reward in the birth of the telephone.

The man was Alexander Graham Bell, a young Scotsman who had come to this country a few years before to seek health and fortune in a new land. His assistant was Thomas A. Watson, an employee in the electrical shop of Charles Williams. As described by Watson, Bell was at this time "a tall, slender, quick-motivated man, with pale face, black side-whiskers and drooping mustache, big nose, and high, sloping forehead crowned with bushy, jet-black hair." For generations his people had been interested in human speech.

Adopting the profession of his family, Bell became a teacher of deaf-mutes by a system of "visible speech" (teaching speech by lip-movement) invented by his father. After completing his education, he went to London, where he made the acquaintance of Sir Charles Wheatstone, the inventor of the English telegraph. On this occasion he learned that the German physicist Helmholtz had vibrated tuning-forks by means of electromagnets. Fascinated as he always was with anything having to do with the production of sound, this fact deeply impressed Bell. If an electric current could be made to vibrate a tuning-fork, why could not a vibrating reed or fork be made to vary an electric current so as to reproduce sound? Thus, with the insight of true genius, did Bell grasp the idea of a musical telegraph. Why should

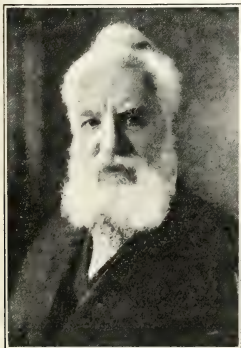


it not be possible to send as many messages over a single wire as there are notes on a piano? This was the big idea with which Bell started, and the nucleus about which the telephone grew.

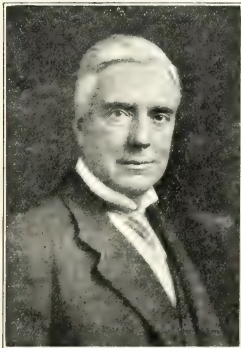
Shortly after coming to America, Bell was engaged by the Board of Education of Boston to introduce his system of visible speech

his wife, and her father, Gardiner Hubbard, a prominent lawyer of Boston, helped make a commercial success of Bell's invention.

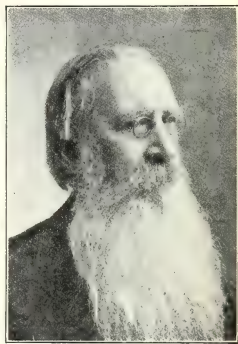
In his laboratory at Salem, Bell worked incessantly. Sleep was of no consideration. Sanders says: "Bell would often awaken me in the middle of the night, his black eyes blazing with excitement. Leaving me to go



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, INVENTOR OF THE TELEPHONE



THOMAS A. WATSON, WHO RECEIVED THE FIRST MESSAGE



GARDINER HUBBARD, THE PROMOTER OF THE INVENTION

in a school for deaf-mutes that had just been established in that city. His work met with very great success, and he was soon appointed to a professorship in Boston University. A little later he established a school of his own, and absorbed in professional work, he had little time to think of a musical telegraph.

#### HOW BELL'S TWO PUPILS HELPED HIM

ABOUT this time there came into Bell's life two influences destined to have a profound effect upon his whole future career. He received as a private pupil a little deaf-mute, Georgie Sanders, who lived with his grandmother in Salem. As part payment for his services, Bell went to live in the Sanders home, where he was allowed to have a workshop in the basement. He also made a warm friend of the boy's father, Thomas Sanders, without whose sympathy and financial assistance the invention of the telephone would have been impossible. There also came to him at this time another private pupil, Mabel Hubbard, a girl of fifteen, who had lost her hearing in infancy. Not only did she take the keenest interest in his electrical experiments, but four years later she became

down to the cellar, he would rush wildly to the barn and begin to send me signals along his experimental wires. If I noticed any improvement in his apparatus, he would be delighted. He would leap and whirl around in one of his 'war-dances,' and then go contentedly to bed. But if the experiment was a failure, he would go back to his work-bench to try some different plan."

Slowly there dawned upon Bell's mind a still larger idea. "If I can make a deaf-mute talk," he said, "I can make iron talk." At first only a dream, this idea of sending the spoken word itself over an electrified wire grew into a deep conviction. His interest in a musical telegraph began to vanish. With an enthusiasm scarcely ever equaled, Bell set himself to the invention of an actual talking telegraph. But Sanders and Hubbard had no faith in his new project and refused further assistance unless he should devote at least a part of his time to the musical telegraph.

#### BELL'S EXPERIMENTS IN THE PRODUCTION OF A TALKING TELEGRAPH

THEREFORE he divided his time between the two, working faithfully for a portion of each

day upon his original idea. But his heart was in the invention of a telephone.

At the same time, Bell had been trying to improve his system of visible speech. In these experiments he used a speaking-trumpet as transmitter and a harp as receiver. In this way he discovered that he could make sound-waves plainly visible by speaking against a membrane to which he had attached a short pointer or stylus. Dr. Clarence J.

These early days of Bell were beset with poverty. His professional income had practically vanished. His two remaining pupils barely supplied him with the necessities of life. Sanders and Hubbard provided funds for his experimental work only. He wrote his mother at this time:

I am now beginning to realize the cares and anxieties of being an inventor. I have had to put off all pupils and classes, for flesh and blood could not stand much longer such a strain as I have had put upon me.

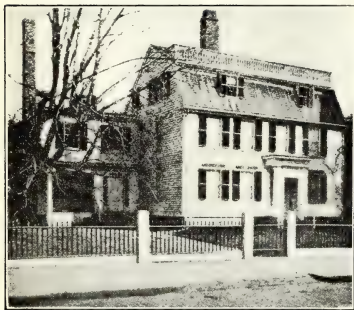
This was in 1874, and Bell was then established in the attic of Williams' Electrical Shop in Boston. Sanders and Hubbard were paying his assistant, Thomas A. Watson, nine dollars a week, and the inventors were dividing their time between the musical telegraph and the telephone.

JUNE 2, 1875

AND now we have reached the memorable afternoon to which we have already referred. Bell's telegraph comprised, among other things, clock-spring reeds which were vibrated by electromagnets, very much like the clappers of electric house-bells. Watson was sending, and Bell, receiving. As Watson pressed down the key to make the clock-spring at the sending end of the wire vibrate, the contact points fused together. As a result, the clock-spring was held down by its electromagnet, just as an ordinary horseshoe magnet attracts and holds a needle. Watson tried to pluck the spring free. This made it vibrate over the electromagnet. Bell, with blazing eyes and alive with excitement, came rushing into the room. A feeble sound had at last passed over the wire and his keen ear had caught it. "What did you do then?" he demanded of Watson. "Don't change anything. Let me see."

The first faint cry of the baby telephone had passed into history. In that moment a new epoch in the art of communication was born. The fundamental principle of the modern telephone was operating in that simple apparatus. By accident, the current was flowing continuously through the electromagnets and the line. The plucking of the spring had varied the intensity of this current and thrown into vibration the corresponding clock-spring at the receiving end of the line.

The discovery had been made—one of the greatest in all history. The rest was a mere matter of detail and mechanical adjustment.



HOME OF THOMAS SANDERS, SALEM, MASS.  
WHERE BELL EXPERIMENTED

Blake, a Boston surgeon, suggested the use of a human ear-drum, and provided one for Bell's use. Bell moistened the drum with glycerin and attached to it a straw. Then he spoke so that the sound waves of his voice would strike the drum, at the same time drawing a smoked glass across the straw stylus. The result was a beautiful series of curves showing the vibrations of the human voice. In the weird light of his basement laboratory Bell must have presented a curious appearance as he shouted into this ear-drum. Well might the inhabitants of Salem have thought that the witches of old had come back to disturb once more their peaceful town. But as though the "stars in their courses" were directing his work, this idea of a vibrating membrane was like the inspiration of genius to Bell at this point in the invention of the telephone. Here was the delicate ear-drum which, in response to the sound-waves of the human voice, sets into vibration the heavy bones behind it. "Why," he asked himself, "should not a vibrating iron disc set an iron rod or an electrified wire into vibration?" How this was to be done, he did not know; but at last he was moving in the right direction.

It seems easy now. But the inventors worked for forty long weeks before they made their telephone talk. The very afternoon of the discovery, Bell gave Watson directions for making the first telephone. Watson says: "I was to mount a small drumhead of gold-beaters' skin over one of the receivers, join the center of the drumhead to the free end of the receiver-spring, and arrange a mouthpiece over the drumhead to talk into. I made every part of that first telephone myself, but I did n't realize while I was working on it what a tremendously important piece of work I was doing."

Forty weeks of patient experimentation, and then, on March 10, 1876, Watson heard distinctly, through the telephone-receiver, this message, "Mr. Watson, please come here; I want you." And this message will be as immortal as that other one, "What hath God wrought?"

Progress now became rapid and certain. Watson says, "The telephone was soon talking so well that one did n't have to ask the other man to say it over again more than three or four times, before one could understand quite well, if the sentences were simple."

#### THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

THE fates were kind to Bell. The stage had already been set for the coming of his great invention. The Centennial Exposition was just opening in Philadelphia, and this afforded precisely the opportunity that he needed. Bell, himself, had not expected to attend the exposition. Overcome at the grief of his fiancée, when, at the railroad station, she learned that he would not accompany her, Bell rushed madly after the moving train and climbed aboard.

Hubbard had secured for Bell for the exhibition of his apparatus, a small table in an out-of-the-way corner of the Education Building. But no one visited him. No one was interested in his invention. It was only a "toy." "What if speech could be sent over a wire? Of what value could that be?" No one had the vision to see the tremendous possibilities hidden within this crude piece of mechanism. But Bell patiently awaited the judges' tour of inspection. At last they came. It was just at dusk. Tired and hungry after a long day of continuous observation, they were in no mood to waste time over a useless "plaything." One or two approached the table, picked up the instru-

ment, fingered it listlessly, and the group was about to pass on.

Just then one of the dramatic moments of history arrived. There was to be enacted a scene worthy of the brush and genius of a master artist. At that instant, Dom Pedro, who was then emperor of Brazil, followed by a company of gaily attired courtiers, appeared, and, rushing up to Bell, greeted him with great fervor. Dom Pedro had visited Bell's school for deaf-mutes years before, and had been much interested in his system of visible speech. He was now intensely interested in the new invention. Walking to the other end of the line, Dom Pedro placed the receiver to his ear. Bell spoke and the emperor dropped the instrument, exclaiming, "It talks!"

There in the twilight stood the judges, awed and silent witnesses of this picturesque, but momentous, event. One by one they came forward, utterly forgetful of weariness and hunger, each in his turn eager to test this latest marvel of science and invention. There were Joseph Henry and Sir William Thompson, the latter declaring it to be "the most wonderful thing he had seen in America." From that moment, Bell's telephone became the most popular exhibit of the exposition, and overnight its inventor leaped to world fame.

#### EARLY WORK OF PUBLICITY

ALTHOUGH the telephone had taken rank as the most wonderful bit of mechanism ever produced, still the interest in it was only that of curiosity. No one could see any possible use for it. Its inventor might have won fame, but no fortune seemed to await him. The public was deeply skeptical. Therefore the public must be educated. To this task of winning popular favor, Gardiner G. Hubbard immediately devoted himself. With an enthusiasm and a breadth of vision scarcely equaled elsewhere in the history of invention, he became the apostle of the telephone.

Hubbard's first step was to arrange a series of ten lectures, to be given by Bell and Watson. The first demonstration was given before the Essex Institute of Salem. Having no lines of their own, they borrowed the use of a telegraph-wire for the occasion. Bell gave the lecture, while Watson, located in the Boston laboratory, provided the entertainment. At the request of Bell, Watson played various musical instruments, and



although not a singer, he was required to render such favorite songs as "Auld Lang Syne" and "Do not trust him, gentle lady." The audience was delighted. Public skepticism vanished. Newspaper editors featured the performance. Invitations to repeat the lecture came like a flood. And yet the interest was still only that of curiosity. But these lectures did bear fruit. They acquainted the public with the telephone; and with their financial returns, Bell was able to marry and sail for Europe on his wedding-trip.

#### THE BELL COMPANY AND THE WESTERN UNION

WHILE Bell was in Europe, Hubbard organized the "Bell Telephone Association," with Bell, Hubbard, Sanders, and Watson as partners. The first out-of-door telephone-line to be established was between the Williams' Electrical Shop in Boston and Mr. Williams' home in Somerville. But no one seemed to care for telephone service. Then the unexpected happened. A man from Charlestown, named Emery, came into Hubbard's office one afternoon and laid down twenty dollars for the lease of two telephones. This was the first money ever received for a commercial telephone. In the promise it gave of future rewards, it was worth more than a million dollars would have been a dozen years later.

Not realizing the value of his invention, Bell had already offered it to the powerful Western Union Telegraph Company for \$100,000. But the "scientific toy" was rejected. The Western Union never dreamed that its monopoly of wire communication could be shaken. And then several of its New York patrons removed the printing telegraph-machines from their offices and replaced them with telephones. Alarmed at this invasion of their private domain, the Western Union immediately awoke. They at once organized the "American Speaking Telephone Company," with a capital of \$300,000, and enlisted the services of Gray, Edison, and Dolbear as electrical experts and inventors.

#### BELL'S RIVAL CLAIMANTS

THE only regrettable incidents of the telephone history are those connected with the attempts to rob Bell of his rights. On March 7, 1876, Bell had been granted a patent on

his invention. This has been described as the "most valuable single patent ever issued." It is a remarkable fact that on the same day that Bell filed his application for a patent, Elisha Gray filed a claim for a similar one. Although Gray never perfected a successful telephone, the Western Union seized upon his claims and began suit against the Bell Company. The little group of telephone pioneers fought the attack with the ablest legal talent of Boston. They demonstrated conclusively that Bell was the rightful inventor of the telephone, and the Western Union made peace. They surrendered to the Bell people a monopoly of the telephone field.

The result was magical. The Bell stock shot to \$1,000 a share. At this point the original promoters sold out their interests, each receiving a comfortable fortune, and turned the business over to other men.

#### THEODORE N. VAIL

WHEN the Western Union attacked the Bell patents and public skepticism vanished, business grew so rapidly that a general manager became a necessity. For this post Hubbard selected a young man named Theodore N. Vail, the head of the government railway mail service. For executive ability and sheer genius for organization, Theodore Vail has never had a superior. He came to a bankrupt company whose affairs were in utter chaos. But his enthusiasm was unbounded. His faith in the possibilities of the telephone never faltered. In his prophetic vision he glimpsed the future as no other man has ever done. In 1879 he said, "I saw that if the telephone could talk one mile to-day, it would be talking a hundred miles to-morrow." Under his direction, funds were raised, legal battles fought, agents licensed, exchanges established, and many hundreds of miles of wire strung. It was his dream to make the telephone the servant of the nation. His motto was, "One policy, one system, and universal service." Without Theodore Vail, the Bell Company must have died in its infancy.

Back in the midst of financial chaos and legal battle, Edison had invented for the Western Union a transmitter that made their instruments vastly superior to those of the Bell Company. The Bell agents clamored for something just as good. But just at this critical moment Francis Blake, a young inventor of Boston, appeared with a microphone transmitter that was just as good as



Edison's. He was willing, also, to sell it to the Bell Company and take his pay in stock. If ever there was "a friend in need," Blake was such a one to the struggling founders of the Bell System.

The early exchanges were exceedingly crude. The telephone switchboard was little more than a dream. The first ones were built on the plan of telegraph switchboards. They were all right for a few lines, but not for

Pacific coast by removing his receiver from the hook and calling long distance.

In making a connection from New York to San Francisco, fourteen distinct operations are necessary. Under favorable conditions, these operations may be performed and the two parties put into communication with each other in fifteen minutes. Very frequently this is done in much less time. The cost for the first three minutes is \$20.60 for



THOMAS SANDERS, FIRST FINANCIAL  
BACKER OF THE TELEPHONE



THEODORE N. VAIL, WHO INVENTED  
THE TELEPHONE BUSINESS



COLONEL CARTY, WIZARD OF LONG  
DISTANCE COMMUNICATION

thousands. The early exchanges were tended by boys, and the service was wretched. The boys ran about like mad. It required a half-dozen of them and as many minutes to answer a single call. Impudence was at a premium; there was a never ceasing babble of noise; and tedious delays were the rule.

Then came a heavenly rest. The boys were banished, and girls took their places. But more important still, Charles E. Scribner, the "wizard of the switchboard," took his place in the ranks of the telephone inventors. Scribner connected himself with the Western Electric Company of Chicago, the largest manufacturers of telephone equipment in the world. To the genius of Scribner more than to any other one man, we owe the modern multiple switchboard. In his perfection of it he has taken out more than one thousand patents. It is one of the most intricate pieces of mechanism known to science. In its completed form, one of these distributors of human speech may have as many as two million parts.

Any subscriber of a Bell line anywhere may put himself in communication with the

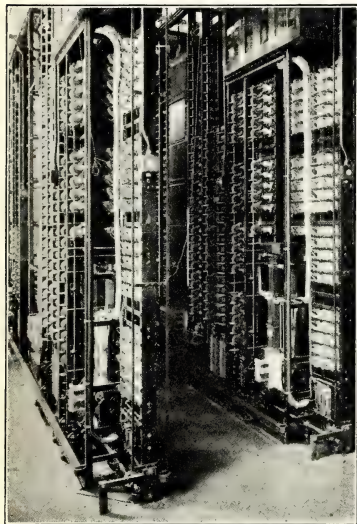
two individual parties, and \$6.85 for each minute thereafter.

#### THE AUTOMATIC EXCHANGE

A LITTLE more than thirty years ago there lived in Kansas City, Missouri, an undertaker named Almon B. Strowger. Strowger got the idea that the switchboard operator of his local exchange was in a conspiracy to ruin his business by falsely reporting his line busy. The only remedy, he concluded, was a "girl-less" switchboard. Therefore, he began spending his spare moments in devising such a switchboard. A few days later, Joseph Harris, a traveling salesman from Chicago, came into Strowger's office. Strowger told Harris of his idea and showed him a "foolish contraption" made from a collar-box, some pins, and a lead-pencil. Harris was immediately interested. Later he said, "Others laughed at the 'crazy' undertaker, but his fool contraption did n't seem funny to me."

As a result, Strowger moved to Chicago, where, in 1891, together with Harris and a number of others, he formed a company called

the "Strowger Automatic Telephone Exchange." To tell the story of the early struggles of this company would require a volume. We may simply say that intelligent effort and indomitable perseverance have won the day. Their factory in Chicago employs three thousand workers and covers ten acres of floor space. But more important than



AN AUTOMATIC SWITCHING EXCHANGE

this, a large number of cities in this and other countries have used machine-switching exchanges for more than twenty years. Already, New York City has begun to convert her vast system to the automatic basis. The type of equipment, however, is radically different from that of the Strowger system, which is employed chiefly in the smaller cities.

The automatic system is more economical. It insures greater speed and absolute secrecy. It is always "on the job," never sleeps, never has special hours, and never grows weary. It represents a great triumph of telephone engineering, and its universal adoption is only a matter of time.

In 1880, a nineteen-year-old lad entered the employ of Thomas Hall at 19 Bromfield Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Thomas Hall kept an electrical shop, and the lad was John J. Carty, now vice-president of the

American Telephone and Telegraph Company. He has been identified with the principal achievements in developing the art of telephone communication in this country. He has largely created the profession of telephone engineering. Only yesterday, in the transmission of the Armistice Day exercises, as already described, he startled the world with the greatest triumph in the art of communication that has ever been known. And Colonel Carty is still with us. What he may have in store for the future, no man can say.

Of that early experience in Hall's electrical shop, Carty says, "I swept out the place, cleaned about there, did errands, mixed battery solutions, and got a great deal of experience in one way or another." As a result of a prank that he and the other boys of the shop played on the boss, Carty got fired. His next job was as "hello-boy" in a telephone exchange in Boston. "The little switchboards of that day," says Carty, "were a good deal like the automobiles of some years ago—one was likely to spend more time under the switchboard than sitting at it. In that way I learned a great deal about the arrangement and construction of switchboards."

Carty's first great triumph was to overcome the babble of weird noises that at all times of the day and night played over the telephone circuits. He did this by substituting a return wire, in place of the earth, which had been used to complete the circuit in all of the early lines. The result was magical. The fiendish gibberish of the early days has disappeared, and quiet has since reigned. Vail brought Carty to New York and assigned him the task of putting the maze of overhead wires in underground cables. This he did in record time and at half the former cost, devising, in the process, cheaper and better cables. For the individual batteries along the line, he substituted the central battery system. The "bridging bell," by which several subscribers may be put on a single line without the signaling apparatus interfering with the talking of the others, was Carty's work.

The telephone grew with marvelous rapidity. In 1892, New York was talking with Chicago. Soon, service was extended to Milwaukee, Omaha, and then, in a still longer stride, to Denver. But the genii of the telephone system did not stop. They dreamed of transcontinental communication, and presently it became a fact. Over the hills and valleys, across the plains, up the mountain-sides,

through the sage-brush, and down to the Golden Gate in the fraction of a second is now a commonplace of the telephone romance.

The transcontinental line opened on January 25, 1915, is 3390 miles long. Every eight miles on the original line was a loading-coil, and, at frequent intervals, vacuum-tube

of wireless communication in conjunction with the metallic circuits. Success was rapid and certain, until on September 29, 1915, Theodore N. Vail, sitting at his desk in New York, sent his voice by wire to Arlington, where it was amplified and transmitted to the great aerial antennæ of the United States Naval Station. From there, radiat-



A LARGE "A" BOARD WITH MANY OPERATORS

amplifiers, or repeaters, as they are called. There are two circuits, each consisting of 6780 miles of "hard-drawn" copper wire, weighing 2960 tons. In the loading-coils of each circuit are 13,600 miles of fine, insulated wire, only  $\frac{4}{1000}$  of an inch in diameter. The line crosses thirteen States and is strung on 130,000 poles.

On that historic afternoon of January 25, 1915, Dr. Bell in New York, speaking into an exact reproduction of his original instrument, was clearly heard by Watson in San Francisco. Dr. Bell said again, as on that other historic day thirty-nine years before, "Mr. Watson, please come here; I want you." And Watson replied, "It would take me a week now." What a magnificent chapter, brimming over with glorious achievement and marvelous progress, this incident closed. But the end was not yet.

Immediately following the triumph of transcontinental telephony, Colonel Carty and his staff of engineers began the development

ing in all directions with the velocity of light, the boundless ether carried these electromagnetic waves to Colonel Carty at Mare Island, California, where he heard and conversed with Vail as easily as though they had been in adjoining rooms. On the following day, messages were picked up in Honolulu, five thousand miles distant.

In May, 1916, Secretary Daniels, from his office in Washington, with magic ease and speed, conversed at will with every naval station from ocean to ocean and from the Gulf to the Lakes. Not only this, but the secretary also, by wire and wireless, talked with Captain Chandler, of the *New Hampshire*, off the Atlantic coast, and kept in touch with him for twenty-four hours.

In the spring of 1921 under the direction of Colonel Carty, telephone communication was opened by cable from Havana, Cuba, to Key West, a distance of 115 miles, thence by wire to Washington, New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, and then, by wireless,

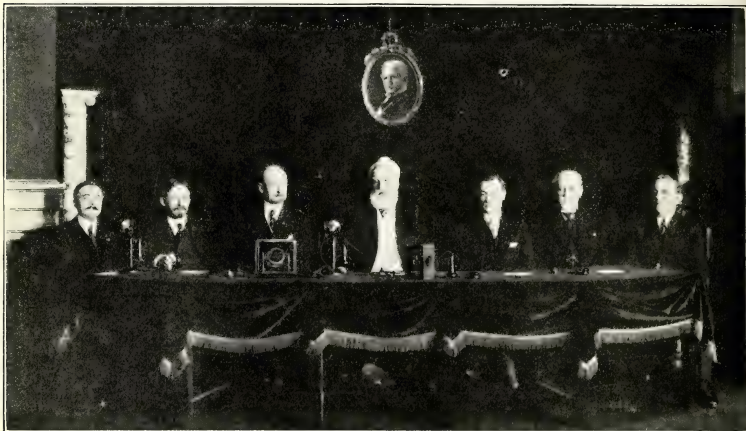


twenty-nine miles to Catalina, a total of 5500 miles. The cable from Havana to Key West is the longest telephone cable in the world.

Among the early achievements of Colonel Carty was the "phantom circuit." Two long-distance circuits were interconnected at each end so as to give a third talking-circuit without the use of any additional copper.

But late in 1918, Theodore N. Vail announced the invention of the multiplex tele-

There are more telephones in the Equitable Building in New York than in either Bulgaria or Greece. The people of this country talk with each other at the stupendous rate of 18,250,000,000 completed telephone conversations per year. In New York City during the busiest hour of the day, from 10 A.M. to 11 A.M., more than 450,000 calls are originated, and answered by the operators in the various exchanges of the city. In New York



OPENING OF THE TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE OF THE BELL SYSTEM, JANUARY 22, 1915.  
MR. BELL IN THE CENTER

phone, by which five conversations may be carried on over the same circuit at the same time, four in addition to the one provided by the ordinary methods. Five messages travel over a common pathway and are completely separated at the other end. All this has been accomplished chiefly by the magical vacuum-tube. Thus has the early dream of Bell come true—after more than forty years.

The telephone "talk tracks" of the nation measure approximately 33,200,000 miles of wire, sixty per cent. of which are in underground cables. The copper in them weighs 700,000 tons, and the overhead wires are strung on 30,200,000 poles.

On June 30, 1921, there were in the United States 13,682,000 telephones, or 12.5 telephones to every hundred of the population. Ours is preeminently the telephone nation of the earth. Great Britain has but 2.1 telephones per hundred population, and Rumania only .05 of a telephone per hundred.

alone there are 950,000 telephones, and 3,341,000 miles of wire weighing 65,000 tons. The employees engaged in the telephone service of the metropolis would make a city of 28,300 population. About 4,000,000 directories are distributed yearly in the city.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has in its research and development service 1100 engineers and scientists. Hundreds of new inventions are made by these men every year. As a result, the art of communication has advanced prodigiously.

What the telephone has meant to the world, no man can measure. It has spelled communication. It has banished isolation. Ocean sounds to ocean and continent to continent. The business, political, and social life of the world courses over the telephone circuits and spreads through the boundless ether. In the Great War, the telephone was paramount. And now once more, in peace, it stands in the forefront of progress.



# THE TURNER TWINS

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

THE Turner Twins, Ned and Laurie, enter Hillman's School determined to uphold the family honor in athletics, although neither has had much experience. It is decided that Ned shall go in for football and Laurie for baseball. Ned, starting with little enthusiasm for his rôle, works hard and does well, showing promise of becoming a clever kicker. An acquaintance springs up between the Twins and Polly Deane, whose mother keeps a little shop near the school, much patronized by the students. Laurie invites Polly and her chum, Mae Ferrand, to the football game with Wagner School.

### CHAPTER XI

#### NED SPEAKS OUT

THERE was a cut in the football squad that afternoon and more than a dozen candidates were retired, leaving twenty-eight players for the first and scrub teams. Ned survived, as, indeed, he expected to; for while he knew his limitations, neither the coach nor the captain appeared to. Perhaps they were sometimes puzzled over flashes of ineptitude, or perhaps they put them down to temporary reversals of form; at least, Ned's talent was never seriously questioned by them. He had settled down as a regular half-back on the scrub eleven, although twice he had been called on in practice scrimmages to take Mason's place at left half on the first squad. He was too light to make much headway in bucking plays, and his inability to start quickly handicapped him frequently in running; but as a kicker he was dependable and had developed a quite remarkable accuracy at forward-passing. Against a light opponent or a slow one, he could be counted on to play a fairly good game, although so far he had not been allowed the opportunity. With him on the scrub team was Hop Kendrick, at quarter, and, for a time, Kewpie, at center. But Kewpie had trained down at last to a hundred and sixty-five pounds and was handling his weight and bulk with a new snappiness, and a few days after Ned became a part of the scrub outfit, Kewpie was elevated to the first team, and a much disgruntled Holmes took his place on the second.

With the defeat of Wagner School, Hillman's ended her preliminary season. In that contest, played at home, the Blue showed a new aggressiveness and much more speed; and while she was only able to score one touchdown, and Pope failed miserably at goal, every one was well satisfied. Wagner had a strong team, and a victory over it was no small triumph. Hillman's line held

splendidly under the battering-ram tactics of the adversary, and her backs were fast and shifty. On attack, the Blue failed to gain consistently, but in the third period, with a captured fumble on Wagner's thirty-three yards for encouragement, Pope got free for half the distance and Slavin and Mason, alternating, worked the enemy's left side until the ball lay on the five-yard line. Then a fake attack on Wagner's right, with Pope carrying the ball through on the left of center, brought the only score of the day. Kewpie proved himself that afternoon, for he was a veritable rock of Gibraltar on defense and a hundred and sixty-five pounds of steel springs on attack. The blue team was far from a perfect machine yet, but it seemed that Mulford had found his parts and that only a generous oiling was needed.

Laurie and George Watson escorted Polly and Mae Ferrand to the game, and, although aware of the covert grins and whispered witticisms of acquaintances, enjoyed themselves hugely. Mae proved to be a very jolly, wholesome sort of girl, and her knowledge of what may be termed "inside football" was stupendous and made both Laurie and George rather ashamed of their ignorance. Between the halves, Ned, arrayed in a trailing gray blanket, joined them and promptly became involved with Mae in a very technical argument that no one else could follow. From the fact that Ned retired with a rather dispirited expression when the teams came on again, Laurie surmised that the honors had gone to Mae.

The following Monday evening, while the enthusiasm produced by the victory over Wagner School was still undiminished, a second mass-meeting was held in the auditorium to devise means of replenishing the football treasury. Three of the remaining five games were to be played away from Orstead, and in two cases the distance to be traveled was considerable and the expenses consequently large. As Joe Stevenson said,

introducing the subject for discussion, if Hillman's charged admission to her home games, it would be possible to get through a season without asking for assistance from the student body. "But you fellows know that that is n't the school policy. We are allowed to sell tickets for the Farview game only, and while we make about four hundred and fifty dollars as our share, that does n't go very far against the season's outlay. We have to pay from seventy-five to a hundred and twenty-five dollars to every team that comes here to play us. When we go away we seldom make enough to pay our expenses. In the Highland game, because it cost us almost nothing for fares, we did. At the present moment we have a cash balance on hand of forty-three dollars, and our liabilities, including Mr. Mulford's salary for the remainder of the season, are about eight hundred dollars. The manager estimates that we'll have to incur added expenses of about a hundred and twenty dollars for Farview game tickets and new supplies. In short, we shall have to pay out, before the season ends, about nine hundred dollars. Against that we have on hand forty-three dollars, and in prospect, something like five hundred, leaving us about three hundred and fifty in the hole. There has been talk of cutting out the Lansing and Whittier games, but that would n't make enough difference. Besides, it would give us a black eye to cancel games as late as this. We might save perhaps seventy dollars if we did, but it would cost us ten times that in public estimation. As far as I can see, fellows, if we're going to have a football team, we've got to pay for it. We've asked permission to charge admission, even a nominal one, to all games, but the faculty is against it. And we have asked to have a regular assessment made against each student. To many of us that would seem the fairer and most satisfactory way of meeting the emergency. But the faculty does n't like that any better than the other proposition. So I guess it's up to us, each and every one of us, to dig down and produce the coin. We need three hundred and fifty dollars at least. That means that every fellow in school must pony up four dollars, or, rather, that the average must be four dollars each. Some of you can't give so much, probably, and a few can give more. I'd like to hear from you, please. Don't be afraid to say what you think. We want to get together on this matter and thrash it out, if it takes until ten o'clock. Any one who

has any suggestion to offer or anything to say will be heard. Come on, somebody!"

There were plenty of speakers: Dave Brewster, the baseball captain, Dan Whipple, senior class president, Lew Cooper, upper middle class president, Dave Murray, the manager of the team, Craig Jones, for the lower middlers, and many others. Some subscribed to the donation scheme, others opposed it. Cooper suggested an appeal to the school alumni. Brewster pointed out that the effort would cost money and that the result would be uncertain and, in any case, slow. An increase in the price of tickets to the Farview game was discussed and the idea abandoned. An hour passed and the meeting was getting nowhere. Some of the younger boys had already withdrawn. A tall, lantern-jawed youth had charged the football committee with extravagance, and Dave Murray had bitterly resented the allegation. Ned, who, with Laurie and Lee Murdock, was seated near the back of the hall, had shown signs of restiveness for some time and had been muttering to himself. Now, to the surprise of his companions, he jumped to his feet and demanded recognition.

"Mr. Chairman!"

"Mister—" Dan Whipple pointed a finger at Ned and nodded.

"Turner," prompted Kewpie.

"Mr. Turner," encouraged the chairman.

"I'd like to say that I never heard so much talking and saw so little action," began Ned, impatiently. "What's the matter with some one saying something useful instead of just chewing the rag?"

"You tell 'em!" piped a small junior above the applause and laughter.

"All right! I'll tell you fellows that you're a lot of pikers to hesitate to pledge three or four hundred dollars to keep your team going. Where I come from we had to have a new grand stand two years ago and we called a meeting like this and we raised seven hundred dollars in thirty-five minutes in cash and pledges. There were a lot more of us, but half of us would have felt like Rockefeller if we'd ever found a whole half-dollar in our pockets! Some of us gave as high as five dollars, but not many. Most of us pledged two dollars; and those who did n't have two dollars went out and worked until they'd made it, by jingo! And we got our grand stand up inside of two weeks, in time for the big baseball game."

There was real applause this time and those in the front of the hall had swung

about to have a look at the earnest youth who was calling them names.

"That 's one way of getting the money," continued Ned, warming up finely, "but there 's another. Out my way—"

"Say, where do you come from?" called some one.

"I come from California," answered Ned, proudly. "Maybe you 've heard of it!"

"Attaboy!" shouted Kewpie. "Swing your leg, Nid!"

"When we want to raise some money out there and folks are too stingy to give it outright, we take it away from them another way. We get up a fête. We give them a good time and they pay for it. Why not try it here? I don't know how many folks there are in this burg, but I reckon there are enough to part with three or four hundred dollars. Give them an excuse to spend their money and they 'll spend it!"

Ned sat down amid loud applause, and Dave Brewster was recognized, although half a dozen others were clamoring for speech. "Turner 's said something, fellows," declared Brewster. "The idea 's worth considering. We 've never tackled the town folks for money, and there 's no reason why they should n't come across. They 've come to our games for years without paying a cent, except for the Farview game, and it would n't hurt them to give a little to a good cause. I don't know what sort of a fête Turner has in mind, but I should think we might get up something that would do the business."

"Mr. Chairman," said Kewpie, "I move that a committee of three be appointed by the chair, to include Nid,—I mean Mr. Turner,—to consider the—the matter of giving a fête to raise the money."

"Seconded!"

"You have heard the motion," droned Whipple. "All those in favor will so signify by saying 'Aye.' . . . Contrary, 'No.' Moved and carried. I will appoint the presidents of the senior and upper middle classes and Mr. Turner to the committee, three in all. Is it the sense of this meeting that your committee is to report to it at a subsequent meeting, or is it to have authority to proceed with the matter if it decides that the scheme is a good one?"

"Full authority, Mr. Chairman!"

"Let 'em go ahead with it!"

"Sure! That 's what we want. Let 's have action!"

"Is there any other business? Then I declare the meeting adjourned!"

Whipple captured Ned on the way out. "We 'd better get together right away on this, Turner," he said. "Can you meet Cooper and me at my room to-morrow at twelve?"

Ned agreed, and he and Laurie and Lee went on. "What I 'd like to know," remarked Laurie, after a moment's silence, "is how you 're going to have a fête in a place like this. The weather 's too cold for it."

"Maybe it will be warmer," answered Ned, cheerfully. "Besides, we don't have to have it outdoors."

"It would n't be a fête if you did n't," sniffed the other.

"Well, what 's the difference? Call it anything you like. The big thing is to get the money."

"You had your cheek with you to talk the way you did," chuckled Laurie.

"He talked sense, though," asserted Lee, warmly.

"Of course. The Turners always do." Laurie steered Ned toward the entrance of East Hall. "Well, good night, Lee. See you at the fête!"

Upstairs, Ned tossed his cap to the bed, plumped himself into a chair at the table, and drew paper and pencil to him. "Now," he said, "let 's figure this out. I 've got to talk turkey to those fellows to-morrow. What 's your idea, partner?"

"Hey, where do you get that stuff?" demanded Laurie. "Why drag me into it? It 's not my fête. I don't own it."

"Shut up and sit down there before I punch your head. You 've got to help with this. The honor of the Turners is at stake!"

So Laurie subsided and for more than an hour he and Ned racked their brains and gradually the plan took shape.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

"It 's like this," explained Ned. He and Laurie and Polly and Mae Ferrand were in the little garden behind the shop. The girls were on the bench and the boys were seated on the turf before the arbor, their knees encircled with their arms. A few yards away Antoinette eyed them gravely and twitched her nose. On the porch step, Towser, the big black cat, blinked benignly, sometimes shifting his gaze to the branches of the maple in the next yard, where an impudent black-and-white woodpecker was seeking a late luncheon.

"There are two sub-committees," con-



tinued Ned, earnestly. "Whipple and Cooper are the Committee on Finance and Publicity, and Laurie and I are the Committee on Arrangements. I told them I had to have help and so they took Laurie in."

"No thanks to you," grumbled Laurie, who was, however, secretly much pleased.

"It's going to be next Saturday afternoon and evening, and this is Tuesday, and so there is n't much time. We were afraid to make it any later because the weather might get too cold. Besides, the team needs the money right off. I looked in an almanac and it said that next Saturday would be fair and warm, so that 's all right."

"But don't you think almanacs make mistakes sometimes?" asked Polly. "I know ours does. When we had our high-school picnic, the almanac said 'showers' and it was a perfectly gorgeous day. I carried my mackintosh around all day and it was a perfect nuisance. Don't you remember, Mae?"

"Well, you've got to believe in something," declared Ned. "Anyway, we're going to have it at Bob Starling's, and if it's too cold outdoors, we'll move inside."

"You mean at Uncle Peter's?" exclaimed Polly.

"Yes. We thought of having it at school first, but Mr. Hillman did n't like it much; and besides, the fellows would be inside without having to pay to get there! You see, it's going to cost every one a quarter to get in."

"And how much to get out?" asked Mae, innocently.

Ned grinned. "As much as we can get away from them. There'll be twelve booths to sell things in—"

"What sort of things?" Polly inquired.

"All sorts. Eats and drinks and everything. We're getting the storekeepers to donate things. So far they've just given us things that they have n't been able to sell, a pile of junk, but we're going to stop that. Biddle, the hardware man, gave us a dozen cheap pocket-knives, but he's got to come across again. We've been to only eight of them so far, but we have n't done so worse. Guess we've got enough truck for one booth already. And then there'll be one of them for a rummage sale. We're going to get each of the fellows to give us something for that, and I'll bet we'll have a fine lot of truck. Each booth will represent a college and be decorated in the proper colors: Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and so on. And—and now it's your turn, Laurie."

"Yes, I notice that I always have to do the dirty work," said the other. He hugged his knees tighter, rolled over on his back for inspiration, and, when he again faced his audience on the bench, smiled his nicest. "Here 's where you girls come in," he announced. "We want you two to take two of the booths and get a girl for each of the others. Want to?"

"Oh, it would be darling!" cried Polly.

"I'd love to!" said Mae.

"Only—"

"Only—"

"Only what?" asked Ned, as the girls viewed each other doubtfully.

"I'm not sure Mother would let me," sighed Polly. "Do you think she would, Mae?"

"I don't believe so. And I don't believe Mama would let me. She—she's awfully particular that way."

"Gee!" said Ned, in disappointed tones, "I don't see why not! It is n't as if—"

"Of course it is n't," agreed Laurie. "Besides, your mothers would be there too!"

"Would they?" asked Mae, uncertainly.

"Of course! Every one's coming! What harm would there be in it? You can do things for—for charity that you can't do any other time! All you'd have to do would be just stand behind the booth and sell things. It won't be hard. Everything will have the price marked on it and—"

"You won't need to go by the prices always, though," interpolated Ned. "I mean, if you can get more than the thing is marked, you'd better do it! And then there's the—the costumes, Laurie."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. We'd like each girl to sort of wear something that would sort of match the college she represented—sort of," he explained apologetically. "If you had the Yale booth, you could wear a dark-blue waist, and so on. Do you think that would be possible?"

Mae giggled. "We might ask Stella Hatch to take the Harvard booth, Polly. With her hair, she would n't have to dress much!"

"And you and Polly could take your first pick," observed Laurie, craftily. "You'd look swell as—as Dartmouth, Mae!"

"In green! My gracious, Nod! No, thank you! But Polly ought to be Yale. She looks lovely in blue. I think I'd like to be Cornell. My brother Harry's in Cornell."

"All right," agreed Ned. "I wish you'd



ask your mothers soon, will you? Do try, because we've just got to get girls for the booths. You'd have lots of fun, too. The Banjo and Mandolin Club is going to play for dancing for an hour at five and nine, and there'll be an entertainment, too."

"What sort?" asked Polly.

"We don't know yet. Some of the gymnastic team will do stunts, I think, for one thing, and there'll be singing, and maybe Laurie will do some rope-swinging—"

"I told you a dozen times I would n't! Besides, I have n't any rope."

"We can find one, probably," replied his brother, untroubled. "We have n't settled about the entertainment yet. And there are two or three other things we have n't got to. Starling's going to have his garden all fixed up, and he's going to cover the old arbor with branches and hang Chinese lanterns in it and have little tables and chairs there for folks to sit down and eat ice-cream and cake. And that reminds me, Polly. Do you suppose that Miss Comfort would make some cakes for us?"

"Why, yes, Nid, but—but you'd have to buy them. I don't think you ought to expect her to donate them."

"We meant to buy them, of course, Polly. And we wondered if your mother would make some of those dandy cream-puffs."

"I'm sure she will. How many would you want?"

"I don't know. You see, there's no way of telling how many will come. There are three thousand people in Orstead, but that

does n't mean much, does it? The 'Messenger' editor's agreed to put in an advertisement for us for nothing, and there'll be notices all around town in the windows; we got the man who prints the school monthly



"LEW COOPER SHOWED A PROOF OF THE POSTER THAT WAS TO GO INTO THE WINDOWS"

to do them for just the cost of the paper. So folks ought to come, should n't you think?"

"Oh, I'm sure they will!" agreed Polly, and Mae echoed her. "But it'll be dreadfully hard to know how much cake and ice-cream and refreshments to order, won't it?"

"Fierce," agreed Ned. "I suppose the best way will be to reckon on, say, three hundred and order that much stuff. Only, how do you tell how much they will eat?"

"Why, you just can't! Besides, Nid, three hundred people would only bring in seventy-five dollars!"

"In admissions, yes; but we 've got to make them buy things when we get them in there. If every one spent a dollar inside—"

"But lots of them won't. Do you think they will, Mae?"

Mae shook her head. "No, I don't. Lots and lots will just come out of curiosity and won't spend a cent. I know, boys, because that 's the way they act at the fairs here."

Ned kicked at the turf gloomily. "Gee, that 's fierce!" he muttered.

"Well, we 'd ought to get more than three hundred folks," said Laurie. "Remember, it 's to be afternoon and evening too. I 'll bet there 'll be nearer six hundred than three."

Ned brightened. "That 's so. And six hundred, even if they only averaged fifty cents apiece, would be three hundred dollars. And I guess if we can make three hundred, we can dig up the other fifty! Well, we 've got to get busy, Laurie. I got them to give me a cut from practice this afternoon and I 'll have to make the most of my time," he explained to the girls.

"Oh! And did they let you off, too, Nod?" asked Polly.

"No, we 're through with baseball," Laurie answered. "No more till spring. I 'm just fairly broken-hearted!"

"When will you know about helping us, Polly?" Ned asked.

"I 'll ask Mother right away; and you 'll ask, too, won't you, Mae? Can you stop in this evening? I do hope it 'll be all right!"

"So do we!" said Ned and Laurie, in a breath. "Rather!"

And the Committee on Arrangements hurried away.

That night the committee met again in Dan Whipple's room in West Hall and satisfactory progress was reported all along the line. Ned read a list of donations from the town merchants, and announced that twelve young ladies from the high school would be on hand, appropriately attired, to take charge of the booths. Lew Cooper showed a proof of the poster that was to go into the windows and to be tacked on posts and fences and of the four-inch, double-column advertisement to appear in the "Messenger." Dan reported that Mr. Wells, the physical director, had promised to see that the best six members of the gymnastic team should exhibit afternoon and evening.

"That means, though," he said, "that we 'll have to have some kind of a platform. Better make a note of that, Lew."

"Platforms cost money," answered Lew, dubiously. "Maybe we can borrow—I 'll tell you what! There 's one stored over in the field-house, one they use to set the dressing-tent on. It 's in two pieces,—sections,—but I guess it 's big enough. We 'll see if we can't get the use of it."

"Good! Better ask Mr. Wells. Say, Hal, did you see Norris?"

Hal Pringle was Dan's room-mate, and, while he was usually present at the meetings, he was careful to keep himself in the background unless called on for advice. Now he looked up from his book and nodded. "Yes, it 's all right. They 'll play for an hour in the afternoon and an hour at night. I had to promise them eats, though."

"Of course. Much obliged. Speaking of eats, fellows, what 's been done about the refreshments?"

"Nothing yet," answered Ned. "I wanted to talk that over. How many sandwiches and how much salad will we want? And how many gallons of ice-cream and—"

"Whoa!" begged Dan. "Blessed if I know! How the dickens are we going to know how much food will be needed? What 's the rule about it? Or is n't there any?"

"Depends on how many will attend the show," said Lew. "Find that out—"

"How 're we going to find it out, you chump? How many do you suppose we can count on, Ned?"

"Maybe six hundred," was the answer. "But if it should rain—"

"There you are! If it rained, we might n't get two hundred! I 'll say that 's a problem. We 'd be in a fine fix if we found ourselves with two or three freezers of ice-cream on our hands and a lot of other truck. Look here, Tabby might know. Suppose you ask her, Ned. We 've got to have enough and not too much."

"It 'll be all right about the ice-cream," said Laurie. "The man said we could return what we did n't open if we got it back that night so he could pack it over. But the other things—"

"You talk to Tabby in the morning," repeated Dan. "She 'll know if any one does. Now what else? What about the entertainment part of it, Mr. Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements? What have you got in mind besides the gymnastics?"

"We thought we might find some one who

could sing or dance. But we don't know many of the fellows."

"Bully! There's Cheesman, Lew. He's a corker. And Kewpie is n't so bad. He sings a funny song mighty well."

"He could n't sing in the afternoon, though, Dan; he'd be at the field."

"That's so! still, the game ought to be finished by four. We would n't have the entertainment part until late, would we?"

"About four, I thought," said Ned, "but Kewpie could come last. I'll put him down, anyway."

"Anything else besides songs?" asked Dan.

"Yes, only—" Ned dropped his voice and glanced at Pringle— "only it's got to be kept a secret to make good."

"Oh, Hal's all right. He's a sort of ex-officio member of the committee. Shoot, Ned."

*(To be continued)*



NIGHTMARE OF THE BOY WHO WOULD N'T EAT BREADCRUSTS

# THE HIDDEN HARBOR AND THE ISLE OF MAGIC FRUIT

By CAPTAIN J. M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.

On the south side of Cuba and out near its eastern end, forty miles or more beyond the scene of our naval battle of Santiago, lies a large, beautiful bay which Cuba has ceded to our Government for a naval station. It is called Guantanamo. Our warships gather there at least once a year for drills and exercises, and thither our new battle-ships are sent as soon as completed to "shake down," that is to say, get sufficiently organized and drilled to take their places in the fleet. The tropical jungle about the bay is sparsely settled; in fact, at the time of this story, it was not settled at all, and was to us an entirely unknown land.

One winter, soon after we had acquired Guantanamo Bay, when my ship was lying there "shaking down," some ragged Cuban fishermen sailed into the harbor in a paintless, patched-up canoe laden with a rare variety of West Indian fish seldom found in Cuban waters.

"Where do you catch these fish?" we asked in our best Spanish.

"In El Puerto Escondido," they replied.

Now Puerto Escondido is Spanish for "Hidden Harbor," so, with aroused curiosity, we made them describe its location. They spoke an almost unintelligible patois, but we finally gathered that a harbor "shaped like a man's hand" and so hidden that its entrance could only be found by sailing close along the cliffs, lay about six miles to the eastward; that this harbor was full of fine edible fish; that it was surrounded by jungle and swamps and soft, engulfing mud-flats infested with alligators; and that in the midst of the harbor was an island of magic fruit.

With still greater curiosity we made them describe "La Isla de Fruto Magico," and gathered that it was a small, round, swampy island on which stood three huge trees densely covered with dark green leaves all the way to the ground, and surrounded by quicksand mud-flats infested with alligators and water-serpents. When seen from a distance, all the upper limbs of these trees are covered with big, round, red, luscious fruit like large mangos, but when the island is reached the fruit always vanishes. So uncanny was the island that no one had ever been known to land on it to solve its mystery.

When the fishermen had gone we dragged out and searched our charts, but no body of water was shown on them as described by the Cubans.

The "Hidden Harbor" and the "Isle of Magic Fruit" formed a topic of conversation and conjecture for the remainder of the week. In fact, our officers' mess became divided into two factions: the scoffers, who contended that the fishermen had told the tale to scare us away from their fishing-grounds, and the imaginative ones, who believed that there must be some foundation for the story.

On Sunday, a number of us who were naturally adventurous and fond of "hiking" started overland to find Puerto Escondido. In torrid heat we labored over mountains covered with thickets and forests and through valleys of moist jungle and tangled vines until, panting and exhausted, we reached a crowning summit and looked down into a broad, semicircular valley through which spread out the glittering waters of a bay, like the palm and fingers of a man's hand. In its center was a dark knoll of an island—a cluster of broad, tall, densely green trees, encircled by slimy mud-flats. With binoculars, we examined the trees. Sure enough, all their upper branches were covered with large fruit, like the reddest of apples; and in their midst, flocks of jet-black birds, too large for crows and too small for vultures, were fighting and feeding. Sometimes these birds could be seen to fly away with a whole fruit and devour it in mid-air.

Having no boat, we could not reach the island, but we returned to the ship highly elated, and prepared for an expedition by sea. On the following Sunday we set forth, provided with a day's provisions, fishing-tackle, and rifles. We sailed along an unbroken coast of rugged looking clay bluffs for two hours or more, and actually passed the entrance to the hidden harbor before seeing it, so completely was it concealed by an overlapping of the cliffs. The entrance, except for its ragged sides, was like a long, deep, curving railroad-cutting. Then the bay opened up before us in a beautiful panorama, with the Isle of Magic Fruit standing tall and green in its midst. And there again was the



beautiful fruit covering all the trees' branches and seemingly undiminished in quantity by the voracious birds, still fighting and quarreling over it.

The wind had fallen to a hot, breathless calm, so we doused sail and rowed eagerly toward our goal. But when still a hundred yards away, our boat began to ground and hang in the surrounding shoals of mud. At the noise and clatter we made in trying to push closer, the birds flew away with loud hoarse cries, and circled about high over our heads. We all looked up and saw with amazement that there was absolutely no fruit left on the trees. Our dismay was relieved, however, when we looked at the birds and found that nearly every one of them had carried off a big red fruit and was slowly consuming it in the air. We watched them until the last fruit had disappeared, then rowed around the island to see if some had not been left on the trees; but there was not a single one.

Disconsolately we rowed away to a sandy point near the entrance, where we landed under shady palms and spread our lunch; but we had scarcely begun to eat when some one pointed to the island saying excitedly, "Look!"

And there were the birds back in the trees, and the branches were again laden with the rich red fruit!

We scrambled into the boat and rowed frantically back to the island; when again the birds flew away, each carrying a luscious looking fruit and leaving the tree bare; and again we watched with open-mouthed astonishment the uncanny black creatures circling high above us until each had devoured its prize.

Then we grounded the boat on the muddy shore, determined to search under the trees for fruit that might have dropped from the branches. But the first man over the boat's side sank nearly to his waist in the soft ooze, and would have continued to sink had he not been quickly seized and pulled back. So again we crossed the bay, to lunch and apply logic to our mystery. Before long, the birds were back in the trees quarreling over the fruit, which had reappeared on the branches in undiminished numbers, but we had determined not to seek it again until we had formed some plan. After much speculation and discussion which suggested nothing, a wise and silent member spoke up.

"The only way to get that fruit is to kill the birds when they fly away with it before they can eat it."

It was the first logical suggestion. We repacked our lunch things, loaded our rifles, and once more pulled toward the island. Again the birds flew into the air, carrying all the fruit with them. Six rifles were quickly aimed at the flock and six shots rang out almost together. The frightened creatures scattered and volplaned in all directions, but one crashed down through the trees and fell with a thud in the mud beneath them, starting from under the lower branches a long, brown, horny, serpentine looking creature with huge jaws, which, smearing a path to



FRIGATE-BIRD WITH AIR-SAC INFLATED

the edge of the water, disappeared beneath it, followed by several smaller and similar reptiles.

No one cared to seek the dead bird, and again we rowed away to give its companions in the air a chance to return; but before we had gone far, we espied an inert, black object floating in the water, and in a few minutes we had it in the boat. It proved to be a scrawny, feathered thing of the buzzard type, though smaller, but alas, it had no fruit. Very naturally, we supposed this had dropped from the bird's bill, and we carefully searched the waters round about, but without result.

Presently our wise and silent member, who had been one of the scoffers on board ship, gave a short laugh, seized the bird, and, holding it tightly by the neck, blew strongly into its mouth. Gradually there swelled out from under the feathers of the bird's throat a hidden red air-sac, which grew fuller and rounder until it resembled a big red apple.

This solved the mystery of the "Isle of Magic Fruit"—a flock of frigate-birds!

# A LIVE LATIN CLUB

By GRACE HUMPHREY

"I DECLARE, it's just a shame, a live shame, Betty, that you could n't have come to visit us last week! Of course, we're delighted to have you now, and we'll find plenty of things to do. But you've missed the Latin Club party, and it's the last one of the year."

"Latin Club? Oh, Latin!" said Betty, with a wry face and an expressive shrug. "Well, if I had to miss anything, I'm glad it was Latin. I just hate it!"

"You would n't, Betty dear, if you had it in our school," said her cousin.

"Yes, I should!" she persisted, "I'd hate it just as much as ever. Old dead language! Why did n't Dickens say Marley was dead as Latin, instead of a door nail? I only go on with it to keep the peace with my guardian, who's got it into his head that he wants to send me to college; and when I said I did n't want to go, he announced grimly that I must be ready for it, in case I changed my mind. But since it's the first and only thing he's ever asked of me, I say to myself that the least I can do is to learn it just to please him—but ugh! ugh! how I do hate it!"

"But you would n't feel that way in our school," began Lois. "You see, we have—"

"In *your* school!" Betty interrupted scornfully. "Why do you all say in *your* school? Latin is Latin, just plain dead Latin! And when I went to school with you, that day last year, Katherine, and followed you about from room to room, why—I thought your Latin class was just as stupid and dull and dead and uninteresting and hateful as ours! And as for the teacher, she was like all the rest of them—they're all as dead as the Latin! I do believe that teaching it makes them wither and dry up. Why, not one of them is really alive!"

"I won't deny," she went on, "that your school is n't way ahead of ours, only see what you have to work with! And some of your teachers were splendid, just splendid! Why, I remember yet, in the English class I went to, she stopped the lesson to show you her picture postals of the Old Cheshire Cheese, and told how she had gone there for luncheon, even what they had to eat! I tell you, I've never forgotten about Dr. Johnson and Boswell since; and what's more, I've never mixed him with Ben Jonson, because she told a funny story of some tourists she

met there who did n't know there were two of them. That's what I call real teaching—to make it so interesting that you can't ever forget it. She was alive, that English teacher!—But Cicero and Caesar? Oh no, no, no! Even a live teacher could n't do anything with them; and anyway, who ever heard of a live Latin teacher?"

"Well, Betty, we'll have to convert you. You're a good subject, and we can do it, can't we, girls?"

"Indeed we can!" they answered in chorus.

"With Miss Hill to tell about," said Jane.

"And the Latin Club parties," put in Mildred.

"And the tableaux," added Nan.

"And the postal cards," said Ruth.

"Stop, stop! One at a time!" pleaded Betty. "I never heard of such goings on! Tableaux, and parties, and picture postals—of what, pray?"

"Everything you can think of, in connection with what we were reading—from all parts of Italy and Sicily, and museums everywhere, but mostly Rome, of course. Anything Miss Hill had, to make things real to us—" began Katherine.

"And make it so interesting that you can't forget it, like Dr. Johnson and the Cheshire Cheese," interrupted Lois, with a sly little smile at the guest.

"Well, what sort of pictures? The only ones in the books are just old statues, stupid and—dead!"

"Those are n't the right adjectives for anything Miss Hill has or does," Lois responded quickly. "She uses her cards to explain things in the lesson—'Æneas picks up a bowl to sacrifice,' for example. We used to translate it just a bowl, or cup; but Miss Hill stops, when you've read that far, and says, 'This is the kind of bowl Æneas had,' or, 'In this picture a man is pouring out the oil and wine from the bowl in to-day's lesson; and here's another, a very rare one in the British Museum.'"

"Or perhaps it's a village that Cicero mentions," Jane took up the story. "Then she tells us about going there to spend the day, and how it looks now, and how much of it is old and unchanged—and about the inscriptions even she could n't read, till the professor gave a hint or two to start her."

"Well, that does sound interesting. Did she go to school there, really?"

"Yes indeed, in Rome, for a whole year. And they had excursions all the time, for an afternoon or the day, and week-end trips; and long ones for the Christmas and Easter holidays. And everywhere she bought postal cards, all she could find. She laughs and says they were her one extravagance; that they often went third class on the train to buy extra cards! Why, she has over two thousand!"

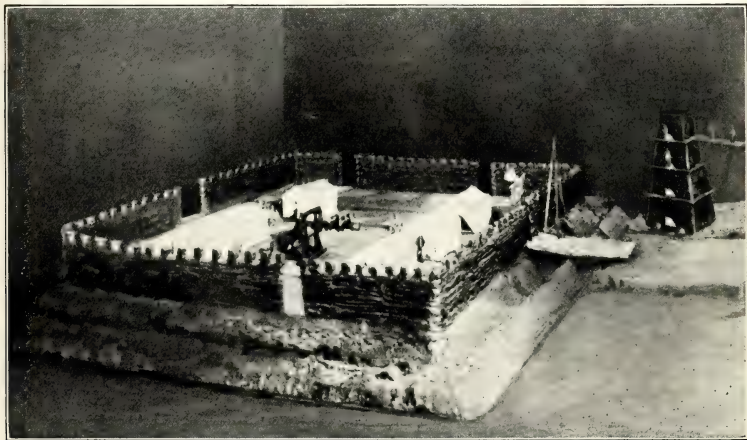
"What I liked best of all," Nan added, "was the day at Pompeii, when Miss Hill watched a moving-picture company act out

"Well, we meet once a month," Nan began, "and a committee of the girls decides what to do. No, Miss Hill did the first one herself. You see, that is n't much work for any one girl, somebody in the group is sure to have an idea, or a hint of one at least; and they all plan it out, and then talk it over with Miss Hill, who always has suggestions to make it better, or less work."

"But you don't tell me exactly what you do, and I want to know everything," insisted Betty, now thoroughly interested.

"Jane, you tell about the first one, since you won the prize."

"You know, Betty, winning the prize



THE MODEL OF A ROMAN CAMP MADE BY THE MEMBERS OF "A LIVE LATIN CLUB"

a part of a play, in a real Roman house and garden, with real Roman furniture, and— and everything!"

"I see," Betty said thoughtfully. "She's been everywhere, so she can make it real and alive for you. But did n't you say something about a club? Do you have meetings, and spend time out of class on—on Latin?"

"Indeed we do!" replied Mildred, with emphasis. "You don't have to belong, of course, but everybody does. Our school's just crowded with clubs, you know; Mother says sometimes I'm in too many. But the Latin Club is the nicest one of all, and by far the most fun. Latin dead! Why, our club's the livest one in the whole school!"

"Do tell me about it, all you can."

was n't much," Jane said modestly. "But it was such fun! It was a parody on the first chapter in Cæsar. Miss Hill wrote it in Latin, and we each had a mimeographed copy to translate. She gave a foreign photograph for the first translation handed in that was right. No, it was n't hard to do; but it was so funny and so clever that the girls laughed over each sentence, instead of writing it down fast. I wish I could remember all of it; but the beginning was:

"All this school is divided into three parts, of which the first are called the Seniors, the second, Juniors, and the last, in our language, Sophomores, but in their's—Oh, what was that funny word?—'Of these,' it went on, 'the wisest are the Seniors (as they think!).'



And so on, with little jokes on each class, and on the Latin teachers too, and last of all about the club!"

"Another time, nearly all the committee were girls in the Cæsar class, and they suggested making a Roman camp. There was so much to do, and we found it such fun, that we worked a second month on it. They wrote the different things on slips, the committee had, I mean," Ruth explained, "and each girl drew one from the bag. I remember mine said, 'Choose three helpers, and bring up a sand-table from the kindergarten. (Permission given already.) Make a level place for the camp, a slope to a brook on one side, and a trench eight feet deep!'

"Some girls made tents, some dressed dolls for the different kinds of soldiers, some sewed S. P. Q. R. on little banners, others made pasteboard armor of all sorts. The girls, with Miss Hill's help, had thought of everything we could possibly use,—scissors, paste and glue, paints, pieces of cloth, sewing things,—everything was provided. And when it was done, after two afternoons' work, we invited the other Cæsar classes—the poor girls who were n't lucky enough to have Miss Hill—to see it."

"It must have been fun," Betty acknowledged. "Anyway, Cæsar would n't be so deadly dull, just battles and pitching camps, if you could really make the camp yourself. Now tell me about the tableaux, please."

"Oh, that grew out of another meeting we had," answered Nan. "It was a costume party—people were asked to come dressed like some character in Virgil or Cæsar or Cicero, or in Roman history. Each girl was numbered when she came into the gym, and you had to guess who they all were, and write them on your card. We had every one you could possibly think of—gods and goddesses, Roman soldiers, senators and emperors like the statues, lictors, a vestal virgin, and so on. Some of them were most ingenious, some were just funny, but every single one was good. You see, they were all submitted to Miss Hill first."

"But it must have been lots of trouble," said Betty, "and expense, too."

"Oh no! A few yards of cheap cheese-cloth will make a toga, and it does n't need much sewing, just drape it on and pin it in place. The girls made the things they carried, or borrowed them from the studio or the history teachers."

"Next, the Latin Club voted to raise some money for a gift to the library," Nan con-

tinued. "Did n't we say it was the liveliest club of all? We talked over various plans, and decided to give some tableaux, using what we had done for the costume party. We made nearly seventy-five dollars," she added proudly.

"Now that must have been just heaps and heaps of work," Betty insisted, "and cost a lot, and taken lots of time. If you're going to charge people, you just have to do it well, and that means rehearsing till—till you're black in the face!"

"But none of those things happened, Betty, not one. Miss Hill thought of all that, and she tried to plan it so that no one in the Latin Club could say she was being pushed with extra work at the end of the year. And how much did it cost, Jane? You're treasurer."

"Not how much, how little! Under five dollars," was the prompt answer. "Two dollars for printing the tickets, and the rest for a few things we had to rent from a costumer,—a helmet, some armor, Cæsar's long purple robe, the spears, and so on. You see it really was n't expensive, Betty."

"But the work! How did you do that?"

"To begin, the committee talked everything over with Miss Hill. They made a list of the tableaux we would have, and those that called for only one girl were assigned first. One would suggest, then another, Miss Hill would help sometimes. Next the tableaux for two or three people: then all the rest were divided into two groups, for the senate scenes and the Gaul's attack on Rome when the geese saved the city. For every tableau one girl was appointed as a sort of stage-manager—she had to see to all the details, pose the girls, and be generally responsible. Of course, that did n't mean that she could n't be in another one. All this was planned in two half-hour meetings. You see, we had a good committee, and there was always Miss Hill!"

"Anyway, you must have spent lots of time on rehearsals?"

"Wrong again! We had only two, and two were all we needed. Some managers, I believe, did try theirs over, once or twice, if the drapery was hard to get just right, or there were several girls in it; but that did n't mean every one had to be there. Of course, the managers were constantly consulting with Miss Hill, to report progress or ask for help, or to show what the herald was to read."

"A herald! What for? to explain to the audience?"



"Yes, that was another of Miss Hill's suggestions. The elementary-school children had all invited—for ten cents! and the stories were told to them; and sometimes the Latin translated. Yes, there were more than tableaux! Cicero really spoke the first paragraph of his speech, right to Catiline, after the other senators had moved away, leaving him quite alone on the benches."

"And Dido really asked Æneas to tell her the story of his wanderings, and her poetry scanned too! Miss Hill's girls can talk Latin, you see—it's not dead for us!" said Lois.

"And your cousin made a big poster for the bulletin-board, of the geese honking and squawking in the fort, and the shadowy figures of the Gauls coming up the hill."

"That's just it!" sighed Betty. "We never could have anything like that in our school. The assembly-room has a flat floor, and no stage at all, just a platform."

"But ours has a flat floor too. The little girls sat in front, and the grown-ups stood when they could n't see. Any school could do as well as we did. Why, our platform is n't a stage at all; it's only two steps up; and the curtains we had did n't work very well, and never would stay together while we were getting ready. And all the background we had was some old green hangings, and a statue of Minerva out of the studio."

"Yes, Minerva!" laughed Mildred. "And in the senate scene, Cæsar has to stand by Pompey's statue, you remember, when Brutus stabs him. But that was the only statue we had. So we made a big sign and hung it around her neck: TO-DAY THIS IS POMPEY. I guess Minerva was a bit surprised, but it made one more thing for the audience to enjoy."

"Oh dear! How I do wish I'd been there! Have n't you any pictures of it?"

"Why, Katherine, you did a lot of them! Don't say Miss Cushing wanted them all for the studio exhibit!"

"Only a few of them, I think. But you know they are n't much—only two-minute sketches, so they don't begin to tell the whole story," Katherine answered rather shyly, opening a portfolio of drawings. "You've no idea how hard it was! I had to work like lightning. You see, Betty, we had to pass in twenty two-minute things, and I'd been absent so much I'd missed nearly all the class-time Miss Cushing gave for them; so it was just up to me to get those tableaux. Some of them, like this one of Helen as the

Cumæan Sibyl, I touched up afterward, from a photograph; and this one, of Apollo catching Daphne. Do you remember Lowell's puns, girls, that the herald gave? Then here is Janus, the two-faced god, like the 'poor little rich girl's' nurse. This is supposed to be Dido, with her sister in attendance, hearing Æneas tell his story. The little girl? Why, Æneas' son of course!"

"Oh, here are some that I know!" exclaimed Betty, with delight; "Niobe and her daughter, Cæsar and the lictors with axes and rods, Romulus and Remus playing with the wolf, and Juno's geese. Now, who's this?"

"Brutus, with the heads of his two sons. Was n't that a clever stunt to borrow the casts out of the studio? Yes, Betty, that is a vestal virgin, and her lamp is over two thousand years old, Miss Hill brought it from Italy."

"And one of Cornelia's sons wore a really old necklace, too," put in Ruth. "And Brutus's dagger was an antique one; and Cæsar's stylus might have been the very one he used—at least, it's old enough!"

"And this is the herald, dressed in white with red bands, reading the stories from his scroll. That was all for the little girls' benefit. It was Miss Hill's idea to send the herald, in costume, to each class-room and invite them to come. It gets them interested in Latin before they ever begin it. The only trouble is, they'll all insist on being in her class!"

"One of their teachers told Miss Cushing," said Jane, "that our party was a good example of the Gary idea—to give the younger children a taste of what we were doing, and make it so attractive that they'll want it themselves. And she said Miss Hill's Latin Club had succeeded!"

"Succeeded! I should think so," said Betty, enthusiastically. "I see now why you're all so interested in your club, and so wild about your Miss Hill. If we can't borrow her, I'm wondering if you'd mind if we used your ideas and start something like it at home?"

"Mind? Of course not! Imitation's the sincerest flattery, you know."

"And your girls will have plans of their own, you'll find. Do promise to exchange with us."

"I will," said Betty.

And this story, to tell the Latin students of ST. NICHOLAS about the club, is the outcome. Why not try it in your school?

# THE BLUE ENVELOP

By ROY J. SNELL

## CHAPTER II

### THE MYSTERIOUS PHI BETA CHI

A YEAR and a half had passed, when, on the day of the beginning of our second mysterious episode, Marion found herself in a spot even more interesting than Mutineer's Island. From where she stood, brushes and palette in hand, she could see a broad stretch of drifting ice, which chained the restless arctic sea at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska. She gloried in all the wealth of light and shadow that lay like a changing panorama before her. She thrilled at the thought of the mighty forces that shifted the massive ice-floes as they drifted from nowhere to nowhere. Now, for the thousandth time, she stood spellbound before it.

Suddenly the spell was broken. Throwing up her hands in wild glee, she exclaimed, "The mail! The mail!"

The coming of the carrier was, indeed, a great event in this out-of-the-way spot. Once a month he came whirling around the point, behind a swift-footed dog-team. He came unheralded. Conditions of snow and storm governed his time of travel, yet come he always did.

No throng greeted his arrival. No eager crowd hovered about the latticed window waiting for the mail to be "made up." If a dozen letters were in the sack, that was what might be expected.

But these had come eighteen hundred miles by dog-team. Precious messages they were. To-morrow, perhaps a bearded miner would drop in from Tin City, which was a city only in name. This lone miner would claim one of the letters. Two perhaps would go to another on Saw Tooth Mountain. Next week, an Eskimo, happening down from Shishmaref Island, seventy-five miles north, would take three letters to Ben Norton and his sister, the government teachers for Eskimos. Two would go into a well-filled pigeonhole, which was consigned to Thompson, the teacher on the Little Diomed Island, twenty-two miles across the drifting ice. Later, a native would be paid ten sacks of flour for attempting to cross the floe and deliver the contents of that box. There might be the scrawled note of some Eskimo, a stray letter or two, and the rest would be

for Marion. At the present moment, she was the only white person at Cape Prince of Wales, a little town of three hundred and fifty Eskimos.

Marion was substituting for the government school-teacher, her cousin Lucile, while the latter was away at Nome helping the natives dispose of their reindeer meat.

Both girls had finished high school, when strange open doors had appeared before them. Lucile, who had always felt a wild desire to spend a year in the Arctic, had been offered the teaching position at Wales; Marion, who, since very early childhood, had spent all her time with brushes and paints, had been given a wonderful commission. It came from that very anthropologist who had relieved them of their responsibility toward the strange boy who came swimming to them from the sea. She was to spend the winter with her cousin at Cape Prince of Wales and was to make sketches of the natives and of their homes—sketches which would be preserved for all time, to tell the story of a fast-vanishing race. And here she was at this moment, "painting her fingertips off."

"Pretty light this time," smiled the grizzled mail-carrier, as he reached the cabin at the top of the hill, "mebby ten letters."

The carrier launched at once into a recital of coast gossip. Marion did not hear him. Gossip did not interest her. Besides, she had found a letter that interested her even more than those addressed to her. A very careful penman had drawn the Greek letters Phi Beta Chi on the outside of an envelop, and beneath it had written, 'Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska.'

She was on the point of sharing the mystery with the carrier, but checked herself. Just some new gossip for him was her mental comment.

"Here's the sack," she said, noting that he had finished drinking the coffee she had prepared for him.

"Phi Beta Chi," Marion pronounced the letters softly to herself as the door closed. "Now who could that be?"

She was still puzzling over the mysterious letter when, after a hasty luncheon, she again took up her palette and brushes and wound her way around the hill to a point where a

cabinet, perhaps ten feet square and made of fiber-board, stood.

Here, protected from the keen arctic wind, she had been making a sketch of the village. She resumed her work, yet, interested as she was in it, her curiosity kept dragging her back to that letter in the pigeonhole up in the cabin.

She was deep in the mystery of it when a voice startled her. It came from back of the cabinet.

"I say," the voice sang cheerily, "have you any letters in your little post-office on the hill?"

"Well, you see," the young man flushed, "Not—not any real name; just the Greek letters, Phi Beta Chi."

He stepped into the cabinet and, with deft fingers, drew with charcoal the characters.

"Like that," he smiled.

"Yes," she smiled back, "there is one."

"Grand!" he exclaimed; "let's get it at once, shall we?"

They hastened up the hill. Marion wondered at herself, as she handed out the letter; wondered that she did not question him further to make sure he was really the rightful



"WITH DEFT FINGERS HE DREW WITH CHARCOAL THE CHARACTERS"

The voice thrilled her. It was new and sounded young.

"Yes," she said, throwing open the back of the cabinet and standing up. "We have, quite—quite a variety."

The visitor was young, not more than twenty, she thought.

"What color?" she said teasingly, as she stepped from her cabinet.

"Blue," he said seriously.

"Blue?" She started. The mysterious letter was blue; the only blue one she had seen for months.

"What name?"

owner. There was something free and frank about his bearing. It disarmed suspicion.

After he had read the letter, she thought she caught a look of disappointment on his face. If she did, it quickly vanished.

While she was dispensing the accustomed hospitality of the Northland—a steaming plate of "mulligan" and a cup of coffee—she felt the boy's eyes resting upon her many times.

When at last he had finished eating, he turned and spoke hesitatingly;

"I—I'd like to ask a favor of you."

"All right."



"If another letter like that one comes to me here, you keep it for me, will you?"

"Why, yes, only I won't be here much longer. I'm going to Nome after the 'break-up.'"

"I'm going north. I'll be back before then. But if I'm not, you keep it, will you?" There was a tense eagerness about him that stirred her strongly.

"Why, yes,—I—I—guess so. But what shall I do if you don't get back before I leave?"

"Take it with you. Leave word where I can find you, and take it."

"You see," he half apologized, after a moment's thought, "these northern P. O.'s change hands so much, so many people handle the mail, that I—I'm afraid I might lose one of these letters, and—and—they're mighty important; at least, one of them is going to be. Will you do it? I—I think I'd trust you—though I don't just know why."

"Yes,—" Marion said slowly, "I'll do that."

Three minutes later she saw him skilfully disentangling his dogs and sending them on their way.

"What's all the mystery, I'd like to know?" she whispered to herself.

She gave a sudden start. For the first time she realized that he had not given her his name.

"And I promised to personally conduct that mysterious mail of his!" she exclaimed under her breath.

### CHAPTER III

#### "FOR HE IS A WHITE MAN'S DOG"

Two months had elapsed since the mysterious college-boy had passed on north with his dog-team.

Many things could have happened to him in those months. As Marion sat looking away at the vast expanse of drifting ice which had been restless in its movements of late, telling of the coming of the spring break-up, she wondered what had happened to the frank-eyed, friendly boy. He had not returned. Had a blizzard caught him and snatched his life away? The rivers were overflowing their banks now, though thick and rotten ice was still beneath the milky water. Had he completed his mission North, and was he now struggling to make his way southward? Or was he securely housed in some out-of-the-way cabin waiting for open water and a schooner?

A letter had come—a letter in a blue en-

velop and addressed, as was the other, to Phi Beta Chi. That was after Lucile's return. Lucile had been back for a month now. The two girls had laughed and wondered about that letter. They had put it in the pigeonhole, and there it now was. But Marion had not forgotten her promise to take it with her in case the boy did not return before she left the cape.

As she sat dreaming there in the spring sunshine she started suddenly. Something had touched her foot.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, then laughed.

The most forlorn-looking dog she had ever seen had touched her shoe with his nose. His hair was ragged and matted, and his bones protruded at every possible point. His mouth was set awry, one side hanging half open.

"So!" she said, "it's you; you're looking worse than common."

The dog opened his mouth, allowing his long tongue to loll out.

"I suppose that means you're hungry. Well, for once you are in luck. The natives caught a hundred or more salmon through the ice. I have some of them. Fish, old top! Fish! What say?"

The dog stood on his hind legs and barked for joy. He read the sign in her eyes, if he did not understand her lip message. In another moment he was gulping down a fat, four-pound salmon, while Marion eyed him, a curious questioning look on her face.

"Now," she said, as the dog finished, "the question is, what are we going to do with you? You're an old dog. You're no good in a team—too old; bad feet. No, sir, you can't be any good, or you would n't be back here in five days. We gave you to Tommy Illayok to lead his team. You were a leader in your day, all right, and you'd lead 'em yet if you could, poor old soul!" There was a catch in her voice. To her, dogs were next to humans. In the North they were necessary servants as well as friends.

"The thing that makes it hard to turn you out," she went on huskily, "is the fact that you're a white man's dog. Yes, sir! A white man's dog. And that means an awful lot—means you'd stick till death to any white person who'd feed you and call you friend. Jack London has written a book about a white man's dog that turned wild and joined a wolf-pack. It's a wonderful book, but I don't believe it. A white man's dog wants a white man for a friend; and if he loses one, he'll keep traveling until he





"THAT'S HIM! THAT'S HIM!" THE MAN ALMOST RAVED. "HONEST LOOKIN', YES, HONEST LOOKIN'. THAT'S HIM!"

finds another. That 's the way a white man's dog is, and that 's why you come back to us." She stooped and patted the shaggy head.

"I 'll tell you what," she murmured, after a moment's reflection; "if the fish keep running, if the wild ducks come north, or the walrus come barking in from Bering Sea, then you can stay with us and get sleek and fat. You can sleep by our door in the hall-way every night; and if any one comes prowling around, you can ask them what they want. How 's that?"

The dog howled his approval.

Marion smiled, and, turning, went into the cabin. The dog, evidently an old and decrepit leader, deserted by a faithless master, had adopted their cabin as his foster home.

She had hardly entered the small building when she heard a growl from the dog, followed by the voice of a stranger.

"Down, Rover!" she shouted, as she sprang to the door.

The man who stood before her was badly dressed and unshaven. His eyes bore a shifty gleam.

"Get out, you cur!" He kicked at the dog with his heavy boot.

Marion's eyes flashed, but she said nothing.

"This the post-office?"

"Yes."

" 'S there a letter here for me?"

"I don't know," she smiled. "Won't you come in?"

The man came inside.

"Now," she said, "I 'll see. What is your name?"

"Ben—" he hesitated; "oh—that don't matter. Won't be addressed to my name. Addressed like that."

He drew from his pocket a closely folded, dirt-begrimed envelop.

Marion's heart stopped beating. The envelop was blue—yes, the very shade of blue of that other in the pigeonhole. And her eyes did not deceive her; it was addressed with the characters Phi Beta Chi, Nome, Alaska.

"Is there a letter here like that?" The man demanded, squinting at her through bloodshot eyes.

It was a tense moment. What should she say? She loathed the man; feared him, as well. Yet he had asked for the letter and had offered better proof than the mysterious college boy had. What should she say?

"Yes—" she hesitated, "yes—" Her heart beat violently. His searching eyes were upon her. "Yes, there was one. It came two months ago. A young man called for it and took it away."

"You—you gave it to him?"

The man lifted a hand as if to strike her.

There came a growl from the door. Looking quickly, Marion caught the questioning gleam in the old leader's eye.

The man's arm fell.

"Yes," she said stoutly. "I gave it to him. Why should I not? He offered no real proof that he was the right person—"

"Then why—"

"But neither have you," Marion hurried on. "You might have picked that envelop up in the street, or taken it from a waste-paper basket. How do I know?"

"What—what sort of a boy was it?" The man asked more steadily.

"A good-looking, strapping young fellow, with blue eyes and an honest face."

"That 's him! That 's him!" The man almost raved. "Honest lookin', yes, honest-lookin'! That 's him! They ain't all honest that looks that way."

Again came the growl from the door.

Marion's eyes glanced uneasily toward the pigeonhole where the latest blue envelop rested. She caught an easy breath. A large white legal envelop quite hid the blue one. "Well, if another one comes, remember it 's mine! Mine!" growled the man, as he went stamping out of the room.

"Old Rover," Marion said, taking the dog's head between her hands, "I 'm glad you 're here. When there are such men as that about, we need you."

And yet, as she spoke, her heart was full of misgivings. What if this man was poor and a bit "crusty," but honest; and what if her good-looking college-boy were a rascal? There in the pigeonhole was the blue envelop. What was her duty?

Pulling on her calico parka, she went for a stroll on the beach. The cool, damp air of arctic twilight by the sea was balm to her perplexed brain. She came back to the cabin with a deep-seated conviction that she was right.

She was not given many days to decide whether she should take the letter with her or leave it. A sudden gale from the south sent the ice-floes rushing through the straits. They hastened away to ports unknown, not to return for months. The little mail-steamer came hooting its way around the point. It brought a letter of the utmost importance to Marion.

While in Nome the summer before, she had made some hasty sketches of the Chukches, natives of the arctic coast of Siberia, while they camped on the beach there on a trading voyage in a thirty-foot skin-boat. These sketches had come to the notice of the ethnological society. They now wrote to her asking that she spend a summer on the arctic coast of Siberia, making sketches of these natives, who, so like the Eskimos, are yet so unlike them in many ways. The pay, they assured her, would be ample; in fact, the figures fairly staggered her. Should she complete this task in safety and to the satisfaction of the society, she would then be prepared to pay her way through a three years' course in one of the best art schools of America. This had long been a cherished dream.

When she had read the letter through, she went for a five-mile walk down the beach. Upon returning, she burst in on her companion.

"Lucile!" she exclaimed, "how would you like to spend the summer in Siberia?"

"Fine! Salt-mine, I suppose?" laughed Lucile. "But I thought all political prisoners had been released by the new Russian Government?"

"I 'm not joking," said Marion.

"Explain then."

Marion did explain. At the end of her explanation Lucile had agreed to go. In two weeks her school work would be finished. She would go as Marion's traveling companion and tent-keeper.

"But how 'll we go over?" exclaimed Lucile, suddenly.

"Native skin-boat."

"That would be rather thrilling; to cross from the New World to the Old in a skin-boat."

"And safe enough, too," said Marion. "Did you ever hear of a native boat being lost at sea?"

"One. But that one turned up at King's Island, a hundred and fifty miles off its course."

"I guess we could risk it."

"All right; let 's go."

Marion sprang to her feet, threw back the blankets to her couch, and fifteen minutes later was dreaming of a tossing skin-boat on a wild sea of walrus monsters and huge white bears.

Her wild dreams did not come true. When the time came to cross the thirty-five miles of water which separates the Old World from the New, they sailed and paddled over a sea as placid as a mill-pond. Here a brown seal bobbed his head out of the water; here a spectacled eider-duck rode up and down on the tiny waves; and here a great mass of tubular seaweed drifted by to remind them that they were really on the bosom of the briny ocean.

Only one incident of the voyage caused them a feeling of vague unrest. A fog had settled down over the sea. They were drifting and paddling slowly forward, when the faint scream of a siren struck their ears. It came nearer and nearer.

"A gasolene schooner," said Marion.

The natives began shouting to avert a possible collision.

Presently the schooner appeared, a dark bulk in the fog.

It took shape. Men were seen on the deck. It came in close by. The waves from it reached the skin-boat.

They were passing with a salute, when a strange thing happened. Rover, the old dog-leader, who had been riding in the prow, standing well forward, as if taking the place of a painted figure-head, suddenly began to bark furiously. At the same time, Marion caught sight of a bearded face framed in a port-hole.

Involuntarily she shrank back out of sight. The next instant the schooner had faded away into the fog. The dog ceased barking.

"What was it?" asked Lucile, anxiously.

"Only a face."

"Who?"

"The man who wanted the blue envelop. Rover recognized him first."

"You don't suppose he knew, and is following?"

"How could he know?"

"But what is he going to Siberia for?"

"Perhaps to trade. They do that a great deal. Let's not talk of it." Marion shivered.

The incident was soon forgotten. They were nearing the Siberian shore which was to be their summer home. A million nesting birds came skimming out over the sea, singing their merry song as if to greet them.

They would soon be living in a tent in the midst of a young city of tents. They would be studying a people whose lives are as little known as were the natives in the heart of Africa before the days of Livingstone.

As she thought of these things, Marion's cheeks flushed with excitement.

"What new thrill will come to us here?" her lips whispered.

Had she known, she might have been tempted to turn back.

## CHAPTER IV

### CAST ADRIFT

THERE was a shallow space beneath a tray of color-tubes in the very bottom of Marion's paint-box. There, on leaving Cape Prince of Wales, she had stowed the blue envelop addressed to Phi Beta Chi. She had not done this without misgivings. Disturbing thoughts had come to her. Was it the right thing to do? Was it safe! The latter question had come to her with great force when she saw the grizzled miner's face framed in the port-hole of that schooner.

But from the day they landed at Whaling, on the mainland of Siberia, all thoughts of the letter and the two claimants for its possession were completely crowded from her mind. Never in all her adventurous life had Marion experienced anything quite so thrilling as this life with the Chukches of the arctic coast of Siberia.

In Alaska, the natives had had missionaries and teachers among them for thirty years. But here, here where no missionaries had been allowed nor teachers been sent, where gold gleamed still ungathered in the beds of the rivers, here the natives still dwelt in their dome-like houses of poles and skins. Here they fared boldly forth in search of the dangerous walrus and white bear and the monstrous whale. Here they made strange fire to spirits of the monsters that they had slaughtered, and spoke in grave tones of the great spirit that had come down from the moon in the form of a raven with a beak of old ivory.

It is little wonder that Marion forgot all thought of fear amid such surroundings, as she worked industriously at the sketches which were to give her three wonderful years of study under well-known masters.

But one day, after six weeks of this veritable dream-life, as she lifted the tray to her paint-box, her eyes fell on the blue envelop.

Instantly a flood of remembrance rushed



through her mind; the frank-faced college-boy, the angry miner, were pictured in her memory. Her hand trembled. She could not control her brush. The sketch she had been working upon went unfinished.

That very evening she had news that dis-

highly favored by the spirits of these dead whales.

"I wish our skin-boat would come for us," said Lucile, suddenly, as they talked of it in the privacy of their tent.

"But it won't, not for three weeks yet.

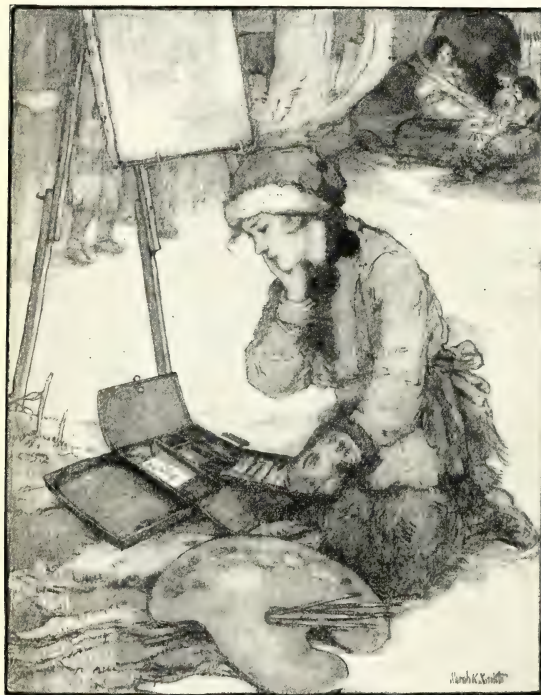
That was the agreement."

"I know," said Lucile, resignedly, "the only thing we can do is to wait."

If the East Capers had been favored with three whales, the men of Whaling were not. One lone whale, and that a small one, was their total take. Witch-doctors began declaring that the presence of strange, white-faced women in their midst was displeasing to the spirits of dead whales. The making of the images of the people on canvas was also sure to bring disaster.

As reports of this dissatisfaction came to the ears of the girls, they began straining their eyes for a square sail on the horizon. Still, their boat did not come.

Then came the crowning disaster of the year. The walrus-herd, on which the natives based their last hope, passed south along the coast of Alaska instead of Siberia. Their caches were left empty. Only the winter's supply of



"AS SHE LIFTED THE TRAY, HER EYES FELL ON THE BLUE ENVELOP"

turbed her still more. A native had come from East Cape, the next village to the south. He had seen a white man there, a full-bearded man of middle age. He had said that he intended coming to Whaling in a few days. He had posed among the natives as a spirit-doctor and had, according to reports, worked many wonderful cures by his incantations. Three whales had come into the hands of the East Cape hunters. This was an excellent catch and had been taken as a good omen; the bearded stranger was without doubt

white bear and seal could save them from starvation.

"Dezra! Dezra!" ["Enough! Enough!"] the natives whispered among themselves.

The day after the return of the walrus canoes, Marion and Lucile went for a long walk down the beach.

Upon rounding a point in returning, Marion suddenly gave a gasp:

"Look, Lucile! It's gone; our tent!"

"Gone!" murmured Lucile.

"I wonder what,—"



"Look, Marion! the whole village!"

"Let 's run."

"Where to? We 'd starve in two days, or freeze. Come on. They won't hurt us."

With anxious hearts and trembling footsteps, they approached the solid line of fur-clad figures which stretched along the southern outskirts of the village.

As they came close they heard one word repeated over and over: "*Dezra! Dezra!*"

And as the natives almost chanted this single word, they pointed to a sled on which the girls' belongings had been neatly packed. To the sled, three dogs were hitched—two young wolf-hounds, with Rover as leader.

"They want us to go," whispered Lucile.

"Yes, and where shall we go?"

"East Cape is the only place."

"And that miner?"

"It may not be he."

Three times Marion tried to press her way through the line. Each time the line grew more dense at the point she approached. Not a hand was laid upon her; she could not go through, that was all. The situation thrilled as much as it troubled her. Here was a people kind at heart, but superstitious. They believed that their very existence depended upon getting rid of these two strangers. What was there to do but go?

They went, and all through the night they assisted the little dog-team to drag the heavy load over the first thin snow of autumn. Over and over again Marion blessed the day she was kind to old Rover because he was a white man's dog; for he was the pluckiest puller of them all.

Just as dawn streaked the east they came in sight of what appeared to be a rude shack built of boards. As they came closer, they could see that some of the boards had been painted and some had not. Some were painted halfway across, and some only in patches of a foot or two. They had been hastily thrown together. The whole effect, viewed at a distance, resembled nothing so much as a crazy-quilt.

"Must have been built from the wreckage of a house," said Lucile.

"Yes, or a boat."

"A boat? Yes, look; there it is out there, quite a large one. It 's stranded on the sand-bar and half broken up."

The girls paused in consternation. It seemed they were hedged in on all sides by perils. To go back was impossible. To go forward was to throw themselves upon the

mercies of a gang of rough sea-men. To pass around the cabin was only to face the bearded stranger, who, they had reason to believe, was none other than the man who had demanded the blue envelop.

A few minutes' debate brought them to a decision. They would go on to the cabin.

"Mush, Rover! Mush!" Marion threw her tired shoulders into the improvised harness, and once more they moved forward.

It was with wildly beating hearts that they rounded the corner of the cabin and came to a stand by the door.

At once an exclamation escaped their lips:

"Empty! Deserted!"

And so it proved. Snow that had fallen two days before lay piled within the half-open doorway. No sign of occupation was to be found within save a great rusty galley-range, two rickety chairs, an improvised table, two rusty kettles, and a frying-pan.

"They have given the ship up as a total loss and have left in dories or skin-boats," said Marion.

"Yes," agreed Lucile: "They wanted to get across the straits before the coming of the white line."

"The coming of the white line!" Marion started. She knew what that meant far better than Lucile did. She had lived in Alaska longer; had seen it oftener. Now she thought what it would mean if it came before the skin-boat came for them. And that skin-boat? What would happen when it came to Whaling? Would the Chukches tell them in which direction they had gone? And if they did, would the Eskimo boatmen set their sail and go directly to East Cape? If they did, would they miss this diminutive cabin, standing back, as it did, from the shore and seeming a part of the sand-bar?

"We 'll put up a white flag, a skirt or something, on the peak of the cabin," she said, half talking to herself.

"Do you think we ought to go right on to East Cape?" said Lucile.

"We can decide that now," said Marion. "We need food and sleep. The dogs need rest."

Some broken pieces of drift were piled outside the cabin. These made a ready fire. They were soon enjoying a feast of fried fish and canned baked beans. Then, with their water-soaked muck-lucks (skin-boots) and stockings hanging by the fire, they threw deer-skins on the rude bunk attached to the wall, and were soon fast asleep.

(To be continued)

# A ZOO—ILLOGICAL SPREE!

By JEAN FERGUSON BLACK

GOING home, late one night, through our  
Central Park  
(It was lonely, of course, but was not very  
dark),  
I heard animals talking among the trees!  
I began first to shiver and then to freeze;



"I SCREWED UP MY COURAGE AND STOOD WHERE I STOOD"

For though strange it may seem, I can well  
understand  
All the tongues that are spoken in Animal  
Land.  
So I steadied my shaking as well as I could,  
And screwed up my courage and stood where  
I stood.

Then I learned that each animal had the  
power  
From its cage to slip out at the midnight  
hour;  
And that often these meetings they held in  
the park,  
And had many a frolic and many a lark.

But to-night they had planned for unusual  
fun,  
Although no one could tell how the thing  
should be done.  
The suggestion was this: each his head should  
exchange

With his neighbor. I laughed, for it  
sounded so strange.

But, at last, with a great deal of  
animal chatter,

They agreed on a way of arranging  
the matter.

First the stork, plainly nervous, but  
speaking with care,

Made a motion the llama be placed  
in the chair.

The suggestion was carried without  
opposition,

And the llama assumed this impor-  
tant position.

"Fellow Zooites," he said, "we 'll no  
longer delay,

Or we 'll not have our fun ere the  
break of the day.

By the powerful magic you know I  
possess

I 'll transfer your heads without pain  
or distress.

So now each one get busy and I will  
arrange

That one head for another you 'll  
neatly exchange.

Set quickly about it, and if you  
agree,

We 'll have cake and ice-cream at a  
'head-exchange' spree."

Then "Hurrah!" and "Hurrah!" all  
the animals shout;

With a will every creature the change set  
about.

To be sure, some complained that the heads  
which they got

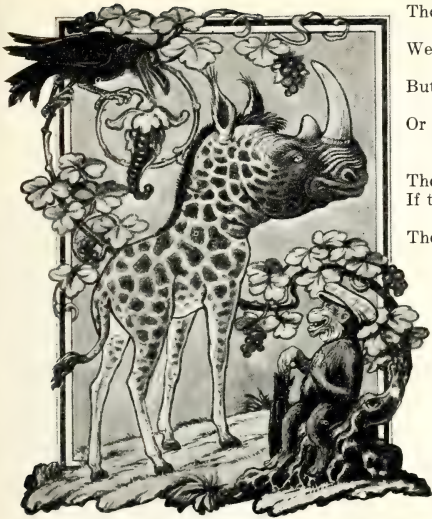
Did not suit them, while others liked theirs  
quite a lot.

The lion and zebra, the leopard and goat,  
One and all made a bargain to get a new  
coat.

The tortoise, the rabbit, the fox and the  
goose

Made the change in a trice—like the tiger  
and moose.

The giraffe and rhinoceros looked really fine;  
But how I did laugh at the stork-porcupine!



"THE GIRAFFE AND RHINOCEROS LOOKED REALLY FINE"

While the parrot-hyena, the peacock and pig,  
The gorilla and buffalo, all looked quite trig.  
But the crane and the python, the eagle and  
bear,

The monkey and raven made every one stare.  
The camel swapped  
heads with the mild  
crocodile—

Lo! his sleepy look  
changed to a wide  
winning smile.

The boar and pelican,  
squirrel and owl

I must say, by the  
change, became queer-  
looking fowl.

Several thought them-  
selves perfect; each  
firmly declined

To make any change  
in his head or his  
mind.

While young Mr. Ante-  
lope haughtily said  
He thought 't would be  
hard to improve on  
*his* head.

Those failing to get the exchange they  
desired,  
Went sulkily back to their beds and  
retired.

But none of the others took note of  
their flight,  
Or yet seemed to miss them the rest of  
the night.

The llama called out to the waiters, "Gosee  
If there 's any ice-cream ripe upon our big  
tree."

The waiters were off in the wink of an  
eye,

And quickly returned with a boun-  
teous supply.

The orchestra promptly tuned up for  
the fête,

And played, while the other folks  
chattered and ate.

Then the llama called order and stood  
on his chair,

And, holding the program, read from  
it with care.

The first thing he called for, the  
camedile's song,

Was really quite good, although rather  
too long.

The rhinogiraffe danced some old  
Irish lilts,

While the elebeast juggled himself on some  
stilts.

At this, the parena laughed out in shrill peals  
That sent the cold shivers clear down to my  
heels.



"THE TIGER AND MOOSE MADE THE CHANGE IN A TRICE"

The duck and the donkey then sang a duet;  
And the storkupine's hornpipe I 'll never  
forget.

It was all very jolly and novel for me—  
I watched all the fun till the town clock  
struck three.

They sang "Auld Lang Syne" in a chorus,  
and then

Each quickly returned to his cage or his den.  
The moon was just slipping from sight over-  
head,

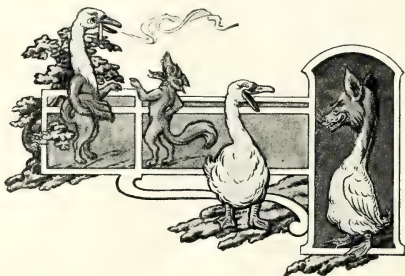
As I walked briskly home and went quickly  
to bed.

I felt very horrid and sleepy and mean,  
And I thought, "Did I dream what I think  
I have seen?"

In the morning I 'll see, for my own satis-  
faction,

As to whether or not there 's been any  
infraction

Of animal laws or the laws of the Zoo."—  
But perhaps I 'd better just leave that to you.



## THE WAY OUT

By EMMA GARY WALLACE

IF there was any one thing more than another which Merle March wanted to do, it was to take a camping trip in company with his four friends, who, with himself, constituted a small local club known as the Five-pointed Star.

It was Merle's Uncle Ben who had facetiously given this name to the group, for they were nearly always seen in each other's company and rarely was there any disagreement of any kind. The boys lived in one section of Chestertown, and all had pleasant homes with roomy lawns about them.

They had first met when their mothers trundled them to Chester Park in their baby-carriages, and they had grown up in school and in play together. Great were the plans which they made for their future lives, and each one of them knew, or thought he knew, just what he wanted to do and to be.

Merle had set his heart on studying law. Albert Bane, who lived across the street from Merle and whose father was a doctor, was planning to follow in the paternal footsteps. Albert came honestly by this desire, for both father and grandfather had been men of medicine, and the lad had high ideals of the opportunities for service to suffering humanity. Albert was a likable chap, slender and tall, and of the typical student type.

Ben Greer was going to be satisfied with nothing short of electrical engineering, and was always poring over books and charts and making tests of the strength of materials and the various principles he found stated in the different books. Ben was a stocky fellow who loved life in the open, and he was the one who had been the originator of the camping trip.

Floyd Andrews had set his heart on a



business career, and he often told the boys that every one in the world was a salesman, having something of goods or service to deliver to those about him. Sometimes, Floyd decided firmly that he would tie up with manufacturing interests and have a hand in "big business." Then perhaps the day after, he would be as certain that he wanted to be a lecturer or a teacher, selling the ideas of helpful and worthy living to

boys had gathered so often about the big fireplace in the living-room of the Drake home, they had planned for this summer outing, which was to be the culmination of the dreams and plans of many a day. They had pored over the maps and guide-books, and had read the descriptions of the different mountain lakes and scenic points of interest of the whole State.

Clarence's mother often laughed at them



"THE BOYS HAD PORED OVER THE MAPS AND GUIDE-BOOKS"

others, who might be greatly influenced thereby.

The boys often laughed at him for his changeableness, but Floyd took it good-naturedly and always assured them that when he really found himself, he would sell them all whatever he had to offer, for he did n't intend to be a salesman of anything which would n't make a "broad appeal."

Clarence Drake said less than the rest about what he wanted to do, but every one understood that the joy of his life was in drawing and painting, and that Clarence was never happier than when reveling in the wonderful greens of the summer foliage, or the rare shades of blue in water and sky, or the hazy afterglow of a glorious sunset.

All through the severe winter, when the

and declared that they were mapping out a trip sufficiently expensive and lengthy to occupy a year and to cost a small fortune. But the boys had plans of their own, and they were going to experiment as to how much of the country they could see for the sum of fifty dollars apiece.

Albert Bane was the proud possessor of a five-passenger car of ancient, but honorable, lineage. It had been a high-priced machine in its day and still possessed a great deal of power, in spite of having grown somewhat shabby with age. His father had taken it in part payment of a debt, and Albert had purchased it of his dad, paying for it with some of his savings and with work which covered several months of time. He was appreciative, however, of the fact that his

father had spent more on the car in fixing it up for him than his work had amounted to, and all the parents were willing that the Five-pointed Star Club should go adventuring in the Brown Susan, as the car was nicknamed. They were to take a tent and cooking utensils and fish-poles and much food and old clothes, and spend their time in pioneer ways. Could anything be more delightful!

Then the unexpected happened, and the club was threatened with the loss of its president and leader, for a long and dark shadow fell across the March home. In the early spring, Merle's father was taken seriously ill, and for a long time his life was despaired of; but the faithful and skilful service of Dr. Bane pulled him through. The long, slow convalescence, however, had meant a heavy business loss, and the neighbor physician agreed with the big specialist who had been called in that Mr. March must not think of going back to business for months yet, for fear of undoing all of the good work that had been done.

The family income had never been more than barely sufficient for the actual needs of the family, and the small margin of savings was heavily drawn upon by this long sickness and its attendant expenses. Merle saw the camping trip fading farther and farther away as summer approached!

He could not keep away from the enthusiastic group now planning definitely where they were going and how they would divide the expenses. Albert was to furnish the car, and they were all to take turns driving it. The rest were to bear the expense of gasoline and oil, and pay a fair mileage tax for tire usage. In the event of minor repairs being necessary, this too was to be a company matter.

It was all worked out most agreeably, and Merle began to feel an intense loneliness at the thought of the boys starting off without him some fresh, dewy summer morning, the Brown Susan loaded and bristling with their outfit. Sometimes, when he awoke in the morning, he could fairly see the boys waving him good-by, and he doing his best to be cheerful as he called after them that he hoped they'd have a dandy time.

Merle knew that there would be no fifty dollars forthcoming for a camping trip for him unless he could earn it; and there was small chance of this, for his time was fully occupied between his school and the after-hours and Saturday position which he filled

with a local shoe-store. What he earned in this way was necessary to help in buying his own clothes and in piecing out the family finances at home.

Merle had worked with the Longham Shoe Company for several years, and early in the season had been assured that he would be released for the famous camping trip. In fact, Mr. Longham was almost as enthusiastic about it as the boys themselves, and it was his tent which was to shelter them when they chose to set up housekeeping by the wayside.

Merle had not had the courage to tell his employer that he would not be included this year in the long-anticipated outing, for he was still in hopes that some way might turn up to enable him to go.

There were times when his father was so discouraged about the state of his health and felt so badly that those whom he loved were giving up so much on his account that Merle never spoke of his disappointment at home. On the other hand, he was brave enough to make light of giving up the trip, and to assure both his father and mother that there were plenty of summers ahead, and that this would not be his last chance for seeing the scenic marvels of Watkins Glen and Niagara Falls and Ausable Chasm and the Thousand Islands and the Adirondack trails and lakes and the famous fox-farms by the way, and all the other things which were to be taken in by the Five-pointed Stars on their journey.

But just the same, Merle's father and mother knew that it was no easy thing for the boy to give up all this, and they often talked together in the twilight, when by themselves, and tried to plan a way to surprise him with the money. But it was of no use. Dollars went surprisingly fast and medicines cost a great deal, and there was now no weekly salary coming in to John March.

It was one of the hardest things that Merle ever did when he told the Big Four, as he called them, that they would have to fare forth without him. They had never dreamed of such a catastrophe, and at first they would not hear of it. Every one of the generous-hearted boys was ready to plan a way by which Merle could join them, and they even proposed that he come along anyway, bringing his own food (for they pointed out he would have to eat at home), but not sharing in the other expenses, as had been planned originally.

Merle was much too proud to accept any

such terms, although he appreciated the arguments of his friends who indignantly protested that he need n't think he was so big that it would take more gas and oil and tires just to tote him along. It cheered him

The rest knew how proud he was, and it was with the utmost reluctance that they yielded to his decision. He would not mar their pleasure by any reference to his own disappointment, and so he went right on helping them get ready for the trip, quite as though he expected to go along, insisting on their taking his camera and "pup" tent and some of the other things he had expected would form part of the outfit if he had gone with them.

The time for the approaching trip was near at hand, and already the boys had begun to load the car. Sometimes Merle had to whistle quite briskly to keep up his courage, but he went about his work at school and at home and in the store as cheerfully as ever.

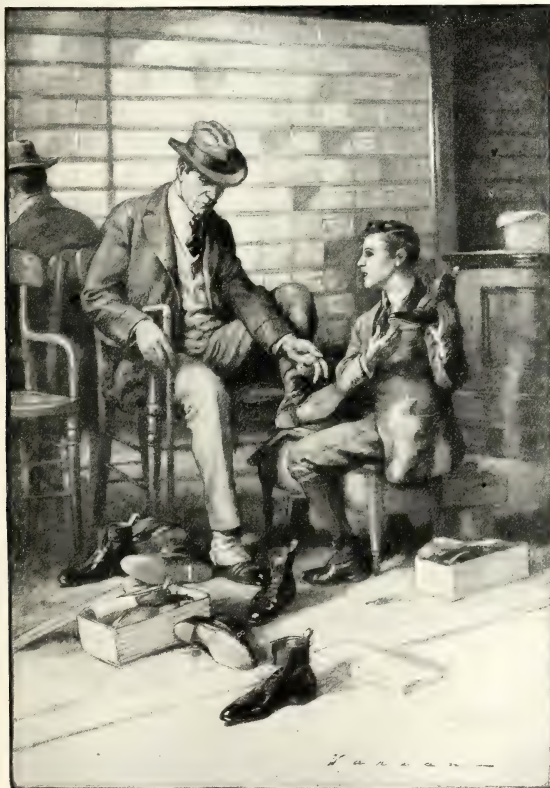
Everything was all set for an early Tuesday morning start, and Merle made up his mind that there was no chance of his going and that he should tell Mr. Longham that he had given up the plan and would work in the store if he wished him to do so. He would say nothing until the busy Saturday was over, for people always came in from the country and there was not a spare moment for any one.

Merle was a bit late that morning getting started to the store,

to know that the crowd was ready to include him whether he was able to pay or not, and really wanted him under any conditions. But he could not consent to go unless he could do his part, and it was hard to keep the lump down in his throat and the tears out of his eyes when he told them that he could not enjoy the outing unless he paid his way.

for he had to help his mother dress his father and move him out into the pleasant living-room. Then there were several things which had to be done at the last moment, so that, when he ran down their own front steps, he had barely time to reach the shoe-store before eight o'clock, when he was due.

As he turned the first corner, a stranger



"THE STRANGER FOUND FAULT WITH EVERY STYLE OF SHOE THAT MERLE SHOWED HIM" (SEE NEXT PAGE)



accosted him and asked him several leisurely questions about the locality. Why was the hill beyond called Indian Mound? And what was the reason that the Soldiers' Monument was placed in an out-of-the-way spot in place of on the main thoroughfare? Merle answered courteously, although he could ill spare the time, but he reflected to himself that he could walk just a little faster, after the man had passed on.

Then the stranger remarked garrulously that he did n't know just where Main Street was. Merle invited him to come along with him and he would show him, explaining, as he did so, that he was due at his place of business in a few moments. The stranger shook his head disapprovingly.

"Son," he said, "you ought to have started earlier. You will be a failure in life if you set forth at the last minute and then expect, by rushing, to get to your place of appointment. You are bright enough to know better than that, for you never can tell what interruptions will come."

Merle laughed good-naturedly and explained about his father's illness, and that, just as he started, a neighbor friend, who was a widow and alone, telephoned for help because the water-pipe in her kitchen had broken and she did not know where the shut-off was located in the cellar. He had gone to help her out. Then when he hurried back home, his dog Towser had come in with a big thorn in his foot, and he could n't bear to let the poor creature suffer when he could help him.

The stranger shook his head and seemed to mumble something to himself. However, he walked briskly along beside Merle; and when the boy came to the Longham Shoe Store and explained that this was where he worked, the stranger walked right along in beside him, remarking that he had to have a pair of shoes and that probably he could get "stung" as well here as anywhere.

Merle expressed his pleasure in the opportunity of being of service and told of Mr. Longham's expertness in selecting the highest quality of foot covering. The stranger looked at him curiously and asked if a boy like him would know enough to fit a pair of shoes properly.

Merle might have taken offense, but he had too much good sense and explained how long he had been in the store, but offered to have one of the older men fit the shoes if the customer chose. The elderly gentleman mumbled something else and said no, that

the boy might do it and see how he got along.

Then began a most tedious and trying experience, for the stranger found fault with every style of shoe that Merle offered him. One was too tight and the other too loose; one too clumsy and the other too dudsish. But never once did Merle lose his own poise or patience. Even when the customer found fault with the price and told how much less he could get shoes for elsewhere, Merle's pleasant manner never failed, nor his readiness to explain the superior quality of the goods sold by the Longham store. Nor did he permit himself to belittle the goods of a competitor or in any way attack their selling methods, although the stranger's words almost invited him to do so.

At last a pair of shoes was selected. They were among the highest priced carried in stock, and, to Merle's surprise, the stranger's manner completely changed as he said:

"My lad, you may send two pairs of shoes of that size and width to this hotel address. I will take the brown pair and the black pair, and I will pay you for them now. I am afraid that I have taken a good deal of your time, for I see others are waiting."

"Saturday is always a busy day," Merle remarked, "but I am sure that these people will be taken good care of when their turn comes; and I am very happy, sir, that you have found the kind of shoes which please you exactly."

The overhead mechanical carrier dropped into place, and Merle reached up to get the metal case which contained his customer's change. The young fellow counted it out carefully.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Come again. And should anything prove unsatisfactory about those shoes, I hope that you will let us know."

The stranger looked shrewdly at Merle.

"I surely will," he said; "and in case I should have any such complaint to make, this will help you to identify me."

He held out an envelop, which Merle was surprised to find sealed and strangely heavy, and before he could ask any question, the stranger was gone.

Merle's eyes rested upon these words written upon the face of the envelop:

A gift in recognition of the most courteous person found in Chestertown.

With the compliments of the  
STAR-CITIZEN.



Merle gave a gasp of surprise, for suddenly he felt strangely weak. Could it be possible that he had won the fifty dollars in gold offered by the leading newspaper of the place as a reward for courtesy? He remembered that such a contest had been announced three weeks before. The fellows had joked about it and wondered if it were genuine.

The "Star-Citizen" had announced that

him and gave him permission to go at once to the newspaper office. He found that the editor wished to have his picture taken, so that it might be used with the announcement of the prize-winner; and as this did not take long, Merle was soon back at the store. He found Mr. Longham waiting for him.

"See here, boy," he ejaculated, after calling Merle into his office, "this is a great advertisement for our business—that a Long-

ham Shoe Company employee is found to be the most courteous person in Chester-town, and it bears out our slogan, 'The Longham Shoe Store—Courtesy, Service, and Satisfaction!'

"How about it? Are you willing that I should have your picture in the middle of a window display for next week, with the gold coins displayed on royal purple velvet in front of the picture, and a clipping from the newspaper pasted to a white background to explain, to any who may not know, what it is all about? Then we will make a splendid display of summer footwear.

"Let me see. You were talking about going on a camping trip. Give me the gold coins, Merle, for the window display, and I will give you my

check for seventy-five dollars, for I figure that the advertising the store will get out of this affair will be well worth the additional twenty-five dollars."

"There, it is noon! Go home and tell your father what's happened, and, if I'm not mistaken, it will be as good a tonic as he can have."

Merle put out his hand.

"I don't know how to say thank you, sir," he said, with a queer little quaver in his voice, "but I—I think you know that I mean it."

"I surely do," laughed his employer, "and—well, run along!"



"IN CASE I SHOULD HAVE ANY COMPLAINT TO MAKE, THIS WILL HELP YOU IDENTIFY ME."

a representative, unknown in town, would come to live in the community sometime during the month of June, and that he would remain for ten days. He would seek the acquaintance of all classes of people, and the most courteous one met would be the recipient of this "grand prize." Merle had forgotten all about it.

Sure enough, the envelop contained the yellow coins and a note of congratulation; also a request that he call at the newspaper office at his earliest convenience.

Merle took the envelop and its contents straight to Mr. Longham, who congratulated

# THE INCA EMERALD

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PROFESSOR AMANDUS DITSON, the great scientist, has discovered the location of Eldorado, where for hundreds of years the Incas of Peru threw the best emeralds of their kingdom into the lake as an offering. The professor's ambition in life is to secure a living specimen of the bushmaster, the largest and most venomous of South American serpents. He calls on Big Jim Donegan, the lumber-king and gem-collector, and offers to lead a party to the lake if Jim will finance the trip, and to allow the lumber-king to have the emeralds, provided Ditson can keep the bushmasters. Jim promptly agrees to this, and Jud, the old trapper, Will, and Joe, the Indian boy, who together found the Blue Pearl for Jim Donegan, agree to go on the trip. Jud and Professor Ditson bicker as to who shall lead the expedition. A whip-scorpion decides the discussion in favor of the professor. They hear and see strange and beautiful birds in the forest, and Jud gets tangled up in a multitude of thorny vines and shrubs and has an adventure with a trail-haunting black-snake. The party enjoys wild milk and honey, and Will studies the tropical butterflies. At night, in a deserted house, vampire-bats break through the screen and get into his room and he is badly frightened and bitten.

## CHAPTER IV

### DEATH RIVER

At last their first week in this new world of beauty and mystery came to an end. At Belen they boarded a well-appointed steamer and embarked for the thousand-mile voyage to Manaos, which is only six degrees from the equator and is one of the hottest cities of the world. There followed another week of a life that was strange and new to the travelers from Cornwall. There were silent, steaming days when the earth seemed to swoon beneath the glare of the lurid sun, and only at night would a breath of air cross the water, which gleamed like a silver burning-glass. For their very lives' sake, white men and Indians alike had learned to keep as quiet and cool as possible during those fiery hours. Only Hen, coming from a race which since the birth of time had lived close to the equator, moved about with a cheerfulness which no amount of heat or humidity could lessen. At night, when the fatal sun had reluctantly disappeared in a mass of pink and violet clouds, the life-bringing night breeze would blow in fresh and salt from the far-away sea, and all living creatures would revive. The boys soon learned that, in the mid-heat of a tropical summer, the night was the appointed time for play and work, and they slept during the day as much as possible in shaded, airy hammocks.

One evening, after an unusually trying day, the night wind sprang up even before the sun had set. Here and there, across the surface of the river, flashed snow-white swallows with dark wings. As the fire-gold of the sun touched the horizon, the silver circle of the full moon showed in the east, and for a moment the two great lights faced each other.

As the sun slipped behind the rim of the world, the moon rose higher and higher, while the Indian crew struck up a wailing chant full of endless verses, with a strange minor cadence, like the folk-songs of the Southern negro. Hen Pine translated the words of some of them and crooned the wailing melody:

"The moon is rising,  
Mother, Mother,  
The seven stars are weeping,  
Mother, Mother,  
To find themselves forsaken,  
Mother, Mother."

Down the echoing channels, through the endless gloomy forests, the cadence of the song rose and fell. Suddenly, in the still moonlight from the river-bank came a single low note of ethereal beauty and unutterable sorrow. Slowly it rose and swelled, keeping its heartbreaking quality and exquisite beauty. At the sound the men stopped singing, and it seemed as if an angel were sobbing in the stillness. On and on the song went, running through eight lonely, lovely notes and finally ending in a sob that brought the tears to Will's eyes. Then out into the moonlight flitted the singer, a quiet-colored little brown-and-gray bird, the celebrated solitaire, the sweetest, saddest singer of the Brazilian forest.

After all this music, supper was served. It began with a thick, violet-colored drink in long glasses filled with cracked ice. The boys learned from Professor Ditson that this was made from the fruit of the assai-palm. It was strangely compounded of sweet and sour and had besides a fragrance and a tingle which made it indescribably refreshing. This was followed by an iced preparation made from the root of the manioc, whose

juice is poisonous, but whose pulp is wholesome and delicious. Before being served it had been boiled with the fruit of the miriti-palm, which added a tart sweetness to its taste that the Northerners found most delightful. The next course was a golden-yellow compound of a rich, nutty flavor, the fruit of the mucuju palm, which has a yellow, fibrous pulp so full of fat that vultures, dogs, and cats eat it greedily. For dessert, there was a great basket of sweet lemons, mangos, oranges, custard-apple, and other fruits.

After supper they all grouped themselves in the bow and there, in comfortable steamer-chairs, watched the steamer plow its way through a river of ink and silver. That day, Jud, while in his hammock, had seen, to his horror, what seemed to be a slender vine dangling from one of the trees change into a pale-green snake some eight feet long, whose strange head was prolonged into a slender, pointed beak. Even as the old man stared, it flashed across the deck not two feet away from him and disappeared in another tree. So perfectly did its color blend with the leaves, that the instant it reached them it seemed to vanish from sight.

"It was the palm-snake," said Professor Ditson, after Jud told them of his experience. "It lives on lizards, and, although venomous, has never been known to bite a human being. If you had only been brave enough," he went on severely, "to catch it with your naked hand, we might even now have an invaluable record of the effects of its venom."

"What is the most venomous snake in the world?" broke in Will, as Jud tried to think of words strong enough to express what he thought of the scientist's suggestion.

"The hamadryad or king cobra," returned the professor. "I once secured one over fourteen feet long."

"How did you catch it?" queried Will.

"Well," said the professor, "I came across it by a fortunate accident. I was collecting butterflies in India at a time of the year when it is especially pugnacious, and this particular snake dashed out of a thicket at me. It came so unexpectedly that I had to run for my life. It seems ridiculous that I should have done so," he went on apologetically, "but the bite of the hamadryad is absolutely fatal. This one gained on me so rapidly that I was at last compelled to plunge into a near-by pond, since this variety of snake never willingly enters water."

"What happened then?" inquired Will, as the scientist came to a full stop.

"When I reached the opposite shore, a quarter of a mile away, and was about to land," returned the professor, "out of the rushes this same snake reared up some six feet. With the rare intelligence which makes the hamadryad such a favorite among collectors, it had circled the lake and was waiting for me."

"Snappy work!" said Jud, shivering. "I



"A PALE-GREEN SNAKE SOME EIGHT FEET LONG"

can't think of any pleasanter finish to a good swim than to find a nice fourteen-foot snake waiting for me. What did you do then?"

"I floated around in deep water until my assistant came and secured the snake with a forked stick. It is now in the New York Zoölogical Gardens at the Bronx," concluded the professor.

Jud drew a deep breath. "That reminds me," he said at last, "of a time I once had with a pizen snake when I was a young man. I was hoein' corn up on a side hill in Cornwall when I was about sixteen year old," he continued. "All on a sudden I heard a rattlin', an' down the hill in one of the furrows came rollin' a monstrous hoop-snake. You know," he explained, "a hoop-snake has an ivory stinger in its tail an' rolls along the



ground like a hoop, an' when it strikes it straightens out an' shoots through the air just like a spear."

"I know nothing of the kind," broke in Professor Ditson.

"Well," said Jud, unmoved by the interruption, "when I saw this snake a-rollin' an' a-rattlin' down the hill towards me, I dived under the fence an' put for home, leavin' my hoe stickin' up straight in the furrow. As I slid under the fence," he went on, "I heard a thud, an' looked back just in time to see the old hoop-snake shoot through the air an' stick its stinger deep into the hoe-handle. It sure was a pizen snake, all right," he went on, wagging his head solemnly. "When I came back, an hour or so later, the snake was gone, but that hoe-handle had swelled up pretty nigh as big as my leg."

There was a roar of laughter from Will and Joe, while Jud gazed mournfully out over the water. Professor Ditson was vastly indignant.

"I feel compelled to state," he said emphatically, "that there is no such thing as a hoop-snake and that no snake-venom would have any effect on a hoe-handle."

"Have it your own way," said Jud. "It ain't very polite of you to doubt my snake story after I've swallowed yours without a word."

At Manaos they left the steamer, and Professor Ditson bought for the party a *montaria*, a big native boat without a rudder, made of planks and propelled by narrow, pointed paddles. Although Hen and Pinto and the professor were used to this kind of craft, it did not appeal at all favorably to the Northerners, who were accustomed to the light bark-canoes and broad-bladed paddles of the Northern Indians. Joe was especially scornful.

"This boat worse than a dug-out," he objected. "It heavy and clumsy, and paddles no good either."

"You 'll find it goes all right on these rivers," Professor Ditson reassured him. "We only have a few hundred miles more, anyway, before we strike the Trail."

Under the skilful handling of Hen and Pinto, the *montaria*, although it seemed unwieldy, turned out to be a much better craft than it looked; and when the Northerners became used to the narrow paddles, the expedition made great headway, the boys finding the wide boat far more comfortable for a long trip than the smaller, swifter canoe.

After a day, a night, and another day of paddling, they circled a wide bend and there, showing like ink in the moonlight, was the mouth of another river.

"White men call it Rio Negros, Black River," the Indian explained to the boys; "but my people call it The River of Death."

As the professor, who was steering with a paddle, swung the prow of the boat into the dark water, the Indian protested earnestly.

"It very bad luck, Master, to enter Death River by night," he said.

"Murucututu, murucututu," muttered the witch-owl, from an overhanging branch.

Hen joined in Pinto's protest.

"That owl be layin' a spell on us, Boss," he said. "Better wait till mornin'."

The professor was inflexible.

"I have no patience with any such superstitions," he said. "We can cover fully twenty-five miles before morning."

The Mundurucu shook his head and said nothing more, but Hen continued his protests, even while paddling.

"Never knew any good luck to come when that ol' owl 's around," he remarked mournfully. "It was he that sicked them vampires on to Will here, an' we 're all in for a black time on this black ribber."

"Henry," remarked Professor Ditson, acridly, "kindly close your mouth tightly and breathe through your nose for the next two hours. Your conversation is inconsequential."

"Yassir, yassir," responded Hen, meekly, and the *montaria* sped along through inky shadows and the silver reaches of the new river in silence.

About midnight the forest became so dense that it was impossible to follow the channel safely, and the professor ordered the boat to be anchored for the night. Usually it was possible to make a landing and camp on shore, but to-night, in the thick blackness of the shadowed bank, it was impossible to see anything. Accordingly, the party, swathed in mosquito-netting, slept as best they could in the *montaria* itself. It was at the gray hour before dawn, when men sleep soundest, that Jud was awakened by hearing a heavy thud against the side of the boat close to his head. It was repeated, and in the half-light the old man sat up. Once again came the heavy thud, and then, seemingly suspended in the air above the side of the boat, not six feet from Jud's staring eyes, hung a head of horror. Slowly it thrust itself higher and higher, until, towering over the side of the

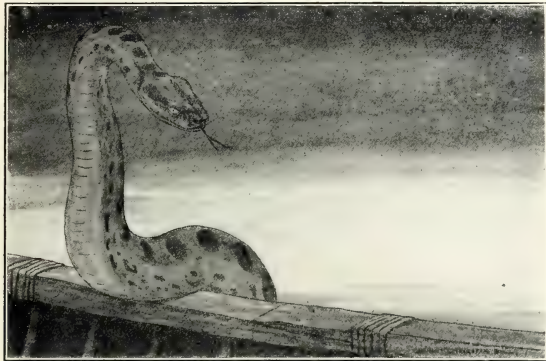


boat, showed the fixed, gleaming eyes and the darting forked tongue of a monstrous serpent. Paralyzed by his horror for all snake kind for a moment, the old man could not move, and held his breath until the blood drummed in his ears. Only when the hideous head curved downward toward Joe did Jud recover control of himself. His prisoned voice came out then with a yell like a steam siren, and he fumbled under his left armpit

the attack, the coils of the great serpent moved toward the boy who, without a sound, struggled to release his shoulder from the terrible grip of the curved teeth. The anaconda, the sucuruju of the natives, rarely ever attacks a man; but when it does, it is with difficulty driven away. This one, in spite of steel and bullets, persisted in its attempt to engulf the body of the struggling boy in its coils, solid masses of muscle powerful

enough to break every bone in Joe's body.

It was Hen Pine who really saved the boy's life. Awakened by the sound of the shots and the shouts of Jud and Pinto, he reached Joe just as one of the fatal coils was half around him. With his bare hands he caught hold of both of the fierce jaws and with one tremendous wrench of his vast arms literally tore them apart. Released from their death grip, Joe rolled to one side, out of danger. The great snake hissed fiercely, and its



"TOWERING OVER THE SIDE OF THE BOAT—A MONSTROUS SERPENT"

for the automatic revolver which he wore in the wilderness, night and day, strapped there in a water-proof case.

"Sucuruju! Sucuruju! Sucuruju!" shouted Pinto, aroused by Jud's yell. "The Spirit of the River is upon us!" and he grasped his machete just as Jud loosened his revolver.

Quick as they were, the huge anaconda, the largest water-snake of the world, was even quicker. With a quick dart of its head, it fixed its long curved teeth in the shoulder of the sleeping boy, and in an instant some twenty feet of glistening coils glided over the side of the boat. The scales of the monster shone like burnished steel, and it was of enormous girth in the middle, tapering off at either end. Jud dared not shoot at the creature's head for fear of wounding Joe, but sent bullets as fast as he could pull the trigger into the great girth, which tipped the heavy boat over until the water nearly touched the gunwale. Pinto slashed with all his might with his machete at the back of the great snake, but it was like attempting to cut through steel-studded leather. In spite of

deadly, lidless eyes glared into those of the man. Slowly, with straining, knotted muscles, Hen wrenched the grim jaws farther and farther apart. Then, bracing his vast forearms, he bowed his back in one tremendous effort that, in spite of the steel-wire muscles of the great serpent, bent its deadly jaws backward and tore them down the sides, ripping the tough, shimmering skin like so much paper. Slowly, with a wrench and a shudder, the great water-boas acknowledged defeat, and its vast body, pierced, slashed, and torn, reluctantly slid over the side of the boat. As Hen released his grip of the torn jaws, the form of the giant serpent showed mirrored for an instant against the moonlit water and then disappeared in the inky depths below. Joe's thick flannel shirt had saved his arm from any serious injury, but Professor Ditson washed out the gashes made by the sharp curved teeth with permanganate of potash, for the teeth of the boas and pythons, although not venomous, like the teeth of any wild animal may bring on blood-poisoning. Jud was far more shaken by the adventure than Joe, who was as impassive as ever.

"Snakes, snakes, snakes!" he complained. "They live in the springs and pop up beside the paths and drop on you out of trees. Now they 're beginnin' to creep out of the water to kill us off in our sleep. What a country!"

"It 's the abundance of reptile life which makes South America so interesting and attractive," returned Professor Ditson, severely.

It was Pinto who prevented the inevitable and heated discussion between the elders of the party.

"Down where I come from," he said, "lives a big water-snake many times larger than this one, the Guardian of our River. He at least seventy-five feet long. We feed him goats every week. My grandfather and his grandfather's grandfather knew him. Once," went on Pinto, "I found him coiled up beside the river in such a big heap that I could n't see over the top of the coils."

"I don't know which is the worse," murmured Jud, to Will, "seein' the snakes which *are* or hearin' about the snakes which *ain't*. Between the two, I 'm gettin' all worn out."

Then Pinto went back again to his predictions about the river they were on.

"This river," he said, "is not called the River of Death for nothing. The old men of my tribe say that always dangers come here by threes. One is passed but two more are yet to come. Never, Master, should we have entered this river by night."

"Yes," chimed in Hen, "when I heered that ol' witch-owl I says to myself, 'Hen Pine, there 'll be somethin' bad a-doin' soon.'"

"You talk like a couple of superstitious old women," returned Professor Ditson, irritably.

"You wait," replied the Indian, stubbornly, "two more evils yet to come."

Pinto's prophecy was partly fulfilled with startling suddenness. The party had finished breakfast, and the montaria was anchored in a smooth, muddy lagoon which led from the river back some distance into the forest. While Will and Hen fished from the bow of the boat, the rest of the party curled themselves up under the shade of the overhanging trees to make up their lost sleep. At first, the fish bit well and the two caught a number which looked much like the black bass of Northern waters. A minute later, a school of fresh-water flying-fish broke water near them and flashed through the air for a full twenty yards, like a flight of gleaming birds. As the sun burned up the morning mist it

changed from a sullen red to a dazzling gold and at last to a molten white, and the two fishermen nodded over their poles as little waves of heat ran across the still water and seemed to weigh down their eyelids like swathings of soft wool. The prow of the boat swung lazily back and forth in the slow current which set in from the main river. Suddenly the dark water around the boat was muddied and discolored, as if something had stirred up the bottom ten feet below. Then up through the clouded water, drifted a vast, spectral, grayish-white shape. Nearer and nearer to the surface it came, while Hen and Will dozed over their poles. Will sat directly in the bow and his body, sagging with sleep, leaned slightly over the gunwale. Suddenly the surface of the water was broken by a tremendous splash, and out from its depths shot fully half the body of a fish nearly ten feet in length. Its color was the gray-white of the ooze at the bottom of the stream in which it had lain hidden until attracted to the surface by the shadow of the montaria drifting above him. Will awakened at the hoarse shout from Hen just in time to see yawning in front of him a mouth more enormous than he believed any created thing possessed outside of the whale family. It was a full five feet between the yawning jaws, which were circled by a set of small sharp teeth. Even as he sprang back, the monster lunged forward right across the edge of the boat and the jaws snapped shut. Will rolled to one side in an effort to escape the menacing depths, and although he managed to save his head and body from the maw of the great fish, yet the jaws closed firmly on both his extended arms, engulfing them clear to the shoulder. The little teeth, tiny in comparison with the size of the jaws in which they were set, hardly more than penetrated the sleeves of his flannel shirt and pricked the skin below, but as the monster lurched backward toward the water its great weight drew the boy irresistibly toward the edge of the boat, although he dug his feet into the thwarts and twined them around the seat on which he had been sitting. Once in the river, the fatal jaws would open again, and he felt that he would be swallowed as easily as a pike would take in a minnow. Even as he was dragged forward to what seemed certain death, he did not fail to recognize a familiar outline in the vast fish-face against which he was held. The small, deep-set eyes, the skin like oiled leather, long filaments extending from the side of the jaw, and the

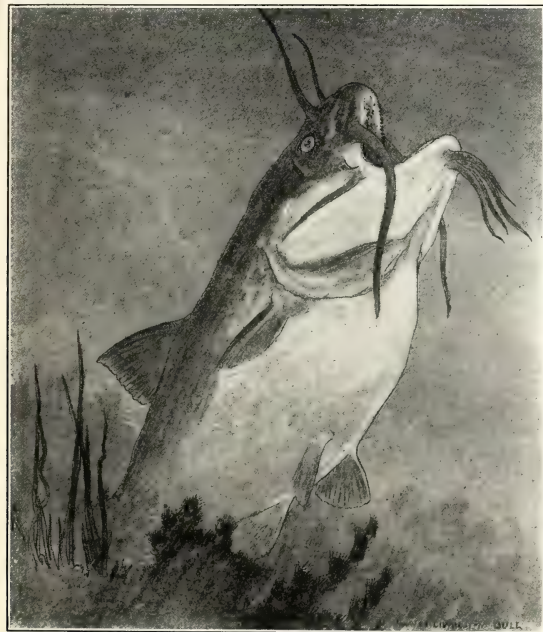
enormous round head were nothing more than that of the catfish or bullhead which he used to catch at night behind the mill-dam in Cornwall, enlarged a thousand times.

Although the monster, in spite of its unwieldy size, had sprung forth, gripped its intended prey, and started back for the water

effort in his brawny body, brought the keen edge down slantwise across the gray back of the river-monster, which tapered absurdly small in comparison with the vast spread of the gaping jaws. It was such a blow as Richard the Lion-hearted might have struck; and just as his historic battle-sword would

shear through triple plate and flesh and bone, so that day the machete of Hen Pine, unsung in song or story, cut through the smooth, gray skin, the solid flesh beneath, and whizzed straight on through the cartilaginous joints of the great fish's spine, nor ever stopped until it had sunk deep into the wood of the high gunwale of the boat itself. With a gasping sigh, the monster's head rolled off the edge of the boat and slowly sank through the dark water, leaving the long, severed trunk floating on the surface. Reaching out, the negro caught the latter by one of the back fins, and secured it with a quick twist of a near-by rope.

"That 's the biggest piraiba I ever see," he announced. "They 're fine to eat, an' turn about is fair play. Ol' piraiba try to eat you; now you eat him." And while Will sat back on the seat, sick and faint



"UP THROUGH THE CLOUDED WATER, DRIFTED A VAST, SPECTRAL, GRAYISH-WHITE SHAPE"

in a flash, yet Hen Pine was even quicker. In spite of his size, there was no one in the party quicker in an emergency than the giant negro. Even as he sprang to his feet, he disengaged the huge steel machete which always dangled from his belt. Hen's blade, which he used as a bush-hook and a weapon, was half again as heavy as the ordinary machete and he always kept it ground to a razor edge. He reached the bow just as the great, gray, glistening body slipped back over the gunwale, dragging Will irresistibly with it. Swinging the broad heavy blade over his head, Hen, with every ounce of

from his narrow escape, Hen proceeded to haul the black trunk aboard and carve steaks of the white, firm-set flesh from it.

"Every year along the Madeira River this fish tip over canoes and swallow Indians. They 's more afraid of it," Hen said, "than they is of alligators or anacondas."

When Hen woke up the rest of the party and told them of the near-tragedy, Pinto croaked like a raven.

"Sucuruju, one, piraiba, two; but three is yet to come," he finished despondingly. The next two days, however, seemed to indicate that the river had exhausted its malice



against the travelers. The party paddled through a panorama of sights and sounds new to the Northerners, and at night camped safely on high, dry places on the banks. On the morning of the third day the whole party started down the river before daylight and watched the dawn of a tropical day, a miracle even more beautiful than the sunrises of the North. One moment there was perfect blackness; then a faint light showed in the east; and suddenly, without the slow changes of northern skies, the whole east turned a lovely azure blue, against which showed a film and fretwork of white clouds, like wisps of snowy lace.

Just as the sun came up they passed a tall and towering conical rock which shot up three hundred feet among the trees and terminated in what looked like a hollowed summit. Pinto told them that this was "Treasure Rock," and that nearly half a thousand years ago the Spaniards, in the days when they were the cruel conquerors of the New World, had explored this river. From the ancestors of Pinto's nation and from many another lesser Indian tribe they had carried off a great treasure of gold and emeralds and diamonds. Not satisfied with these, they had tried to enslave the Indians and make them hunt for more. Finally, in desperation, the tribes united, stormed their persecutors' camp, killed some, and forced the rest to flee down the river in canoes. When the Spaniards reached the rock, they

landed, and, driving iron spikes at intervals up its steep side, managed to clamber up to the very crest and haul their treasure and stores of water and provisions after them by ropes made of lianas. There, safe from the arrows of their pursuers in the hollow top, they stood siege until the winter rains began. Then, despairing of taking the fortress, the Indians returned to their villages; whereupon the Spaniards clambered down, the last man breaking off the iron spikes as he came, and escaped to the Spanish settlements. Behind them, in the inaccessible bowl on the tip-top of the rock, they left their treasure-chest, expecting to return with reinforcements and rescue it. The years went by and the Spaniards came not again to Black River, but generation after generation of Indians handed down the legend of Treasure Rock, with the iron-bound chest on its top, awaiting him who can scale its height.

Jud, a treasure-hunter by nature, was much impressed by Pinto's story.

"What do you think of takin' a week off and lookin' into this treasure business?" he suggested. "I 'll undertake to get a rope over the top of this rock by a kite, or something of that sort, an' then I know a young chap by the name of Adams that could climb up there an' bring down a trunk full of gold an' gems. What do you say?"

"Pooh!" is what Professor Amandus Ditson said, and the expedition proceeded in spite of Jud's protests.

*(To be continued)*

## SPRING SONG

WHEN the sky is blue, with white clouds flying,  
And meadows are muddy and brown,  
Comes a voice from the hill that is crying, crying—  
Calling me out of the town.

Over the hill where the wind is running,  
Hepaticas beckon and gleam;  
And just beyond, there are redwings sunning,  
And yellowing willows dream;

Over the hill, in the swampy hollow,  
The shrill voiced peepers sing.  
When a bluebird calls, I must up and follow  
Over the hill with Spring!

*Eleanore Myers Jewett.*



# The GENTLE PIRATE

By Malcolm Douglas

WITH care the gentle pirate chose,  
From applicants who came,  
A crew, selecting only those  
Who bore a spotless name.

He picked of breakfast foods a score,  
The appetizing prune,  
And tingly ginger-pop galore,  
Then weighed the anchor soon.

The lookout north, south, east, and west  
Craned a benevolent neck,  
While, innocent as lambs, the rest  
Played checkers on the deck.



"Ours is a most nefarious trade,"

The gentle pirate said,

"But with reforms it can be made  
An honest one instead.

"The skull and cross-bones we'll abjure,  
For, if my judgment serves,  
The shock would be too great, I'm sure,  
For people with weak nerves.

"If there should be a ship about,  
Some prize that we can land,  
We will not scuttle it without  
Permission, understand!"

The gentle pirate cruised and cruised  
With honor all his days,  
And every one he met enthused  
About his charming ways.

"Say, Ma," the little boys would cry,  
"May we be pirates, too?"

"You may," their mothers would reply,  
"If he'll apprentice you."

ff

# SMOKE-CHASERS

By GEORGE BANCROFT DUREN

*"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"*

Cautiously, with thin gray fingers, dawn was rolling back the heavy portières of night. Tall sleeping tamaracks loomed indistinctly in the lifting haze. Eastward across the tree-tops was flung the lilac banner of approaching day. The sun was yet many minutes below the horizon. In the midst of a small forest clearing stood a roughly hewn log-cabin, the only sign of civilization in that endless monotony of woodland.

Had you peeped within the cabin window, you would have seen two men, rolled up in blankets, sleeping. One had undoubtedly long been a companion of the forest. The winds of many winters had whipped deep furrows into his unshaven face, while his hands, which lay across his chest, were gnarled and rough. But his sleeping companion was many years younger—eighteen or twenty perhaps, with the vigorous flush of youth in his cheeks.

*"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"*

The sound which had first awakened the long stillness of the night was repeated. There was no doubt that a telephone-bell was buzzing away, impatient at the delay on the part of the slumbering woodsmen in answering. Yet what was this modern means of communication doing there in the heart of the forest, miles and miles away from all other human beings? The clanging of a trolley-bell or a newsboy shouting could not have been more startling.

Then the older man stirred. As the meaning of the incessant ringing flashed through his sleepy brain he threw the blanket hastily aside, and an instant later was at the front of the cabin holding the receiver of a telephone tightly against his ear.

"Hello there—hello. This is Turner Ranger Station," he drawled.

Faintly the answer came back: "Turner Ranger Station? This is headquarters. There's a fire somewhere over by Seventeen Mile Creek. Here's the lay of the land. Now get this. Mount Tom reports 300 degrees, Sheldon reports 320. Got it? Call me back if you need more men. So long."

Two receivers clicked on their hooks, simultaneously. By this time the second sleeper had aroused himself sufficiently to join his companion. It took the men less than two

minutes to hop into their trousers and pull on their heavy spiked boots. There was no fuming over perverse collar-buttons or vain admiration of neckties before the mirror—not for them! For somewhere beyond the first hump of mountain-range, a fire was threatening the great Kootenai National Forest which surrounded them! There, through the underbrush and along uncharted paths, their duty called them. Five minutes later, armed with a two-days supply of food, grub-hoe, shovel, and double-edged ax, they were swallowed up in the forest.

But let us turn back a few pages in the book of time, so that we may learn more of the younger man, whose bearing seems to suggest that he has not always lived this lonely life of a U. S. Government "smoke-chaser" in the Kootenai National Forest, Montana. We see him just completing his schooling in the East. Then comes a lengthy illness, and later, when strength has been regained, a desire to drink the tonic of the Western hills and live for a time within the bounds of a great wilderness, where only a boy with a man's heart and a man's courage can endure the loneliness and hardships and come out of the ordeal in love with nature. So we follow him to the West, and then from a rancher's cabin to the ranger station, thirty miles from Libby, the nearest settlement.

To all of us at one time or another has come that primeval call. We dream of being lulled to sleep beneath the stars and roused from slumber at daybreak by the whistling of the little gophers. Some of us have realized these desires in a measure; but few have had such experiences as had this young smoke-chaser in the Montana mountains. For there a man is placed upon his own resources. He must keep fit, for he knows that the nearest physician lives miles away. He must learn to know the forest like a book, else he will lose himself within its trackless depths. And he must learn to do many other things for himself, for he is to be his own cook, his own seamstress, his own wood-chopper, and his own housemaid.

So the boy who loves to do these things, and is willing to endure the few hard knocks which come with them, will find keen delight in serving, for a time at least, with the United States Forest Service as a smoke-chaser.

But smoke-chasers form only one unit of this great organization which guards our vast American forests.

The Kootenai Forest, by way of example, is 1,336,061 acres in area. The welfare of this huge tract is under the direct supervision of a superintendent at Libby, Montana. Under him, like links in a great unbroken chain, are the smoke-chasers, lookouts, and



TURNER RANGER STATION IN THE KOOTENAI NATIONAL FOREST

rangers. Of these three groups, the lookouts probably lead the most lonesome lives. Imagine a little hut built upon the topmost pinnacle of a shaggy, towering mountain. As far as the eye can see stretches the unbroken green of the forest. That is the lookout's isolated palace. Yet like the legend of the captive princess, he may not leave his mountain castle, for from sun-up till dusk he must sweep the horizon with powerful field-glasses in search of forest fires.

But it is in the smoke-chasers that I am particularly interested, and so to return to them. They are usually banded in twos, so that, should the fire be too serious for them to combat, one may make haste to the ranger station and telephone for reinforcements. Often days go by without the report of fire interrupting the orderly routine of the passing days. But during these lax periods the men put in their time to good advantage, for there is nothing more conducive to loneliness in the forest than complete idleness. There is wood to be chopped, and this forms one of the chief occupations of the smoke-chasers—at least at Turner Station, where the two men found the task a splendid appetizer for the dinners of canned meat and beans, which they prepared for themselves.

Just how do these forest firemen extinguish a blaze when word is flashed to them over the

single wire, strung for miles through the forest on the tamarack-trees which act as insulators? There is no clanging of fire-bells, no dashing horses or clattering motor-engines. Neither are there yards and yards of lengthy hose, nor the towering extension-ladders with which we of the great cities are familiar. In fact, it would be practically impossible even to carry a fire-extinguisher through those dense

Montana forests to the scene of operations. Should you watch these strange firemen start out in answer to a call, you might at first think they were setting forth to dig a garden or lay the foundation of a house, for so their tools seem to indicate. It seems almost impossible that an ax, a shovel, and a tiny grub-hoe would make good implements for combating flames. Yet it is true.

To prove it, let us follow the old guide and his youthful companion. The path for the first few miles is well blazed, for they have been that way before on other expeditions. Very shortly, however, the compass indicated that a break must be made into the uncharted underbrush.

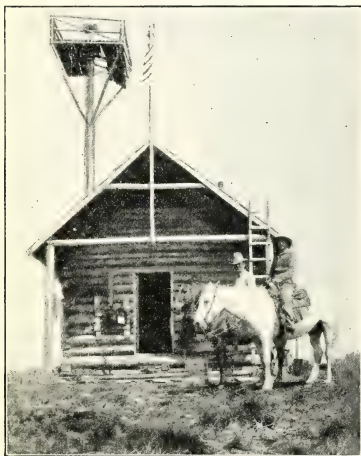
Then follow several more miles with only the compass as guide. A pungent smell begins to blend with the clear mountain air. It is smoke. A few steps more, and a dense cloud rolls out from between the stalwart trees, and the fire-fighters have reached their destination! While from the mountain-top, to the lookout who had discovered it, the smoke appeared to indicate a large blaze, it was in reality nothing to cause concern to the fire-fighters. A big stump, crumbling away with age, was ablaze, but the flames had not yet crept along the underbrush and reached verdant foliage.

And now for the fire-fighting process. Just as if the men were doughboys and were attempting to entrench themselves with great haste because they feared the approach of the enemy, they started to work digging a trench several feet wide about the blazing stump. That was to prevent the fire from spreading over the dry peat, which constitutes the forest carpet. When this is completed, there is little left for the foresters to do, for the sim-



plest treatment for a burning stump is to let it burn itself out. Oddly enough, there is no sign of a camp-fire in the vicinity and you might wonder, if you were uninitiated, how the fire had its origin.

For a woodsman, the explanation would be simple. Several days before there had been a thunder-storm, and lightning had struck several trees in the vicinity of the Turner



LOOKOUT STATION ATOP THE MOUNTAIN

Ranger Station and had undoubtedly found other marks in the Kootenai Forest. This crumbling stump had been one of them. The shaft of fire had penetrated the dampened outer bark and reached the dry, pitchy pulp of the stump and there smoldered as a tiny spark. A day or so had passed, and the little spark of fire glowed and grew larger. You know how a piece of punk will burn long after you have thought it extinguished? So it was with the pulp of the tree-stump.

The burning sun beat down upon the moist outer bark, and soon it was as dry and inflammable as the dusty pulp within. This gave the smoldering spark the opportunity for which it had been waiting, and out from its hiding-place it crept, until the stump suddenly burst into flames. A lookout ten miles away saw the warning signal, as the first waving ribbons of smoke drifted above the tree-tops, and ten minutes later the fire-fighters from Turner Station were off to the

rescue. Such is the efficiency of the government fire service.

Had the fire been more dangerous, one of the men would have returned over the trail which he had blazed as he went. At the station he would have called headquarters for reinforcements, and a band of rangers, armed with fire-fighting tools, would have set out for the ranger station. There they would have met the solitary smoke-chaser and with him would have set out again into the heart of the forest.

The time when it takes all the courage that you can muster to "hang on" in the forest is when your partner knocks off for a day to journey to the nearest settlement for supplies, and you are left alone—monarch of all you survey. The nearest that most of us have ever got to such a sensation is to be left alone in the house when the family goes out to the movies. Even then we become suspicious of every creaking board and the dreary rattling of the shutters in the wind. But to be alone in the forest, where the only answer to your calling would be a mocking echo—that is a bit different. The "young fellow" at Turners had such an experience, however, and except for the dismal howling of the coyotes, which came to the forest clearing and sang mournful solos to the moon, he found the experience not so bad as might have been expected. If you have ever heard a coyote's song, long drawn out, like some unearthly being come to life, you can appreciate why this young smoke-chaser had cold shivers run up and down his back. And he is not ashamed to acknowledge it either.

One of the annoying smaller animals in the Montana forests is the pack-rat, known also as the mountain-rat and trade-rat. Often after the smoke-chasers had rolled up in their blankets, primed for eight hours of sleep, the rats would come out and gambol about on the roof, scampering back and forth with as much noise as a small dog. These little animals, somewhat larger than an ordinary rat, have most peculiar characteristics, which have earned for them the name of trade-rat. They have a great habit of carrying away articles from cabins and barns; but having a most peculiar sort of conscience, they always leave something in place of the thing they have taken. Thus, if they make off with a wad of cotton to line their nest, they will leave in its place a stone or bit of stick. The exchange, however, is usually in favor of the rat, the hunter getting the worst of the bargain.

There is an old Montana legend which may



be of interest. Years ago, there lived on the border of the Kootenai Forest an old trapper who had among his belongings an assortment of candles. One day he discovered that they were disappearing one by one, and in their place appeared nuggets of gold. Knowing that a trade-rat was probably making the exchange, the trapper resolved to kill it. So with his long gun across his knees, he sat up one night waiting for the animal to make its appearance. Hardly had the little rat poked its nose above the threshold of the door before the rifle cracked. "Squeak!" went the rat and fell over dead. But the animal had hardly breathed its last when the hunter realized how foolishly he had acted, for had he followed the rat, instead of killing it, he might have learned where the gold was hidden. But that is only a legend which has been told and retold to every new-comer to

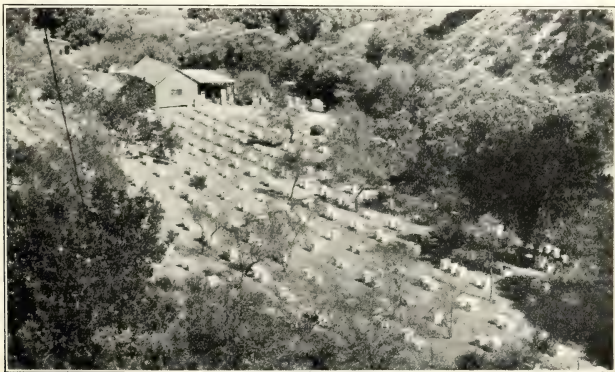
the Kootenai Forest. You may take it for what it is worth, but it shows at least the peculiar habits of the trade-rat.

Education is a thing for which every American boy thirsts. But there are many sorts of learning and many ways of being taught. And much of value can be learned from such a simple occupation as that of a smoke-chaser during the summer months. First, it teaches one to care for oneself. That is a lesson which can not be found within the pages of printed books. Second, it teaches how to build up the body. This is invaluable, for a strong physique is one of the greatest assets one can have. And third, we learn to love the woods and the wonderful, ever-changing romance of nature. These are but a few of the lessons which await the adventurer there in the still, distant forests of Montana.

## HOW FOREST FIRES AFFECT FOOD PRODUCTION

THE relationship between forest fires and food production is well shown by the accompanying illustration, which represents a busy apiary near Ventura, California, in the Los Angeles district. The thousands of bees that made their homes here were never idle for a moment, when it was time for them to gather their stores of sweetness from the shrubs and trees on the sunny mountain

slopes. So industrious were they that from this apiary alone more than 1,000,000 pounds of white honey was produced in a single season, for the city markets. All of this productiveness, however, was brought to a sudden halt when a destructive forest fire broke out in this region, destroying the source of the honey supply and doing injury to many swarms of bees. *George F. Paul.*



A MILLION POUNDS OF WHITE HONEY PRODUCED YEARLY AT THIS APIARY BEFORE  
A FOREST FIRE KILLED VEGETATION

# THE PRINCESS

By MABEL ANSLEY MURPHY

ONCE upon a time, in our own dear land, there lived a princess. Her home was a beautiful palace, and all around the palace were trees and birds and flowers. She loved them all, for her heart was so full of love that she gave it freely to every living thing.

And about her were many to love, for she did not live alone in this great palace. Five hundred girls shared it with her—girls sad and glad, bright and stupid, friendly and shy, gentle and proud, girls every one loved and girls no one cared for except the princess. But they all loved her.

Every morning, as she sprang out of bed, she cried, "Here 's another great, rich day!" And it was. Early in the morning she met with her girls in a quiet, lovely room, and together they talked to their Father, the Father none of them had ever seen, but whom many loved because they knew His voice and loved His other children.

Afterward the princess went to the rooms where her girls gathered to learn how to live wisely, and often she talked to them about men and women and nations who had been when the world was younger. And as she talked, her girls felt that they, too, could live nobly and make life beautiful for others.

Part of the day she sat alone in her own peaceful room, and then to her there came any girl who needed help. Perhaps the girl's work was too hard; perhaps sorrow had knocked at her door; perhaps two ways opened before her, and she did not know which to take; perhaps the noise of things had dulled her ears so she could no longer hear the Father's voice. Whatever her need, the princess knew how to meet it.

The girls went out from this palace into the great wide world, but they never forgot the princess. Each said, "As often as I think of her, I am ashamed of not being always happy and hopeful."

There came a time when the princess herself left the palace. But she left it only to go to a better place—the one men call home. In this home, there came to her those who needed love. And from this quiet place she went out into the great world wherever she was called, to counsel, to inspire, to help others.

One hot day she went to talk to the little girls in a dirty, crowded street of a great

city. There were almost as many babies as little girls, for the mothers were working and so the big sisters had to be little mothers.

"What shall I talk about this morning?" asked the princess.

One thin, pale little girl, with a big fat baby on her knees, cried out, "Tell us how to be happy!"

Then all the little mothers called together, "Tell us how to be happy!"

The princess smiled at them, but her eyes were bright with tears, and her voice was like a quick, warm hug as she said: "Yes, I will tell you. There are three rules, and you shall know each one, but first you must give me a promise. Will you keep the rules for a week, and not skip even one day? The rules will not work if you skip a single day."

Then all the children shouted: "We promise! We promise!"

The princess smiled and spoke. This time her voice was like a friendly hand-clasp. "The first rule is: Commit something to memory every day. It need not be much—just a line or two of poetry, or a bit of a Bible verse. But it must be something you want to remember."

In the back of the room a little, black-eyed girl jumped up and cried: "I know! I know! You mean something we'd be glad to remember if we went blind!"

"That 's it exactly!" agreed the princess.

Again she spoke, and this time her voice was like an eager, pulling hand-grip. "The second rule is: Look for something pretty each day. Try to find a pretty leaf, a pretty flower, or a pretty cloud. And when you have found it, stop long enough to say to yourself, 'Is n't it beautiful?' Stop long enough to see all its loveliness, so when you are far from it and shut your eyes, you can see its beauty just as though it were before you. Can you do that?"

And every little mother said she could.

The princess looked long into the eager eyes that met her own, and when she spoke again, her voice was like the strong, steady, upward lift of helping hands. "The third rule is: Do something for somebody every day. But it must be *every* day; not one day can you miss."

Then they all shouted, "Oh, that 's easy!"

The princess looked surprised. But a big

little girl in the front seat stood up with her baby brother in her arms, and said: "Please, ma'am, always we run errands and tend baby. Is that doing something for somebody?"

"Yes," said the princess, and her voice



ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

was like a chime of bells. "That *is* doing something for somebody."

It was many days before the princess could come again to this narrow, dirty street. But she did come, and as she walked along, some one clutched her dress, and cried, "Please, missus, I done it!"

The princess smiled and said, "Let us sit down on this step while you tell me about it."

"I never skipped one day, but it was awful hard sometimes. One day it rained and rained. The baby had a cold, so I just could n't go to the park, an' there was nothing pretty to look at. I went to the window an' I cried 'cause I was going to skip. Then I looked at the rain gutter round the top of the house, an' there was a sparrow taking a bath. An' he had a black necktie on. An' he was handsome!"

The princess nodded, and the little girl hurried on. "Another day, baby was sick an' I just gave up trying to see anything pretty. And then"—she touched the princess's hand softly and her face shone,—"then I saw the baby's hair! A little mite of sun came in the window right on his hair, and see, is n't it pretty?"

The little mother lifted the baby from the step beside her, and held him out to the princess. "See, is n't his hair pretty?" she repeated.

"It is beautiful!" said the princess, as she lifted the baby in her arms.

So the princess went about the world teaching others to be as happy and as useful as she was herself. "Each eye that saw her blessed her; each ear that heard her was made glad."

The day came when she laid down her work and went to meet face to face the Father whose voice she had listened to so long. But still she lives and loves, though, like the Father, she can not be seen. And all over the country, girls and women are better because of her. In a little farm-house, tucked away among the hills, her picture, cut from a newspaper, is pinned above the kitchen table. The woman who works there looks at it often and says, "I'll be a better woman, Alice Freeman Palmer, because you lived."

## LOOKING TOWARD THE LIGHT

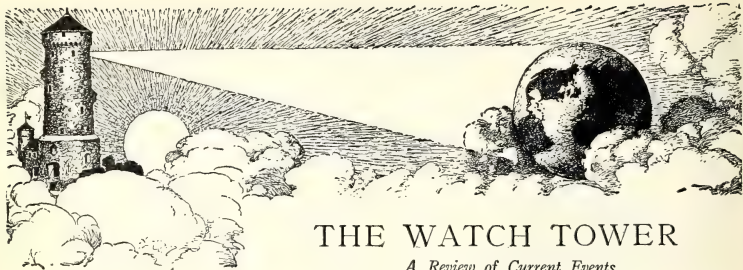
I ASKED the robin as he sprang  
From branch to branch and sweetly sang,  
What made his breast so round and red.  
"T was looking toward the sun," he said.

I asked the violets sweet and blue,  
All sparkling with the morning dew,  
Whence came their color. Then, so shy,  
They answered, "Looking toward the sky."

I saw the roses one by one  
Unfold their petals to the sun.  
I asked what made their tints so bright.  
They answered, "Looking toward the light."

I asked the thrush, as his silvery note  
Came like a song from an angel's throat,  
What made him sing in the twilight dim.  
He answered, "Looking up to Him."

Sanford D. Stockton.



## THE WATCH TOWER

*A Review of Current Events*

By EDWARD N. TEALL

### THE WAR ANNIVERSARY

FIVE years have passed since the United States declared war against Germany. It was on the sixth day of April in 1917 that Congress made the declaration.

It is an interesting fact, even though only an accidental coincidence, that all our most important wars have begun in the fourth month of the year. The date for the Revolution is April 19, 1775; for the war with Mexico, April 24, 1846; the Civil War, April 15, 1861, and the war with Spain, April 21, 1898. The war of 1812 is the one prominent exception. That conflict began in June, 1812. Perhaps that was a backward year.

This fifth anniversary of our entrance into the great War in Defense of Democratic Civilization offers a good opportunity for a review of the first half-decade of the New Age. There was the year and seven months of fighting—and of work and sacrifice by the Second Line, Over Here. Then came the armistice, and the joyous entrance into the period of the Return to Normalcy; a joyousness that did not last long, because normalcy came on laggard feet.

In 1920 we had our national election; the war-time administration gave way to its Republican successor. Tax and tariff laws came up in Congress; the railroad strike, which seriously threatened the national peace and the progress of industry, was forestalled; a season of unemployment followed, and there was much distress; finally came the Washington conference, and the submission to the Senate for ratification of the treaties for limitation of armament and for the preservation of peace in the Pacific lands.

The story of the past five years will make a mighty interesting chapter in the school histories of coming years. Folks looking

back will be able to see that some of the things we have been doubtful about were good things, and some of those about which we may have been inclined to boast were not so good.

Take it all in all, probably the conclusion that will be reached when the long view is taken will be that we went through an extremely trying period with as much courage and good sense as people generally exhibit in such times. And it is not at all unlikely that we shall have credit for pulling through in the good old American fashion.

The events of these past five years ought to give us a clearer understanding and better appreciation of what history means.

### AFTER THE CONFERENCE, THE SENATE

THE Conference on Limitation of Armaments did not work miracles, but it did work out a clean program for naval reduction, for the settlement of China's position in the world, and for the prevention of trouble in the Pacific lands. And it embodied its ideas in a set of treaties.

These treaties, in order to become part of American law, had to be ratified by the Senate; and so we went plump into a situation that had possibilities not pleasant to contemplate. The circumstances of the period following upon the drafting of the Treaty of Versailles were repeated, but the Republicans and Democrats had changed sides.

On the former occasion a Democratic President asked the Senate to confirm his actions and turn his policies into law, and Republican Senators refused to accept his program. And in February a Republican President and secretary of state were eager to have their great work made permanent by



the Senate. It would not have been surprising if some senatorial friends of the League of Nations had been tempted to "get square" by voting against President Harding's treaty alliances outside the League!

The opposition did not seem to be based on so unworthy (though natural) a motive, however. But the fear of possible bad consequences of these new agreements made some of the senators insist upon cautious investigation, and there was long and bitter debate.

If you were an Englishman, an Italian, a Frenchman, or a German, you might wonder just how, between President and Senate, the United States could ever get anywhere in international affairs!

### WHAT DO WE OWE THE VETERANS?

ONE of the most important matters that engaged the attention of the American people and Congress during the past winter was the national bonus for the men who served in the war. There were so many different interests involved, and so many reasonable, but contradictory, possible answers to the great question, that it seemed almost impossible to get at a solution of the problem that would be fair all round.

Suppose you had been in Uncle Sam's

their own living. They gave everything for their country, and their country must take the best care of them as long as they live. That much is clear at the start.

"Then," you, as Uncle Sam, would continue, "there are many veterans who are not disabled—and some of whom, indeed, have had an education, while in the service, such as they would not have had if there had been no war—who think their pay was wholly inadequate and that I owe them money. Well, if I had a thousand billion dollars, it would n't be enough to pay those fellows for saving America! The nation's debt to them is not one that can be measured in money.

"They compare their position with that of profiteers, who made fortunes out of the war, and with that of fellows who stayed home and made high wages. Well, perhaps we made a mistake in paying those high prices and big wages—but we simply had to have the goods and the work, and it was not a time to argue about the cost. And what a mistake it is for the men who wore my uniform to compare themselves with the few who took advantage of the emergency to make money while the nation's fate was at stake! And what a mistake these fine fellows make, again, when they forget to give credit to the men and women, the girls and boys, who served in the Second Line, Over Here, and worked and sacrificed to win the war for freedom. Too bad—too bad!

"Now," you would say next, "the States have appropriated hundreds of millions of dollars for bonus and adjusted compensation payments. That does not lessen my obligation, if I have one. But suppose that in addition to this, the nation ought to pay a bonus—though many of the veterans themselves dislike the idea. Where am I to get the money? Not," Uncle Sam would hasten to add, "not that I mean in the least to begrudge it, but because I have to be fair to the whole nation, not merely kind to a part of it. That's a sticker, that is!

"You see, I have n't any money of my own, not a cent. All the money I handle comes from the people, and belongs to them. I am still trying to catch up on war bills, and to keep up with the high prices. To get the several billions of dollars to pay a bonus, I must put on more taxes. I can't take from the rich only, because this job, if it's done, belongs to all the people. Shall I tax food, clothing, and the necessities everybody has to buy; shall I tax business, or shall I tax luxuries? Will the public stand the extra load? Per-



Courtesy of the New York "Globe"

"LISTENING IN." CARTOON BY RIPLEY

place; your problem would have been something like this: "Some of the men who wore my uniform in 1917 and 1918 are in distress. They came out of the war wounded, gassed, or shell-shocked. They are not able to make

haps I might issue bonds; would the people buy them? The 'funny' part of it is that the veterans themselves are part of the public that will have to pay the bill! Increased taxation will slow up the improvement of conditions that seems at last to have got really started—and I can not see that the veterans will be any better off!"

And you—Uncle Sam—would be as much puzzled as ever. People would say "Oh, he 's afraid his Congress won't be reelected"; and others would say, "No, he 's selfish and has n't courage." You would know better than that—and still you would be puzzled.

In the latter days of February it seemed to this observer that the majority of our people were beginning to come to the conclusion that while there was no limit to what the country ought to do for disabled veterans, the truly American verdict on the national bonus plan would be opposed to it.

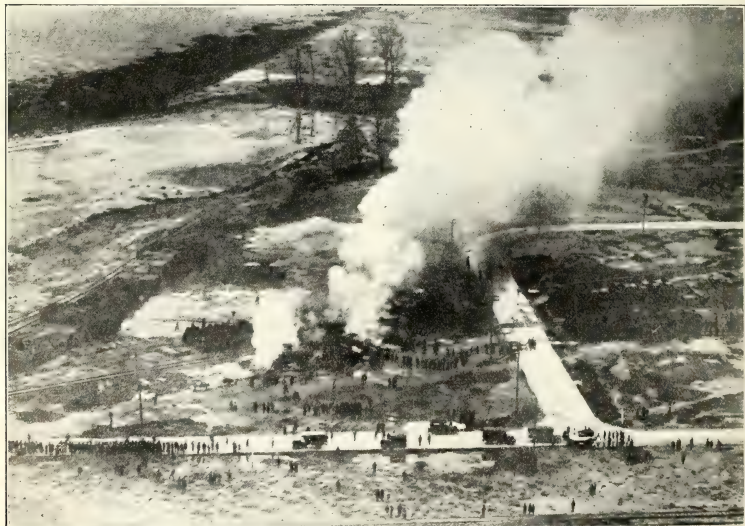
Possibly by the time this WATCH TOWER is published, the final decision will have been reached. We trust it may be so, and that the decision may be clearly seen to embody American wisdom, American courage, and the American ideal of fair play for all.

### THE GAS-ENGINE IN THE GAS-BAG

THE wreck of the army dirigible *Roma*, near Hampton Roads, Virginia, on February 21, enforced the lesson taught by the wreck of the *Z R 2* in England last summer. The two accidents do not mean that attempts at air navigation by means of elongated balloons fitted with engines and rudders must be abandoned, but they do offer a warning against going too fast.

The *Roma*, bought from the Italian Government, was a large and beautiful machine. She carried a crew of forty-five men. The body of the ship was 412 feet long. The Italian engines had been removed, and new American Liberty engines installed. The flight was made as a test of these engines.

The wreck was not due to any fault in them or in the handling of the airship. Nor did she buckle, as the *Z R 2* did. The steering-plane at the stern of the ship failed to work; it was impossible to control the descent; and the great airship came down upon an electric feed-wire, highly charged. Thirty-four of those aboard the *Roma*, officers and men of the army and some civilian observers, lost their lives in the fire that swept the wreckage.



© Pacific & Atlantic Photos

AÉRIAL VIEW OF THE WRECK OF THE "ROMA"

The *Roma* cost us \$200,000. It would cost something like a million to replace her.

The history of the dirigible balloon has been a long series of disasters. The huge bags have been charged with hydrogen. You can not have engines without fire, and

killed when a theater collapsed, and in Washington, District of Columbia, more than one hundred lost their lives in the Knickerbocker Theater disaster. The Brooklyn accident was caused by blocking up a short upright, supporting a horizontal truss,

instead of rejecting the column and supplying a new one. The caving in of the theater roof in Washington, under the weight of a heavy fall of snow, led to an inquiry in which it was shown that proper care had not been taken by the builders and the building inspectors.

Now, THE WATCH TOWER is not concerned with fatal disasters except as they serve to bring out heroism and human sympathy for human suffering, or present some problem or lesson of interest to us all. These disasters do present such a lesson.

Some of the boys who are now reading THE

WATCH TOWER will become architects, engineers, building contractors, inspectors, or legislators making the laws that control building operations. They will occupy a position of great responsibility to the rest of us, who will use the bridges and buildings.

Laws must be made to provide adequate protection for the public. Inspections must be thorough and honest. And the engineers and contractors must put conscience into their work, as well as skill. The engineer who "takes a chance" risks the lives of people who trust their safety to his care.

#### THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

WHEN the treaties made by the Washington Conference were ready to be signed, Secretary Hughes announced that the countries would sign in alphabetic order—and the United States signed first. That seems rather like running through the alphabet backward, does n't it? But the explanation is simple: it is the practice of the State Department to sign for "America," not the "United States."



Photograph by M. James

DETAIL OF THE WRECK, SHOWING THE LIBERTY MOTORS

you can not have fire in close proximity to a huge gas-bag without danger. That is the fundamental weakness of the dirigible. Another danger is that of failing to recognize that there is a limit of safety in size. Engineers can prove that ships, airships, bridges, and sky-scrapers can stand any stress to which they are likely to be subjected—and then something happens that subjects them to a stress and strain beyond what seems like reasonable possibility, and the smash comes.

There is a new gas called helium, which is non-inflammable, and which probably will soon be perfected for use in dirigibles. A small blimp used in flights near Washington has been inflated with it, but it is doubtful if there is enough of it in the country to have filled the bag of the *Roma*.

The lesson of the *Z R 2* and the *Roma* can be expressed in two words: Go slow!

#### BUILD ON CONSCIENCE

DURING the long, hard winter from which we have at last emerged, there was alarm and anxiety about the safety of public buildings. In Brooklyn, New York, seven persons were



GERMANY had a railroad strike in February. Chancellor Wirth said that "strike" was not the right name for it; that it was a "revolt." A strike in a public service enterprise like the railroads, threatening to tie up the industries of a nation, is a direct defiance to the Government, which is charged with the duty of protecting the public welfare.

WE don't hear much about Holland in the daily news, but she is largely concerned in the work done by President Harding's Conference. She has large and rich colonial possessions in the Pacific. The Conference's declaration that her rights in the Pacific lands would be respected was a token of good will that she must value highly.

THE early progress of the Irish Free State has been watched with much interest. Early in the year there were serious troubles between the North and the South. Mr. Collins and Mr. Griffith used sense and courage in dealing with their first great task, that of starting the Provisional Government. The Devalerans may go on working for an absolutely independent republic, but it will be a sad thing indeed if they stand in the way of advancement of the Free State. Even if they do think it is only "half a loaf," they ought not to force it away from those who are satisfied with it.

TROUBLE in South Africa, too! Miners' strike. Prime Minister Smuts, who is a peacemaker by preference, but a hard fighter when peaceful methods fail, invited the Workers' Federation to permit the dispute to be settled by arbitration. The "moderate" leaders went to him to ask that an arbitration court be appointed; then the men captured the leaders' committee and locked them up until they promised not to go to General Smuts again. But the federation stepped in, and accepted the prime minister's invitation to let the Government settle the dispute. General Smuts

has a wonderful record of public usefulness. The story of his life is as thrilling as good fiction.

THE picture of the Austrian decorator pasting hundred-crown bills on the walls of his



Wide World Photos

CHEAP WALL-PAPER—AUSTRIAN BANK-NOTES!

home may not prove that paper money in Austria is actually cheaper than wall-paper, for perhaps the artist was willing to pay for his joke. But it would not have been a joke at all unless money had been pretty cheap (their crown, once valued at twenty cents, is now worth only one fiftieth of a cent), and we print the picture because it helps to make more vividly real the price that Austria is paying for the pleasure of associating with the Kaiser in his attempt to win world dominion.



## NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

### THE ELECTRICAL COTTON-PICKER

ONCE upon a time a trespassing cow broke her way into a cotton-field just at harvest-time and began feasting with great gusto upon the snowy contents of the opened bolls. You see she had found out for herself what it took men a good long while to discover, that the seeds imbedded in the raw fiber are very nutritious. Doubtless a great many cows have committed the same trespass and made the same discovery both before and since. But this particular cow happened to be seen by a man with an observant eye and an inventive brain.

Just as multitudes of men, before James Watt came along and set his wits to work upon the problem, had sat cosily by the fire watching the lid of the tea-kettle bobbing up and down without dreaming of putting the imprisoned giant, Steam, to work at more important things, so, until Mr. L. C. Stuckenberg, a Memphis inventor, saw it, the sight of trespassing cows licking cotton out of the bolls meant nothing to the chance observers. As it happened, he had long been working on the problem involved in substituting some form of mechanical labor for hand labor in the arduous task of cotton-picking. He was struck by the neatness and despatch with which the cow extracted the cotton; and in thinking it over, he realized that this was owing to the nature of the cow's tongue, which, as every country boy knows, is quite rough, being covered with projections composed of horny cuticle, so that its surface is very much like that of a rasp.

But though this observation gave him the

initial idea for his invention, it took some fourteen years of patient experiment and endeavor before he brought it to completion. As it now stands, it consists essentially of two revolving brushes (which pluck the cotton lightly, but cleanly, from the open seed-pod, or boll, as it is called), of a suction system, and of a set of electric motors, together with an electric generator and a switchboard, or "panel-board."

It is the brushes, of course, which play the part of the rough and flexible tongue of the



Underwood & Underwood

PICKING COTTON WITH THE NEW ELECTRICAL MACHINE

cow. They are enclosed in a small metal frame about as big as your two fists, and they revolve toward each other. When these are placed in contact with the cotton they instantly pull it free, without collecting any part of the boll or leaves of the plant, as a human picker is only too apt to do. Connected with the revolving brushes are flexible

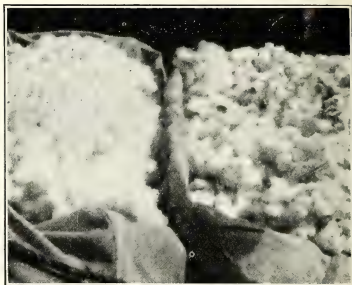
tubes known as "picker-tubes," which carry the cotton by means of suction to the collecting-bags, just as the dust and fluff picked up by a vacuum-cleaner are carried to a collecting-bag.

Just before the cotton drops into the bag, it is thoroughly cleaned by a fanning motion produced by a device called a blower. Each machine is mounted on a tractor whose engine provides the electric power needed to run the eight motors that are required. One of these motors, which drives the brushes, is suspended about half-way down the suction-tube, while another motor provides the suction power and also operates the blower.

Each machine has four picking-tubes, which are supported overhead by a balancing device which suspends them with so much lightness and flexibility that even a child would have no trouble in shifting them from one position to another—though, we are happy to say, children are not now allowed to do such work in enlightened communities, as was too often the case in earlier times. Each machine can pick eight rows in one passage through the field, and the man who operates it needs only a little training, such as can be acquired in a few days, in order to pick four hundred pounds or more a day; whereas the hand-picker averages only from seventy to one hundred and fifty pounds a day, according to his strength, speed, and skill.

This greater rapidity in harvesting is particularly important in the case of cotton, since it is a crop which ripens gradually,

must depend on his own hired hands, or on local labor, at best. The great disadvantage of this is that much of the cotton deteriorates in quality because of exposure to wind and dust, sun and rain. Weather-beaten cotton



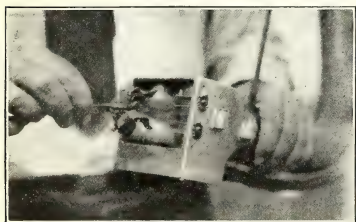
COTTON PICKED ELECTRICALLY (AT THE LEFT) AND BY HAND (AT THE RIGHT)

tends to lose its immaculate whiteness and smooth and even fluffiness, becoming soiled and matted together. Hence it brings a lower price than that which is picked as soon as the bolls have opened. Hand-picking also tends to mat the fibers into lumps; and because of this, the fibers are often "gin-cut," which again lowers the quality, since the longer the fiber, the better it is for spinning purposes, other things being equal. One of our pictures shows quite strikingly the difference in appearance between the hand-picked and the machine-picked cotton.

It is estimated by good authorities that only one third of the cotton raised at present is harvested in prime condition, the remainder of the crop being more or less injured by delay in picking and by the admixture of dirt, leaves, and other foreign material, which hand-picking involves. Consequently, the first third is actually equal in value to the remaining two thirds!

When the fiber has passed through the gin and been freed from dirt, leaves, and sticks, as well as the seed, it is called cotton lint. To furnish 500 pounds of clean lint (the usual weight of a bale), 1600 pounds of hand-picked cotton are required; whereas the same size bale is produced from only 1450 pounds of machine-picked cotton.

In view of these improvements, there is small wonder that enthusiasts are already predicting that the electrical picker will revolutionize the industry. We may add



THE REVOLVING BRUSHES PLUCKING THE COTTON FROM THE POD

instead of all at one time, like grain. There are three crops of the cotton, in fact, and the process of ripening requires some two months. For this reason the "floating labor," as we term the great hordes of seasonal laborers who follow the grain crops from south to north, is not available, and the cotton-planter

that the picker has recently been demonstrated most successfully on a plantation, near Little Rock, Arkansas. If, now, our government experts succeed in their task of checking the ravages of the boll-weevil, "the poor man's wool" ought to be cheaper than it has been for several years.

M. TEVIS.

#### A WONDERFUL PLANT TOURIST

ONE does not, as a rule, think of plants as being world-wide travelers, yet some kinds have contrived to wander about all over the globe. A remarkable case is that of the clotbur, or Bathurst bur (*Xanthium spinosum*). This species is an extremely troublesome weed that is now found in almost all temperate regions. It is regarded almost with terror by sheep farmers, on account of the fact that the fruit heads, adorned with strong curved hooks, become entangled in the wool of their flocks and render this almost useless. These hooks enable the plant to make its journeys, as they so easily entangle themselves with passing objects.

As far as is known, the *Xanthium* appears to have originated in a comparatively restricted region somewhere in central Europe. Some idea of the manner in which it has got

about may be gathered from the following facts.

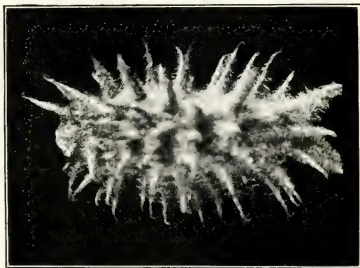
Thus, the Bathurst bur was quite unknown in the Crimea in 1814, but by 1856 it had spread over the whole of the peninsula. In 1828, Russian cavalry-horses brought the burs on their manes into Wallachia; from thence the plant made its way into Serbia.

The Serbians are great pig-keepers,

and it is believed that these creatures carried the fruits into Hungary. The *Xanthium* was noticed for the first time in 1830 in Vienna, and it also appeared in parts of Germany where it had not been seen before. Just after the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, the Bathurst bur was found growing near Paris, and about the same time it appeared in Scotland.

But the *Xanthium* has made much bigger

journeys. Somehow or other it was introduced into Australia in 1850. Quite likely it was carried out by some sheep that were taken to the colony. A ship containing a cargo of wool from Australia was wrecked off Cape Colony. Two or three years later, the



BATHURST BUR, ENLARGED

*Xanthium* appeared and became a source of untold trouble in South Africa. Without a doubt, the seeds had come along with the wool on board the ship. In South Africa and Australia the losses amongst sheep owners brought about by this weed have been prodigious. In some of the South American republics it has proved to be a very bad pest. In 1860, Frauenfeld relates that while traveling in Chile he saw horses whose manes and tails were so matted together with thousands of the fruits of the *Xanthium* that they could hardly stagger along. A glance at the accompanying photographs will show the hooks that have been the cause of the trouble.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

#### WOODPECKERS STORE PEBBLES "JUST FOR FUN"

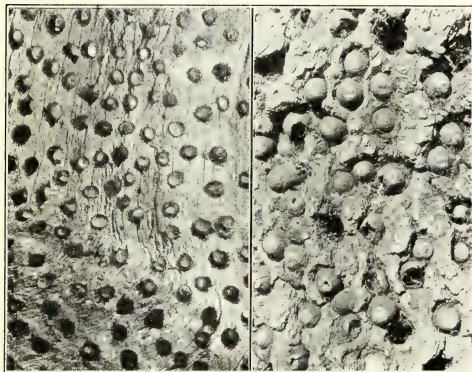
CALIFORNIA woodpeckers often spend much of their idle time in the light occupation of filling holes in tree-trunks with pebbles. When they are really industrious, however, they manufacture these symmetrical holes and fill them snugly with acorns. Often they allow these acorns to remain in cold storage for several months, and then, when they need extra rations, they know where a supply can readily be found. Where oaks and pines grow side by side, the birds usually favor the pines as storage trees. This is probably because it is only in such trees that the outer bark presents a suitable surface for drilling the holes. No living oak-trees are used, but dead oaks, from which the bark has fallen, are selected.



BATHURST BURS ON THE STALK



The vast number of such holes that a single tree-trunk can contain may be inferred from the fact that in fifty feet of a fallen pine-tree in the San Jacinto Mountains of California it was estimated that there were 31,800 holes. Almost without exception the acorns are inserted tip in and base out and



Courtesy of Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, Berkeley, Calif.

THE WOODPECKERS' STORE  
OF PEBBLES

THE WOODPECKERS' STORE  
OF ACORNS

fit snugly into the holes. The birds take great pains to hammer them in securely. They like not only the acorns, but the grubs that are often contained in them. As for the pebbles, they must make a specialty of them when acorns are not in the market—just to keep themselves in training for handling (or should one say “billing”?) the new crop.

GEORGE F. PAUL.

### THE CONSTELLATIONS FOR APRIL

In the early evening hours of April the western sky is still adorned with the brilliant jewels with which we became familiar on the clear, frosty evenings of winter. Orion is now sinking fast to his rest beneath the western horizon. Beautiful, golden Capella in Auriga glows in the northwest. Sirius sparkles and scintillates, a magnificent diamond of the sky, just above the southwestern horizon, while Procyon in Canis Minor, The Lesser Dog, and Castor and Pollux, The Twins, in the constellation of Gemini, are still high in the western part of the heavens.

In the northeast and east we recognize our old friends of last May, coming once more to herald the arrival of spring. Ursa Major,

The Greater Bear, with its familiar Big Dipper, is again drawing near to the meridian at this time in the evening. The Sickle in Leo is now high in the eastern sky, and Spica, the brilliant white diamond of the evening skies of spring, is low in the southeast in Virgo.

Near the meridian this month we find, between Auriga, The Charioteer, and Ursa Major, and to the east of Gemini, the inconspicuous constellation of Lynx, which contains not a single bright star and is a modern constellation devised simply to fill the otherwise vacant space in circumpolar regions between Ursa Major and Auriga.

Just south of the zenith at this time, and lying between Gemini and Leo, is Cancer, The Crab, the most inconspicuous of all the zodiacal constellations. There is not a single bright star in this group, and there is also nothing distinctive about the grouping of its faint stars, though we can readily find it, from its position between the two neighboring constellations of Gemini and Leo and by reference to the chart.

In the position indicated there, we will see on clear evenings a faint, nebulous wisp of light, which is known as Præsepe, The Beehive, or as “The Manger,” the two faint stars flanking it on either side being called “Aselli,” The Asses. This faint cloud can be easily resolved by an opera-glass into a coarse cluster of stars that lies just beyond the range of the unaided human vision.

To the ancients, Præsepe served as an indicator of weather conditions, and Aratus, an astronomer, wrote of this cluster:

A murky manger, with both stars  
Shining unaltered, is a sign of rain.  
If while the northern ass is dimmed  
By vaporous shroud, he of the south gleam radiant,  
Expect a south wind; the vaporous shroud and  
radiance  
Exchanging stars, harbinger Boreas.

This was not merely a matter of superstition, as we might possibly imagine, for the dimness of the cluster is simply an indication that vapor is gathering and condensing in the atmosphere, just as a ring around the moon is an indication of the same gathering and condensation of vapor that precedes a storm.

Some centuries ago the sun reached its greatest distance north of the equator—as it does each year at the beginning of sum-



mer—at the time when it was passing through the constellation of Cancer. Our tropic of Cancer, which marks the limit of the sun's northward journey, received its name from this fact. Now, at the time when the sun reaches the point farthest north, its height above the horizon changes very little from day to day, and for a short time it appears to be slowly crawling sideways through the heavens, as a crab walks, and for this reason, possibly, the constellation was called Cancer, The Crab. At the present time the "precession of the equinoxes," or westward shifting of the vernal equinox,—the point where the sun crosses the equator going north in the spring,—brings the sun, when it is farthest north, in Gemini instead of in Cancer. At the present time, then, it would be more accurate to call it the tropic of Gemini, though this in turn would have to be changed, after a lapse of centuries, as the sun passed into another constellation at the beginning of summer. The tropic of Capricorn, which marks the farthest southern excursions of the sun in its yearly circuit of the heavens, should also more appropriately be called the tropic of Sagittarius, as the sun is now in Sagittarius instead of in Capricornus at the time when it is farthest south, though the point is slowly shifting westward into Scorpio.

Mythology tells us that Cancer was pinched by Juno to distract Hercules by pinching his toes while he was contending with the many-

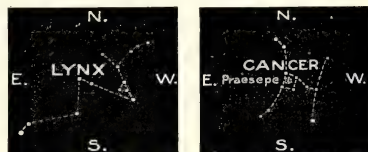
headed serpent in the Lernean swamp. Hercules, the legend says, crushed the crab with a single blow, and Juno by way of reward placed it in the heavens.



THE CONSTELLATION HYDRA

In Cancer, according to the belief of the Chaldeans, was located the "gate of men," by which souls descended into human bodies, while in Capricornus was the "gate of the gods," through which the freed souls of men returned to heaven.

Hydra, the many-headed serpent with which Hercules contended, is represented by a constellation of great length. It extends



THE CONSTELLATIONS LYNX AND CANCER

from a point just south of Cancer, where a group of faint stars marks the heads, to the south and southeast in a long line of faint stars. It passes in its course just south of Crater and Corvus, the two small star-groups below Leo, which are sometimes called its riders, and it also stretches below the entire length of the long, straggling constellation of Virgo. At this time we can trace it only to the point where it disappears below the horizon in the southeast. It contains

but one bright star, Alphard, or Cor Hydræ as it is also called, standing quite alone and almost due south at this time. Hydra, like Lynx and Cancer, contains no noteworthy or remarkable object and consists chiefly of faint stars. Alphard is, in fact, the only bright star that we have in the constellations for this month. It chances that these three inconspicuous star-groups, Lynx, Crater, and Hydra, lie nearest to the meridian at this time, separating the brilliant groups of winter from those of the summer months.

With this month we complete the circuit

of the heavens and return to the point from which we set forth last May.

From now on you will find our old friends of spring, summer, and autumn returning once more in their seasons in the same relative positions and at the same time in the evening, as unchanging and steadfast as the everlasting hills. No earthly changes affect their comings and their goings from evening to evening and from year to year. The stars of the Egyptians and the Chaldeans are the stars of the Americans and the Europeans. The appearance of the heavens changes very little in a few thousand years. If the ancient astronomers should return to-day, they would readily recognize their old familiar landmarks of the sky. To all mankind, of whatever age or generation, the stars are the friendly beacons that guide the sailor on the seas and the wanderer on land, sending gleams of cheer and comfort through the depths of space to all those who learn their ways and come to welcome them as friends.

ISABEL M. LEWIS.

## FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

### HIPPETY-HOP TO THE BAKER'S SHOP

By IDA LEE DAVIS

"Hippety-hop to the baker's shop  
To buy a stick of candy,  
One for you and one for me  
And one for sister Janey."

THUS sang Martha. That was the way with Martha. Whenever she did n't have time to make up a new song, she took an old one and changed it to suit herself.

To-day, Martha's arm was about Jane. The little girls were hoppety-skipping toward the donkey-house. Jane took Jollivet the donkey from his stall and harnessed him into the little cart. Jollivet rubbed his big black nose against Jane's arm and smelled of her hand for carrot and sugar. But he kept a

whole world that his little mistresses were on their way, drawn by Jollivet.

It was a very important occasion. Martha and Little Jane had begged Mother Dear to send them on a real, *trusty* errand. Mother Dear had sent them down to Cook. Oh, joy! Cook said that she must have bread—right away!

"And if the likes o' the baker-man gives yer a cooky—it is n't for little girls to refuse," she said, with a sly wink at Martha. Into Martha's hand she pressed two extra pennies!

It was a wonderful day. Birds were chirping and little insects humming. Once in a while a big blue or yellow butterfly would fly

right in front of Jollivet's nose! But Jollivet trotted straight on, up the avenue and into the broad, main street.

At the head of the avenue Jollivet stopped. He wanted to go one way; the little girls, the other. He finally allowed himself to be turned in the right direction. But for all Little Jane could do, the rascal would go nowhere but on the car-track.

"We must get him off," said Martha, "before—"

"Clang! Clang!" screamed the big electric car, turning the corner at the next block and facing them.

Little Jane pulled on the right rein with all her might. Jollivet turned his head, but his little feet kept straight on. Jack dashed wildly ahead to meet the big electric monster, barking furiously, as though to say:

"Get out of the way! Can't you see my little mistresses are coming?" But he took good care to keep off the track.

The big car came swiftly along. As it



"FINALLY ALL WAS READY. LITTLE JANE TOOK THE REINS, AND MARTHA, THE WHIP"

wicked eye on Martha. If Martha came too near, he raised his great upper lip at her!

Finally all was ready. Little Jane took the reins, and Martha, the whip. Not that Martha intended to use the whip; but it was so nice to hold it! Besides, sometimes there was a fly on Jollivet's back!

Out the big front gate Jollivet trotted, Old Nell the mastiff, the little girls' faithful body-guard, close beside. Jack, the cocker spaniel raced madly ahead, barking loudly, as though it were his business to tell the

drew near it slowed down, while the motor-man clanged and clanged his bell. But Jollivet moved stolidly forward.

It was the car that stopped first. Jollivet walked to within a few feet of the hissing monster, as though determined to investigate.

The conductor came forward. He and the motor-man were smiling. They recognized the two little girls who lived in the big house and Jollivet who lived in the little house behind. But what they did n't know was—that Jollivet was a trick donkey and had been in a circus!

The conductor took Jollivet by the bridle; Jane slapped the reins and clucked encouragingly; Martha touched Jollivet gently with the whip. And everybody looked. But all that Jollivet did was to settle his little feet more firmly.

The motor-man laughed. So did the passengers. It was a funnysight to see the big conductor try to pull a little donkey. But the conductor looked as though he did n't see anything to laugh at. He invited the motor-man to come down and try his hand. By this time one of the passengers who were standing about suggested that the motor-man and conductor pick up Jollivet and carry him off!

Martha and Little Jane looked ashamed. But as every one else was laughing, they laughed too. Old Nell staid close beside the cart. Jack raced madly about, barking saucily.

Whether or not the conductor and motor-man would have picked up Jollivet and carried him from the track will never be known. They were going toward Jollivet when the rascal put back his ears, raised his big, black nose—and what do you think? He hee-hawed right in their faces!

Everybody laughed—all but little Jane! "Martha," she said, "you must get out and lead Jollivet off."

Out Martha got. But Jollivet only raised his head and looked wickedly at her. Then Little Jane got out and marched right up to the donkey. Raising her forefinger, she said sternly, "You come with me, Jollivet."

Jollivet's big black eyes stared down into Little Jane's blue ones. There was a surprised as well as a little wicked look on Jollivet. He put out his nose and searched the small hand for sugar. Finding none, he looked more surprised than ever. He hung his head dejectedly. Little Jane took



"THE CONDUCTOR TOOK JOLLIVET BY THE BRIDLE"

the bridle—and Jollivet meekly followed!

Jane clambered back into the little cart. Jollivet watched her out of the corner of one eye. Martha was just about to enter the cart when Jollivet turned. He started off on a swift run toward home!

Martha, the conductor, the motor-man, and all the passengers cried, "Whoa! Whoa!" Little Jane pulled on the reins. But on Jollivet went.

It was a breathless little Martha and Old Nell that finally caught up with the small cart. Martha clambered up beside Jane and helped to pull on the reins. But nothing would turn Jollivet again toward the baker's shop. He kept on running until he came to the big, front gate. And who do you suppose was there? The baker-man!

Jollivet turned his head triumphantly toward the little girls, as though to say: "Maybe you think I don't know when to come home! See! The cookies are here!"

And they were! Jack barked loudly, begging for his. Old Nell waited patiently. She knew that Martha would n't forget her. The baker laughed. He gave a cookie each to Martha and Jane—and one to Jollivet!



# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HOLIDAY SCENE." BY DORIS E. RIGBY. (HONOR MEMBER)

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: This is a farewell letter. In a few days I shall be eighteen, and then no more LEAGUE contributions! There is nothing to say or do about it. I can only tell you the conventional and heartfelt thing: that the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE has given me the majority of the happy and inspirational hours of my childhood, and can never be repaid sufficiently for such a service.

Wishing the LEAGUE many prosperous years,

Your devoted soon-to-be-ex-Leaguer,

SELMA MORSE.

P. S. I shall continue to read ST. NICHOLAS, though, and to follow the LEAGUE with interest.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 265

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

**PROSE.** Gold Badges, **Selma Morse** (age 17), Pennsylvania; **Charlotte Churchill** (age 14), Arizona; **Frances S. Miller** (age 12), Maryland. Silver Badges, **Genevieve Derschug** (age 12), New York; **Shirley White** (age 13), N. Y.; **Barbara T. Clark** (age 11), N. Y.; **Anstiss Boyden** (age 11), Mass.

**VERSE.** Gold Badge, **Molly Bevan** (age 17), Canada. Silver Badges, **Margaret W. Nevin** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Mary Abby Hurd** (age 12), Connecticut; **Alexander Brown Griswold** (age 14), Maryland.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold Badges, **Faustina Munroe** (age 15), New York; **Ruth Whitten** (age 13) Indiana. Silver Badges, **Eleanor C. Lilley** (age 15), Ohio; **Marian E. Lamb** (age 13), New York; **Ellen L. Carpenter** (age 15), Pennsylvania.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold Badge, **Margaret Colwell** (age 15), Michigan. Silver Badges, **Ruth M. Lyon** (age 14), New York; **John W. Bodine** (age 9), Pennsylvania; **Harold Campbell** (age 17), California; **Amy Evans** (age 13), Virginia; **Estelle Miller** (age 13), New York.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver Badge, **Margaret Lang** (age 15), **Vera A. Skillman** (age 14), N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: With this my last contribution, I would say farewell and wish you increasing success in the future.

Pleasure I have found, and excitement, in the exhilaration of competition; disappointment, with renewed determination, in failure; joy—yet, above all, hope—in success. These you have given me, and if I shall ever be even moderately successful in the coming years, to you will much of the credit be due.

So again let me thank you for the pleasure I have had in your companionship, which, at least, I can still enjoy, though no longer actively.

Sincerely,

BIRKBECK WILSON.

Two letters, these, which arrived simultaneously. They tell their own story, and are typical of a great number received month by month and year after year. And the evident sincerity of all that these young Honor Members say concerning the LEAGUE and their regret in parting with it is a tribute of which ST. NICHOLAS is justly proud. Very grateful is the LEAGUE, moreover, to these two graduates, as to so many others, for heartily avowing the pleasure and stimulus and inspiration they have found in these pages, and their resolve to hold in loyal and affectionate remembrance the happy hours spent with us while they advance to win prizes in the great School of Life awaiting all our young folk later on. Fortunate, indeed, is any League that can win such devotion from many thousands of eager-minded American girls and boys.



BY MARGARET COLWELL, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOVEMBER, 1920)



BY JOHN W. BODINE, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE)

"A HOLIDAY SCENE"



## ON TIRELESS WINGS

BY MOLLY BEVAN (AGE 17)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1922)*

SOMETIMES upon the beach I lie,  
 Watching the summer sea;  
 And the white gulls go sailing high  
 In the blue sky over me,  
 Following ships to ports afar  
 In the mystic southern seas,  
 Or wheeling low by the lighthouse star  
 To wait for the off-shore breeze.  
 But always, flying high or low,  
 Where the white-topped wavelet sings,  
 Over the world and back they go  
 On their tireless silver wings!

## WHEN WE WON

BY SELMA MORSE (AGE 17)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1921)*

A COOL, quiet day was just beginning to break when suddenly, without warning, a fearful din broke forth—the harrowing shrieks of sirens, the nasal squawking of horns, the hysterical shrieking of boats in the harbor and on the river, all mingled into one excruciatingly joyous roar. The heart understood—no explanation was needed. There was an exultant, choking sensation in the throat, and the eyes were moist. As the day advanced in hours, so the clamor advanced in volume, until at noon it reached a jubilant climax. The Avenue was thronged with happy, hysterical humanity—shouting, elbowing, laughing. The streets, strewn over with bits of white paper, which still floated downward in basketfuls from the tall buildings, were white as snow. Confetti and paper ribbons of gay hues were flung about, flecking the mob and symbolizing in riotous colors its joyous mood. Up the Avenue, in the rising levels of the great, white, winter-dried fountain, a huge throng was crowded. The square around it was choked with a dilating, effervescent mob. Flags of every hue and nation waved over its head—and confetti and many-colored paper ribbons were constantly being exchanged between those in the fountain and those in the square, forming a brilliant canopy over them all. Suddenly, from out of the dense mass of humanity, there sprang a soldier,—a poilu,—his gray-blue uniform standing out well against his plentifully khaki-sprinkled background. Lifting his one remaining arm, he led them in song. The Marseillaise, America's anthem, England's anthem—one after the other burst from fervent throats and rolled heavenward with glorious volume and grandeur.

'T is a day never to be forgotten—that day, not so long ago, *when we won!*

## ON TIRELESS WINGS

BY MARGARET W. NEVIN (AGE 15)

*(Silver Badge)*

SOME people travel far and wide;  
 I stay right here at home.  
 With wings of thought my only steed,  
 Through distant lands I roam.

I've been to visit Babylon—  
 In thought, you understand;  
 I've seen the Sphinx and Pyramids,  
 And almost every land.

I've been on unknown southern seas,  
 On lonely treasure isles;  
 I've lived in colleges abroad;  
 I've traveled miles and miles!

Imagination takes me far  
 Across the salty foam;  
 And with these tireless wings of thought,  
 I never stay at home!



"A READING FOR APRIL." BY RUTH WHITTEN, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEBRUARY, 1922)

## WHEN WE WON

BY CHARLOTTE CHURCHILL (AGE 14)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1921)*

"SOOTH, an' when won, right merry made we at a grand— But stay.

"Alfred and I, young squires, the twain of us, were to accompany our masters to the tournament. "On the way thither, gay was the company and bright. All, I trow, but Alfred.

"Quoth he when I questioned him: 'Marry, an' what 's the tournament to me? I can but carry my uncle's armor, or bring forth a fresh steed. Would that Sir John would knight me! Thrice have I shown my mettle in battle, and thrice hath he refused me my spurs. And all, I trow, because of his jealousy of my father.' (This I knew to be true.)

"And how can I wed sweet Elizabeth while yet a squire? That is the hardest of all!"

"When came the second day of the tournament, 't was announced that all—knight, stranger, or squire—might fight. The combatants were divided in twain, and when the trumpets sounded, fiercely clashed they together.

"Alfred was attacked by one Sir Richard; they fought long, neither gaining mastery over the other. But at last Sir Richard, unhorsed, lay at Alfred's mercy. Raising high his sword, my friend cried, 'Yieldest thou?"

"Now right sharp-witted was Sir Richard. His honor would he lose if he yielded to one of lower rank than himself; yet if he did not, Alfred might rightfully slay him. Then Richard, painfully raising himself by holding to his horse, touched Alfred on the shoulder and said, 'I dub thee knight.' Then he yielded himself as knight to knight.

"Sir John, who chanced to be by, bit his lip. "When the fighting stopped, our side was proclaimed victorious; and the ball given that night to the victors was crowned by a wedding."



"A HOLIDAY SCENE." BY MARIAN W. ELDER, AGE 14

### WHEN WE WON

BY FRANCES S. MILLER (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1922)

TEN days ago, Adams, Mavis, and I left the orphanage at Alexandropol for the port. A thousand Armenian orphans' and many brave workers' lives depended on the food we were to bring back.

We were fortunate in reaching the port quickly and were now returning. With ten dogs, and two sleighs full of food, we plowed our way through the snow. There was no path; our only guides were the sun by day and Polaris by night.

Late in the afternoon it began snowing, and the wind blew more sharply than ever. Night fell and we were lost. "There is no use in going on," said Mavis. "We can not find our way." So we stopped and huddled under one blanket—men and dogs. After a fitful sleep, we struggled on.

The blizzard had ceased, but the sky was dark and the storm threatened to recommence. The sleighs were harder to pull through the drifts, and our guides could not be seen. We all knew our danger—it was not a battle between nations, but between life and death. It was not our lives that mattered, but the lives of those helpless orphans and brave workers who were depending on that food. It rested on us, life or death. The dogs too, seemed to scent the danger, and struggled on until almost exhausted. All day we pushed on, fighting death. Early in the evening we spied the gray walls of the orphanage looming up against the horizon. At last we reached the orphanage door, thankful and weary. The workers came to our aid, and I, sinking in a heap, was conscious of but one thing—we had won!



BY HELEN M. D. FURST, AGE 16

### ON TIRELESS WINGS

An Acrostic

BY MARY ABBY HURD (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

On tireless wings the bird-man flies aloft;  
No downy wings has he, or feathers soft.

Tho' soft the clouds may seem from down below,  
Inside of them, they feel as cold as snow!  
Roving the trackless air, he speeds along;  
Ever his motor sings its noisy song;  
Loud, loud it sounds, for all the world is still,  
Except his speeding plane above the hill.  
So swift he goes, he seems to leave behind  
Scores of small towns that flit by like the wind.

Whirling through space, his airplane speeds along.  
It seems as if the world were full of song.  
Nor is one thing so tiny but it can  
Give forth some proof of God's great love for man.  
So, on his tireless wings, he speeds along.

### WHEN WE WON

BY GENEVIEVE DERSCHUG (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

THE freshmen class of Hudson High was challenged by the sophomores to a spelling-match. The latter had been boasting of what fine spellers they were, and wanted very much to show their ability.

But the freshmen remained silent.

I was in the freshmen class and knew that all the girls had resolved to do their best.

At last the day dawned for the contest. We assembled in the main hall and the words were given out by our English teacher.

The easiest words came first, and all but one of us stood up; but when the more difficult words were given out, the girls sat down one after another until at length there were only ten girls standing.

The contest was to last for three quarters of an hour. At the end of this time there were seven girls standing, five on one side, and two on the other, in favor of the freshmen.

A great yell went up, and it took the principal of the school to subdue us; but even she had to smile, for so great was the chagrin of the sophomores that they left the hall.

This incident was never forgotten by the freshmen, and whenever we were hazed by the sophomores we would always fling out the three words, "When We Won"! and this never failed to stop the teasing.



BY FREDERICK NORTON LEONARD, AGE 11

"A HOLIDAY SCENE"



BY BARBARA JACK, AGE 14



BY ALAN BUCHER, AGE 13



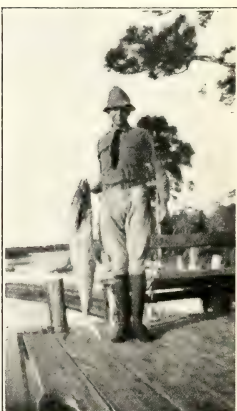
BY HOWELL THOMAS SMITH, AGE 9



BY HELEN F. CORSON, AGE 15



BY ESTELLE MILLER, AGE 13  
(SILVER BADGE)



BY AMY EVANS, AGE 13  
(SILVER BADGE)

"A HOLIDAY SCENE"

ON TIRELESS WINGS—A RONDEL

BY ALEXANDER BROWN GRISWOLD (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

On tireless wings Lord Cupid flies,  
And on his way he blithely sings:  
"Oh, he that loveth not, he dies!"  
—On tireless wings

Lord Cupid flies. Lord Cupid brings  
To many a maid with tear-stained eyes—  
To many a swain who for her sighs—

A word of cheer or of advice.  
His arrows in young hearts he flings.  
Busy with all, Lord Cupid flies  
On tireless wings!

ON TIRELESS WINGS

BY LINCOLN FAY ROBINSON (AGE 12)

RIGHT on the banks of the Lollypop Brook  
A little bird stopped to chat with me;  
Told me about his family,  
And all about his nest, did he—  
All on the banks of the Lollypop Brook.

Right on the banks of the Lollypop Brook  
A little breeze stopped to rest with me;  
Told me a story about the sea,  
And tales from all over the land, did he—  
As he stopped to rest with me.

Each to me the best news brings—  
Then flies away on tireless wings!



## ON TIRELESS WINGS

BY MARY WALLACE (AGE 11)

A TINY speck in the rosy sky,  
As ever higher the lark doth fly,  
Who pours out all his soul and sings,  
Floating aloft on tireless wings.

And in the nest, far down below,  
The mother bird's cheered by his singing so;  
For she thinks that her mate's a king of kings,  
As he flies toward the sun on tireless wings.

Some children, sailing their paper boats,  
Stop for a moment to hark to the notes,  
As down from the heavens the gay song rings;  
And the lark soars on, with tireless wings.

Many he cheers in the early morn,  
When the dew's on the grass and the bud's on  
the thorn;  
And joy unto every one the lark brings,  
As he flies through the heavens on tireless wings.

## WHEN WE WON

BY SHIRLEY WHITE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

ON November 7, 1918, startling head-lines appeared in newspapers all over the country. Germany had surrendered—the Allies had won the World War!

That was too much for America. People swarmed in the streets everywhere. Bells rang from all the church steeples; whistles blew long and wildly. Streets were littered with paper. Horns, tin pan covers, and the shouts of excited men, women, and children rent the air. There was turmoil everywhere because of the great gladness that had come to those who had waited and watched through four long years of warfare and bloodshed! The Armistice had been signed, and peace was in sight at last!

But what was this that was rumored about? All a fake? Armistice not signed? People refused to believe it. They said it was certain that the Armistice had been agreed to—how could it be otherwise?—all the papers said so.

But, no; they were wrong. War still being waged. London and Paris were still dark, sad, and fearful; the Allied armies had not ceased pushing nobly forward toward Berlin. What a doubly hard blow for those who had felt that now the great struggle had ceased, and that their loved ones would soon return to them!

But early in the morning of November 11 came the tidings that the armies of the Great War had ceased fighting—the Armistice had been signed! Yes, it was true this time! But there were few jubulations that Monday, in comparison with wild, fake-armistice day. People had spent their wild hilarity; all realized now what the struggle had meant and cost. We were glad—glad—but it was a gladness that lay deep in our hearts. People were prayerful and tearful; and yet joyous—too grateful for mirth. Peace had come at last, to a weary, war-torn world!

## WHEN WE WON

BY BARBARA T. CLARK (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

ALL the animals in Animal Town said that we were very slow.

One day, Tommy Lumpkins and I said that just to show Billy B. Bear and Willie Wildcat and Leonard Lion and all the other animals of Animal Town that we were not so slow, we would run a race with Roger Rabbit and Russell Rabbit. The race was to be from the post-office to the lake, a distance of one mile.

We all started at the same time, Roger and Russell Rabbit hopping along as fast as they could, and Tommy and I walking along as fast as we could.

Roger and Russell Rabbit evidently thought that we were slower than we really were, for they lay down by the path about half-way to the lake and went to sleep, but Tommy and I kept right on. We won the race, for when we got to the lake, the judge said that the Rabbits had not yet appeared.

Oh, how happy we were when we won, for even turtles can show joy; and now the Rabbit brothers are mocked wherever they go and they are known as the "Lazy-Bone Brothers."



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARIAN E. LAMB, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)



BY FAUSTINA MUNROE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1922)



LEFT BEHIND  
(ON IN APRIL DAY)

BY ELEANOR C. LILLEY, AGE 15  
(SILVER BADGE)

"LEFT BEHIND"





BY RAFAEL A. PEYRÈ, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER)



BY HAROLD CAMPBELL, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE)

## "A HOLIDAY SCENE"

## ON TIRELESS WINGS

BY BIRKBECK WILSON (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

A GRAVE there is in the lonesome deep  
That few save the sea-folk know;  
Where even the storm-clouds stoop to weep,  
And, on tireless pinions circling, sweep  
The sea-gulls, bending low.

And the love of a nation warms that grave  
Where the mermen bore his clay,  
And laid him, wrapt, in a coral cave,  
All undisturbed by the wild white wave,  
In that realm where the mer-youth play.

His bier is strewn with the pearly shells  
And the plants of the lower deep;  
And the sea-gull stoops o'er the mourning swells,  
And ever his raucous wailing tells  
His sorrow o'er one asleep.

O sea-gull, sail past the harbor bar  
And carry a nation's love  
To one who lies in the sea afar  
'Neath the tender gleams of the morning star  
And the heaven that bends above!

## WHEN WE WON

BY EMILY LEE BRANDT (AGE 11)

(As told by a British colonel in 17—)

"WE won many thrilling victories while fighting  
against the French, but the most thrilling of all  
was Quebec.

"'Come each death-daring dog who dares venture  
his neck,

Come follow the hero that goes to Quebec,'  
was our favorite song, and we were all determined to win for King George and General Wolfe.  
'Before the battle, Wolfe read us Gray's  
'Elegy.' When he reached the line, 'The paths  
of glory lead but to the grave,' he paused. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I would rather have written  
those lines than to take Quebec!'

"Then came our dangerous climbing of the heights. In the morning, our whole army was before Quebec. The French gave us a terrible time—they, also, had a brave leader—Montcalm. But we won!

"Ah! That would have been victory unimpaired,

save that gallant Wolfe fell. As he lay dying, some one cried, 'They run! They run!' 'Who run?' queried Wolfe. 'The French, sir.' 'Then God be praised! I die content!' cried our commander. We can not but miss him, both as a man and as a soldier, but we must always remember, as he did, 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'"

## WHEN WE WON

BY MARGARET HUNLOKE ECKERSON (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

THERE was a contest between the four years of High at Beechton to see which class could sell the most Red Cross Christmas seals. We (the freshmen) felt that we just had to win, for two reasons. One was that, as we were the lowest class at Beechton, we were rather looked down on by the older classes; another was that the winning class was to lead the yearly pageant.

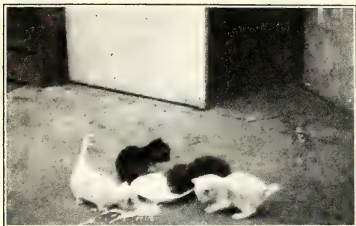
Marjorie Eames, our president, was an attractive girl of fourteen. She realized that it would be much harder for us than the others, for we were "new," while they had had time to get acquainted.

Every day the number sold by each class was read out. The day before the contest was to close the results were as follows: seniors, 1962, juniors, 2549, sophomores, 2792, freshmen, 799. You see how far behind we were!

We had a long discussion that afternoon as to what would be the best course to follow. At last Marjorie said: "Well, there is one person who



"A HOLIDAY SCENE." BY RUTH M. LYON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)



"A HOLIDAY SCENE." BY MURIEL F. CARDY, AGE 13

has n't been asked to buy—Mr. John Roeder. I'm going to see him."

There was a gasp of astonishment as Marjorie said this. Mr. Roeder was a wealthy, eccentric old bachelor who lived in an immense house. Every one seemed afraid to approach him. But Marjorie could not be persuaded to abandon her plan.

We waited anxiously for her return. At last she arrived. "Freshmen win!" she cried gaily. "I got him to buy 5000."

"You did n't!" we gasped. "How?"

"Why, he was as nice as he could be," said Marjorie. "It was really pitiful how glad he seemed to see me. He said that people ignored him, so he ignored them."

The next morning, when the reports were read, it was found that we won, having sold 5799 seals.

### ON TIRELESS WINGS

BY MARGARET B. OLESON (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

On tireless wings Time flies!

Old kingdoms fade away;

Their splendors, worn and tarnished, fall.

New countries greet the day.

On the tireless wings Time flies,

And kingly rule is done;

Fair countries call across the seas;

Ships face the setting sun.

On tireless wings Time flies.

God, let our land endure!

Grant to us high and noble dreams

That we may build secure!



"LEFT BEHIND." BY JANET FORTSON, AGE 14

### WHEN WE WON—A TRUE STORY

BY ANSTISS BOYDEN (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

In the summer we go to Nahant. There is a club there, and during the war we used to have sports, and get prizes for winning them on the Fourth of July. Well, it happened that I asked a girl to come in the three-legged race with me. We practised and practised and finally the day came. We all gathered on the lawn of the club, and after the seniors had their three-legged race, the juniors had theirs. We hurried out and got all settled, and the whistle blew. Off we started and got to the goal first. My, it was a proud moment! After all the races had been finished, to our great astonishment, Senator Lodge gave out the prizes. We got a nice silver medal with a blue ribbon on it.



"A HOLIDAY SCENE." BY MARY ARMSTRONG, AGE 13

### SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

#### PROSE

Elizabeth E. Hughes  
Pauline Garber  
Walter Musky  
Juanita Wagner  
John B. Korn  
Angelica S. Gibbs  
Melba Simmons  
Martha McCowen  
Doreen Hull Foote  
Isabel Burtis  
Alice Naylor  
Elizabeth B.  
Lufburrow

Russel Withers  
Josephine Rankin  
Mary E. Potter  
Elizabeth  
McCullough  
Ruth Raymond  
Claire Collins  
Ann Rork  
Sarah A. G. Smith  
Mary Cloud  
Carolyn S. Baker  
Muriel I. Thomas

Edith Brill  
Caroline E. Pratt  
Margaret Hoening  
Deborah Colbe  
Margaret P.  
Coleman  
Ruth Martin  
Evelyn M. Thoman  
Ah Quan Young  
Irene Dickinson  
Margaret A.  
Hamilton

#### VERSE

Catherine A. Crook  
Laura N. Hunter  
Catherine Shedd  
Madelon Burbeck  
Dereax W. Pentreath  
Margaret R.  
Sturrock  
S. Warren Stone  
Froncie Wood  
Yetta Benack  
Elizabeth Turner  
Mildred Jackson

Regina Wiley  
Irene Rink  
Clarence Peterson  
Beatrice Wadhams  
Elsie Brodkey  
Billy Connor  
Helen L. Rummons  
Lois Mills

#### DRAWINGS

Worthen Bradley  
Virginia Tilson  
Marguerite A.  
Gillespie  
Sarah K. Stafford  
Mary Billings  
Katherine Conway  
Elease Weiss  
Dorothy McGonigal  
Marion C. Smith  
Mary F. Klier  
Dorothy E. Cornell

#### PHOTOGRAPHS

W. Clark Hanna  
Constance Cartmell  
Marion Rothschild

### ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

#### PROSE

Robert H. Walker  
Anna R. Blatz  
Roslyn Keller  
Beatrice Armstrong  
Constance Cook

Lorraine Erdman  
Sylvia Mayer  
Mildred S. Gleason  
Ruth P. Harnden  
Ruth E. Arthur  
Helen Potter

Alice Whitaker  
Leah Gordon  
Elizabeth K.  
Hubbell  
Mary E. Henderson  
Elizabeth B. Clarke

Elizabeth Ann  
Tucker  
Conchettina Belnato  
Jane Merriman  
Florine Klungenstein  
James Richards, Jr.  
Esther Laughton  
Roxey M.  
Williamson  
John Nielsands, Jr.  
Lillie Van Leuven  
Dorothy Jenkins  
Madeline Blossom  
Dorothy G. Meyer

Frances M. Frost  
Dorothy Curtis  
Fanita Laurie  
Gladys Phillips  
Alice M. Johnson  
Ruth Schroder  
Maxine Wiley  
Anne L. New  
Elizabeth Hornbeck  
Brenda E. Green  
Stuart K. Harris  
Hilda F. Harris  
Viola S. Wendt  
V. W. Smith, Jr.

Marjorie E. Hart  
Amanda Austin  
Francis S. Wright  
Loretta Hunter  
Charlotte Lee  
DeWitt

#### PHOTOGRAPHS

George P. Lynes  
Janet Wood  
Harry F. Sirope, Jr.  
Tottie Dohme  
Louise Bowen  
Esther Gay

### WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

### PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 269

**Competition No. 269** will close May 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for August. Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Day Dreams," or "A Day Dream."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "An Ocean Adventure," or "A Story of the Sea."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, "My Favorite Negative."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "An Object of Interest," or "A Heading for August."

**Puzzle.** Must be accompanied by answer in full.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.

### RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
The Century Co.  
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARGARET JOHNS, AGE 10

#### MARJORY

McConnell  
Rachel L. Bent  
Charlotte  
Underwood  
Kathleen Andrews  
Herbert Miller  
Sybil George  
Claire Johnston  
Ebbeline B.  
Maupin  
Ellenor Hanson  
Regina Underwood

#### DRAWINGS

Thomas E. Rooney  
Helen M. Hager  
Virginia Lignell  
Isabelle Brumby  
Mary Peyre  
Mary A. Johnson  
Amy Osborne  
Duncan Todd  
Janet Webb  
Margaret Buck  
Ruth J. Asire

#### WINCHESTER WOOD

Sylvia Randall  
Mary Joy Reeve  
Margaret Anna  
Arbuthnot  
Edith Callaghan  
Eliza Smith  
Rosalie Bailey  
Dorothy Platt  
Alice Winston  
Harriet Dow  
Mary Elizabeth  
Howser



"LEFT BEHIND." BY DOROTHY MAUD JEFFERY, AGE 16

D. Etta Olney  
Dorothy Brown  
Mildred Parker  
Margaret Leviant  
Frederick L. Surdy  
Marucci Capuzzi  
Clara Caple  
Clara Keating  
Elnora Horning  
Leon Epstein  
Margery Reed

#### VERSE

Elizabeth McSwain  
Rachel S. Harris  
Dorothy Saunders  
Rhoda M. Gonzalez  
Astrid H. Arnoldson  
Jane Sonnenheil  
Amelia Bachman  
Mary E. Hogan  
Ellen Forsyth  
Helen L. MacLeod  
Evelyn Renk

#### MARGARET HALEY

Robert R.  
McLaughlin  
Sylvester Gatewood  
Lalia Simson  
Mary S. Brewster  
Janet W. Bissell  
Edith Sollers  
Jean Sage  
Ruth Fowler  
Hilda E. Johnston  
Florence Rieffe  
Elizabeth Tharp  
Margaret Jeffery  
Charlotta Goelitz  
Simon Baron  
Katherine Harris  
Eleanor Dashiell  
John Welker  
Fred Blankschein  
Lillian Aspell  
Evelyn A. Newman  
Philip Day  
Eastman

#### PUZZLES

Elinor Kendall  
Henry M. Jeone  
Peggy Cornell  
Josephine W.  
Boylan  
Zyra Brody  
Sally Vredenburgh  
Leroy Custer  
Mary E. Wade  
Frances Clark  
William D. Wray  
Lina Jacobs  
Leonard W. Taylor  
Adeline Frisberg  
Dorothy Arnold  
Audra Arnold  
Deborah Turnbull  
Marjorie B. Nichols  
Virginia Fowler  
Eleanor Shaw  
Louise Kohn  
Marion Haue  
Mary Moore



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY ELLEN L. CARPENTER, AGE 15  
(SILVER BADGE)



# THE LETTER-BOX

CHICAGO, ILL.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When your November number came the first place I opened to was the new serial story "The Turner Twins." The Turner twins in that story are not the only Turner twins I know, for I am one of a pair of Turner twins. We are girls. We are fourteen years old and our birthday comes on February nineteenth. Our names are Emilie and Elinor and we belong to the LEAGUE.

We do not live in Chicago, but have come up here to school. We live in Tennessee.

With love,  
EMILIE TURNER.

SOUTH INVERCARGILL, NEW ZEALAND.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been getting you from the Athenæum for over two years now, and each time I read you I love you a bit more. I wish you were a great deal larger, for when I have read you from cover to cover, I always heave a big sigh, and look forward to the next month. I like all the stories very much; but I especially like the letters to campers in the front pages, and I love the LEAGUE. I do wish I could become a member, as I love writing stories, but I am over eighteen.

Every time I want to say some poetry, or write something extra good, I look in the LEAGUE pages, and nearly always find the inspiration I want.

I have two sisters, both younger than myself, who both love you very much.

We live almost in the country, in such a pretty part of this lovely new land. I do think New Zealand is wonderfully beautiful.

Every year we all go for our holidays to Stewart Island. I think it is one of the loveliest places on earth. Next year I want to go to camp as well, but I don't know whether I shall be able to. My chum goes to camp every year, and she is always singing its praises.

Well, dear old magazine, I will have to close. Thanking you for all the lovely times you have given me, and all the lovelier ones you are going to give me, and wishing the LEAGUE every success, I am,

Your devoted reader,  
WINNIE MITCHELL (AGE 18½).

CAMPBELL, CALIF.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a long time. My mother took you when she was a little girl, and thought so much of you that she had you bound, and we still have some of the volumes.

When anybody comes over I am always proud to say, "This is the magazine I take."

I thought of not taking you this year, but when I thought how lonely it would be on the first of the month I just had to take you.

Your always true friend,  
MARY MASON.

LONDON, ENGLAND.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How I came to know of you, was by being given a bound copy of you when I was about three years old (I am now thirteen) and I have had you ever since.

I always wished I could have you every month,

and just a month or so ago Father met a friend of his who has something to do with the Century Publishing Company.—I don't quite know what; but when he came to see us he was talking about ST. NICHOLAS, and I said what a lovely magazine it was, and he offered to send it to me every month, and he has just sent me the first number.

I like it ever so much, and I do wish we could get some of the things advertised in it, here in England.

I would like to join the LEAGUE so much, for one or two reasons; one being because I am very fond of writing verses and of drawing (as I am the top in my class at school), and the other reason being that I would like to feel that I am in some way connected with my favorite magazine.

Ever your ardent reader,  
NICHOLAS BENTLEY.

NEW YORK CITY.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and I just love you. I have a twin sister who loves you too, and of course we are particularly interested in the story of the twin boys who are about our age. There is a great scramble every time you arrive, for I have a sister of ten, who adores the LEAGUE and one of six, who knows the page for little tots almost by heart.

We all spend our winters on Lake George, where we have wonderful skating and skiing, and every kind of winter fun; and then in the evenings we gather around the fire and read you, and wonder how we could ever have got along without you!

Your loving reader,  
ANNE HOMER (AGE 14).

PYENG YANG, KOREA  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I certainly enjoy your magazine. We have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since November, 1919. My sisters Gene and Grace enjoy it as much as I do. There are quite a few children in Pyeng Yang that take it.

I especially liked "The Dragon's Secret" and "Kit, Pat, and a few Boys." My little brother Dayton was always asking me to read "The Tip-toe Twins" to him, he liked it so. When we come home from school and find a ST. NICHOLAS, there certainly is a mad rush for it.

I will close now by saying that ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine I ever read.

Your loving reader,  
LUCY S. ROBERTS (AGE 10).

NISHITU, CHINA.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My mother and father live in China. I was born in China. Nishitu means Twentieth District. Lots of bamboo grows up here. The Chinese use it for many things. They use it for chairs and tables and rafts. They use ropes to pull boats up the river. They have the ropes made of bamboo.

My sister and I see them use the bamboo to make paper with. I see the bamboo fiber sunning. People in China don't see how the Americans do without bamboo. A friend in China gives you to me for Christmas. I like you very much. I like THE LETTER-BOX, too.

Your own reader,  
KATHARINE KELLOGG.



# THE RIDDLE-BOX



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. T. 2. Tip. 3. Tires. 4. Pet. 5. S. II. 1. S. 2. See. 3. Serve. 4. Eve. 5. E. III. 1. S. 2. Ace. 3. Score. 4. Era. 5. E. IV. 1. E. 2. Eh. 3. Elect. 4. Icy. 5. T.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully."

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Fourth row, St. Patrick's Day. 1. House. 2. Tents. 3. Loops. 4. Bread. 5. Tooth. 6. Heart. 7. Fruit. 8. Brick. 9. Books. 10. Horse. 11. Spade. 12. Steam. 13. Trays. NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. America.

Pr. When snow is here and the trees look weird,  
And the knuckled twigs are gloved with frost;  
When the breath congeals in the drover's beard  
And the old pathway to the barn is lost;  
When the rooster's crow is sad to hear,  
And the stamp of the stable horse is vain,  
And the tone of the cow-bell grieves the ear—  
O, then is the time for a brave refrain!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Peat. 2. Erie. 3. Aids. 4. Test. DIAGONAL. Charlemagne. 1. Consequence. 2. Thuringians. 3. Plantagenet. 4. Tournaments. 5. Development. 6. Pierrefonds. 7. Settlements. 8. Netherlands. 9. Drawbridges. 10. Revolutions. 11. Renaissance. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Rochester. Cross-words: 1. Rudder. 2. Office. 3. Carpet. 4. Hordes. 5. Exhale. 6. Scorch. 7. Tragic. 8. Eskimo. 9. Rubber.

ADDITIONS AND SUBTRACTIONS. 1. Navigation. 2. Parthenon. 3. Leopard. 4. Pawnbroker. 5. Development. 6. Tomorrow. 7. Dictionary. 8. Devastation. 9. Longitude. 10. Wheelbarrow. 11. Precipice. 12. Crocodile. GROWING WORDS. Y, ay, ray, yard, diary, aridly, rapidly, lapidary, pyramidal.

A POLITICAL PUZZLE. Initials, Disarmament, from 1 to 10, Conference; 11 to 15, peace; 16 to 18, war; 19 to 25, nations. Cross-words: 1. Duped. 2. Idaho. 3. Snake. 4. Acrid. 5. Range. 6. Marne. 7. Abait. 8. Moons. 9. Evade. 10. Niche. 11. Twice.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than April 28 and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 669) and give answers in full, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were duly received from "Allil and Adi."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were duly received from Lucy Sperry, 11—Esther Laughton, 11—Jean Wheeler, 11—Vera A. Skillman, 11—"Three R's," 11—John F. Davis, 11—Elizabeth Tong, 10—Priscilla, 10—Frederick W. Doolittle, Jr., 10—Corinne Clayton, 9—Kemper Hall Chapter, 9—Carlan S. Messier, 8—Adaline Geehan, 7—"Us," 6—Margaret and Mary Swift, 6—Elsa Russell, 6—St. Ann's Girls, 5—"Blackie," 5—M. Willard Messier, 5—Eliza Smith, 5—Evanitcka, 5—Rachel P. Lane, 4—Mary E. Haley, 4—Marian R. Ballin, 4—Harriet Hanger, 4—Frances Cunningham, 4—Gertrude Leich, 3—Ruth Henry, 3—Marion Crockett, 3—Roma Kendal, 3—Ruth Avery, 3—V. W. Smith, Jr., 3—Roman Kopeč, 3—E. Seligman, 2—A. Busselle, 2—D. Turnbull, 2—A. Ward, 2—R. Kuerzi, 2—K. Gregory, 2—B. H. Rogers, 2—M. T. Hatch, 2—K. Kahler, 2—F. F. Hill, 2—E. Cartland, 2—G. Rorke, 2—H. Byrne, 2—M. Untermeyer, 2—E. H. Ferrida, 2—E. Bowman, 2. One puzzle, E. B. T.—M. W. R.—E. C.—F. V. P.—W. I.—M. L. B.—P. B.—G. C. M.—S. P.—E. H. G.—E. L. M.—V. O.—G. M.—M. W. B.—G. F. B.—E. N.—A. K.—S. R.—I. N.—H. R. H.—N. D.—M. F. L.—E. L. D.—O. M. H. C.—E. D.

## A CROSS

(Silver Badge, St. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

1 . . 3 CROSS-WORDS: 1. An  
\* . . \* edible fish. 2. Part of a  
\* . . \* shoe. 3. Bad. 4. Owner-  
\* . . \* ship. 5. Something found  
\* . . \* in many garments. 6.  
\* . . \* A petition having the  
\* . . \* names of signers written  
\* . . \* in a circle. 7. Incon-  
\* . . \* testable. 8. To sum-  
\* . . \* mon. 9. To observe. 10.  
\* . . \* Across. 11. A limit. 12.  
\* . . \* A song introduced in an  
\* . . \* opera. 13. To slide, as a  
2 . . 4 wheel.

From 1 to 2, has been called "a welcome visitor"; from 3 to 4, a bit of counsel.

VERA A. SKILLMAN (age 14).

## ANAGRAM WORD-SQUARE

REARRANGE the letters in the following words so as to make four new words which will form a word-square:

MINE, DINE, BEAN, DANE

CLARA T. WINSLOW (age 15), *League Member*.

## RIDDLE

Take one hundred; add a letter; add a thousand; add a letter; add one hundred.  
What word is the result?

FRANCES CLARK (age 13), *League Member*.

## TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose a narrow opening, and make ruined. ANSWER: Slot, lost.

1. Transpose a fruit and make to gather.
2. Transpose to wander, and make above.
3. Transpose a Spanish American laborer, and make unreserved.
4. Transpose an ornamental object, and make to hoard.
5. Transpose a hard substance, and make black.
6. Transpose vigorous, and make sinful.
7. Transpose a very small object, and make to send forth.
8. Transpose a famous river, and make a hawser.
9. Transpose to observe, and make drift.

When the words have been rightly guessed and transposed, the initials of the new words will spell an honored name.

JEROME A. LISCHKOFF (age 14), *League Member*.





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St. and No.....

City and State.....

Age.....



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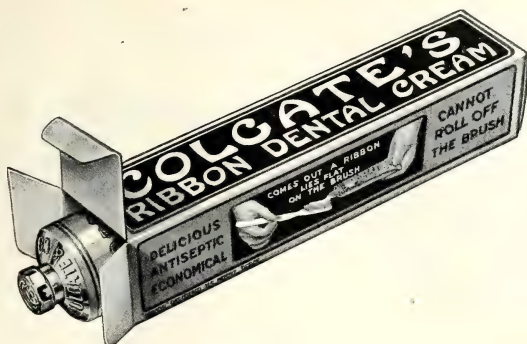
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THERE are blank spaces in this little rhyme, each shown by dashes, which give you the number of letters in each word that is missing. For instance, the word missing in the first line has three letters, "Y-o-u," that in the second line has five letters, and so on.

When the correct words are filled in they will make a sentence that will help you all through life.

If - - - would be both well and strong  
 You must be - - - - -, for dirt is wrong.  
 Your face, - - - - hands, your - - - - -, your skin,  
 With these - - - cleansing should begin.  
 It's - - - - - to brush your teeth each day  
 And wrong to do the other - - -.  
 - - - - dingy teeth you'll never blush  
 If you use - - - - - on your brush.

When you have the answer, send it to Colgate & Co.  
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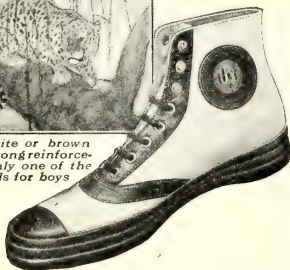
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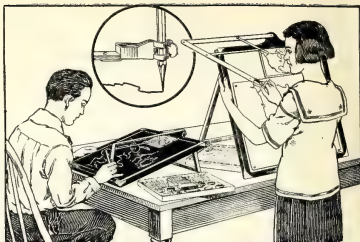
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# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

## BUYING STAMPS

THIS article is written only for the beginner. The collector who has had several years' experience with his stamps will know well all that we have to speak of here. But every year, STAMP PAGE acquires a new group of readers—young folk who last year were not subscribers, or who, perhaps, were subscribers, but not yet interested in collecting stamps. We notice that every year, beginning in January, we are asked a series of questions about the purchase of stamps. Usually these questions group themselves around those mysterious, but fascinating, words so often seen in advertisements—"approval sheets." This year these questions have come to us in greater number than ever before, and we feel that an article on the subject would be timely—that we have many readers to whom it would be helpful.

There are many ways of buying stamps, but only three which are of much interest to the beginner. He may purchase "packets," or "sets," or from "approval sheets." For the beginner we recommend the packet. Through these, the young collector obtains his stamps at the lowest price. This is because there is the least cost in preparing them. By a "packet" is meant a quantity of unsorted stamps (usually containing no duplicates) from all parts of the world, a miscellaneous conglomeration. The packets are subdivided so as to meet almost every desire of the collector. We would advise the purchase of as large a packet as one's purse will permit. If, however, the beginner buys a packet, it is the part of wisdom for him not to look at all of them at once. By so doing he is apt to become bewildered and discouraged. Regard the containing envelop as a grab-box. Pick out a limited number,—say twenty-five,—and then put the rest of the stamps away until those taken out have been identified and properly and satisfactorily placed in their album home. Look over our advertising pages and you will find many dealers who offer packets. Write them for their circulars and see how fascinating their offerings look. To those who can not invest a large sum of money all at once, we would suggest a series of what are called non-duplicating packets. Here one may buy with no danger of accumulating duplicates, which is a great advantage. Next in order of low cost are the so-called "sets." These differ from the packet mainly in containing fewer stamps, and usually all from one country. The purchaser of packets and sets soon notices, however, that, despite his care, he is accumulating duplicates—the *bête noir* of every collector. As his collection grows, each additional packet purchased is liable to increase the number of these duplicates. The reason for the accumulation is this: in both the packet and set method the buyer purchases all the stamps offered. He exercises no choice. It is all or none. He therefore looks for a method whereby he may exercise some option, and so he turns to what are called "approval sheets." Here, as the name implies, are sheets of stamps submitted for the "approval" of the collector. He does not purchase all. He selects and pays for only such as

interest him. The others he returns. To the boy who had laid a good foundation for his collection, these approval sheets are ideal. Indeed, a very large proportion of the entire business in stamps is done through the approval system. For that reason, all dealers seek for customers for their sheets. They endeavor to make these sheets attractive in arrangement and in price. They desire to have as many customers as possible, and often offer extra inducements to all new applicants—that is to all new customers who ask the dealer to send them stamps on approval. We would suggest that those of our readers who have not already tried approval sheets now make the experiment of so doing. Read over the advertisements and select the one which appeals to you most. Write to this dealer, telling him how many stamps you have in your collection, and asking him to submit sheets such as he thinks you need. In your first letter it would be an act of courtesy to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelop for a reply, but after that it would not be necessary.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

ONE of our readers has a stamp from Uruguay, and he can not be quite sure in his own mind whether it is Scott's No. 55, which is priced at one dollar, or whether it is No. 56, priced at only fifty cents. Of course that is a very interesting point, and one which any collector owning the stamp would desire to have settled. The designs are very much alike, and the differences to be noted are those comparative differences which are so difficult if one has only a single specimen from which to determine. One is "thick paper," one is "thin paper"; but how can a collector tell positively which one he has? One is ultramarine; one is blue. The English catalogue says one has a large figure 5 and the lines in the background close together. The other has a smaller figure and lines farther apart. Helpful enough, if one has both kinds to compare, but not otherwise. Now let us take the illustration for Scott's No. 55. If one counts the lines radiating from the central head to the outer frame, one will find twenty-three lines in the upper right quarter section. This is definite and distinctive. The same section for No. 56 shows only eighteen lines. This we hope will help our friend. But oh, how often it turns out that the stamp we own is of the cheaper kind!

We do not know of any way to determine the exact color of a stamp. There have been attempts to get out a color-chart for the use of collectors, but we do not think such efforts have been crowned with very marked success. And the shades in which a stamp is printed may vary, often with a considerable difference in results. Where a stamp is in use for a long period of time, these differences in shades multiply and run into distinct colors, with a whole range of intermediates. Of course, this does puzzle the beginner, and not him alone. Many a grown-up is puzzled over his Newfoundland stamps. It is well for the beginner to save shades, and later, as he acquires experience, he can assort them to advantage.

One of our readers asks us to describe the differ-

(Concluded on second page following)

## THE ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and as reference the name of your parent, or teacher, or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.

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(Continued on next page)

**STAMPS** — (Continued from preceding page)

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**ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE**

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ence in design between Denmark No. 4 and No. 8. This difference is most easily seen in the background, which in No. 4 is of "dots," but in No. 8 is composed of a series of wavy lines.

We are asked what is the significance of the change in the position of the figures in the 1898 series of Angola and Angra. Scott's No. 38 Angola and No. 14 Angra are very similar in design except for the names at the bottom, and in Angola the figures of value are in the upper right corner, while in Angra they are in the upper left corner. The change was probably made just to emphasize the difference between the two countries as something helpful to the printer.

A reader has a stamp which is very much like the design of Austria No. 302, but the color is red, instead of brown. He writes to know if we think his red stamp is a counterfeit. If he will turn over a few more pages in Austria to Lombardy-Venice, he will find his stamp there, catalogued as No. 50.

Stamp Saving is a fascinating game. It teaches one to be observing. You must study the design, the coloring, the perforations, the cancellations, the value, the age and the amount of each new stamp. It suggests all kinds of interesting study in geography and history; its position in the world; its past and its future. At this time it is especially interesting, because of all that can be learned about the kings of the different countries in the world.

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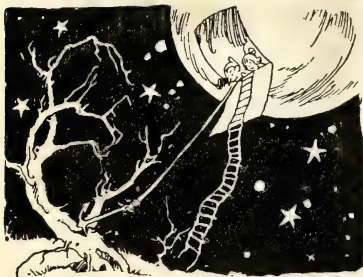
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## Muddy Mars Children. Chapter IV.

that planet once in Daddy's science book.” And so they cast their anchor in a stalwart Martian tree; then scattered off in ones and twos to see what they could see. The IVORY bubble bobbed about and tugged upon its rope, when back came all its passengers for lots of IVORY SOAP.



The first to come were Bob and Gnif, in quite a breathless rush. Each carried off six IVORY cakes, some towels and a brush. Then Betty came with Yow and Snip, from different directions. They'd seen some grimy ba-

INCE our brave heroes, with success, had cleaned the dingy moon, they knew they must do some more good with IVORY very soon. Across the milky way they sped, then dipped on fast and far, when suddenly they saw a sign nailed plainly to a star.

“It's Mars,” said Bob. “Let's stop awhile and take a careful look. I read about

In breathless rush



bies with most sorrowful complexions. Such fine success they all had gained with various kinds of dirt, they thought the use of IVORY at least would do no hurt. You should have seen the snow-white streak they scrubbed right through the crowd, while from the unwashed little tots, came pleadings, long and loud.

“Oh, wash us, too, we beg of you, and give us IVORY SOAP to cleanse our skins as clean as pins, and fill our hearts with hope.” So to the bubble back they came, more IVORY SOAP to get, and there just flocks of children led by Bob and Gnif they met.

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